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THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE.

WHEN the Buckle of the next century—and this word is not to be taken for a mere chip of metaphor, but for the name of the delightfully heterodox historian of civilization—shall set about balancing the great ledgers of our own age, his finger will be arrested irresistibly by certain strange entries, which are sure to have powerful influence on whatever result he may “bring out.”

Feeling his way between the disturbing poles of Gallomania and Gallophobia, which succeed each other in irregular spasms,—through the fogs and clouds of wars barbarian, wars with Russians, Indians, New Zealanders, and Chinamen, that burst out like conflagrations in the night, and are extinguished with an equal suddenness and surprise—through the bewildering whirl of submarine cables of telegraphy, laid on from house to house, like water mains, for domestic use, of breech loaders, of drinking fountains, shilling art unions, peoples’ parks, Spurgeonism, and Essays and Reviews of a rich heretical flavour, and reaching even to their ninth edition—amid all this curious Charivari, he will be startled to find that the earth, periodically worked in labour, and threw out monster glass temples, dazzling Aladdin’s palaces, that teemed and overflowed with costly produce, the work of man’s hands or of assisted nature, and which, as a matter of course, people from all the ends of the earth hurried

tumultuously to see. For a fixed number of months, unfamiliar tones of skin, mellow olive, tawney yellow, and the deeper vandyke browns, richly toasted under rampant suns, flit through the streets, and mystify the gaping aborigines, among whom the fairy palace has risen. It will be on record that those places of shelter, where a decent entertainment was to be found for man and beast—if, indeed, such inconvenient shifts as wresting of cupboards and bath-rooms to an abnormal sleeping accommodation, can be with propriety styled a decent entertainment—were all choked with a superfluity of guests to the enrichment of the hosts, notably within sight of great globes, and squares of a pseudo foreign complexion, bearing the name of Leicester. All things of the day or hour had a natural relation, or were forced violently into relation with great crystal cynosure, or Aladdin’s palace—dramatic entertainments, excursion trains, neck-ties, paragon umbrellas, purses, carriages, cheap silks, and a huge miscellany of toys and knick-knacks, all radiated with more or less appropriateness to the Aladdin edifice. Paxtonia—Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry—Exposition Universel—whatever were its flaming titles, it was to be Mr. Burke’s “Cheap Defence of Nations” (cheaper than chivalry), the new era, the millennium of peace, and an eternal hand-shaking across the straits of Dover. We were

to be in the arms of our Frenchman and a brother perennially. We were to grow hoarse and crimson with shrieking, Departure for Syria, and *Entente cordiale*. By-and-by the hour came, the bell rang, the curtain came down, Aladdin's palace was fairly gutted, and the glass cathedral, aisles, arcades and all, swept away.

Prospero Paxton had broken his wand and sailed away from the enchanted island; but he had raised up a dynasty of crystal palaces, and founded a royal line. They begot each other in quick succession. One burst out upon the Lee: others contemporaneously in Dublin and New York, and shortly after in Paris. That of New York was a gaudy pretentious undertaking, varnished over with a film of charlatanry, and ushered in with more than average transatlantic flourish. It enjoyed but a waning and unhealthy vitality, and finally collapsed unhandsomely. Then came the *annus mirabilis*, the jubilee year of fifty-five: when there was high festival held upon the Seine. Fairies had been working, in their own imperceptible way, among the Elysian fields—those terrestrial Elysian enclosures where are the singing cafés, and the lights twinkling and sparkling through the trees; and where the close ranks of men secure in the cool night-air, sit and sip, and chink upon their glasses summons to the deft waiter; and the great excluded, looking wistfully from afar off, see a radiant angel in a blaze of light, warbling sweetly for the sitting immortals. There has risen silently among those trees, the true Aladdin's Palace, the Grand Exposition.

That Grand Exposition was but a pretence, a decent excuse; for the real show spread itself far and wide over both sides of the Seine, and overflowed into these thousand-and-one wonders which the gay city contains. Paris the Beautiful was itself the true "Exposition"—it was the true world's fair of that world continental which owns Paris for its capital. That vast body of outlanders, the huge miscellany of Germans, Italians, Belgians, and Swiss, at the bottom of all whose thoughts and speculations ferments some Parisian yeast, girded up their loins, and converged upon the great capital. We of these countries know what a gala it was, and what an intoxication there was abroad; and how

all the world, and the world's help-mate, and his voluminous offspring, and even that old-fashioned immovable world who hung all its life over bogs and westerly wilds, scraped up moneys—Heaven only knows how—were gotten with infinite pains down to Folkstone—thence across, and finally amazed their metropolitan friends by sudden apparition on the Boulevards. For us of this city it was as though the green carpet of Merrion-square, with its military music and fluctuating promenading company, had been floated through the air, and laid down, without a crease—say in the gardens of the Tuileries. At café doors, in galleries, in contiguous box, the eye rested upon friendly faces—at least familiar, if not known. The rude Doric of our native land jarred unpleasantly upon ears acclimatized by a fortnight's residence to the musical Parisian cadence. The sun seemed to shine the whole day long: gold and silver sheen, shot with all colours of the rainbow, seemed to dance and glisten at every corner. The old became young. It was noted that even dry and sapless natures, cold and chary of words at home, here threw off their stiff garments, and rioted like schoolboys.

Further on came the Art Panorama of Manchester, to whose glories it may be almost doubted if the coming event of next year whose shadow is now upon us, will even reach. There was enrolled a huge pictorial scroll such as the world is not often privileged to see. But its memory is still green; and the recollection of that delightful junketing, when, with no formality of studied preparation, a few light articles of wearing gear were flung into the port-manteau, and we were away by the morning's train—furnishes after-dinner and fireside entertainment to many a household.

In this race of huge competing Show Houses Ireland has made a figure more than respectable, and wholly out of proportion to the strength of her commercial position. This Emerald Island—not yet, thank Heaven, dotted thickly with brick-red carbuncles in the shape of factories, and comparatively destitute in the matter of tall chimneys—this poor glee-maiden, with fingers too delicate for hard work, looked down upon by her two stalwart sisters, has, in her own quiet way, absolutely taken a lead

in this matter of exhibiting. In the score, England marks two; Scotland, plain zero; Ireland is now fairly launched in her third. Three of these overgrown bazaars, within a decade of years, is not so bad for an uncommercial country. Nay, long before Aladdin's palaces were dreamt of, the Royal Dublin Society were holding their unostentatious "Triennial Exhibitions of Arts and Manufactures;" and their halls and galleries were filled with curious spectators, examining raw produce, and watching how the looms worked. These silent, unobtrusive services should not be overlooked. The elegant building which, in fifty-three, "sprung like some tall palm"—yet scarcely in the silent fashion of Bishop Heber's edifice, for during the process the "ponderous axes" rang out lustily and obstreperously—has not been sufficiently appreciated. Had it been in a more directly imperial locality, there would have been enthusiastic ravings over its fine proportions, the daring span of its roof, its harmonious and airy colouring, the general leaven of art which seasoned its contents; and, above, its superb gallery of pictures, which furnished at once a hint and an exemplar to commercial Manchester. Continental sovereigns and institutions—with that almost affectionate leaning towards Ireland which has always characterized foreign countries—stripped their walls remorselessly, and sent their very choicest pictures. Pushing Celtic emissaries, with a coolness that almost amounted to effrontery, found their way to the cabinets of awful potentates and collecting magnates; and where there was reluctance, actually proceeded to wheedle them out of their treasures. It is recorded that there was a difficulty about an organ of sufficient size for the opening performance; but there were found some daring spirits, skilled in the treatment of reluctant and obstructive natures, who at once proceeded to the abode of certain dons of a special college in Oxfordshire, in whose church they had got wind of a suitable instrument—a noble and imposing thing—in daily use for the choral services. With what unguent they anointed the eyes of these trusting dons—with what drug they succeeded in stupefying their senses, has never yet transpired; but the fact

remains, that the huge mountain of music was, in due course, broken up and shipped, the good-natured dons foregoing their instrument, together with the choral services, for nearly a year. Could the force of exhibition diplomacy further go? Not to be forgotten, too, the grand burst of music at the opening, sustained by an army of twelve hundred, drawn-up thickly round the dons' great organ, which piped and bassooned it on this little visit with as hearty good will as at home in the choral services. Here, again, too, was the first step in the enrolment of those huge musical landwehr, which have since received their development in Handel festivals and such organizations. In those early days, all was primæval. Yet the Thunderer's own deputy, accredited to Manchester, found fault with their gigantic musical efforts, and contrasted it unfavourably with its Irish precursor. But yet the greatest feature, more in the line of its *morale*, remains behind. We are now in the hum and busy throes of the great exhibitiv business of next year, which is to outdo all foregoing attempts. In the *Times* newspaper may be read whole columns of costly space, absolutely choked with the names of nobility and opulent firms outbidding each other in magnificent £ s. d., set down by way of guarantee. Yet, what may be called this competitive ostentation—attended with not one feather's weight of risk, even in the eyes of unprofessional persons—has a different complexion to the spectacle of one man starting such an undertaking at his own risk, and placidly drawing cheque after cheque, until his outlay shall have reached nearly to £100,000! That was the moral that lay behind the Dublin exhibition of 1853; and without imparting any patriotic fustian, or vaunting it as a stretch that no other nation could reach to, it may be said that no other "Palace of Industry" has contained so admirable an object.

This leads us directly to the threshold of that building in Kildare-street, where, as a sort of critical Ancient Mariner, we have been holding the reader fast by the button, he, all the while, hearing the loud bassoon droning importunately from within. Let no stranger unwittingly stray into the heavy red brick Lombardic palace

which cumpers the corner, and from whose airy, lantern-like windows, luxurious sybarites and elegant Conservatives shall feast on a prospect of park, and meadow, and trees, and bright bustling streets, all fused into one perspective, which may compete with the gay phantasmagoria of the Rue de Rivoli. So, shifting (it is hoped by a long anticipation) that well-known comic epitaph, writ for a preceding architectural knight—

“Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee”—

to the shoulders of the designers of Oxford and Dublin Museums, and other elegancies, we shall pass up the street; and after being inconvenienced *secundum artem*, by clicking turnstiles (a necessary probation for all exhibitions), we shall become free of the building.

The elbows of a hundred committee power must have been burnishing their old Aladdin's lamp with prodigious effect, for lo! what was yesterday a cool caravanserai for kine, has now burst out into an elegant palace, glowing with rich blues and delicate blending of colour, according to the prismatic laws, as laid down by H. M. Department of Science and Art. In all Irish Exhibitions we have rushed into these warm blues, with a better and more cheerful effect than those pale and colder tintings in which Messrs. Digby Wyatt, and Owen Jones affect. The kine, the stall-fed mammoths, have passed away, and left no sign. No surreptitious zephyr lurks unseen, charged with their fragrance. The classic Roman forum is in the mouths of the peasantry, degraded to “The Cow-meadow,” *Campo Vaccino*: here, by a happier fate, Cow-meadow has been glorified into an artistic Forum. But having now, as has been said, been passed underneath the Caudine Forks—that is, turn-stiled into the building—we glide away to the left, and plunge into that pictorial aisle, where there shall be Euthanasia for all such as batten upon form and colour.

What a warm glowing furniture—soothing and comforting for the eye—is that confused miscellany of bright gilding and dappled colour, which stretches away as the interior lining of a picture gallery? Above all, with no gaping spaces, or uncovered gaps;

for we make the august company sit close and compact—of course, taking care they shall not be inconvenienced. No hangings, no tapestry, like that wall clothing, so rich and genial in its effect.

We make our first bow to this huge fighting-piece, “The Battle of Meeanee” (144), lent from the collection of Her Majesty. Looking to the lively tinge of the colouring, the abundance of clear yellows and reds and blues, laid on edge to edge in bold contrast, the vitality of the figures, and general air of business, we think instinctively of the French, and murmur, “Horace Vernet;”—a not very wild conjecture, for the painter, Mr. Armytage, was a pupil of the great fight painter's, and has caught the favourite gaudy treatment of his master. There is tremendous spirit in some of the leading combatants, and above a variety in the grouping—a terrible stumbling-block for such as have to dispose crowds over a few acres or so of canvas. The French are brave at such handling, and can get together a herd of contorted figures, with brandishing arms, tossing hair, and inflated garments, with a success and genuine gusto that no other nation can reach to. They are great in the spasms. Poor Haydon was never so jubilant as when he got home a large canvas; and this Meeanee picture, by the way, suggests a melancholy recollection, namely, that it was seeing the name of Armytage with the other successful competitors for the frescoes that was the crushing blow for the ill-fated painter. This being worsted by younger rivals was more than he could bear. The world knows too well the story of his suicide.

A deputation from the Vernon galleries—familiar friends and welcome—who have stepped over, in a good-natured way, to show themselves, look down smilingly from the right. Save you, Sir Malvolio! (178), so comical in attitude, so laughably wizened in face and feature; a famous picture in form and outline and humour—every thing save colour. Never, surely, was that notorious deficiency of our countryman, Maclise, seen to such fatal advantage. At the Paris Exposition Frenchmen were heard deploring this outspeaking imperfection. The homely word “scratchy” seems to be suggested by

every inch of this picture; there is nothing rich—nothing flaky, but a provoking costiveness of colour—a rigid neatness, as though it had been laid on with a steel-pen. All the pictures of this famous man suggest about the same uncomfortable thoughts.

Here, too, is Mr. Augustus Egg's scene from the "*Diable Boiteux*" (149), conscientious and thoroughly English; carefully drawn and clean in colour. There is a class of these pictures in which there is an infusion of rapiers and Spanish dresses, which somehow suggest water-colours. Still, it cannot be concealed that the French have a hundred painters who could each turn out a hundred such works without a probability of their being selected for the national collection. All homage, though, to this rich, chalky Hint of Etty (164)—no more indeed than a hint; but so far as it goes, a recalling of that ripe flesh and satisfying colour, laid on with a rich unctuous brush. This bit of gentlemanly elegance—this "*Escape of the Carrara Family*" (158), under the smooth treatment of the courtly Sir Charles, President of the Royal Academy, it is not such a matter of rejoicing to see. A pretty group—pretty men—pretty women—and pretty treatment, generally. The force of smoothness and correctness could not further go. There is no vulgar colouring—no trace of ungentlemanly exertion in the stroke of a brush; but all is toned down to a sheer dead level of smooth. These are no self-sufficient opinions, or those of a mere individual, for the critical world has long since decreed Sir Charles Eastlake to be a well-meaning, but feeble painter, though the best president the Academy could have. It is well-known that the qualifications for this office are wholly apart from professional merit, and that tact, good address, and an adroit and smooth manipulation of the aristocracy, together with a gift of speech-making, are the true presidential essentials.

Looking at this small cabinet picture of "*The Lake of Como*" (190), the work of the English Gudin, Stanfield, and the many warm tones blended in its sky, we somehow receive a hint—a breath, as of the Royal Italian Opera. There is a disposition of the boats and buildings which more or less suggest the stage; and that sky be-

fore-mentioned seems to glow warmly by the aid of artificial illumination from the wings. The smooth delicacy and transparent glaze of the water contrast with later more boisterous manner of the painter, when he put out to sea in fresh, blowing days, and fixed on his canvas splashing, briny waves. The French are indignant at his being named in the same breath with their Gudin, and the English as scornfully repudiate the comparison.

And now we are standing opposite a famous picture, made familiar by print-shop window, by annual, by scrap-book; but never *ad nauseam*,—that vain search of my Uncle Toby's for that speck or mote which Widow Wadman *said* had gotten into her eye (172). See what a fresh, healthy, open-air bit of colour, so clear and honest; and as to treatment of the story, how simple and concentrated. But it is bootless preaching on a text so well-worn as this of Leslie. Still it forces on us more directly than many other pictures what a strange thing is what is called *style*, in painting men and women. There is one man, Etty, getting in his colours with all the rich surface of velvet; another, finishing elaborately, as with a crow-quill; and here, as we look into the *working* of this Uncle Toby picture, we see an utter carelessness of stroke—a pure disregard of finish and neatness, and instead, a broad result and effect which will not bear close looking into. The same end brought round by so many different means.

There hangs now, or did hang last year, upon the walls of Marlborough House, a collection of studies of the human figure, worked on tinted paper in coloured chalks, which are in themselves a monument of pains and study of that most conscientious of painters, William Mulready; any thing to equal the exquisite finish and elaboration—significant of whole years of patient study—in those wonderful exercises, cannot be conceived. But these are only typical of his whole career. With him there is no *muddling* over a difficulty, as a pianiste will muddle through an intricate run, no pleasing mystification and ambiguity, no uncertain drawing; every line with him is firm, honest, manly—avowed, and not skinking

from the proper test. Examine the firm outlines of the two specimens here (168, 175), so clear and firm as almost to sacrifice breadth. But has any one ever ventured to put the question to Mr. Mulready, not out of an idle curiosity, but purely desiring information—why he fits out his figures with those glowing *pink* faces—specially his little boys, who play at Wolf and the lamb, and seem to have come in hot and panting, from running in the sun. The faces of those who are crossing the ford, seem to reflect the same tint; and the whole figures of those who are busy reading the sonnet, are steeped from head to foot in the same vivid glow.

Mr. Redgrave, R.A., is, no doubt, an experienced master; but his place is clearly at his lecture desk. Not all the immortals of the Academy are true divinities; and the incurious public would be surprised to learn how many mute inglorious Smiths and Browns encumber the heavenly ranks, appending the mystic Roman letters to their names. We may, therefore, speak of Mr. Redgrave, with a suitable disrespect; and say, without fear of Olympian thunder, that he always more or less, shamed that fine Vernon company. Let any Redgravian who doubts this look carefully into the coarse, feeble, tea-tray handling of the teacher's gown (176), and the poor scrappy treatment of the other accessories: no depth, no life, but drawing correct to a dreary degree. Some time back the best singing professor in London, at whose feet all operatic donne sat to be indoctrinated, was an ancient Italian, who could with difficulty bleat even, do, re, mi, fa; so it may be with Mr. Redgrave, R.A. Mr. Cope's (156), yet another immortal) conception of the "hawthorne shade," is very humorous; the standing pensioner, with his stick, very truthful. But still there is the same washy feebleness of colour, the same stiff beginner's hand, suggestive, as before, of the tea-board.

Let all who love a dainty, grateful, bit of colour, such as shall refresh the eye grown parched and thirsty after the last crudities, halt before the little cabinet Uwins (181). The Italian mother's dress is a feast in itself. Those who have been in Italy can attest that there is here no extravagance of cobalt or lake.

To extol Sir Edwin formally at what is called "this time of day," would indeed reach almost to fatuity. The only legitimate and respectful standard is to compare him with himself. Taking this indulgence we may say that the renowned "Dignity and Impudence" (189) seems somewhat faded, and looks brighter in the engravings. This is duly accredited for admiration, yet there are other works of this master which we should welcome with a yet warmer enthusiasm. We would ask for those groups of knowing terriers, those "Jacks in Office," whose wiry hair, and sharp, knowing, almost human expression, exhibit such marvellous manipulation. Looking at this brown imposing dignified head, with the heavy flapping jaws, raises the ghost of the lively canon of Saint Paul's, the Reverend Sydney Smith, of facetious memory, whom we seem to hear playfully refuting the notion that he was about to sit to Sir Edwin for his portrait, "Is thy servant a dog, that thou shouldst require this thing of me?" In his other picture, "The Sanctuary," (207), he has broken into the land of poesy and romance. Never was a quiet atmospheric effect so exquisitely interpreted. The calm loneliness of the place, the strange light, the bold relief of the stag's figure, his fresh, dripping look; the company of ducks paddling and splashing among the weeds, as their delight; the line of birds carried away into the distance, so as artfully to convey the notion of remoteness; a hundred such points for admiration will be discovered in this fine picture. Though comparisons have at all times a certain ungraciousness, still a rival name—one Rosa—will intrude itself here. Which are we for—Rosa or Sir Edwin? If it must be spoken, she is the greater painter—that is, can construct a finer picture; it may be that the academic knight can manufacture a more exquisite coat of fur or hair, and grow pictorial wool that shall be more natural. Yet Rosa has a grander conception. Sir Edwin could not have painted that ploughed field in the Luxemburg, or the famous "Horse Fair," or that tender exquisite scene of the Italian shepherd, surrounded by his flocks, praying at the foot of the rustic cross. An endless expanse and variety of sheep landing

effect to the whole as a picture; but we are not distracted by the whole concentration of the artist's power, in the startling reality of the wool. Under the wing of his greater namesake creeps in Charles Landseer—also of the immortals—and presents us with an inoffensive, unambitious, conception of Sterne's Maria (182); very neat, very pretty, and hard to be objected to on any special ground. Still this harmless work is now the property of the nation—as one of those precious heirlooms that are to be shown to wise men who travel from afar off to see how great is England in the arts. Naught surely but what is of prime quality should be admitted into the sanctuary. The French—and they are the rivals whom we should watch most jealously—have a thousand Jules, and Henris, and Augustes busy, in their shirt-sleeves, in the purlieus of the Latin quarter, each skilful enough to dash you off a bit of such “genre” for a hundred francs.

And this mention of French artists brings us back again to Rosa, of the horse and the kine. A gentleman of this city was in Paris the Beautiful, some twelve or fifteen years back, turning over the wares of a picture-dealer. There was the usual company of brazen pretenders, sprinkled with a genuine prince or two—but unrecognised. “Here,” said the dealer, taking down a small cabinet picture—a dappled grey horse held by two men—“here is a piece by a promising but unknown artist. Monsieur is welcome to it for, say one hundred francs.” The dappled grey rather struck the fancy of the travelling connoisseur, and it accordingly made a sea voyage to Ireland. By-and-bye came round the famous “Horse Fair,” in the usual peripatetic fashion, under the showman's guidance; and our gentleman went with the rest of the world to see it. He admired, as indeed he could not but admire; but was somewhat disturbed by that plunging gray in the centre, as though it were of kin to another dappled gray. He went home, still disturbed, went straight to his old established original dappled gray, and read in the corner, in the rude characters of the brush, “Rosa Bonheur.”

Here, too, is one of Pyne's yellow dreams—delicate, transparent—almost akin to water-colour, and bathed

in that filmy ochery haze in which he revels. See the tender shadowy way in which the distant animals are laid in. This artist has always been among the painting poets.

We have now fallen among the great portrait worthies, and never can we have finer company. In a populous gallery we cannot be alone; there is no solitude where there is a line of these mellow, grand, dignified ladies and gentlemen of another age, measuring you with sad eyes, as you walk up and down their domain. A fine ripened portrait, from a hand skilful in transfusing mind and intellect into rich strokes of paint; a face that breaks out luminously from its dark clouds of back-ground—a doge—grand duke—beruffled man of state, with chin poised thoughtfully upon his fingers; chancellor, collared earl, or noble dame; such make up the choicest society. In the Roman galleries, the noble princes live with their ancestors clustered thickly round them, and can see their forefathers every day, as they were in the flesh, vivified by Titian and Pordenone.

That was a prodigious conscription of portraits, that congress at Manchester. “Any thing like so large and important a series of British portraits,” wrote that genuine and most unctuous gossip, Mr. Peter Cunningham, “has never before been brought together. Edgehill and Naseby did not see so many Cavaliers and Roundheads of note in real buff and armour as are here assembled upon canvas.” In this Irish Walhalla the attendance is more than respectable. To whom should we pay our earliest respects—rendered, too, with profuse ceremonious bows after the manner of the older school, if not to this emperor of portrait painters and accomplished literary companion, who, as we all know by heart, when there set in the odious critical formularies concerning “Correggios and stuff, Shifted his trumpet,” and repudiated the jargon in a pinch of snuff. We stop before this fine full-length nobleman (170), stepping stately from one of those elaborately-florid frames—now unhappily antiquated—which rioted in a rank luxuriance of gilt vegetation. Not so often do we encounter those full-sized Sir Joshuas. We are more familiar with those of the moderate kit-kat standard. In this noble Lord

Lieutenant will be noted a delicate bloom of colour—a thin transparency and honey-like flow, which will help to decide on the claims of certain false prophets and sham trumpet-shifting Presidents of the Royal Academy, which are sure to abound in every collection. There should be noted the sprink silver gray of the lace and tassels, sprinkled like spray over the picture, the raised detail of the gold cording, the warm harmony of those lake-coloured ribands, and the rich, melodious background. There is a charm indescribable in those Sir Joshuas. But, looking at the face and hands—of a leaden white—we have a whole lecture delivered to us on that pernicious empiricism—those fantastic, frantic tricks he used to play upon his palette. With this result, that all his pictorial children are in a slow but certain consumption, waning and wasting away, as is testified in the ghastly face and hands of the noble Earl and Chief Governor of Ireland now before us. The “First Marquis of Drogheda” (31) has more colour left in his cheeks. There is the old transparency, and soft, cloudy handling, and the snatch of red coat, shaped on the picturesque old pattern, with facings, is worked into breath and warmth, and does not look hot and flaring, as is the manner of red coats. “Sir William Chambers” (488) illustrates what has been often said as to the ingenious variety of attitude this great master could compass.

But for a matchless and unique prefiguring of the human form upon canvas, commend us to that tall, graceful stooping figure in the bloom-coloured coat—poor gentle Goldy once made himself absurd in just such a coat—leaning on the spinnet, portrait of one Fisher, a composer (196), and a picture likely enough far more melodious in its tones than he was. Mark the rich, velvet-surfaced green that serves as back ground—how it glides down into and throws out—without violence, however—that luscious carmine-coloured coat—an air of inexpressible harmony over all; a luscious picture, and signed Gainsborough! Well might he compete with Sir Joshua. Those two rude sketches just at hand (202, 209) are of inestimable value to the student, illustrating the process and secrets of this wonderful artist’s manner. What a

handsome face that of his nephew, even in this rough-and-ready translation. Disappointment results from these portraits of Angelica Koufman (173, 176), which seem to lack the pretty grace of that female academician; but, *en revanche*, here is a triad of Romney’s, in the old self-convicting manner of that artist. He could not with decency place the head of his favourite, Lady Hamilton, on the shoulders of *all* his sitters, but he could at least place her shoulders underneath their heads. There is a hint of this Hamilton treatment in that Woman in White yonder (171), and in that Siddon’s picture (220). Here is, indeed, a delicate Greuze, for all the world like a bit of flowered, old-fashioned silk—a cozy face with such a delicate bloom—yet the colour a little dry and thirsty for this dainty master. And here is a positive glut of Rembrandts—actual embarrassment of wealth. Mark the sultry, smoky yellow of this pair from Hampton Court (370, 371) of good pedigree—take that sign and token with you to the “Louvre,” to the “Old Alchemist,” and to the “Angel appearing to Tobit:” see if they have not all that smoky yellow air. The Dutch Lady (371) is a feast in herself. Not quite so well accredited (for we must be very jealous in matters affecting this master) comes that “Cavalier” (294), who has a quaint, Don Quixote cast in his face, and the true vellum, Rembrandtish skin, but is, on the whole, doubtful. The noble proprietor of “Tobit” (65) cannot feel very secure in the authenticity of his picture, neither may the owner of No. 177, who judiciously qualifies his pretensions by the addition, “supposed.” The fine picture (355) stands upon a different foundation. Apart from its intrinsic merits (and even apart from the question of its paternity) it rests a fine picture. So competent an authority as the late Mrs. Jameson has left in writing her opinion of its merits: that competent art critic has judged it to be a genuine picture. No one can pass by the best presentment extant of the terrible Dean of St. Patrick’s—setting him out in his full stature, his round face, and unctuous curling lips. All, too, will look with interest on the portrait of Lady Morgan—a little French and flashy in treatment, and smooth as if worked upon a Dresden plate.

These may be taken to exhaust the most noticeable of these portrait worthies.

Among the promiscuous rank and file of this newly-raised corps of "old masters"—among many questionable and unserviceable recruits—we meet some splendid choice fellows, worthy of any service in the world. For those whose favourite diet is landscape, let them walk straight to Lord Carlisle's "Rubens" (56), and feast in silence. You can trace that rich stroke of his brush—found in his gaudier pictures—only here he is chafing at the restraint of sober tints imposed by the subjects, but which he has contrived to make brilliant. Were ever greens treated so richly? Above all, note the superb contrast of the countryman's vivid vermilion coat: a patch which lights the whole picture. It sets us thinking of Turner's famous vermilion buoy. Here, too, are excellent Barretts (339, 453)—a master once enjoying a tide of fashionable favour almost frantic. Eighteen hundred guineas was a price he often received for a landscape. It will be observed that his prevailing tones are a series of *bluish greens*, artfully graduated to long distances, which suggest at times Rosa di Tivoli. The specimen here (8) is not all in the manner of this artist. Here, too, is a bit of feeble classicality of Benjamin West's, very thin and pale in colour, but very correct. The day of the historical man is gone by, and it is a subject for congratulation that we have done for ever with the legions of smoothly painted men in shields and helmets who crowd the galleries of the Louvre.

There are here some fresh brilliant Canalettis, with the clean liquid tone, which all Canalettis of true breeding should exhibit. He is the most recognisable painter in the world. The most ignorant of us are familiar with the gondolas and the sea-green waves, and the Lion of St. Mark, and call out without hesitation the name of the master. Yet such as have seen his best specimens, which lie in the Roman palaces (Lord Dudley, too, has some fine works of this master), their size, their brilliancy, their inimitable gaiety and sparkle, will own that there is an enormous gap between such works and the average respectable *soi-disant* pretenders.

One of his contributions here is curious, as being painted in England (38); and it almost provokes a smile to see the old Venetian garishness struggling to break out, but fettered by the dull influence of English atmosphere.

From the same quarter comes a dainty little Watteau (310), with the foggy, almost dirty, complexion which seems to attend on all Watteaus. The great superficial—those who recognise Canalettis by gondolas and towers of St. Mark—are sure to detect Watteaus by ladies in hoops and harlequins. Yet Lantry and a host of others handled these pastoral garden subjects, and used similar decorations. For a charming bit of elegance, by all means seek out a little cabinet picture, by one Longhi (411), which has travelled from Royal Lodgings at Hampton, and when found, make a note of it, Cuttlewise. Specially remark the delicacy of the white lady in the centre, painted as if on moth's wings. Neither does it follow, because we see pigs, and straw, and a shed (268), that we should put our hands to our mouth and sing out, lustily, "Morland!" There is a kind of sea-shore piece, with figures (471), belonging to the Lord Chancellor, which pleases from its gay transparent tone and Neapolitan colour. Rothwell we might almost re-christen an Irish Etty, so full and juicy are his colours—his lakes and crimsons seem like the burstings of an overripe plum. He aims at the gorgeous rainbow palette of the great English colourist. And yet, if so much as the hint of a weakness may be just touched on, there is a lack of the depth and breadth, the firmness and solidity, on which Etty bases his glowing tints. There is a tendency to sketchiness and haste while struggling for boldness. It is cheering to find among the ranks of Irish painters one vigorous enough to travel out of the old conventional line. "Admiration or Contemplation" (55) is a fine example of this Venetian manner. In the "Painter Forgotten" (220) we find the same unctuous brush, but a quieter tone, with a strange, old-fashioned mellowness, which gives the idea of its having been done some fifty years back. Mr. Catterson Smith has shown well what powers he has in this ripe and juicy Etty line in that agreeable study

(127), which might be mistaken for one of Rothwell's. If he could import a little more of this rich mellifluous manner into his admirable portraits, it would heighten their effect prodigiously.

This picture, "Ben Lomond" (230), which glows fiercely with a sort of Vesuvian, sulphuric hue, is the work of Mr. Faulkener, another Irish artist. These violent atmospheric effects are hazardous things to deal with. Many will remember those wonderfully bold water-colours, those vigorous studies of gray rocks and vegetation with which this young artist first introduced himself to public notice. Dealing with oil and canvas he has scarcely answered that extraordinary promise, that steady earnestness should manifest itself yet more fearlessly in its new vehicle. "Wicklow Harbour," (203) by another Irish artist, aims at brightness of effect, which, however, is not to be attained by the mere use of bright colours. This picture has a confused, thin, water-colour effect. Yet Mr. Crowley has done some good things before now—witness his "Cup-tossing." But why—to have done cavilling and grow to a point at once—why have we no professed "Irish school," no recognised traditional mannerism, a treatment racy of the air and soil, by which connoisseurs (and, better than they, *dealers*) shall learn to point with unerring certainty and say, "that is of the Irish school." Such have already the Scotch—positively, there is a species of Scotch manipulation and choice of subject perfectly declared, which will by-and-by work itself into fixed distinction. Surely these diminutive little landscapes (245, 251, 216, 225), so neat and trim and stippled, like a lady's water-colour, are scarcely adequate symbols of an Irish school. We should take some shape defined. The glens, the lakes, the violet mists of the Seven Churches, the breakers of the Atlantic, should leave their mark upon us and break out in reflected strokes and colouring. The loose, straggling materials should be gathered into one strand. We should not be a mere pointless collection of waifs and strays, unguided, ill-regulated, blind, and spasmodic.

Boddingtons (28), unaccountably esteemed in England, and bring-

ing good prices, are in respectable force. He is not to be confounded with one Bonnington, a defunct painter of extraordinary merit—one of the wild Arabs of the profession—whose works are sought after in Paris. There is an Italian landscape by Winton near the door, barely out of the smoke and scarlet of the "Battle of Meeanee," which is handled prettily.

Here are a pair of those Herring farm-yard sketches (222, 223), familiar to us in coloured engravings—the straw, the hens, and the invariable glossy, well-groomed bay and black horses. There is another piece of this painter (42), a winter scene, in a more exceptional manner. Should we want a bath of gorgeous fruit colour, let us make for these melons and grapes (244), which are steeped in the favourite gorgeousness of Mr. Lance. No one should pass by a good landscape by Hammersly (6) or Mr. Hart's "Dream of the Foxhound" (99), which, apart from its subject—sure to enlist all our sympathies—is well painted. The overhanging lip and drooping nostril, suggesting a snuffle of infinite relish in the vision, show a profound knowledge of canine somnolency. We had almost forgotten the wonderful sketch of Wilkie's (179).

Last of the series, and specially reserved for this place, to wind up the English pictorial line with a burst—waits us that grandly impressive Turner. We should have by us our richest diction, to deal suitably with the works of this noble painter; and turn out all the gold and silver speech that lines our purses. What a majestic scene—and what an air of awful sublimity—of height and lonely desolation is conveyed within those few square feet of canvas. What a motley of the rich colours of vegetation—all subdued and harmonized. This, it will be observed, is in one of his early *rational* manners, for he is known by many manners which he put on, as it were, like garments. There is his Barret-Gainsborough manner, miscellanies of noble trees in the foreground, with vast champaigns spreading away in the distance; the fine old-fashioned landscape steeped in modulations of greens; of which Lord Dudley's (Lord Ward) Italy is a pure specimen. Then comes his cold whinstone coloured

manner, when he became in love with dull rubarbs and yellowish green, and general slatish effect; having, it is said, Van der Velde in his eye. Then we have that verging into Claude effect, of which the present picture is a good embodiment. Then we have the Claude—*pur sang*—the superb “Carthage,” which hangs in the national gallery, between two noble Claudes of the same size, literally bathed in molten gold. Then follows the genuine Turner-esque, the dreams of luscious yellows dappled with lake, pink, and blue, and which though shapeless suggested in an exquisitely wild way, Venice upon the sea. “Lobster salads,” the irreverent called them, yet surely glorified lobster salads. No, these sermons of Mr. Ruskin, in five copious volumes, are not mere ravings.

To our foreign neighbours art comes naturally; with us it is, at best but an enforced culture. It is full time to wait upon our distinguished visitors, whom it was scarcely decent to have passed over so long. This monster melodrama, this spirited extravagance—which surely represents a theatrical battle from the Porte St. Martin, is pretty sure to attract gaping and admiring crowds. It is the very incarnation of extravagance, this sea fight and impending blow up of Slingeneyer. Observe what a Dutchman’s notion of colour is, how with much light, and glare, and effect, in the direction of colour, the result is leaden, dull, and dark. Positively every man on board is newly recovered from the jaundice. Such yellow parchment skins could not be conceived. What spasms, what clenchings, what muscles, what over-done contortion, and how splendidly theatrical the clean elegantly dressed figure in the centre. How like a cat, that wild face on the right? Yet what an abundance of power and energy, what a plethora of genius, and what variety and imagination in the groupings. Some of the foreshortenings are startling.

Two fine cattle pieces of Woutermaester (18, 113), illustrating what we may call the *furry* foggy manner which some artists on the continent are partial to, are worthy of much admiration, at least of consideration. There is a cloud of modern Belgian works, in that smooth pumiced style,

supposed to copy faithfully the old Flemish finish, and which groups the same class of figures, women peeling vegetables; drawing scenes in antique ruffs and sackbacks; musical parties at the “Clavichord,” and such like. This is all, at best, but a poor sort of masquerading, a rummaging in the old green rooms of some two hundred years back. Yet, this presupposed, they have abundant merits of their own.

Surely we all know that pleasant bit of comedy—being, perhaps, a little too high for comfort—which exhibits the scene on a pirate’s deck, with the most comic masquerading of desperadoes in women’s gew-gaws and mild tourists costume, all with a view to entrap the unwary barque, who is approaching so unsuspectingly. M. Biard has done his work well; there is infinite variety in the faces and attitude. The proprietor of a singing-tavern in London gave eight hundred guineas for this work—a choice equally creditable to his taste as to his munificence. The proprietor of the singing-tavern has an admirable gallery. Truly there are strange things in this great Babylon.

One of the quaintest gatherings that collector ever thought of getting together, is that Sotheby Gallery. It is delightful to get near genius in its lazy, careless hours, when it has thrown its buckram aside; and round us here hang the sketches, first germs, free sparkles of imagination, thrown off at inspired moments when delay would be dangerous. How curious that series (273 to 292) produced in a succession of friendly meetings at night, which are so well described in Leslie’s Life. Here the originals for the old-fashioned vignettes which have adorned many a subscription edition, with “Plates by Westall;” here are those minute illustrations in Indian-ink, which we have seen in some edition of Milton, and here is a startling bit, Babylonian effect in most Liliputian miniature, from the Brobdignagian pencil of John Martin. Here are Maclise’s wonderful pencilling for the “Melodies.” Here is poetic snatch, in sepia, of David Cox, a rough draught of Etty’s, some true bits of the luckless Morland, many Prouts, some Hardings—in short, there is scarcely a water-colourist of note that is not represented. Even

those lively caricatures of Turner's manners should be considered a moment.

So, having reached to the term of our tether, we must now depart from these happy hunting-grounds of painting, so fair to the eye, and well-watered, and enter upon ruder pastures. Still we keep within the mystic pale of Art. Its spirit walks abroad through the building. Eyes had, before this, wandered with an inquiring curiosity to those huge, incomprehensible wains which lay in the Royal Dublin Society's Court, like Noah's arks on wheels, or more like those "Wans" in which Mrs. Jarley brought about her famous "wax-work." Jarley's wax-work had surely taken this city on its "circuit," and would by-and-by display the traditional showboards. But softly—this is speaking with unbecoming lightness, of a board, indeed, but of a board of another and more awful quality. These are the sacred peripatetic waggons of a department—the Department of Science and Art! presided over by Mr. Henry Cole, a Jupiter-Tonans, at whose nod local boards and provincial schools tremble. The waggons have been rifled cruelly, and their contents have been massed together in the great bazaar. It is a quaint and most original notion that, a waggon-load of virtue travelling through the country civilizing the population. A progress by no means unprofitable; for here we have set out for us the whole circle of elegant Art—such as have time and diligence might perfect themselves in the learning of refined pets and tea-cups, and let the wains trundle away, sucked, as it were, like gigantic eggs. We may hang over these admirable studies, expended on screens, of Raphael's handiwork in the Vatican—the famous Stanze, not only copied faithfully, but literally mimicked as to their tone and complexion. They touch a sudden chord, and set the traveller dreaming of his Roman days. We may revel, to begin with, in old iron works—in a metal feast of locks, plaques, coffers, caskets, hinges, and delicate steel keys, worked like lace, in old inlaid knives, and arms, and riccoco jewellery. In medallions from which the heads stand out in a fierce bold relief, absolutely startling, and which put to shame our trim, feeble coins. Then, with a mere

turn of the head, we are plunged into pottery—that pottery which intoxicates and sets men (and women notably) frantic in its collection. Banquets of Majolica—Urbino ware, mark you! the early Gubbio Majolica, mark you—which passes us on to the famous Palissy plates; thence launches us among the brave old English ware—so sound and close—so ripe and sober in its tone—the old Staffordshires and Derby, and Wedgwood, with his delicate blue and pearly white mosaics, which may be seen in mugs and tiny tea services, and set in as medallions into old chimney-pieces. But when we touch on the *crème de la crème* of pottery—the aristocracy—the Sèvres, the Dresden—the old Dresden, mark you again! the noble jars, of what is lusciously styled "*Paté tendre*," lent by Her Majesty, and valued at £1,000 each, we may well draw our breath and gasp in an exquisite sense of appreciation. O, ye promenading Boeotians, who see in all these things but pipkins, and cannot relish the exquisitely fair complexion of those Circassians of porcelain—the soft, delicate surface, alas! unapproachable now—nor own with rapture that the *rose du barri* tint, and the *bleu du roi* tone, and the marvellous yellow, are all matchless colours, pass by decently and strive for amendment. See those dainty coffee-cups, as of egg-shell. These *Laittieres*, or milk-jugs: what shape—what elegance. Made surely for houris' fingers.

Art may break out through any vehicle, even in so mean a shape as an umbrella-stand. It was an ingenious idea bringing in a stork, and placing a snake, twisted into loops, across in his bill. Coming in from the wet we drop our moist instruments into the convolutions of the serpent. On a similar principle, the bronze dog, or fox, may be made to hold a hunting-whip, the lash and thong of which furnish adequate support to a whole armoury of sticks and umbrellas. Iron galvanized and artfully mimicking bronze is entering largely into artistic adornment. Vases, tables, seats, &c., are here to be seen cunningly treated at the sign of Messrs. Edmundson. But foreigners are beyond us in this elegant treatment of the metals. In the great year '51 the huge foundry of the *Vielle Montagne* astounded the world by the perfection—the refinement of its castings; and on this oc-

casion the French have sent us some gigantic figures of men-at-arms in the rich, floridly-romantic style that nation so affects, elaborate in their trappings and ornaments, graceful and theatrical, and wrought out in that wonderful sham bronze—verdigris, rust, and all—in which they are unapproachable. It is really hopeful for the country to find the eminent firm which exhibits these works, Messrs. Fry, keeping up what is in fact a School of Design in their somewhat multifarious workshops. They seem to turn out costly marble chimney-pieces, fashion furniture in all its branches, and weave miles of brilliant poplins with a happy facility. But the *artist* presides over all. There is a sideboard in which the elements of new pale oak, and old oak, and bronze are all combined, with an elegance which the usual unwieldy characters of such pieces of furniture seem to defy. There is a series of richly-gilt picture-framing, eighteen in number, carved in that antique florid style which, unhappily, picture-frames do not at all affect. There are other manufacturers represented here who are not contented with travelling in the old, hackneyed grooves, importing the stale old shapes and patterns, *ad nauseam*; but who keep their workshops full of trained youths who are allowed to give play to their fancy. Good prices are given for the best designs, and the name of one manufacturer could be given who travels periodically to Paris to keep his eye familiar with the unrivalled models to be found in that city of art. All round the galleries may be seen mirrors and tables overlaid with a miscellany of birds and flowers and leaves, and the other luxuriance into which the carver's chisel delights to run. There is a walnut study-table, substantial, yet elegant, on which the eye of the contemplative man will settle with almost affection.

What will be thought of that dainty art of marquetry, revived again with much effect down by the Lakes of Killarney. The inlaying of the *arbutus* woods makes a pretty effect; and these two large drawing-room tables found favour with the Prince of Wales and Prince Napoleon, when on their travels.

There is a wide and spacious field—a prairie almost—which as yet has been lying almost fallow, or at least

is only now beginning to be worked to any practical purpose. That noble storehouse, in which are laid up the boundless treasures of rich old Irish Art, the marvellous workings in precious metals, the profusion of forms and figures, the boundless flow of traceries, and arabesques, and curling lines, which on microscopic scrutiny resolve themselves, the nebulae of the heavens, into yet minuter combinations, seem to have existed in a lavish and embarrassing abundance. It peeps out in the simplest devices. Daily is the earth giving its trusts. With the usual *insouciance* which will not fatigue itself concerning things bearing the name Irish, the English virtuosi do not too much fatigue themselves with labouring in this Hibernian vineyard. Yet, what they have to show of a corresponding era is bald indeed. There is a book published—a book of authority—which deals with the whole of early art, as displayed in missals and ancient engravings on metal, and professes to be a complete treatise on the subject. Somewhere in the body of the book the writer goes on to say—"The Book of Kells I have not myself seen; but I believe it contains excellent illustrations of," &c. The Book of Kells he had not seen! where was incorporated the beginning and the end, the height, depth, and thickness, an elaborate pictorial history, as it were, of the whole of that exquisite art of emblazonment, where were set out large pictures, of which every square eighth of an inch would repay hours of study.

Now, that huge steam argosies ply steadily between England and Ireland, rendering the *trajet* as agreeable as a yacht voyage, it may be hoped that those flocks of wandering birds who, now that their season of labour is past, flutter awhile in the air, undecided in which direction they will fly, may suffer this little inducement of an unpretending bazaar to turn the balance. To hold out such as the sole temptation, would be, indeed, foolishness, for the recollections of the festivals of Hyde Park and of Manchester would effectually dwarf our little Palace of Industry; but there are many more things to be seen in a tourist sense, not yet properly worked. The island is not yet officially known to travellers through a Murray's red hand-book. There are watering places

for those who love that tranquil luxuriousness of existence; there is wildness and miles of iron-bound coast for such as love the wild and sublime. Halting in Dublin, on their way to

the fine fishing grounds of the west, or the pretty pastures of the south, they may say to themselves, "I will devote a day to the exploring of the Irish Exhibition of sixty-one."

AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XVI.

NOT quite sunk in the languor of older lady residents, Rosa Barrington and her cousin Florence were yet somewhat exhausted by the fatigues of last night's entertainment at Government House.

The cool season, though not quite over—"Rosa dear, what will the warm be?"—was yielding daily to the growing ardours of an Indian sun. Wet mats of reed were dripping in the verandah; in the room punkahs never ceased to swing. The mails would be made up to-morrow. A ream of "India-post" on either open desk told of good resolutions concerning letters "home." But the pens lay idle, and the fair surface of the paper showed no stain of ink.

"Rosa, for shame!" cried Florence, "Indianising at this hour, after all your good intentions, too."

"Only this once Flo; we don't dance every night."

His Excellency's daughter drew up therewith her feet on a divan, cushioned as for any Rajah's zenana.

"Happily not," answered her cousin, "and shall soon give over dancing altogether."

"Don't say 'happily,' dancing is my delight. It is a sad season that stops it. But I like your admonishing me for idleness—out of your easy chair!"

"Easy chair, indeed! A Chinese caricature of one. Knotty bamboo, to crumple one's barège, and make dints in one's back. Very different from your divan!"

"Change with me, then."

"Thanks, it's too much trouble."

"You Sybarite! The bamboo knots are crumpled rose-leaves. You know your cane is cooler than my cushions."

Florence laughed.

"Hadn't we some new faces here last night?" said Rosa.

"New shawls, dear. Was ever

any thing like that little Cashmere chief's?"

"They said he was a Ghorka from Nepaul."

"Perhaps he was; but his shawls were from Cashmere."

"One sees too many shawls, Flo, to care for them out here. What funny little pig's eyes the chief himself had, like a Chinaman's! When I spoke of faces I meant European, of course."

"Why 'of course,' pray? Don't you count Indian features faces?"

"What! N, i, g—nig"—

"No, Rosa!" she cried, springing up in her eagerness from her bamboo seat of ease, "you shall not stain your rosy lips with such vile words!" She crossed the room towards her cousin with a gesture of reproof, earnest under playfulness. "Leave such heartless quips to rattlepate ensigns and raw civilians. I know the style of lad from whom you catch them up. They will know better before they command a regiment or sit in a magistrate's chair. As for you, you are the daughter of a British governor, ruling millions of these dusky-faced men, and should know better than to scorn those over whom your father rules!"

"What heroics! And you look as black as thunder, or as Kali, the goddess fiend of your friends the nig— Oh, dear me, no! Have mercy and pity on me, Flo dear, and I will say the dusky millions of Hindostan—indeed I will!" She clasped her hands together, enforcing their appeal with her prettiest look of deprecation. Very pretty, too, as she was herself. Florence gave the lightest admonitory tap to the fair forehead, saying, as she "kissed the place to make it well"—

"Giddy brain, but good heart, I believe!"

"But the new faces, Flo—the pale

not the dusky—let us talk them over a bit before we set to work on our letters."

"Do you mean what Willie Sangster calls 'the griffs,' dear?" Pale is hardly the right epithet for their cheeks yet. Your noisy partner in the last quadrille, for instance."

"What, Mr. O'Brien, with the brogue? I thought him charming—so good-humoured."

"Yes, but as pale as a peony!"

"Cherry-cheeked, I must own; but quick as a flash of lightning. Such Irish sparkle in his eyes! Who were you dancing with, by-the-by? You were our *vis-à-vis*."

"A Mr. Lockyer, I think, or Lockery—I didn't quite hear when he was introduced."

"Who introduced him?"

"Oh, young Milward."

"And who may young Milward be, that we have his name off-hand already?"

"A boy I had met a few times at home. His mother is a widow, and knows the Dalrymples. His sisters are very nice girls, they say."

"Is he a very nice boy?"

"A very nice-looking one; but with features fitted for a girl, so fine and delicate."

"How glad he must have been to come across a home-county-ball partner in Bombay."

"Perhaps. But I think he voted me slow, so handed me over to his friend to be rid of me. He said, 'I think you'll find him in your line, Miss Barrington.'"

"And did you?"

"He's graver and more thoughtful than the general run of 'griffs,' no doubt. He owned that he was not much of a dancer. And it's my private belief he'll owe his friend a grudge for setting him to dance attendance on your humble servant."

"Nonsense, Flo. The poor griff was overcome by his unexpected promotion. What! a chance introduction gain him our queenly Florence's hand on his first night at Government House! Depend upon it he was nervous."

"I saw no symptoms. And yet"

"Yet what, your Majesty? Now, no evasions," said Rosa, sitting up on the divan and holding up her

finger. "It's my turn to be wise-acre, and I caution you against all concealment from your best friend and adviser."

Florence laughed again; but a bright blush on her countenance deepened as she seemed to collect her thoughts.

"Own at once, my dear Miss Florence, what that was which struck you in the air and address of this solemn young griff as indicative of—I really don't know what. No subterfuge, and no mock modesty!"

"I don't know—perhaps it was a fancy. When young Milward, in passing, took him by the arm and introduced him, asking me—the cool young monkey—to give his friend the next quadrille, he took no notice of me with his eyes, but held his arm out, as the first bars were playing. When, once in position, he roused himself as 'an officer and a gentleman' to make small talk, I fancied I saw something start back in him when his eyes met mine. In him, remember—he never flinched one hair's-breadth."

"Well, after that?"

"After that he seemed annoyed at me—not a bit afraid—but as if anxious to give me no more fixed looks."

Rosa shook her head with amazing gravity.

"Very serious this for the solemn griff—unless, indeed, as your friend young Milward says, you should find him in your line, Miss Barrington."

"If you talk nonsense, Rosa: you shall hear no more of the whims which cross my fancy."

"Whims and fancies indeed! As if Queen Florence ever had either!"

Apparently overpowered by so preposterous an idea, she threw herself back upon the cushions and closed her eyes. Florence also lay back in her cane chair as luxuriously as it would let her. A little creaking from the punkahs now and then enlivened the drip, drip, drip, from the matings outside, but other sound there was none, and the cousins were half asleep.

A jaunty step, with a ring of spurs in the stone corridor outside, aroused them presently.

"Holloa there, you young ladies!"

The intrusion was, seemingly, not

unexpected. Neither stirred hand nor foot, nor opened, perceptibly, an eyelid on the intruder.

"Poor darlings!" cried his voice, with affected sentiment. "They sleep! Sleep, all unwitting of the blight which descends on their young lives!"

He advanced, bent over each in turn, shaking his head mournfully at either. Then sunk upon a seat, and, as if overcome by sorrow, hid his face in a long muslin streamer which hung from a queer sort of turban on his head, pretending to sob aloud. This was more than Rosa could stand. She sat upright on her divan suddenly, and made a switch at him with a fly-flapper of palm leaf.

"The best and dearest girls! And both so fond, so very, very, fond of me, too! Both bereaved at twelve hours' notice. Oh, sad, sad!"

"Now don't be a goose, Willie," cried Rosa. "What are you at?"

"Poor little darling, hear its prattle, its pretty prattle, unconscious of bereavement, utterly!"

"If you go on so, Willie, I'll muster strength to throw this cushion at you, that I will, spite of Princess Propriety shamming sleep there in her bamboo chair."

"Now, Rosa," cried the princess, shocked at this outrageous menace, "you shall not throw cushions, even at Willie, like a romping tomboy, or I'll tell her Excellency."

"Sorrow for her, too," groaned the turbaned intruder. "Heart agonies in store, spite of her little hoard of maxims preaching down a cousin's heart."

"Really Willie you are intolerable," said Florence.

"Am I?" asked the offender, in the cheeriest tone imaginable, dropping his muslin weeper and readjusting his disordered mustachioes. "Wait till you hear my news, Miss Florence, and tell me whether that is tolerable. Good morning, Rosey; you're pretty when you pout."

"And you're ugly any way," said Rosa, which, on the whole, was true, though the aide-de-camp's ugliness was of the bright, manly, kindly sort.

"How she admires me!" he said, turning to Florence, "and conceals her infatuation under a thin disguise of irony. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"Now do be sensible, Willie," said Florence, "and if you have any thing to tell us tell it, without any more of this."

"What will not female flippancy dare?" he retorted. "Advise me to be sensible, me, whom the Brahmins consider an Avatar of good sense, whom the very Mussulmans have offered to make a Moollah if I would only dye my turban green! Sensible, indeed, what next?"

"You may well say what next when *you* turn sensible," said Rosa, springing off the sofa to threaten him at close quarters with the fly-flapper.

"Now, Rosa, sit down again this moment," said Florence, drawing her gently down on the divan beside herself. "Then we shall hear whether he *has* any thing to say."

"You are a learned lady, Florence," he resumed, gravely producing a couple of little empty medicine bottles from his coat pocket, and handing one to each of his cousins; for he, too, was a nephew of His Excellency the Governor. "You have a tinge of Latin, and can explain to poor, dear, ignorant little Rosey the use of lachrymatories among the ancients. Tear-bottles, dear child—tear-bottles—the only two the Sub-inspector of Hospitals could spare this morning, though I told him you would want them larger."

"Oh, don't be tiresome and absurd, dear Willie," Rosa said, submissively, clasping her hands as she had done when deprecating Florence's playful anger.

"Tiresome! When I am trying to spare your feelings and break it to you by degrees!"

"Break what?"

"The dreadful tidings, to be sure."

"Tidings of what?"

"Of my departure for Calcutta by dâk to-morrow morning."

"Is that all?"

"All, indeed! Now, don't faint or scream, dears!"

"Upon my word now, Willie, it's too bad of you"—

"I know it is. You'll break your hearts, I fear, the pair of you. And then His Excellency, my poor dear uncle, just as I was teaching him his trade of governorship, poor man; he will be lost without me. There's one comfort though, his plans for irriga-

tion might be started now. The tears of the young ladies of Bombay would fill a tank alone, to say nothing of the general weeping population, native and European."

"How long shall you be gone, Willie?"

"Ah, my poor dears, bear up, I'm going for good and all."

There was a touch of real feeling in the still bantering tone of the last sentence, and both the girls looked grave.

"You don't really mean that, Willie?" asked Florence, now with true concern.

"I do indeed, though. It is felt that the Governor-General himself needs leading strings, even more than your dear papa, Miss Rosey. There is but one hand fit to hold them here in India," and he gracefully waved his own. "Wherefore I depart by dâk to-morrow morning before sunrise, obedient to superior orders, though they may lacerate your tender hearts."

"Now, tell us the real truth about it, Willie."

"Well, the real truth is, that I belong to the Bengal Presidency by rights, as you know. I was only acting aide-de-camp here to my uncle till my leave was up. But you also know I have been a bit in the Public Works line as well as the 'right shoulders, march' business; and there's a canal opening immediately, for which I may be of use, and am recalled at once, accordingly."

This was a modest way of stating the fact. Willie Sangster, a thorough soldier, as a gash across his left cheek witnessed, had a remarkable genius for engineering, though not belonging to a scientific corps. He was wanted not only for the formal completion of a work in which he had borne a main part, but for its immediate and large extension. The despatch which summoned him from his pleasant duties on his uncle's staff was written in terms of which many an older officer and public servant might have been proud. He was more sorry, perhaps, to leave the company of his cousins than he cared to show, so he fell to "chaffing" them again.

"I wish to leave a parting-gift with each of you. The same in either case. For worlds I would not bring fierce

jealousies between you. Promise me that it shall not be so."

"We promise," cried Rosa; "what is it, Willie?"

"I wish to leave with each of you," he said, "a lock of my dear hair. Here, Rosey, sever two, but with impartial scissors. Neither must have a longer nor fuller curl than the other."

Therewith he pulled off his queer turban, exhibiting a pate shaven as smooth as the soft cheek of either cousin.

"If you had but one lock left wouldn't I have pulled it, for your impertinence!" cried she.

Florence's finger went up at her again.

"I would, Miss Flo, for all your finger-shaking. He's made a worse fright of himself than ever now."

"There's no pleasing you both. Florence entreats me to be sensible; obedient to the obvious teaching of good sense, I shave my head for a hot journey, as any native Indian might, whereon Miss Rosey says I've made myself a fright. Well, never mind, all will be over soon between us."

"I have more than half a mind to cry, Willie," said Rosa, quite in earnest.

"And Florence more than two-thirds of a mind, I hope," he answered, looking more keenly at her than before. She gave no sign, however.

"The worst of all is, I shall be supplanted in your esteem and admiration, perhaps, by the new aide-de-camp, though I am convinced your affection must remain unalterable."

"The new aide-de-camp! I had forgotten that. To be sure there must be one," said Florence, thoughtfully.

"Yes, 'my loss is his gain,' as old women say at what Gazettes call 'casualties.'"

"I do declare," cried Rosa, "'tis of more consequence to us than even to papa, what sort of man the new one is to be. I wonder whether he has thought of anybody."

"One comfort is, he won't live in the house, will he, as you have done? So we shall not depend so much on his good-nature and good-humour as we have on yours?" asked Florence.

"I am sure I don't know. The house is big enough; and his Excellency must have a military sub at

hand, to fetch and carry—to say nothing of your insisting upon all the delicate attentions I've inured you to. I should think they'll put him into my quarters here when once appointed."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! that *will* be dreadful, if he isn't nice," said Rosa, much discomfited.

"Well, the young man has something in him, to my mind; though I doubt your finding him much of a 'squire for dames.'"

"So you know him, you tiresome!" cried both in a breath. "How dare you keep us in suspense in this way, then?"

"Official secrets are inviolable. Neither caress nor cruelty can wring one from me. Surely you know me well enough for that."

"Yes, well enough to know you wouldn't have said so much, if not free to say more; so give us his name forthwith."

"Flo knows it. I saw her dancing last night with its owner."

"You know very well she danced with half the garrison: to say nothing of the civil servants."

"Ah, but she couldn't dance the last quadrille with more than one partner at a time, could she?"

"Oh, then, Florence, there is a fate in it. It's Mr. Lockery, your solemn griff, you know."

"Locksley, my dear, Locksley—Ned Locksley the fellows call him; but neither of *you* shall call him Ned, for that's not proper; and I shall direct her Excellency's attention to the point before he joins."

"Don't be absurd, Willie. But tell us how papa can take so young an officer. He is only a griff, is he?"

"His Excellency, my venerable uncle, muttered something about obliging friends at home, my dear. Promotion by merit is at an end, you know, on *my* retirement. In fact, the thing's a job. Nevertheless, the lad is a likely lad."

"Well, tell us all about him. I'm dying to hear," said Rosa.

"What all about him? His looks, and manners, and aptitude for the 'valse à deux temps?' Florence can do the description a long chalk better than I can."

"How dare you," answered Flo-

rence. "No, but tell us what makes you think him a likely lad."

"The cut of his jib," I should say, but for professional prejudice against all nautical terms."

"Is that all?"

"Perhaps, not quite."

"What more, then?"

"Well, first and foremost, he is a desperate student of 'the languages.' You know that's a hobby of mine: 'if you're to rule a nigger, speak as sich.' Them's my sentiments."

Rosa laughed, and clapped her pretty little white hands at his utterance of the ugly word, with an arch look at Florence.

"For shame, Willie!" said that young lady. "You know you have taken noble pains to win the confidence of natives by your knowledge of native languages and laws. And now you make a mock of your own nobleness, and encourage Rosa in her follies."

There was emotion in her voice, and it apparently moved Willie, for he said in very different tone from any he had used—

"Thank you, Flo, for your good word, at any rate."

Rosa, put out for a moment, soon rallied, and said—

"I understand, then, Mr. Locksley will ask Flo to dance in Hindustani, offer ices in Urdu, and thank her in Tamil for the honour of having held her fan. That, so far, is certainly satisfactory. What more?"

"He can ride a bit."

"So can our black grooms, the Syces."

"Ah, but your Syces can't break that Arab your father bought from the Habesh horse dealer for you, three weeks ago. Not one of them has ventured to mount him yet. Now, Locksley will do it, if its to be done, I think."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he has backed Major Brown's big chestnut, and jumped him over an awkward place, into the bargain. I saw him do it, and very neat it was, too. Perfect temper and iron nerve!"

"I never saw Major Brown's big chestnut."

"No, that's not the kind of nag for dress parade, nor evening promenade with fair equestrians. He is the most

vicious brute in all Bombay; but I don't know that there's a charger in the garrison his match for speed and power."

"And what made Mr. Locksley mount him?"

"If Florence won't say that I am turning horse-jockey, like Stubbs of the Nizam, whom she stigmatized as such once in my hearing, you shall have the story."

"You seem sensitive of her highness's strictures, Willie. I did not know that was a weakness of yours."

"We all have our failings. May I go ahead, Flo?"

His cousin gave him a nod and pleasant smile.

"Well, there was some horse talk, if the truth be told, one evening at the mess of the 'Europeans.' That's his corps, you know. Being out of ear-shot of Miss Flo, I think I took some part in it, having a small turn that way, spite of her disapproval. There is a certain nullah; you know what that is, don't you?"

"Yes; a watercourse, ravine, or some such thing, I think."

"Just so. There was a certain nullah then, about five miles off, which had stopped the whole field after a jackal one day. A dispute arose as to the power of any Arab to clear it in his stride. A thorough-bred English hunter, thoroughly broken, would do it; but whether an Indian-trained Arab would was questioned. There was a pasty-faced lad there of the name of Mansfield, belonging to some cavalry corps, I think, who was loud and noisy in the negative, calling upon any one to name a horse in the garrison that could clear the leap. Young Locksley, who had hitherto said nothing, named the Major's big chestnut, which convinced us all, at once, that he knew something of the shape a horse should have at his hind-quarter.

Mansfield laughed at him, rudely enough, asking him what *he* knew about horses, and adding that he had never yet had the pleasure to see him even astride of a pony. Locksley, not a morsel put out, said he didn't know much about horses, but still thought the chestnut could clear the nullah. I must tell you, by the way, that Locksley is about the only sub in his corps who doesn't keep a horse or two, but lives in what other

griffs call a queer 'close-shaving manner' altogether."

"Perhaps he is poor," suggested Florence charitably, "and wants to keep within his income; a rule of life but little followed by his brother subs, I fear."

"No, they say his governor's well off enough; but that's neither here nor there. Mansfield seemed to think he'd got him in a corner, and asked him at last, outright, whether he meant to say that he wouldn't funk to ride the chestnut at the nullah himself."

"I don't think that I should," he answered very quietly.

"Bet you, you don't do it!" the other cried. He didn't answer.

"Bet you ten to one, you don't!" Silent still.

"Bet you fifty to one!" No answer yet.

"I dare you to do it!"

Locksley stood up with face on fire, about to speak, when a sudden recollection seemed to strike him, and with one effort he sat down again, saying—"Just as you please then." Brown didn't know what to make of it. "He don't look like a fellow to show the white feather, does he?" he asked of me, when we left the mess-room that evening. I said, 'more t'other'—an elegant expression I learnt from Florence."

"This is immensely interesting," Rosa said. "Go on, Willie, because you said you saw him take the leap."

"Why, yes, most unexpectedly. Brown couldn't get the thing out of his head, so he asked Locksley one morning whether he would like a mount for an early canter before breakfast.

"Of all things," quoth he.

"Like to try the chestnut? He's a rum customer."

"He's a very fine horse, Major. I wish I could afford to keep one; I would make a bid for him."

"Ah well! Wait till you've had a ride on him or so."

"But if the Major counted upon seeing his griffin spilt, he was mistaken. 'Abool-Harg,' the 'father of heat,' as they call the chestnut, had got a cool rider, who sat him to perfection. The Major, who is rather shy of riding him himself, begged of Locksley to give him his morning

gallops any day, so he and Brown and I had several rides together. One day we neared the nullah.

"Any objection, Major?"

"Oh dear, no; but it's a nasty place, sir."

"So Locksley put the nag into a canter, and then a gallop, holding him well in hand for all the brute's tearing excitement. And over the nullah he took him as clean as a whistle, Brown and I craning piteously on the wrong side of it. What's more, he brought him back. So you see, young ladies, I was justified in stating that he could ride a bit."

"Why wouldn't he take up the other man's challenge, then?"

"Ah, Miss Rosey, you are just as curious as I was. For the life of me I couldn't help asking him."

"And he said?"

"Just because it *was* a challenge.' 'Taken up one too many, perhaps,' said I. Whereat he smiled, and tickled the chestnut's ears, and set him plunging to distraction. What do you think of that, Miss Flo?"

"What you said you did, that he is a likely lad."

"Always the case with ladies.

Turn up their nose at horse-jockeys, and let themselves be 'witched with noble horsemanship!'"

"I don't care for his horsemanship."

"For what, then?"

"For his riding his own temper with the curb, as well as the chestnut."

"Catch Flo tripping in her moral highjinks if you can, Master Willie," laughed his younger cousin. "But I like him for the leap!"

"To be sure you do. And so does Florence, who has the pluck of a fighting-cock in her, for all her prudence and propriety. But I'll tell you what it is now: you are not to spoil this youngster when you have got him here—neither with giddy good-nature, Miss Rosey; nor with grave good-nature, Miss Flo. Should merit get up in the market, there can be no doubt I may be back as commander-in-chief before long, and shall want him on my staff instead of your distaff—there now!"

With that he got up, and assuring them that the public business of the Presidency was at a stand-still during his absence from his office, departed, deferring till evening his final leave-taking.

CHAPTER XVII.

"So you have actually appointed an aide-de-camp without consulting us! Is not that going a little too far, pappy dear?" asked Rosa, saucily. "Governors have a right to govern—to a certain extent; but there *are* limits."

"Rosa!" admonished her mother.

But Buffer Barrington—I crave his Excellency's pardon, the Right Honourable Frederick Barrington, C.B., and so forth—smiled, as a man will, at a dear daughter's playful waywardness, of whose dutifulness and love his heart need make no doubt. His Excellency was a trifle pompous at times even with her Excellency in person; but with his pet, Rosa, never.

"Don't cry till you are hurt, pussie; the aide-de-camp is not appointed yet."

"No; but the appointment is offered, and, if accepted, Florence and I can hardly cancel it."

"Speak for yourself, Miss Rosey," cried her cousin, "I am all for autocracy under his Excellency's administration."

"There, pussie! Niece more duti-

ful than daughter. What a lesson for you? Florence, your sentiments are exemplary."

"Oh dear, yes, when your Excellency's acts chance to meet her approval her Queenship is all obedience. Offer the appointment to some officer under her sovereign displeasure—to Captain Stubbs of the Irregulars, for instance, and see her submission!"

"Am I to understand, then," asked the Governor, much amused, "that the offer I have made is sanctioned by Miss Florence Barrington?"

"Certainly," said Rosa.

"I was not aware that either of you knew young Locksley, much less that Florence had distinguished him from other youngsters."

"Indeed, uncle," answered Florence, "Rosa's nonsense passes those limits of which she was speaking. I should not presume to canvass an act of yours in any case; and as to Mr. Locksley, he was introduced to me the other night for the first time."

"And made a favourable first im-

pression, eh? That goes a long way sometimes."

Rosa laughed; but Florence answered her uncle again without discomfiture.

"He is young for such an appointment, yet he struck me as older than his years."

"But, pappy dear," insisted Rosa, "do tell us what made *you* distinguish him, whether Queen Florence has or not?"

"I have caused inquiries to be made, Rosa, which, I am bound to say, result in allowing me to entertain the highest anticipations of this young gentleman's ability and character." His Excellency's style had suddenly grown official and full-mouthed. Miss Rosa was not to be put off so.

"Yes, dear pappy, but your inquiries don't satisfy mine. What made you make any about a griffin and a stranger, eh?"

"Well, the fact is, that Lord Royston, the Under Secretary of State, a sort of cousin of ours, you know, incidentally mentioned"—

Rosa laughed aloud; even Florence caught the infection. His Excellency reddened slightly.

"Don't be vexed with us, dear pappy," cried his daughter, putting her arms about his neck and her cheek to his; "it's not at you we are laughing—that is, not exactly; but at that absurd Willie. Is not that true, Florence?"

"Pray what did Willie say to make you laugh, not exactly at me, young ladies?"

"He said promotion by merit ended with him, I think; and that his successor's appointment was, in fact"—

"Was in fact what?"

"I think he said—a job."

"Monstrous impertinent of Master Willie!" bounced out his Excellency. But Rosa kept kissing and fondling him, so that his wrath should not get up real steam.

"Willie was only in fun, dear—you know his ridiculous way. He really thought you had done, as you always do, a wise thing in offering this to Mr. Locksley. He said he was a 'very likely lad,' and entertained us at length with his accomplishments. Didn't he, Flo? Tell this incredulous pappy what he said; he will believe *you*."

Thus invoked, Florence assured her uncle that Willie Sangster had spoken highly of the young officer in question.

"Praise from him is worth something, you must admit, uncle."

"You are right about that, Florence. Greater men than our griff might be proud of Willie Sangster's good word."

"There, he's a dear, good, tame pappy now again, not a tiger and a tyrant any more," said incorrigible Rosey, with one or two additional kisses on his forehead.

She had but just returned to her own seat, when an Indian servant, gorgeous and picturesque as an illustrated edition of the Arabian Nights, brought a note to His Excellency, Sahib, with profound salaam.

"Wonders will never cease," he exclaimed, upon reading it: "our young gentleman refuses."

"What young gentleman?"

"Young Locksley, to be sure. He humbly solicits my Excellency's permission to decline the undeserved and unexpected honour proposed, and to remain my Excellency's obliged and obedient servant, &c. What do you think of that, young ladies?"

"Think of it! Think it's downright rude to us, your Excellency," cried Rosa, "whatever it may be to you."

"Perhaps Florence frightened him. She can put on an awful stateliness at times."

Rosa clapped her hands after her own fashion.

"Depend upon it, pappy dear, you have hit the right nail on the head. Be candid with his Excellency, Flo. Did or did you not own that on first introduction this admirable Crichton flinched from you?"

"Nonsense, Rosa!"

"Tell the truth, Miss Flo," said her uncle, with mock gravity. "Did you own he flinched, eh?"

Florence blushed crimson; but as she was one who never flinched herself, she answered:

"I said I thought his eyes did, for a second: perhaps it was all my fancy."

"O ho!" cried Barrington, in the same tone still, "this must be looked into. I cannot allow myself to be sneered out of my right of selection by Master Willie Sangster's impudence, nor this deserving young officer

stepped upon confidential ground, to ask him outright, what otherwise Rosa would be sure to ask, his reasons for refusing her uncle's offer. He told her they were two, the expense and the occupation. After this she did not like to press him; but he took heart of grace himself and said:

"You think, perhaps, such reasons want explaining. I own there is something of a paradox about the first; for an aide-de-camp's place carries some increase of pay, and he lives here at free quarters."

"Cousin Willie did, I know; and said he was getting as rich as Croesus."

"Yes; but I should have to change my manner of life altogether, and incur some expenses at least, which I cannot well afford. Since you have been kind enough to question me, Miss Barrington, I will be honest and own that I am in debt."

"Already?"

"Oh! you are Indian enough to know how common that is, are you, Miss Barrington? I hope my confession will not quite lose me in your opinion."

"Not quite; next to the courage of not committing a fault comes that of repairing it at any cost."

"It is just of my determination to do that, that I wish to convince my creditor, who has the noblest heart in the world, Miss Barrington, and would never ask me for a farthing."

"All the more reason to satisfy him to the uttermost. I am sure you are quite right there."

"Thank you. I am equally sure that your approval is worthy encouragement." She felt the same longing regretful look steal into his eyes, and fix on her. She determined to go through with it.

"I think, you said, the occupation deterred you too. My uncle is not a 'roi fainéant,' every one allows; but I feel certain, that is, I should imagine—I mean—I gathered from what cousin Willie said, that you were not an idler even in this idle atmosphere."

"It is not the work, but the nature of it that I fear."

"Afraid of having to dance attendance upon her Excellency and the young ladies? I have heard aide-de-camp's duty so defined. But that is not what my uncle expects of his—

ther do we expect it, Mr. Locksley.

Since you knew my cousin, you must have known that he was not an officer of that stamp," she insisted, almost offended.

"Florence is queening it over that luckless young man," said Rosa, directing the "bear-leader's" attention to them across the table. "Does she not look grand with that expression? He is a bold boy not to wince under it."

For she could not see, as Florence still saw, what swam as if behind the pupils of his eyes.

"Captain Sangster's name is enough in India to tell even such a griff as I," said Ned, "that there is something else to be done here besides dangling or dancing attendance on any one."

"Why refuse, then, to follow him in his occupation?"

"Because I am not yet fit as he was to do desultory work without becoming less fit for work of any kind. He is a consummate Indian linguist, and an accomplished engineer. I was an English schoolboy last year, and am only an Indian recruit this."

"Wouldn't your position with my uncle give you many opportunities?"

"Which, as I now am, I fear I could only waste."

Struck with respect for his purpose of self-culture and self-control, Florence felt that she could pursue the personal question no further; yet she would not let the conversation jolt out of the groove in which it had been set running. She was sure of having found a sympathizer in what her saucy cousin called her "Eastern heroics," and spoke with spirit and enthusiasm of that great map of human interests which Hindostan unrolls to sight of any thoughtful, generous mind.

She understood as she did so that her new friend's spirit went stride for stride with hers, not at adventure, but as if on familiar ground. What she still could not explain, even in conjecture, was the wistful retrospective expression of his look, so manful and so strong.

"She'll turn that ensign's brain or drive him melancholy mad before the evening is out," again said Rosa, who now perceived the double play of feeling on Ned's features. "I wish mamma would give the signal and release him. You would be quit of my chattering, too, Colonel, to your great relief."

the late aide-de-camp give the clue to the surprising offer? Confidence is acquired on easy terms in India, should that be so.

As if in answer to these very questionings, Rosa went on:

"Yes, he told us all about the vicious chestnut, Abool Harg, was it not? and about the leap over the nullah."

Ned's modest confusion grew, and this time he said nothing, as he bowed again.

Perhaps "Buffer Barrington" had been a sporting county magnate at home in England, and would have a young soldier win his first spurs at an ugly jump. He didn't look much like a man for a flying leap, as he stood there to receive salaaming from the Ghoorka; but official grandeurs alter a man's bearing irresistibly.

"Even my cousin Florence here, who is a very stately lady, as you must have seen already, was interested in the story: and I was immensely."

Exactly so. Evidently an inherited taste. Her father must have been a county centaur in slimmer days.

Willie Sangster's opinion of his seat on horseback must have suggested his name as his own successor.

"What's more, he made a promise for you, on the strength of your good horsemanship."

"No; did he, really?"

"Yes; papa has bought me the loveliest little Arab, of an Abyssinian dealer, from Hadramaut or some such place; but our Syces can't make him rideable for a lady. At least papa won't let me mount him yet; though I don't think I should be much afraid. Willie said you would break him in for me when you came here as aide-de-camp; but that is at an end, since you refuse to come."

"Come or not, Miss Barrington, I will redeem Captain Sangster's pledge, if you will honour me with a commission as roughrider. A true name often; but always a bad. Riding should never be rough. When it is, it ruins nine spirited horses out of ten. Ride your own temper and you can ride your horse."

"We know that *you do that*. Willie said so; and Florence said she admired you for it."

"Rosa dear, you are really"——

"Will you give your arm to my

niece," interrupted her Excellency: Rosa having fallen, by virtue of her greater nearness to the throne, to the lot of the more dignified staff-officer, "the Himalayan bear-leader" as she afterwards irreverently called him.

"Do tell me," she said, "will they bring his Highness a live kid to tear at table? How dreadful! His mustachios are exactly like a tiger's whiskers. He looks so savage. I should not like to trust him with a knife myself; but I see he has a crooked dagger in his shawl, so that even taking the knife away wouldn't save the poor butler's life, should the chief take offence at any thing."

"If you *should* come here, after all, as my uncle's aide-de-camp, Mr. Locksley, you will have allowances to make for many random speeches of my lively cousin."

"Most men might think the risk of having such to make inducement enough to expose themselves to it."

"Whereas you refuse to run it? Is that your reason?"

Something made Ned look full at her; yet in the fulness of the look she thought she could perceive the shrinking which she had noted in his eyes at first. There was no fear in it, but an expression of regret or pain.

"I wonder if you would think me rude for telling you the truth?"

"I can never endure to be told any thing but that by any body."

Her tone again seemed to convey a summons that he should look straight at her and answer. As he did so, the shrinking and its sorrowfulness were seen by her, so as to be doubted of no more.

"I had quite forgotten, when I answered his Excellency's note, that the duties of an aide-de-camp in this house must of course place him in constant nearness to yourself and your cousin."

"And now that you remember it, are you shaken, or strengthened, in your resolution?"

"Strengthened," he said, after a moment's pause. The sigh, which he suppressed, did not escape the ear of his fair questioner. She was at a loss to interpret it.

To repress her own curiosity would be, she felt, an easy task, compared with putting a check upon her cousin's. Perhaps it might be better and even braver, now they had once

CHAPTER XVIII.

His mother's letter confirmed Rosa Barrington's news, almost in as few words as hers.

Yet news it was not, nor needing any confirmation. Had not he known it, and for certain, long ago? What else had turned the current of his life and brought him here, so far from home, alone?

He looked out at his open window, upwards: the silver splendour, of which the blue night air was full, brought back the moonlit summer-night at Freshet to his mind. He let his glance droop downwards; there was no dancing plain of wavelets across which fancy might sail into boundless distances of hope.

A barrack wall rose up before him blank and high, inlaid, however, with dark shadows from trees of foreign foliage in the courtyard, spiky fronds of palm, and broad blades of banana, let in, as it were in ebony, on the white chunam of the wall.

An English sound came ringing through the night. Not a long cheery hail from a boatman in the bay; but the sharp challenge of an European sentry, followed by the rattle of presented arms.

What, indeed, had brought him here? Had he not known it, and for certain, long ago?

Stern and bitter, and new to young men, is the difference between what only may be and what is. Yet happier and more hopeful—for all it seem to them so hopeless—than the difference, in which their elders' souls are schooled, between what is and that which might have been.

Were they the pariah dogs, or distant troops of jackals, which kept up such dismal howlings? Can the jar upon the ears' nerves bring moisture into the eyes? Or what else dims and blurs the lines of Lucy's clear fine penmanship before her son's eyes? They must be jackals howling; for they are scouring away miles off now: all is so still again as their noise dies out. But no sound pierces after all like the scream which a bird will fling down from her winged height of soaring. That must have been a bird's scream! Ned recalled the clang of the seamew on whose breast he had seemed to discern the bloodspot as

he lay staring skywards. Ah, how hot the sun was there! But the breeze was fresh and cool. So different from these sultry nights in India! He threw himself back upon his barrack bed, as he had done upon the crisp turf at the Skerry. By-and-by he fell asleep.

But the musquito is a wakeful fly.

Rising feverish and excited more than jaded at morning, it was a relief to hear a hubbub outside.

There must be some mistake about it, a native servant was insisting. Locksley Sahib did not please to keep horses, and seldom rode out except with Major Brown.

Then was heard plunging, and squealing, and the scattering of gravel or small stones.

Then imprecations and entreaties, according to diverse formularies, Musulman and Hindoo.

Then asseverations from attendant Syces, for there seemed to be a bevy of them, that no mistake existed or could exist, for Missy Khanum herself had sent them, and, proof unimpeachable, here was a "chit" from her for Locksley Sahib.

Why couldn't this father-in-law of donkeys have stated that before?

Plungings, squeals, and scattering noise again. And loud repudiation, with retorts, of the unseemly epithets: until the appearance of Ned himself restored something like a semblance of discipline and order.

The "chit" was, of course, a note from Rosa, written over night, to say she took him at his word about her Arab, and sent him therewith for immediate experiment.

Nothing could have pleased him better than the necessity for making it. He would find vent for the excitement which was on him, whilst forced to put constraint upon himself, and on the wrathfulness which, to his shame and vexation, had been roused within him.

The mere mounting would have been an uneasy task for many men; the keeping of the skilfully-won seat uneasier; the coaxing and compelling of the creature first out of the enclosure, then along the road, uneasiest of all.

As the horse was suffered to break

Whilst the staff-officer was yet endeavouring to convince her of the irreparable loss he should sustain by her departure to the drawing-room, her Excellency gave the expected nod of female masonry, and the Ghoorka's little eyes stared, strangely wide for them, at the sudden rising and retreat of the ladies.

"Well, Florence," began her cousin, the instant they came together, "that luckless young gentleman withdraws his refusal I can see."

"Maintains it, you mean, Miss Rosey."

"Withdraws it."

"We shall see."

"We shall."

But Miss Rosa's intention of exploring Ned's forthwith was frustrated on the first return of the gentlemen from the dining-room. Young Locksley seemed to have struck up a sudden acquaintance with the polyglot staff-officer, and they were deep in conversation. This was followed up by a presentation to the ugly little glittering chief. All Ned's attention seemed given to him and to the talk which he made through the interpreter to the group of officials and others who gathered around him. Vainly did Rosa watch for so much as one glance, not towards herself—she did not expect one—but towards her cousin. This was provoking. Some hint, however, was apparently given by his Excellency the Governor that he wished for more significant and less public discourse with the hillman chief, for the group broke up and fell away, leaving the three high discoursing parties to themselves. Perverse fate in the person of Captain Stubbs of the Irregulars, who had dropped in to pay his devoirs at the sort of evening levee perpetually held, again interfered with her design of boldly summoning the ensign to an interrogatory. Nevertheless, to her great consolation under this infliction, she presently descried that some law of gravitation had once more brought Ned to the side of Florence. Stubbs was tenacious, and in his way as audacious as the young lady in hers. Hints he would not take, and met what might count as direct dismissal from further attendance with something very like defiance. But Rosa beat him off at last, and, like a saucy steam-tug bearing

down on two consort barques, darted into their conversation. The effect upon one of them could not have been much more startling had she been a gun-boat firing live shell into the craft she purposed to take in tow.

"Oh, Mr. Locksley, tell me, do you know Lady Constance Cranleigh, Lady Cransdale's daughter? I dare say you do."

Poor Ned! Never thereafter on the soil of India did the first crash of ringing musketry nor the deep breach of silence by the roar of sudden artillery make his nerves quiver as did those unexpected words from the light-hearted girl, who was not looking at him, but at the ludicrously profound obeisance of the chief taking leave of her father. Even Florence saw little on his countenance of what effort it cost him to say—

"I know Lady Cransdale and her family very well."

"I thought you must, because Lord Royston knows you. He wrote about you to papa."

Ned could say nothing, between rage at a recommendation from that quarter and suppressed exultation at having refused the offer it had brought him.

"I never saw Lady Constance, but have been told there's a great likeness between her and my cousin here. That's what made me ask you. Do you think there is?"

Florence remembered afterwards—at least, she felt sure it had been so—how, without lifting his eyes to her face for a momentary comparison, without a momentary pause to call up an image to his memory, he had answered in a hurried way—

"A singular likeness; I saw it at first."

"I suppose it is no news to tell you of their engagement?"

"Whose?"

"Lord Royston's and Lady Constance's. It is announced in London. Mamma heard by the mail to-day. They are to be married soon."

"I have not had letters," he contrived to mutter.

"Oh, I dare say you will when they are sorted. Ours are brought in papa's special bag."

"Excuse me, then," he said, with tremulous accent, "my letters may be at my quarters by this time. One longs for a line from home. Good night!"

you. The Governor has a daughter and a niece out with him. To the latter, I had been introduced, some day or two before, and judge of my surprise in recognising in her, at first sight, the strangest likeness to Lady Constance Cranleigh!

"Strange likeness, yet I need hardly tell you how imperfect and how inferior. There is something of the royalty of Lady Constance's expression in that of this Miss Florence Barrington; but its ineffable sweetness and winsome repose are wanting. She has a fine figure; but without that exquisite proportion and nameless grace—ah! mother dear, I must not trust myself to write this way. There is considerable affinity, besides, between their minds. I had much conversation with her last evening when I dined there; for I sat beside her. It was wonderful and almost unbearable, to look into a face so like the other's, and hear words so like what she might have spoken, uttered in a voice so unlike her own. You know the rich music of her's; there is not even a reminiscence of it in the tones of Florence Barrington.

"This young lady's likeness and unlikeness to Lady Constance, exercise on me, so far, a very see-saw of attraction and repulsion. Her presence under her uncle's roof would be an additional reason for declining the appointment, the offer of which he was kind enough to keep open still. I hope my firm determination to refuse it is not stiffened into mere obstinacy by the introduction of Lord Royston's name; but I shall hardly feel sure of that, till I hear back from my father and yourself that you approve of it, on the grounds I stated at first. Political and military matters are all as drowsy here as the possible actors in them, at least the English portion of them. Tell Phil, when my father writes, that I envy him the soldierly stir and bustle of the barracks in Bird-cage Walk. Chatterham was a perfect whirl of strategical excitement compared to this, and Major Anderson a sort of Alexander beside the old general who commands this garrison. Our men feel the listlessness and monotony sadly. Too many take to the canteen, night, noon, and morning, on account of it. I am always in fear of Tommy Wilmot, sober and steady as he is keep-

ing hitherto. His active mind and body get less scope for their activity than even in the garden at the lodge. Don't tell his parents this; but say, which is the truth, that he is hitherto hearty and well. And now good-bye for this mail. God bless you dearest mother, and my own dear father too. You know that it is no mere form for me to write yourself,

"Your most dutiful and loving
"NED."

Persisting in his refusal to act as the father's aide-de-camp, he had, perhaps inconsiderately, accepted the duties of equerry to the daughter. In virtue of which acceptance, Miss Rosa soon found means to make his frequent attendance upon herself and her cousin, almost a matter of regulation. Their Excellencies were at first a little inclined to resent his cavalier treatment of their official offer; but this Rosa would not allow, declaring that his offence against herself and Florence was far more presumptuous, and exhorting parental authorities to copy their superior magnanimity in overlooking it. As to mamma's suggestion, that without being implacable, there was no need to show him special attentions, which might possibly be misinterpreted, it was met by the undeniable argument that there could be no reasonable objection to having about the house one whom they had twice offered to take into it. And Florence, in the least obtrusive manner, contrived to convert her uncle to the belief that the apparently offensive refusal was an act of commendable prudence and modesty on the part of so young and inexperienced an officer. Further acquaintance increased the good will of both the cousins towards him. Rosa liked him for his equable temper, which her teasing could never put out; and was grateful for his success with her little Arab, which was soon complete. She was charmed, moreover, she declared, at finding "so civil a lad who never tendered any civilities, a liegeman who never bored her by proffering homage."

Florence divined the strong spirit which swept under the smooth-humour, and took an almost dangerous delight in kindling the enthusiasm which underlay his quiet bearing.

His growing intimacy with the Go-

into a gallop, and disappeared in a cloud of dust, a one-eyed sowar of Stubb's Irregulars turned to the nearest Syce, and asked to what cavalry corps that young officer belonged.

"To none" he answered, "to these European Fusiliers."

"Koompani Bahawdur is a fool then," said the sowar. "What son of a burnt father expects such a rider as that to walk afoot? He's the man to head a rissalah of horse!"

"And you would like to ride rissaldar under him eh, Nusr-ed-deen?" asked a bystander.

"Inshallah!" quoth the trooper, "I shall keep my one eye on him; who knows but I may?"

But the Syces prophesied that before the morning was out, some peasant would pick the rider up out of a ditch with broken leg or arm. Lucky for him if it should not be his neck bone.

Whereat the sowar laughed in scorn, and turned on his heel, with an extra twirl to his grizzled mustachios.

He was the truer prophet. Had it been otherwise Ned would not have been able to wield his pen and write home thus to Lucy Locksley—

"DEAREST MOTHER,"

"Thank God for the good account of yourself and my dear father. Thank you for all the other items of home news; short time as one has been gone, one hungers for them as if that time were as wide as the space which parts us now. I know you will not think me selfish; perhaps not even—how I hate the word—sentimental, for owning at once that one short sentence in your letter stood out to my eyes in different relief and character from all the rest. I need not tell you which. How glad I shall be to hear of the marriage having now taken place! I shall then be face to face with fact, not with possibility, however seemingly unavoidable its event. Don't think me such a fool as to have been speculating upon any wild improbabilities; but fool or no fool, one cannot feel quite the same towards what has not yet befallen and what has. A whole world of fact and duty will separate between a Lady Constance and a Lady Royston. As for ignoring fact, or flinching from duty, I will, my life long, God helping, never do either.

"You tell me to be sure and fill my letters with all that concerns myself around or within. I should almost fear that was an exhortation to egotism, were it not that I know the self-devotion of the dear mother's heart from which it springs. As for what is around me, now that the first novelties which I tried to describe to you have worn old—all was dull and monotonous enough till within the last few days. Even drill and parade had dwindled into repose and inactivity, under the increasing heat. The best mechanism for punkahs and 'thermantidotes,' a sort of magnified and modified bellows in use out here, was absorbing one's thoughts and conversation, till *my* mind, at least, got a shock of surprise. I received an offer from the Governor, the Hon. F. Barrington, to appoint me his own aide-de-camp. Vanity whispered that merit was soon appreciated upon Indian ground. But as my chief reputation is for stinginess, 'sapping'—you know what that is—and a little horse breaking, I wondered much which feature in it could have conciliated his Excellency. For the stinginess, I have my reasons, which in due time shall appear to you, dear mammy. The 'sapping' will have your approval, I know. And for the horse breaking; don't you be anxious about my going 'on the turf' dear, the less as there is, alas! under this fierce sun, no turf to go upon. What's more, my stinginess extends to not even keeping what is out here called a 'tat;' but at home a pony. My mention of these three reputed characteristics of mine, I beg leave to say, bears directly upon the matter in hand. Horses, smart clothes, and additional servants would, I thought, be necessary if I were to accept; and my studies would suffer interruption. So I declined, with thanks, little thinking how matters really stood. I was then asked to dine at Government House, and learnt to my terrible disturbance, that Lord Royston's good offices had brought my name into notice there. I am shamed to the quick, to-day, to think of the scornful hot and sour resentment which boiled up within me at this announcement. It is humiliating beyond expression to find one has made so little way towards the conquest of one's meaner self!

"But that is not all I have to tell

mean the man behind Mr. Locksley's chair."

"Oh, he's a first-chop fellow for a native. What makes you want to know?"

"Never mind just yet, sir. Have you found him an honest man?"

"Honest enough. I trust him with any amount in silver or in gold. I suppose he makes his little perquisites, however, in the way of business, like the rest of them. Ha! ha!"

"But you never caught him even filching, or lying, or the like?"

"Never that I know of. What on earth are you driving at, my dear sir?"

"In fact you own him worth his salt?"

"Worth a wheelbarrowful. He's my best servant. I shall promote him when the old khansamah dies."

"Then I have answered your question. That man is a Christian!"

"The dickens he is! How came you to know that?"

"One whose conversion cost him house and home. You may take my word for it."

"Be hanged if I do! I say, Panjerah," cried his excited master, no longer in English, to the man, who stood motionless, with downcast eyes and arms folded, Easternwise, across his breast.

"What's all this Padre Sahib's nonsense? What's your caste, man?"

What's your religion? What poojah do you make, eh?"

Without shrinking, yet without affectation, the man raised his eyes: those of every man besides in company being full fixed on him.

"I am a Christian, sir!" he said, distinctly.

His master laughed again more scornfully.

"What did you get for turning from the padre?"

But Ned rose, with indignation, and turning to the Hindoo held out his hand.

"Do me the honour to take it!" and he seized the slender, dark fingers in his own strong grip.

Much talk was made thereafter of his impulsive action: much blame allotted: some praise. Mansfield was eager in comments to the disadvantage of the man whom he detested.

"Humbug or not, we hope you'll favour us with a candid opinion on it, Major Brown. You are not in the saintly line yourself, we know."

"I never owned it so much to my shame as now," he answered. "I only wish I had the heart in me with which he did it. I think him a finer fellow than I did before."

"That same is not aisy, Major, since his riverence rode yer chestnut at the lape!" laughed O'Brien, who would have his joke.

CORNWALL AND MINES.

WE have already described, in the October number of this Magazine for the year 1860, something of the manner of procuring and rendering marketable the first item in the short list of Cornwall's productions—"Fish, tin, and copper," nothing being said in the old motto about early potatoes and broccoli—and now we are minded to say something about tin and copper. In the first there was but small difficulty—all that was necessary for the undertaking being pen, ink, and paper—but in treating of the tin and copper mines of the west of England—works which have for so many centuries called forth the energies and employed the skill and labour of so many talented and hardy

men of our own neighbourhood, of those from more distant parts of England, and of those even from foreign countries—we are commencing a work of painstaking and research. The mining operations of Cornwall cannot be regarded merely as they present themselves to us at this day: they are rather to be explained, accounted for, and understood by the examination of such authorities as have from time to time left us records of those interesting and important undertakings. Whilst investigating the issues of the past and the labours of the present, we must look ourselves to those authorities; and to those who would go more deeply into the subject we would recommend the perusal

vernor's family could not escape the observation of his comrades. Some joked, some sneered at it. Milward was among the former, though he would not venture on the topic in Ned's presence, and claimed for himself the credit of having got him appointed "aide-de-camp to the young ladies."

Mansfield, true to the old Chatterham grudge, was among the latter; and catching up the phrase one day from Milward said, that "the young ladies' aide-de-camp was sneaking after an appointment as aide-de-camp to the old gentleman."

"Why sneaking, pray?"

"Because he is undermining Wilkinson, who got it after Sangster left."

"Who is that undermining Wilkinson?" asked Major Brown, a great friend of the last-named officer. He had only caught the last words of the speaker.

"Locksley, of the Europeans," answered Mansfield, somewhat against the grain, for he anticipated the rejoinder the Major did not fail to make.

"You put your foot in it about him once before, I mind, young gentleman, and you'll be doing it again, maybe, more seriously."

"Do you mean to say he hasn't an eye to Wilkinson's appointment?"

"Do you mean to say he has?"

"I do."

"Shows all you know about it, then. He refused it when it was offered him, before Wilkinson had a chance."

"That's all very well to say, Major."

"Do you doubt my word, young gentleman?" he cried, angrily.

"No; but your information. From who did you have it?"

"I don't know that I should tell you, if it wasn't to stop the mischief you might make, sir. Captain Sangster told me so himself."

There was no answering this, so Mansfield muttered:

"Oh, then, I beg your pardon; but I think that Master Locksley is a regular humbug still."

"You'll find that hard to prove, I take it," said the Major.

Not a little hurt by the tone his senior had taken with him, Mansfield watched with the malicious narrowness of a mean mind's observation for any thing which might help to es-

tablish the proof to which the Major had challenged him. Some months, however, slipped away before he could seize on any thing which he thought he might safely venture to produce in detriment of Ned's good name.

There was a Mr. Campbell, a civilian, who dined not seldom at the mess of the Europeans, as also at that of the cavalry corps to which Mansfield himself belonged. He was an hospitable entertainer at his own, as well as a willing guest at other men's tables; and at his house Mansfield and Locksley met, one day, together at dinner. A Mr. Mavor, one of the H.E.I.C.'s chaplains was also present. Some stir had been made recently among the English community upon the subject of missionary work in India; and by some means, half way through the dinner, the topic was started.

Mr. Campbell, a hard-headed man—of that class whose hardness of head approaches to the wooden; a practical man—of that variety whose practice is to cling in spite of any demonstration to their own favourite theories—was loud in repudiation of the idea that it was possible to convert a Hindoo, by conviction, to Christianity.

"Rice converts; in hard times, you may get a few. Ha! ha! ha! Excuse me, Mr. Mavor; but you know you're not a missionary. Real converts, there never was one. Don't tell me, sir. I've known these niggers, man and boy, these twenty years and more."

The Company's chaplain, a quiet but firm-looking clergyman, waited till the guffaw of the host and certain of the guests subsided.

"As you have said, sir," he replied, "I cannot claim the honourable title of a missionary; but I have looked a little closer, perhaps, than you have felt bound to do into the work of missions here."

"Well, come now, Mr. Mavor," cried the civilian; "you're a straightforward sort of man I know. Sink the professional; we're all among friends here. Did ever you know a converted nigger worth his salt?"

"Hear! hear!" went the laughers, Mansfield among the number.

"What sort of a man's your under-butler? Please don't mention his name, or look at him just yet. I

mean the man behind Mr. Locksley's chair."

"Oh, he's a first-chop fellow for a native. What makes you want to know?"

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men of our own neighbourhood, of those from more distant parts of England, and of those even from foreign countries—we are commencing a work of painstaking and research. The mining operations of Cornwall cannot be regarded merely as they present themselves to us at this day: they are rather to be explained, accounted for, and understood by the examination of such authorities as have from time to time left us records of those interesting and important undertakings. Whilst investigating the issues of the past and the labours of the present, we must look ourselves to those authorities; and to those who would go more deeply into the subject we would recommend the perusal

of the same, Carew, Borlase, Henwood, the Reports of the Geological Society of Cornwall, &c.

The mining district of the west of England extends from Dartmoor to the Land's End, comprising a tract of country from twenty-five to thirty miles in breadth on an average, and about one hundred miles in length. The peculiar geological features of this country at once point out to the miner its fitness for the production of minerals, consisting, as it does, of innumerable islands of granite standing in an ocean of killas—a provincial term for the rocks which are of other classification than the granite, and which are, commonly, argillaceous slate, hornblende slate, or greenstone. The huge granite masses, which add so much to the picturesque and wild appearance of the county of Cornwall, stand up as islands, sometimes attaining considerable height, and serving as beacons and watch-towers for miles around, whilst the killas surrounds them as an ocean on all sides—the granite dips and underlies, whilst the killas comes up at their junction to a certain height, which, like the approach of the ocean, is determined by the angle of the rock which it meets.

Between Redruth and Camberne the angle is somewhat less than forty-five degrees. On the south of Carclase mine, near St. Austell, the junction between the granite and killas is nearly perpendicular. The greater part, and also the richest, of the many lodes that occur in Cornwall, both of copper and tin, are found near this junction of granite and killas, and hither it is that the miner turns in his search for the riches which it is his business to explore and bring to light.

We learn very little as to the knowledge of the ancients respecting minerals; that they possessed some, and had means of turning them to their service in the requirements of luxury and warfare is certain; but we must conclude, owing to their limited powers for carrying on mining operations, that these minerals were rare, and only such as were immediately found on or near the surface. In Cornwall the earliest records of mining operations were those pursued in search of tin, which at a very early period had become a most valu-

able mineral. Carew, in his "Survey of Cornwall," which was written about the close of the sixteenth century, after mentioning several of the productions of the county, crowns them all with this eulogium on tin:—

"But why seeke wee in corners for pettie commodities, when, as the onely mynerall of Cornish, tynne, openeth so large a field to the countrie's benefit? This is in working so pliant, for sight so faire, and in use so necessarie. as thereby the inhabitants gaine wealth, the marchants trafficke, and the whole realme a reputation; and with such plentie thereof hath God stuffed the bowels of this little angle that (as Astiages dreamed of his daughter) it overfloweth England, watereth Christendom, and is derived to a great part of the world beside. In travailing abroad, in tarrying at home, in eating and drinking, in doing ought of pleasure or necessitie, tynne, either in his own shape, or transformed into other fashions, is alwayes requisite. alwayes readie for our service; but I shall rather disgrace than endeere it by mine over-weake commendation, and sooner tire myself than draw the fountaine of his praises drie. Let this, therefore, suffice, that it cannot bee of meane price which hath found with it dyamonds, amongst it gold, and in it silver."

The two kinds of operations which, Carew says, were employed in the search for this precious "tynne" were stream works and load works. In the former they dug up trenches "five or six foote, more or lesse," in depth in places where they had discovered any traces of ore on the surface, or turned rivers in which they suspected the existence of mineral from their courses, and searched, or dug pits, in the dry channel. In the "load workes" they also tried to discover some appearance of ore on the surface or just below it, and there sunk a shaft

"Or pit of five or six foote in length, two or three foote in breadth, and seven or eight foote in depth to prove whether they may so meete with the load." "If they misse the load in one place, they sincke a like shaft in another beyond that, commonly further up towards the hill, and so a third and fourth, until at last they light upon it. But you may not conceive that everie likelyhood doth ever produce a certaintie, for divers have been hindered through bestowing charges in seeking and not finding, and many undone in finding and not speeding, whiles a faire show, tempting them

stepped upon confidential ground, to ask him outright, what otherwise Rosa would be sure to ask, his reasons for refusing her uncle's offer. He told her they were two, the expense and the occupation. After this she did not like to press him; but he took heart of grace himself and said:

"You think, perhaps, such reasons want explaining. I own there is something of a paradox about the first; for an aide-de-camp's place carries some increase of pay, and he lives here at free quarters."

"Cousin Willie did, I know; and said he was getting as rich as Croesus."

"Yes; but I should have to change my manner of life altogether, and incur some expenses at least, which I cannot well afford. Since you have been kind enough to question me, Miss Barrington, I will be honest and own that I am in debt."

"Already?"

"Oh! you are Indian enough to know how common that is, are you, Miss Barrington? I hope my confession will not quite lose me in your opinion."

"Not quite; next to the courage of not committing a fault comes that of repairing it at any cost."

"It is just of my determination to do that, that I wish to convince my creditor, who has the noblest heart in the world, Miss Barrington, and would never ask me for a farthing."

"All the more reason to satisfy him to the uttermost. I am sure you are quite right there."

"Thank you. I am equally sure that your approval is worthy encouragement." She felt the same longing regretful look steal into his eyes, and fix on her. She determined to go through with it.

"I think, you said, the occupation deterred you too. My uncle is not a 'roi fainéant,' every one allows; but I feel certain, that is, I should imagine—I mean—I gathered from what cousin Willie said, that you were not an idler even in this idle atmosphere."

"It is not the work, but the nature of it that I fear."

"Afraid of having to dance attendance upon her Excellency and the young ladies? I have heard aide-de-camp's duty so defined. But that is not what my uncle expects of his—neither do we expect it, Mr. Locksley."

Since you knew my cousin, you must have known that he was not an officer of that stamp," she insisted, almost offended.

"Florence is queening it over that luckless young man," said Rosa, directing the "bear-leader's" attention to them across the table. "Does she not look grand with that expression? He is a bold boy not to wince under it."

For she could not see, as Florence still saw, what swam as if behind the pupils of his eyes.

"Captain Sangster's name is enough in India to tell even such a griff as I," said Ned, "that there is something else to be done here besides dangling or dancing attendance on any one."

"Why refuse, then, to follow him in his occupation?"

"Because I am not yet fit as he was to do desultory work without becoming less fit for work of any kind. He is a consummate Indian linguist, and an accomplished engineer. I was an English schoolboy last year, and am only an Indian recruit this."

"Wouldn't your position with my uncle give you many opportunities?"

"Which, as I now am, I fear I could only waste."

Struck with respect for his purpose of self-culture and self-control, Florence felt that she could pursue the personal question no further; yet she would not let the conversation jolt out of the groove in which it had been set running. She was sure of having found a sympathizer in what her saucy cousin called her "Eastern heroics," and spoke with spirit and enthusiasm of that great map of human interests which Hindostan unrolls to sight of any thoughtful, generous mind.

She understood as she did so that her new friend's spirit went stride for stride with hers, not at adventure, but as if on familiar ground. What she still could not explain, even in conjecture, was the wistful retrospective expression of his look, so manful and so strong.

"She'll turn that ensign's brain or drive him melancholy mad before the evening is out," again said Rosa, who now perceived the double play of feeling on Ned's features. "I wish mamma would give the signal and release him. You would be quit of my chattering, too, Colonel, to your great relief."

of ours can describe the general appearance of the mining district of Cornwall, or give so just a view of a mining country and population, as the following extract from a paper written by Sir F. B. Head :—

“To one unaccustomed to a mining country, the view from Cairn Marth, which is a rocky eminence of seven hundred and fifty-seven feet, is full of novelty. Over a surface, neither mountainous nor flat, but diversified from sea to sea by a constant series of low undulating hills and vales, the farmer and the miner seem to occupy the country in something like the confusion of warfare. The situation of the Consolidated mines, the United mines, the Poldice mine, &c., are marked out by spots a mile in length, by half a mile in breadth, covered by what are termed ‘the deads’ of the mine, i.e., slaty poisonous rubbish, thrown up in rugged heaps, which, at a distance, give the place the appearance of an encampment of soldiers’ tents. This lifeless mass follows the course of the main lode (which generally runs east and west), and from it, in different directions, minor branches of the same barren rubbish diverge through the fertile country, like the streams of lava from a volcano. The miner being obliged to have a shaft for air at every hundred yards, and the stannary laws allowing him freely to pursue his game, his hidden path is commonly to be traced by a series of heaps of ‘deads,’ which rise up among the green fields, and among the grazing cattle, like the workings of a mole. Steam-engines and *whims* (large capstans worked by two or four horses), are scattered about; and in the neighbourhood of the old, as well as of the new workings, are sprinkled, one by one, a number of small whitewashed miners’ cottages, which, being neither on a road, nor near a road, wear, to the eye of the stranger, the appearance of having been dropt down *à-propos* to nothing.

“Early in the morning the scene becomes animated. From the scattered cottages, as far as the eye can reach, men, women, and children of all ages begin to creep out; and it is curious to observe them all converging like bees towards the small hole at which they are to enter their mine. On their arrival, the women and children, whose duty it is to dress or clean the ore, repair to the rough sheds under which they work, while the men, having stripped and put on their *underground* clothes (which are coarse flannel dresses), one after another descend the several shafts of the mine, by perpendicular ladders, to their respective levels or galleries. As soon as they have all disappeared, a most

remarkable stillness prevails—scarcely a human being is to be seen. The tall chimneys of the steam-engines emit no smoke, and nothing is in motion but the great ‘bobs’ or levers of these gigantic machines.”

From what has been said of the tin and tin mines of Cornwall it will be seen that we have many sources of information as to their existence at a very early period; we have the voice of history, which tells us of the merchants and their merchandise; we have facts from which we are enabled to draw inferences and so arrive at other facts; and we have tradition on all sides plainly pointing back to long past and well-nigh forgotten times. But the accounts which we have of the production of copper, either in Cornwall or in any other part of Great Britain, during any period prior to the seventeenth century, are very doubtful and scanty.

The brass of the ancient Britons before the Roman invasion was, in all probability, brought from Gaul, where its composition was understood long before. The Romans manufactured brass in Britain; but considering the circumstances under which they held the country, and their very limited means of sinking deep into the earth, it is reasonable to suppose that whatever copper they found must have been near the surface; and throughout Cornwall there are no remains of any considerable workings near the surface which could have produced copper, although there are many remains of such mining—large chasms open to the sun, which were worked by the ancients in search of tin. Some of these tin mines probably produced some copper, and some was derived by the Romans from the Paris Mountain, in the Isle of Anglesea. This, then, is the commencement of the history of copper mines. After the withdrawal of the Romans from this island the same causes which affected the tin trade must have had a like influence on the produce of copper. For many centuries after this, even whilst the tin mines were being more and more energetically worked, the English themselves appear to have had very little knowledge of the nature or value of copper ore; and so lately as the latter part of the seventeenth century Borlase tells us that it was sold under

CHAPTER XVIII.

His mother's letter confirmed Rosa Barrington's news, almost in as few words as hers.

Yet news it was not, nor needing any confirmation. Had not he known it, and for certain, long ago? What else had turned the current of his life and brought him here, so far from home, alone?

He looked out at his open window, upwards: the silver splendour, of which the blue night air was full, brought back the moonlit summer-night at Freshet to his mind. He let his glance droop downwards; there was no dancing plain of wavelets across which fancy might sail into boundless distances of hope.

A barrack wall rose up before him blank and high, inlaid, however, with dark shadows from trees of foreign foliage in the courtyard, spiky fronds of palm, and broad blades of banana, let in, as it were in ebony, on the white chunam of the wall.

An English sound came ringing through the night. Not a long cheery hail from a boatman in the bay; but the sharp challenge of an European sentry, followed by the rattle of presented arms.

What, indeed, had brought him here? Had he not known it, and for certain, long ago?

Stern and bitter, and new to young men, is the difference between what only may be and what is. Yet happier and more hopeful—for all it seem to them so hopeless—than the difference, in which their elders' souls are schooled, between what is and that which might have been.

Were they the pariah dogs, or distant troops of jackals, which kept up such dismal howlings? Can the jar upon the ears' nerves bring moisture into the eyes? Or what else dims and blurs the lines of Lucy's clear fine penmanship before her son's eyes? They must be jackals howling; for they are scouring away miles off now: all is so still again as their noise dies out. But no sound pierces after all like the scream which a bird will fling down from her winged height of soaring. That must have been a bird's scream! Ned recalled the clang of the seamew on whose breast he had seemed to discern the bloodspot as

he lay staring skywards. Ah, how hot the sun was there! But the breeze was fresh and cool. So different from these sultry nights in India! He threw himself back upon his barrack bed, as he had done upon the crisp turf at the Skerry. By-and-by he fell asleep.

But the musquito is a wakeful fly.

Rising feverish and excited more than jaded at morning, it was a relief to hear a hubbub outside.

There must be some mistake about it, a native servant was insisting. Locksley Sahib did not please to keep horses, and seldom rode out except with Major Brown.

Then was heard plunging, and squealing, and the scattering of gravel or small stones.

Then imprecations and entreaties, according to diverse formularies, Musulman and Hindoo.

Then asseverations from attendant Syces, for there seemed to be a bevy of them, that no mistake existed or could exist, for Missy Khanum herself had sent them, and, proof unimpeachable, here was a "chit" from her for Locksley Sahib.

Why couldn't this father-in-law of donkeys have stated that before?

Plungings, squeals, and scattering noise again. And loud repudiation, with retorts, of the unseemly epithets: until the appearance of Ned himself restored something like a semblance of discipline and order.

The "chit" was, of course, a note from Rosa, written over night, to say she took him at his word about her Arab, and sent him therewith for immediate experiment.

Nothing could have pleased him better than the necessity for making it. He would find vent for the excitement which was on him, whilst forced to put constraint upon himself, and on the wrathfulness which, to his shame and vexation, had been roused within him.

The mere mounting would have been an uneasy task for many men; the keeping of the skilfully-won seat uneasier; the coaxing and compelling of the creature first out of the enclosure, then along the road, uneasiest of all.

As the horse was suffered to break

into a gallop, and disappeared in a cloud of dust, a one-eyed sowar of Stubb's Irregulars turned to the nearest Syce, and asked to what cavalry corps that young officer belonged.

"To none" he answered, "to these European Fusiliers."

"Koompani Bahawdur is a fool then," said the sowar. "What son of a burnt father expects such a rider as that to walk afoot? He's the man to head a rissalah of horse!"

"And you would like to ride rissaldar under him eh, Nusr-ed-deen!" asked a bystander.

"Inshallah!" quoth the trooper, "I shall keep my one eye on him; who knows but I may?"

But the Syces prophesied that before the morning was out, some peasant would pick the rider up out of a ditch with broken leg or arm. Lucky for him if it should not be his neck bone.

Whereat the sowar laughed in scorn, and turned on his heel, with an extra twirl to his grizzled mustachios.

He was the truer prophet. Had it been otherwise Ned would not have been able to wield his pen and write home thus to Lucy Locksley—

"DEAREST MOTHER,"

"Thank God for the good account of yourself and my dear father. Thank you for all the other items of home news; short time as one has been gone, one hungers for them as if that time were as wide as the space which parts us now. I know you will not think me selfish; perhaps not even—how I hate the word—sentimental, for owning at once that one short sentence in your letter stood out to my eyes in different relief and character from all the rest. I need not tell you which. How glad I shall be to hear of the marriage having now taken place! I shall then be face to face with fact, not with possibility, however seemingly unavoidable its event. Don't think me such a fool as to have been speculating upon any wild improbabilities; but fool or no fool, one cannot feel quite the same towards what has not yet befallen and what has. A whole world of fact and duty will separate between a Lady Constance and a Lady Royston. As for ignoring fact, or flinching from duty, I will, my life long, God helping, never do either.

"You tell me to be sure and fill my letters with all that concerns myself around or within. I should almost fear that was an exhortation to egotism, were it not that I know the self-devotion of the dear mother's heart from which it springs. As for what is around me, now that the first novelties which I tried to describe to you have worn old—all was dull and monotonous enough till within the last few days. Even drill and parade had dwindled into repose and inactivity, under the increasing heat. The best mechanism for punkahs and 'thermantidotes,' a sort of magnified and modified bellows in use out here, was absorbing one's thoughts and conversation, till *my* mind, at least, got a shock of surprise. I received an offer from the Governor, the Hon. F. Barrington, to appoint me his own aide-de-camp. Vanity whispered that merit was soon appreciated upon Indian ground. But as my chief reputation is for stinginess, 'sapping'—you know what that is—and a little horse breaking, I wondered much which feature in it could have conciliated his Excellency. For the stinginess, I have my reasons, which in due time shall appear to you, dear mammy. The 'sapping' will have your approval, I know. And for the horse breaking; don't you be anxious about my going 'on the turf' dear, the less as there is, alas! under this fierce sun, no turf to go upon. What's more, my stinginess extends to not even keeping what is out here called a 'tat;' but at home a pony. My mention of these three reputed characteristics of mine, I beg leave to say, bears directly upon the matter in hand. Horses, smart clothes, and additional servants would, I thought, be necessary if I were to accept; and my studies would suffer interruption. So I declined, with thanks, little thinking how matters really stood. I was then asked to dine at Government House, and learnt to my terrible disturbance, that Lord Royston's good offices had brought my name into notice there. I am shamed to the quick, to-day, to think of the scornful hot and sour resentment which boiled up within me at this announcement. It is humiliating beyond expression to find one has made so little way towards the conquest of one's meaner self!

"But that is not all I have to tell"

you. The Governor has a daughter and a niece out with him. To the latter, I had been introduced, some day or two before, and judge of my surprise in recognising in her, at first sight, the strangest likeness to Lady Constance Cranleigh!

"Strange likeness, yet I need hardly tell you how imperfect and how inferior. There is something of the royalty of Lady Constance's expression in that of this Miss Florence Barrington; but its ineffable sweetness and winsome repose are wanting. She has a fine figure; but without that exquisite proportion and nameless grace—ah! mother dear, I must not trust myself to write this way. There is considerable affinity, besides, between their minds. I had much conversation with her last evening when I dined there; for I sat beside her. It was wonderful and almost unbearable, to look into a face so like the other's, and hear words so like what she might have spoken, uttered in a voice so unlike her own. You know the rich music of her's; there is not even a reminiscence of it in the tones of Florence Barrington.

"This young lady's likeness and unlikeness to Lady Constance, exercise on me, so far, a very see-saw of attraction and repulsion. Her presence under her uncle's roof would be an additional reason for declining the appointment, the offer of which he was kind enough to keep open still. I hope my firm determination to refuse it is not stiffened into mere obstinacy by the introduction of Lord Royston's name; but I shall hardly feel sure of that, till I hear back from my father and yourself that you approve of it, on the grounds I stated at first. Political and military matters are all as drowsy here as the possible actors in them, at least the English portion of them. Tell Phil, when my father writes, that I envy him the soldierly stir and bustle of the barracks in Bird-cage Walk. Chatterham was a perfect whirl of strategical excitement compared to this, and Major Anderson a sort of Alexander beside the old general who commands this garrison. Our men feel the listlessness and monotony sadly. Too many take to the canteen, night, noon, and morning, on account of it.

I am always in fear of Tommy Wil-
ot, sober and steady as he is keep-

ing hitherto. His active mind and body get less scope for their activity than even in the garden at the lodge. Don't tell his parents this; but say, which is the truth, that he is hitherto hearty and well. And now good-bye for this mail. God bless you dearest mother, and my own dear father too. You know that it is no mere form for me to write yourself,

"Your most dutiful and loving
"NED."

Persisting in his refusal to act as the father's aide-de-camp, he had, perhaps inconsiderately, accepted the duties of equerry to the daughter. In virtue of which acceptance, Miss Rosa soon found means to make his frequent attendance upon herself and her cousin, almost a matter of regulation. Their Excellencies were at first a little inclined to resent his cavalier treatment of their official offer; but this Rosa would not allow, declaring that his offence against herself and Florence was far more presumptuous, and exhorting parental authorities to copy their superior magnanimity in overlooking it. As to mamma's suggestion, that without being implacable, there was no need to show him special attentions, which might possibly be misinterpreted, it was met by the undeniable argument that there could be no reasonable objection to having about the house one whom they had twice offered to take into it. And Florence, in the least obtrusive manner, contrived to convert her uncle to the belief that the apparently offensive refusal was an act of commendable prudence and modesty on the part of so young and inexperienced an officer. Further acquaintance increased the good will of both the cousins towards him. Rosa liked him for his equable temper, which her teasing could never put out; and was grateful for his success with her little Arab, which was soon complete. She was charmed, moreover, she declared, at finding "so civil a lad who never tendered any civilities, a liegeman who never bored her by proffering homage."

Florence divined the strong spirit which swept under the smooth-humour, and took an almost dangerous delight in kindling the enthusiasm which underlay his quiet bearing.

His growing intimacy with the Go-

them in the old way, when, but for this newly-invented machine, old workings must have been forsaken with small hope of discovering similarly-situated lodes to supply their places. In a memorial from the county of Cornwall about the year 1730 the miners pray that facilities may be given for the importation of coals, on account of the distressed state of the mines and the necessity of working them to a greater depth, and the plea urged was that the old mines were nearly worked out, and that there was no hope whatever that any new lodes would be discovered.

The first engine erected in Cornwall was at Huel (mine) Vor, a mine in the parish of Breage, during its working from 1710 to 1714. This was the old "atmospherical engine," which afterward came into very general use, until it was superseded by Watt's engines, which are now used in all the mines, very little altered since their introduction.

But to such an extent has the economy of fuel been carried by making small fire-places with stronger draughts, by more effectually preventing the escape of heat, by altering the form of the boilers from the old "hearse" or "waggon" to the cylindrical shape, and by enlarging the engines themselves, that the best engine in 1829 exceeded the duty of 1795 in the proportion of 27 to 7. In the year 1793 an account was taken of the work performed by seventeen engines of Watt's construction, and the "duty" was found to be 19,569,000 lbs. of water raised one foot high by the consumption of a bushel of coal. To such perfection have these enormous machines been brought that at Huel Towan 1,085 tons, at Binner Downs 1,006 tons, and at East Crennis, 870 tons' weight were lifted one foot high for the expense of *one farthing*. The progress to this perfection has been a gradual one; for, whilst in 1813 the duty of the best engine was 26,400,000, that of 1837 was 87,212,000.

Some idea of the enormous quantities of water raised by the engines may be gained from the fact, that the "United Mines" alone yield as much as 101 cubic feet of water per minute. Those mines are worked in slate, and those so situated have been found, on

an average, to produce just four times as much water as those worked in granite. What could have been done to raise this water in the "leathern bags?" The benefit of steam power has shown itself in various ways; mines previously abandoned have been, with its aid, resumed with profit. The increase of power and saving of fuel have rendered many undertakings profitable, which, though still continued, were sinking under the pressure of their expenses. The ore and the "deads," which were formerly drawn out of the mines by the labour of horses, are now brought to the surface by the steam-engines, the difference of expense being, at least, in the proportion of 1 to 10. The mills which are used to crush the ore are now worked by the engine; whereas formerly they were worked by water, and the ore had often to be conveyed to some distance from the mine in order to obtain a sufficient water power. Under these circumstances the inferior ore was not worth the expense of stamping, and was lost; whilst much of the mineral was wasted in the slow process through which it was passed. In some of the mines which were worked in granite the supply of water was so small that the ore could not be stamped in the ordinary way. Huel Reeth, for instance, although 160 fathoms in depth, does not supply sufficient water, when the whole quantity is drawn to the surface, to stamp and dress the ore raised from the mine. The steam-engine, then, has enabled us to draw with ease the water, the ore, and the "deads" from the bottom of the mine, besides making itself useful in all manner of ways, both underground and at "grass." The result, therefore, is, that the mine has been worked deeper, more expeditiously, and cheaper.

We shall endeavour to explain the mode of operations carried on underground by the present system of mining. In order to commence a mining speculation it is—or rather it should be—necessary, first of all, to discover a lode, the existence of such a metalliferous vein as will probably repay the necessary outlay. These lodes are very seldom, in these later days when the whole country has been ransacked over and over again, visible at the surface. They are generally concealed

mean the man behind Mr. Locksley's chair."

"Oh, he's a first-chop fellow for a native. What makes you want to know?"

"Never mind just yet, sir. Have you found him an honest man?"

"Honest enough. I trust him with any amount in silver or in gold. I suppose he makes his little perquisites, however, in the way of business, like the rest of them. Ha! ha!"

"But you never caught him even filching, or lying, or the like?"

"Never that I know of. What on earth are you driving at, my dear sir?"

"In fact you own him worth his salt?"

"Worth a wheelbarrowful. He's my best servant. I shall promote him when the old khansamah dies."

"Then I have answered your question. That man is a Christian!"

"The dickens he is! How came you to know that?"

"One whose conversion cost him house and home. You may take my word for it."

"Be hanged if I do! I say, Panjerah," cried his excited master, no longer in English, to the man, who stood motionless, with downcast eyes and arms folded, Easternwise, across his breast.

"What's all this Padre Sahib's nonsense? What's your caste, man?"

What's your religion? What poojah do you make, eh?"

Without shrinking, yet without affectation, the man raised his eyes: those of every man besides in company being full fixed on him.

"I am a Christian, sir!" he said, distinctly.

His master laughed again more scornfully.

"What did you get for turning from the padre?"

But Ned rose, with indignation, and turning to the Hindoo held out his hand.

"Do me the honour to take it!" and he seized the slender, dark fingers in his own strong grip.

Much talk was made thereafter of his impulsive action: much blame allotted: some praise. Mansfield was eager in comments to the disadvantage of the man whom he detested.

"Humbug or not, we hope you'll favour us with a candid opinion on it, Major Brown. You are not in the saintly line yourself, we know."

"I never owned it so much to my shame as now," he answered. "I only wish I had the heart in me with which he did it. I think him a finer fellow than I did before."

"That same is not aisy, Major, since his riverence rode yer chestnut at the lape!" laughed O'Brien, who would have his joke.

CORNWALL AND MINES.

WE have already described, in the October number of this Magazine for the year 1860, something of the manner of procuring and rendering marketable the first item in the short list of Cornwall's productions—"Fish, tin, and copper," nothing being said in the old motto about early potatoes and broccoli—and now we are minded to say something about tin and copper. In the first there was but small difficulty—all that was necessary for the undertaking being pen, ink, and paper—but in treating of the tin and copper mines of the west of England—works which have for so many centuries called forth the energies and employed the skill and labour of so many talented and hardy

men of our own neighbourhood, of those from more distant parts of England, and of those even from foreign countries—we are commencing a work of painstaking and research. The mining operations of Cornwall cannot be regarded merely as they present themselves to us at this day: they are rather to be explained, accounted for, and understood by the examination of such authorities as have from time to time left us records of those interesting and important undertakings. Whilst investigating the issues of the past and the labours of the present, we must look ourselves to those authorities; and to those who would go more deeply into the subject we would recommend the perusal

mand that his name may be removed from their books, on his paying the proportion of expenses from the last to the next meeting—say, two months—reserving his proportion of the value of the materials and other property on the mine. The meetings of such companies are very frequent; and if the adventurers find the mine unlikely to pay, they can abandon it altogether. There are many faults, however, in the system, arising chiefly from want of ready jurisdiction. We will suppose the company formed, their mode of management settled, and a certain amount per share paid up and lodged in the hands of the "Purser," who is the financial officer, keeping the accounts and receiving and paying all the money. The next step is to come to terms with the lord or proprietor of the country in which the lode is situated. He grants them what is called a "sett," or a portion of ground, on lease, for a certain number of years, with the power to put a stop to their operations in case of their being badly conducted; and on the condition that he receives, at the termination of the lease, all the shafts, levels, timber, &c., of the mine in good condition. Certain local circumstances have to be considered; sometimes compensation to be made for injury done to the surface, and the lord demands a rent, or royalty; for, originally this privilege was claimed by the reigning monarch or the Duke of Cornwall. This royalty was formerly a fixed per centage on all ore raised from the mine, and was the same in all cases; but of late years it has been found to answer the lord's purpose better to make allowances when a mine is poor, since a rich mine can afford to pay a larger proportion than a poor one. The lord is paid, in money, a certain per centage—about one-eighteenth in good mines—on all the ore raised, exclusive of any expense of raising or preparing it for the market. Those arrangements made, they are now to set to work to explore the lode. Lodes, as they stretch from east to west through the country, dip, and, therefore, in sinking a shaft to explore a lode, you may either sink it perpendicularly so as to cut the lode at some distance from the surface, and then drive galleries to the lode, those above the point of intersection being on one side of the

shaft, and those below on the other. This is one method, and the one generally adopted, on account of the facility it affords for draining and drawing purposes. Another plan is, to sink the shaft in an inclined direction, following the underlie of the vein, a plan which, though more expeditious, is not so good in the end. Having determined the direction in which the lode "dips," or "underlies," which may easily be done by sinking a few shallow pits, a convenient spot is chosen for the shaft on that side towards which the lode "dips;" and this is sunk so as to come down upon it at a certain depth before determined by the funds at the disposal of the adventurers, and by their calculation as to where the richest part of the lode will be found. They sink, say, thirty fathoms, 180 feet, and cut the lode. This is often a work of much difficulty, and one that occupies a considerable time, owing to the hardness of the "country" through which they have to dig. A fathom a week is fair work, on the average. The shaft is of a rectangular shape; those intended for the extraction of ore and "deads," measuring commonly six feet by four; those for "engine-shafts," which are to be employed for drainage, varying from six feet by eight, to eight by ten. Sometimes they are even larger than this. Many mines have two shafts close together; one for draining purposes, called the "engine-shaft," and another for drawing the ore. In other mines one large shaft is divided in the middle by a partition of timber, and answers both purposes. The miner, before he has reached to the depth of thirty fathoms, which we have supposed to be gained by our new company, will be inconvenienced by the water which will flow from the springs through which he has cut; and it will have become necessary to erect an engine-house and put an engine to work. This will be the first great expense falling upon the adventurers, and that, too, at a time when the mine will have yielded them little or nothing. But whilst this perpendicular shaft has been sinking to cut the lode, operations will have been commenced as soon as it has gained the depth of twelve or fifteen fathoms, so as to explore that part of the lode which has been left behind. To effect this purpose, a

tunnel is driven from the side of the shaft to the lode, which is called a "cross-cut;" and at the point where the lode and "cross-cut" meet, two horizontal tunnels are driven upon the lode, one in either direction. Those which are driven through metalliferous veins are called "levels," being like the "cross-cuts," which are tunnels driven in "country" which does not contain mineral, about six feet in height, and from three to four in breadth. This is the usual size; but, of course, it varies according to the richness or poverty of the "levels" worked. When the shaft has been sunk another ten fathoms, another "cross-cut" is driven to the lode, and other "levels," as before, extended from the point of contact. So the work goes on, level after level. After cutting the lode at, as we have supposed, the depth of thirty fathoms, it is at the option of the miner again either to continue the shaft perpendicularly or obliquely upon the vein. The former plan is the more expensive; but if the lode be a promising one, it is generally adopted, because it will be ultimately most advantageous. The oblique shaft is ill adapted to the application of machinery, an evil which, though not felt very severely at first, will always be increasing with the depth of the mine and the quantity of water and stuff to be drawn to the surface. We will suppose, then, that our shaft is continued perpendicularly, after having cut the lode, to the depth of ten fathoms, here there will be a fresh "cross-cut;" but since, after the point of intersection, the shaft will be on the opposite side of the lode, this "cross-cut" will have a contrary direction to those above, and every fresh one cut, instead of growing shorter as the first did, will become longer, and as the mine proceeds it will daily increase in expense and difficulties. But if the upper "levels" are doing well, or even showing indications which give promise for those below, the miner works on in hope, raising money to meet each increasing demand, if the "levels" open are not rich enough to pay for exploring new ground; and meeting the difficulties as they present themselves with all the aids of art and science at his command.

It will at once be clear that one very early difficulty will arise from im-

perfect ventilation. Whilst the shaft is being sunk perpendicularly, at all events for a considerable depth, the men will have plenty of air to breathe; but this soon becomes very difficult in the ends of the "levels" which are driven away to long distances from the shaft, and where there are continual explosions of gunpowder taking place, and a constant burning of tallow candles going on. Under these circumstances the air becomes very foul and hot, and besides, there is the temperature of the rocks and the water which flows through them to be taken into consideration. As the mine deepens the temperature increases, independently of the presence of men, the combustion of candles, and the explosion of gunpowder. In the St. Austell district, for instance, at the fifty-two fathoms' depth we have the temperature $55^{\circ} 01$; at 160 fathoms, $67^{\circ} 75$; and at 136 fathoms, $70^{\circ} 62$. The difficulty arises as we get downward of supplying air to the workman. The first remedy is a very simple one:—near the end of one "level" a pit is sunk to the extremity of that below; this pit is called a "winse," and the moment the connexion is formed between the two levels they become ventilated, each having a double communication with the atmosphere, by which means a current of air is produced through their entire length. With the air supplied by these means the "levels" may be extended to a considerable distance from the shaft, "winsees" being sunk between them at convenient distances. Nor is this the only advantage derived from the "winsees," for they prove the nature of the lode between the two "levels," and divide it into large rectangular masses, so that the miner is able to examine them all round to form a pretty correct judgment of the amount of ore contained in each, and extract what he wishes when he pleases, and in an economical manner.

All these masses are drained and ventilated so that the rich parts may easily be broken away and the unprofitable parts left standing to support the "country" above, for which purpose a large quantity of timber is often necessary. The shafts are also lined with timber. The amount consumed annually is immense. In the Cornish mines, collectively, whole forests of

Norwegian pines lie concealed. In the year 1836, 36,207 loads of timber were consumed ; the cost was 52s. a load, making an outlay for this one material of £94,138. A load, on an average, is contained in four trees, so that to supply the Cornish mines for one year 144,800 trees must have been felled.

The supply of air, however, afforded by the "wines" is not at all times sufficient, and the miner has had recourse to other expedients to overcome the difficulty. A small air-pump worked by the engine is so constructed, that a cylinder two feet in diameter and six feet long, working two or three strokes a minute, pumps 200 gallons of bad air from the mine every minute. Another improvement in the ventilation has been effected by introducing a stream of water into the shaft and by placing an air-pipe close to the discharge of the current ; in this way the air which accompanies the water is conveyed along the levels. In the United Mines it has been calculated that a saving of £12 a fathom might be realized by improving the ventilation, reducing the temperature from 105° to 75°.

But you will be inquiring about the returns of the mine which our company has undertaken. We have now a mine in the proper sense of the word : the excavations have assumed a regular form, and the lode is rendered capable of being economically and expeditiously extracted. The miner begins to extract the ore ; but as it is desirable to keep the quantity raised as nearly as possible to a uniform standard, and also to preserve a portion of the ore laid open as a reserve to sustain the returns of the mine during periods of temporary depression, the process of opening new ground, will, in all large and well-regulated mines, keep pace with or even exceed the work of exhaustion. But long before the mine has arrived at this advanced stage a certain quantity of mineral will have been raised. Some will have come to hand in driving the upper "levels" and sinking "wines" between them, and some will have been found and broken down from the "backs" or upper parts of the early "levels." When, however, the mine has reached such a state of advancement as we have

described, if the lode proves good, it is regarded as in a state for effective working, and parties or "cores" (corps) of men will be set to raise ores from all the most productive parts. At the same time, new ground will always be in course of discovery below, new "cross-cuts" and "levels" being driven, until the result becomes highly important and complex. New shafts and new engines, perhaps, will become necessary, and so an enormous amount of capital is expended. The new shaft, when required for purposes of draining, drawing, and ventilation, is sunk near the old one, and in such a direction as to fall in with one of the lower "levels" from the old shaft, and so on to the lode a greater depth below. The sinking of a shaft is a slow and laborious piece of work ; and as sometimes it is of very great importance that it should be carried out and completed in a short space of time, the miner has had to use his powers of improvement and invention here as in other matters. He determines the site of the shaft at the surface, and to such perfection has subterranean surveying been brought of late years, he is then able to determine by the old "levels" the exact spot where they will meet the new shaft ; he then drives these "levels" to the spot where the vertical line of the shaft will be reached, and begins at these spots to sink down, forming the new shaft, and to rise upward so as to meet those working above. It is found that the various portions thus worked at the same time may be made to coincide with great exactness, so much so, indeed, that even in very deep shafts thus constructed, daylight may be seen from the bottom. The most remarkable instance in Cornwall of a shaft having been thus sunk from several points at once was at the Consolidated Mines, where a perpendicular shaft, 204 fathoms deep, was completed in less than twelve months, being worked from fifteen different points at once.

The Cornish miner's character and habits have been described times out of number ; but we do not know that we have ever seen it truly done, or that we could do it ourselves with any thing like satisfaction within the narrow limits at our command. The truth is, that although the miners

are a class of men following a particular calling, admirably fitted by their nature and training for that calling, and exhibiting collectively certain peculiar traits, still they differ individually as much as any other class of men in England. When a man takes a great deal of trouble to exhibit the Cornish miners as a tribe of giants labouring incessantly in the bottoms of deep mines till they lose the ordinary manners and customs of those at the surface and become unable to bear the light of day, he may astonish his readers, and make them thankful that they were not born such barbarians. But should the same reader ever chance to find in other quarters that the Cornish miner is a grave, sanctimonious Methodist, whose time is divided between working in his mine to the harmony of hymns bursting forth from every "cross-cut" and "level" around, and attending class and revival meetings where the same hymns greet his devout ears, he will, perhaps, find some difficulty in recognising the two accounts as descriptions of the same men. If he read here that the miner is uncouth and boisterous, and there that he is a smooth-faced and grave being, who never swears or uses rough language, but devotes his whole time to the acquirement of Wesley's hymns, he will scarcely be able, even allowing for all that is most contradictory in character, to believe that the giants and the singers are identically the same. Wesley, Whitfield, and their coadjutors, did a great work in Cornwall. Before their times ignorance of religion was rife amongst the poorer classes, a large proportion of whom are mine labourers, and they, amongst the rest, reaped some benefit from the work which was commenced and carried on among them.

In the investigation of the character of any considerable body of men it becomes necessary, first of all, to inquire into the circumstances which may naturally be supposed to have caused, in the course of years, those peculiarities of character which we wish to discover; and these circumstances will generally be found to arise from the everyday occupations and pursuits of the individuals who make up the body. Now, perhaps,

the case of the Cornish miners the

circumstance which, above all others, has tended to form their distinctive characteristics is, that every day of their lives they are called upon to exercise their individual ingenuity and powers of invention. Working, as they constantly do, in small parties, out of sight or hearing of their fellow-men, they have daily to ward off such accidents as may be likely to befall them from the unsafe state of the "country" in which their labours are carried on. This naturally fosters the very desirable acquirements of forethought, self-reliance, and presence of mind. If we compare these men with the inhabitants of our agricultural districts, who mechanically, year after year, plough their land, put in manure and seed according to the orders of those above them, who, perhaps, know the science of the thing, and then wait for their crops to spring up, they know not how, we must see that it is only natural that the former class should become more intellectual than the latter.

The miner has daily to encounter considerable and ever-varying chances of accidents—he has the perilous descent of a deep mine to undertake, with his heavy tools slung on his back, before he reaches the scene of his labours, which may be in a chasm that, unless he be vigilant and thoroughly wide awake, may fall in and make his grave at any moment. Sometimes he works in a "level" that extends far out—perhaps 600 feet—beneath the sea, where, in a storm, the heavy roll of the larger boulders, the ceaseless grinding of the pebbles, the fierce thundering of the billows, with their awful crackling and boiling, as they surge over his head, remind him at every moment that the mighty ocean may break through and overwhelm him. In some of the mines the ore has been so far followed up and broken away from the upper part of such levels that openings have actually been made into the bed of the sea. At Botallack Mine, that picturesque and much-visited spot in the neighbourhood of the Land's End, and at Wheal Cock, a mine in the same locality, the water has only been stopped out by plugs of wood driven into the hard rock, and by coatings and coverings of cement and timber.

It is men thus trained that afford

the noble instances of courage and self-denial of which we daily hear. Two men are working at the bottom of a shaft where it becomes necessary to "blast" a huge rock; the powder is driven down, the match attached, when one fancies it is too long for their purpose and proceeds to cut it shorter—he does so, but, at the same time, ignites the match. There is only one means of escape, and that a bucket raised by *one* man from above—only one can be pulled up at a time; one must die, but he does not hesitate: "Go aloft, Jack, in one moment I shall be in heaven." This is a true story; the man who generously remained below was discovered buried with rubbish, but comparatively little injured. Two miners set out in search of some Cornish choughs—a rare bird of the crow kind; they are provided with a rope, which is tied round the waist of one, who is let down over the edge of the cliff by the other, who holds the rope in his hand. The hanging man arrives opposite the nest, but it is beyond his reach; he now sets the rope swinging until he is carried into the hollow and gets a hold; but the rope is too short, so he unties it from his waist, crawls to the young birds, and secures them. But how is he to return? for the rope now hangs motionless quite beyond his reach. Without hesitation he calls to the man above, "Stand by the rope, I'm going to jump for't." And jump he does; his hands miss the rope, and he falls into the sea—his only remark on rising to the surface being, "Carry my shoes round to the cove, I'll be there as soon as thee." He reached the cove and brought the choughs with him. The miner is a courageous fellow, and his occupation such as to fit him for cases of emergency.

We have seen the mine advanced to a certain point, and found that underground there are two distinct classes of labour going on—breaking down and raising the ore which has been brought in sight—and opening new ground by the means of fresh "cross-cuts," "levels," and "winces." To perform these two distinct operations there are two classes of men employed, who are paid on separate systems. The expenses of engines and materials are, of course, heavy items in mine accounts; but very many of

these, the purchase and erection of engines and machinery, for instance, are sums once paid and not repeated, whilst the expenses of labour, though showing smaller amounts at one time, are never ending. It is therefore of the highest importance to adventurers that this manual labour be obtained at the cheapest rate, and applied in the wisest manner. The great merit of the Cornish plan is that it is carried on by a system of contracts, which unite the interests of the miner and his employer. The dead work, carried on for trial and discovery, is called "tut-work," the man who undertakes it a "tut-workman," and since in this case the object is to get as much work as possible out of him for a certain sum, he is paid so much a fathom for his labour, the amount varying in proportion to the hardness of the ground through which he has to drive.

The work which is carried on for the actual breaking down and extraction of ore is taken on "tribute," and the man employed in it is called a "tributer;" since in this case the quality of stuff raised is of as much importance as the quantity, he is paid a certain percentage on the actual value. On the staff of every mine there are a number of overlookers, called captains or agents, whose duty it is to visit every part of the mine which is at work, and then to consult together and determine their plans for the next two months, putting down in detail the work to be done in each level, and agreeing on what should be the price paid for each separate item. On "setting day," as it is termed, the men assemble round a platform on which the agents stand with a book containing their previous calculations. Each piece of work is called in its turn, and the men bid for it, beginning at the highest price, and falling till fair terms have been proposed, and the last bidder's name is written opposite to that piece of work, which is his task for the next two months. He has undertaken the bargain on behalf of himself and one or two others, and has bound himself to break the ore, wheel it, and pay all expenses of candles, gunpowder, and other materials requisite for the work. The ore thus raised is assayed every month, its value determined, and the miner receives the percentage or "tri-

bute" for which he agreed to work. This varies from sixpence to thirteen shillings in the pound, according to the richness or poverty of the ore—the richer the ore of course the smaller the "tribute." Sometimes the "pitch" turns out badly, and then the miner may throw up his bargain on the payment of a twenty shilling fine. This fine prevents them from giving up their undertaking rashly, and so they are induced to make a fair trial of each part. Some "pitches" will be growing richer, and some poorer, as the work goes on, and so in course of time the proper proportion which the miner should receive is very exactly determined.

The pay of the "tut-workman" is sure, and pretty nearly fixed, as he can judge very accurately from the nature of the ground how many fathoms he can drive per month; but the "tributer's" work is one of speculation, for the lode may grow rich or poor during the two months, and so his wages may rise or fall. In 1837 the average wages of "tributers" was fifty-eight shillings and two pence per month, and that of "tut-workmen" fifty-three shillings and eight pence. The "tributer's" ordinary average is fifty-shillings per month. A tributer has been known to gain 1,000 guineas by one bargain, and they often get £10, £20, or £30.

Before the recent improvements in ventilation, and means of descent and ascent, the miners had been accustomed to work only six hours in every twenty-four, exclusive of the time occupied in going down and returning from their work, but now the usual period of underground labour is eight hours, including the time occupied in descending and returning. Formerly the only means of getting down a mine was by long perpendicular ladders, usually fifty feet long, with steps at a distance of one foot. Thus, when you had to go down some 260 fathoms, or the depth of Nelson's Pillar in Sackville-street, Dublin, piled on itself some eight times, it was no joke, and calculated to take pretty much out of a man, considering that he has his day's work to do in addition. It has been calculated that formerly about one-fifth of all the muscular power of the Cornish miners was thus expended. At present although many, the majority, of mines are worked

with ladders, still improvements have come in; the ladders are now made twenty-five feet long instead of fifty, and are placed as slopingly as possible in the shaft, so that the miner gets more purchase with his feet, and is not so dependent on his hands. Every here and there comes a "sollar," a small platform with a hole leading to the next ladder, and on which the miner may rest. In some mines the descent and ascent is performed by means of man-engines, which afford both much relief to the miner, and a great saving of time.

The discovery was made in one of the deep Hartz mines in the year 1833. The pumping apparatus having become useless by the opening of an adit, it occurred to some one to use the pump rods to aid the ascent of the miners. A reciprocating motion of about four feet was given to each rod, and as one descended the miner stepped on to the one below, steps having been attached to the rods for him to stand on; and so as the rods were constantly ascending and descending in turn, he could be carried up or down, by stepping on to the steps of the rod above, or of the one below. This machine was made known in England, certain improvements effected, and it was first used in the Tresavean mine, where the Royal Polytechnic Society of Cornwall contributed a large sum towards the expense, which was estimated at £1,670. This answered admirably, and the plan has since been adopted by many other mines with similar success. In one mine of 150 fathoms, employing 250 men, the difference of expense between using ladders, or a man-engine, is said to be as follows:—

Ascent and descent by ladders,	£3,150
" " machines,	639
	<hr/>
Money saved, . . .	£2,411
	<hr/>

and beyond this money think how much health and strength are saved. The man-engine has been much improved since its introduction.

Such labour cannot be very conducive to health. The chief causes of death amongst the miners arise from accidents and consumption, the latter very much increased by the descending to their work immediately after loading their stomachs with food, and

being unable to digest it underground—for miners suffer as much from consumption of the stomach as of the lungs. In three of the largest mining districts in Cornwall, the deaths from accidents and consumption, in the case of males from ten to sixty years of age, is in the proportion of 294 to 158.

The principal materials required in the mines of Devon and Cornwall are coals, timber, gunpowder, and candles. In 1837 the following were the quantities of each consumed, and the expense of each:—

	£
Coals, 56,860 tons, .	48,331
Timber, 14,056 loads, .	36,545
Gunpowder, 300 tons, .	13,200
Candles, 1,344,000 lbs., .	35,000
Total, . . .	133,076

The Cornish mines, as speculations, are very uncertain and hazardous, rarely yielding a profit proportional to the adventurer's expectations, excepting in the case of large, long-established, and systematic undertakings, which pay an almost steady dividend every two or three months, and must, therefore, be regarded rather as investments than speculations. The value of the shares is accurately determined by buyers and sellers, and you can only, after all, obtain a fair return for your money. The other mines are very precarious. Every thing about them is speculation, and

seldom pay any but those who are on the spot with sufficient knowledge to buy in and sell out at the proper moment. A deal of work is done in this way, and money made by it very often. But it is a fact worth knowing for the man who is tempted to speculate in mines, that, taken altogether, they are annually worked at a loss.

We shall take for example the year 1837, which was, however, a peculiarly bad time. In that year an application was made by the miners to the Government for the abolition of the duty paid to the Duke of Cornwall. The figures shown were as follow:—

	£
Loss on 58 mines, . . .	111,517
Deduct for increased value of property on the mines, .	31,000
	80,517
Profit on 10 mines, . . .	20,358
Net loss, . . .	60,159

The deputation were asked how, under such circumstances, they could obtain adventurers to risk their money. The answer was:—"How are lotteries usually filled up?" An Englishman's love of speculation is very great, and money—in some quarters—abundant; and hence it is that the riches of the Cornish mines continue to "overflow Christendome."

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

PART III.

AFTER its establishment in Malta, the Order of St. John was destined to have yet one great man, who should furnish one capital event to the page of history. That man, we need hardly say, is Jean de La Valette.

The tale of his great feat of arms, in defence of the seat of his Order against the Turks, has been often told. This is the famous siege to which the French abbé's "mot" clings in the memory of all readers of literary anecdotes. When documents and details long waited for, had been obtained at last from Malta and put into Vertot's hands, "*Il est trop tard*," said he, "*mon siège est fait!*"

And in thus making mention of those whose pen has traced the record of La Valette's worth and bravery upon the unperishable page of history, how should we refrain from paying a passing tribute of admiration and regret to the memory of one among the latest and also of the worthiest that have taken pen in hand to do so?

In that life of Philip II. of Spain, which we shall never have complete now from the hand of the writer, although the materials for its completion are understood to have been fully gathered, Prescott has devoted some eloquent pages to the description of that great conflict, wherein the

Knights of Malta and their Grand Master proved to the Europe of the sixteenth century, that, at least in military skill and in manly endurance, the inherited character of their Order had descended unimpaired. To these qualities must, in all fairness, be added administrative faculty and genius, in the construction and adornment, not of a mere fortress, but of a noble city. We need hardly, we presume, inform our readers that the city of Valetta, now queening it so grandly over the matchless cluster of harbours, which make of Malta the first-rate naval and commercial station they know it to be, is a creation subsequent to the famous siege of 1556. Those harbours and the forts which commanded or protected them, were indeed the points of assault; but the Borgo, which first spread backward from the spit of land on which projected the forts of St. Angelo, was very different in position, extent, grandeur, and beauty from that city whereof the name perpetuates the glory of him who first defended its site, and then began to make of it the stately congeries of streets and buildings which still greets the eye of every visitor. It was in great measure owing to the strong and inflexible will of La Valette that the position, for which they had fought with such desperate and successful valour, was not abandoned by such of the confraternity as survived the deadly struggle. One hundred and twenty-nine of the knights had been killed outright or had died of their wounds before the forces of Solyman had retired from the hopeless contest, and many more were either stricken to the death or maimed and wounded so as never again to mount on board a galley nor stand in an assaulted breach. Little more than 600 men, partially disabled, remained of the hired garrison of 9,000. Solyman, who had, with frenzied impatience, torn in pieces the despatch, announcing that the last efforts of his lieutenants had been foiled by the defenders of the island, had made a vow to lead a fresh expedition against it in person the following summer: and the dockyards and arsenals of Constantinople were in full activity of preparation to enable him to fulfil his threat. Meanwhile, the fortifications, which had so gloriously repelled the assailing Turks,

had crumbled almost into ruins under the fire of their artillery, ammunition was exhausted, and but little means remained in the treasury of the Order for the repairs and replenishing, which to be timely must be immediate. It is little wonder if the majority of the council seemed to lean towards favouring an abandonment of Malta and a retirement into Sicily.

Five thousand Spanish and three thousand German foot were, however, furnished, as a temporary garrison, by the King of Spain; and a terrible explosion and fire having taken place in the arsenal at Constantinople, effected, it has been said, by agents in the pay of the Grand Master, he was enabled to give himself to the task of building the new city and fortress which were to crown and defend the harbour retained at such cost of treasure and of blood. His intention had been—and a gigantic engineering conception it was—to cut sheer off the rocky ridge of what was called Mount Sceberras; and thus to place his new city upon a level platform, perfectly defended by ramparts, hewn mostly in the living stone. A fresh alarm of Turkish attack from Selim, who had succeeded his father, Solyman, caused the abandonment of the scheme; and the construction of the houses upon the natural slopes, entailed that arrangement of the streets in terraces and long flights of steps, which, however much it may have added to their unique and picturesque appearance, is so little grateful to the unaccustomed tourist, who toils, panting, upwards from the port under the heat of a Maltese sun, and the relaxing effects of an oppressive sirocco.

The Pope, the King of France, the Spanish and the Portuguese monarchs, assisted with liberal pecuniary contributions, the great undertaking of La Valette; and the wealthy incumbents of commanderies throughout Europe taxed themselves, as in duty bound, towards the supply of its necessities. Not a few are said to have added largely from their own personal property, and from the resources of their own families, to the sums, which with this intent they forwarded to Malta. The knights were, upon this occasion, so nobly just and generously tender of the rights of the inhabitants, as distinguished from

those of the Sovereign Order, that the very ground upon which the new city was to stand was purchased from the Maltese and paid for. Major Porter rightly cites, as an instance of his high credit as a paymaster, the expedient to which La Valette was driven to provide specie for the wages of the artisans and mechanics employed on his extensive works :

“He caused a large quantity of copper money to be coined, bearing a fictitious value, far above that which it was intrinsically worth. These coins bore upon one side the symbol of two hands clasped in friendship; and on the obverse, the motto, ‘Non ses sed fides,’ not money, but trust. This money was freely taken by the artificers, and passed currently throughout the island for its nominal value; and the Order faithfully redeemed the trust which had been reposed in them, by promptly calling in the fictitious coinage as they received remittances from Europe, until it had been entirely withdrawn from circulation.”

With such assistances, and by such expedients, the work was pushed on bravely; and La Valette, who had taken up his quarters in a wooden edifice, close upon the spot, gave unceasing vigilance and brought untiring energy to bear upon its advancement. The laying out of the fortifications was intrusted to one Jerome Cassan, a brother of the Order, himself no mean engineer, and Bosio records that not only had the plans of the projected fortress been laid before the principal military authorities of Europe, but that a model of it had likewise been subjected to the criticism of the most experienced among them.

“The raising of the ramparts, the levelling of the ground, and the tracing of the streets, occupied rather more than a year; and after these preliminary works had been executed under the direct auspices, and at the expense of the Order generally, private individuals were encouraged and invited to erect houses within the space allotted for that purpose. As an incentive to members of the fraternity to join in the work, it was expressly decreed that any knight building for himself a house within the limits of Valetta, was to be permitted the privilege of disposing of it by will at his death; a concession not enjoyed by

him with regard to the remainder of his property. *This privilege induced a vast number of knights to erect for themselves mansions in the new city, and many of its houses show traces of having been originally constructed for members of the fraternity, who, not being permitted to marry, had no families, and consequently did not require many sleeping-rooms. In most of the houses of Valetta we find, that, whilst the apartments devoted to reception are spacious, lofty, and handsomely decorated, occupying by far the larger portion of the building, those intended for sleeping-rooms are narrow, confined, and limited in extent.*”*

We have underlined the words which speak of the erection of houses, numerous and stately, by individual knights, and of their privilege of transmitting them by will at death. For although the new city was not without its conventual and public buildings; although the grand “Auberges” of the several languages still rose to bear testimony to the ancient spirit of life in the barrack monastery; although too, as Major Porter notes, the celibate character even of the builders of private houses remains stamped upon what they built; yet, in truth, this is one of the significant tokens of that change in the personal and social habits of the sworn members of this great military fraternity, which had begun long since in Rhodes, but which was fully developed after their final settlement in Malta. That loyalty to a brotherhood, and allegiance to a common chief, with the obedience of military discipline to his authority, continued still to exist in that island, are matters of course. In the absence of all these, or in the total want of any one among them, a state, which had, so to speak, no natural existence; and was not only sprung, as so many other states, from voluntary association, but depended solely upon that principle for continuity and succession of any kind, must itself have crumbled into nothingness with instantaneous celerity. Neither need it be supposed that all sentiment of the religious tie, which once bound the professed brethren to one who was almost an abbot, no less than a captain, had wholly disappeared from a society, the entrance into which was still the formal profession of a reli-

gious vow. But beyond a doubt, the most superficial reading of the later history of the Order will suffice to prove that the relation of the members to the head of that state, which had developed itself from the Order's growth and its vicissitudes, had of necessity undergone great moral alteration; and that only in certain respects was the Grand Master of the Sovereign Knights the representative of the old Wardens of the Hospital. There had, of course, arisen certain great difficulties from time to time all along, difficulties from which no monastic order has perhaps been free; but of which the frequency and aggravation may easily be conjectured to have exceeded ordinary measure, when a thought is given to the mixed character of this peculiar institution.

The "licence of camps" has passed into a by-word in every language. We will not deny that there is something noble and helpful in the notion of a chosen soldiery, bound by special obligations, not only to be brave among the bravest in the tented field, but self-controlled amidst its deplorable licence, and obedient to a moral law specially sanctioned by the rule of a holier than military discipline. But proved as it has been by many an humiliating experiment, how great danger may be incurred of aggravating the difficulties of men liable to temptation by self-imposed vows, which cut them off from the ordinary and happy helps of legitimate affections, we cannot wonder that, unhappily, the men of note and authority amongst that militia of young and noble recruits from all the European aristocracies had often to contend vehemently against evils in the moral character of the Order to which its very constitution tended to give the most dangerous force.

We will not weary the reader by going back, as might easily be done, to the annals of earlier centuries, even as far as the year 1194, and the contests of the zealous reformer, Alphonso of Portugal, with his brethren, ending, as these did, in his despairing resignation and retirement from Palestine to his native country. Nor will we return to that crisis in the Order's affairs which followed upon its

triumphant establishment in Rhodes in the fourteenth century. There was one great difference, certainly, between the circumstances of that day and those of the sixteenth century. When that fair prize of Rhodes fell to the knights, and their coffers received accession of wealth from such share as reached them of the property of the disinherited and dispersed Templars; when, moreover, the rapid extension of their naval resources heaped up their war galleys with the booty furnished by the rich captured ships of the Alexandrian traffic; nothing could have been more fatal to the moral auspices under which their new career began than the personal character of their brave and consummate captain, Foulques de Villarets. If historians have not slandered him, he was luxurious, profligate, and arrogant, and found in his successful and youthful fellow-soldiers too ready copyists of his vices.

Not such was La Valette, not such had been Lisle Adam; yet for all that, the early days of the settlement in Malta gave token, unhappily, not afterwards belied, of an inclination to re-enact, and even to surpass, the faults of those first bygone Rhodian times. A spirit of insubordination and licentiousness followed upon the glorious repulse of the Turkish arms, against which, with all his sternness and force of character, La Valette struggled in vain.

"The wildest debauchery and the most reckless libertinism stalked rampant through the town, and the scandalous orgies which everywhere prevailed brought a foul stain upon an Order which professed a religious organization, and which embraced the vow of chastity as one of its leading principles."*

Nor was this deadly moral mischief transitory. After the death of La Valette and of his next successor, the scandal grew more flagrant, for it was made public ground of complaint and allegation of grievance against Grand Master La Cassière that—

"With a view to checking the open and gross licentiousness then prevalent within the city, he had issued an edict banishing all women of loose character from the city of Valetta, and the casals in its immediate vicinity."

* Porter, vol. ii., 162.

Nay, the outrage, in this case passed all bounds; for when, upon other grounds as well, a rebellion had been raised against his authority, and the aged Grand Master was carried prisoner through the streets to the fort of St. Angelo, these abandoned characters, who flocked in at once upon the subversion of his authority, publicly jeered and derided him in presence of his demoralized knights. Indeed, for many successive years, the city of Valetta could justly claim an infamous notoriety for the evils to which we have thus referred.

Another fruitful element of demoralization and misery existed in the social condition of Malta under the government of the Order of St. John—one of which the existence is not to be charged upon the knights, as peculiar to the constitution of their society, nor, perhaps, one which, under their government, exhibited its worst and darkest features; yet was it an evil of which their position and pursuits rendered the presence continual among them, and to the true character of which their apparent necessities and interests would have a special tendency to make them blind. In a word, Malta was not only full of slaves, but even the central Mediterranean slave mart.

The nature of this slavery, and the existence of this commerce will be understood, at a glance, from the perusal of the following letter, for which, again, we are indebted to Major Porter. Indeed this is, perhaps, the best opportunity for us to say that if, in examining the former portion of his work, we have been compelled to notice inaccuracies, and to regret deficiencies, such as result from an apparently insufficient acquaintance with the diffuse and entangled historical monuments of those earlier days, we can in fairness say that in the second volume the acquaintance possessed by the author with the seat of the Order's latter sovereignty, and the advantages he enjoyed of access to its records at Malta, have been by no means unimproved or thrown away. The letter in question is from—

“Charles the Second, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ire-

land, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. To the most illustrious and most high prince, the Lord Nicholas Cottoner,* Grand Master of the Order of Malta, our well-beloved cousin and friend, Greeting:

“It having appeared to us a matter of interest not only to ourselves, but likewise to the whole Christian world, that we should keep in the Mediterranean Sea a certain number of galleys, ready to afford prompt aid to our neighbours and allies against the frequent insults of the barbarians and Turks, we lately caused to be constructed two galleys, one in Genoa, and the other in the port of Leghorn. In order to man these, we directed a person well acquainted with such affairs to be sent, as to other parts, so also to the island of Malta, subject to the rule of your highness, in order to buy slaves, and procure other necessities. He having purchased some slaves, it has been reported to us that your highness's collector of customs demanded five pieces of gold of Malta money, before they could be permitted to embark, under the title of toll, at which proceeding we were certainly not a little astonished, it appearing to us a novel arrangement, and one contrary to the usual custom; especially since it is well known to us that our neighbours and allies, the kings of France and Spain, are never accustomed to pay any thing, under the title of toll, for the slaves which they cause yearly to be transported from your island. We therefore beg your highness, by the good and long friendship existing between us, to grant to us the same privilege in regard to this kind of commerce within the territories of your highness, as is enjoyed by both our said neighbours and allies; which, although it ought to be conceded to us simply on account of our mutual friendship, and our affection towards your highness and the illustrious Order of Malta, still we shall receive so gratefully, that, if at any time we can do any thing to please your highness, we shall be always ready to do it with all attention, and most willingly.

“In the meantime, we heartily recommend your highness and all the members of the illustrious Order of Malta, as well as all your affairs, to the divine keeping.

“Given from our palace at Westminster, on the 12th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1673, and of our reign the twenty-fifth. Your highness's good cousin and friend,

“CHARLES REX.”

Among those many benefits which the development of mechanical skill, and in especial the stupendous inven-

* A Spaniard, though the name has so British a turn.

tion of the steam engine, has conferred upon struggling and suffering humanity, the abolition of any necessity for propelling large vessels, whether of commerce or war, by manual labour, is certainly not to be counted amongst the least. Foremost amongst the miserable for centuries have been the wretches doomed to toil in darkness, in wet, in horrible alternations of heat and cold, in the most poisonous atmosphere, in utmost peril, at the galley-slave's oar. Their doom, not thought insufficient for the worst of criminals and the vilest of felons, has been the doom of countless thousands, whose evil fortune was the only crime which, at least, their fellow-men could fairly charge upon them. There is in this same history of the Maltese knights one incident of which we remember to have read long since, and of which the remembrance has haunted us as a flash of light let in to reveal the desperate agonizing miseries of those whose constant lot, chained to those accursed galley benches, was one long endurance of "weariness and painfulness." We cannot now lay our hand upon the volume or the page, but the incident, a common one, was this. It took place at the attack of Modon, in the Morea, a partially unsuccessful assault, delivered by the knights in the time of Villiers de Lisle Adam, when yet they entertained some thoughts of effecting a settlement in Greece. The galleys were charging some narrow or intricate passage defended, in much probability, by a boom or chain, and, in so doing, were exposed to a terrible fire from the defenders' artillery. Fatigued by violent and fruitless exertions, the hapless beings who set the vessels in motion were decimated also by the iron death that came crashing in among them. Their courage or their physical strength was failing, and the galleys had no longer upon them the necessary "way." Then some of the fighting men from on deck rushing down with drawn swords among the cowering wretches compelled them, under yet more instant terror of wounds and death, to struggle on at their oars.

An ingenious writer in the *Times* newspaper was but lately speculating upon the possible effect that the advance of cultivation by steam might have upon the destinies of the slaves

in the cotton plantations of the southern States of America, and upon the possible substitution of mechanical power for that degraded and compulsory form of industry which, we are told, is entailed by unavoidable necessity upon a portion of the human race so long as agriculture is to be pursued under a tropical climate. It would not have been foreign to the drift and complexion of his argument to have reminded his readers in what degree the introduction of the motive power of steam had thus already affected another department of servitude. For certainly, if the construction of naval steam engines came after the decay, from other causes, of the once extensive galley-slave system, it has secured humanity, in all appearance, from any future resumption of it. But the slave system of Malta was by no means confined to the exigencies of their naval armament. As in our own days in America it was a domestic institution; and, as in all days wherein such an institution has existed, it manifested from time to time its disastrous and malignant character. The difference between the condition of the household "boy" in Virginia or South Carolina and the "field hand" upon the estate of the same "planter" is, probably, not one-hundredth part so great as that which existed between the galley-slaves of the knights, locked up in the convent prisons when not on duty aboard, and the personal attendants of the same noble gentlemen, selected from the choicest of their prisoners, belonging, it must be remembered, to such highly-organized races as the Arabs and Moors of the Egyptian and Barbary coasts, or to the Turks of Asia Minor and the Islands. We read, it is true, in the *Annals of the Order*, how an English knight, named Massingberd, was indicted, in 1534, for the wanton murder of four galley-slaves, and how, upon being called upon for his defence, he insisted upon the perfect propriety of the slaughter of the slaves, and expressed his regret for not having at the same time dispatched him whom he was pleased to call "the imbecile Grand Master." His deprivation of the knightly habit for *two whole* days, with the forfeiture of his commandery, must be looked upon, perhaps, as punishment for the

stroke of his unruly tongue not less than for that of his murderous sword. But we believe it would be difficult to cite a parallel case of reckless and wanton cruelty from the records of the domestic bondage of the Maltese cavaliers, for their historians represent that as of a mild and comparatively easy character. But domestic tyranny, doubtless, had its full swing too frequently—and this much is certain, that the comparative gentleness and even kindness of their household servitude could not preserve this society of slave-owners from the dangers of those furies—in-
evitable avenging waiters on every form of slavery—"insecurity, alarms, and occasionally desperate dangers, bred of servile conspiracies and treachery."*

It cannot be said that the history of the Order loses all interest after the date of the great siege of Malta, nor that, in spite of a certain degeneracy, its existence became inglorious. It was only by slow process that it came to lose the most truly glorious of privileges, that of being incontestably and manifestly useful. But the consolidation of that greatness of the principal European powers, which had been growing all along, and the gradual withdrawal of that spasmodic energy which had rendered the Mahometans of various national origin so formidable to Christendom, were alike abolishing the grounds of reason and necessity upon which—at least as a military power—this renowned institution kept its stand.

At Lepanto, for instance, in 1571, gallant and glorious as was the part which the three Maltese galleys took in the Salamis of the sixteenth century, no man would venture to assert that the absence of the Order's three ships would in any way have affected the issue of that great day.

And another indication may be discerned in the history of the next hundred years in the Mediterranean, which serves to prove the altered condition of the Order's power. In the absolute sovereignty and pre-eminence of its eastern island home, its political, naval, and commercial interests had not unfrequently been found to clash

with those of the proud and jealous queen-commonwealth of the Adriatic. Venice had seen in Rhodes a very possible, nay redoubtable rival. All traces of such apprehension disappear in the subsequent course of events at Malta; and inasmuch as it would not seem that any purer unselfishness or more single-hearted wisdom had grown up in the interval within the bosom of either state, we cannot be far wrong in conjecturing that Venice, still jealous and umbrageous in policy, must have understood that to which Malta must have resigned itself, how completely the possibility of rivalry with herself, as a conquering and commercial community, had passed away from the Order of St. John. The fear of a mutual emulous enmity being at an end, whereas a common enemy remained, it was but reasonable and likely that in its long subsequent fitful struggles with the Turk Venice should always be enabled to count upon such assistance as the Knights of Malta could afford, and we find, accordingly, that such assistance was honourably, freely, and unhesitatingly given. For at least five-and-twenty years, for instance, Candia was the scene of that bloody contention for its possession which ended, unhappily, in establishing over the island the dominion of the Sultan. During the whole continuance of these protracted hostilities the Maltese knights were unceasing in their endeavours to turn the balance of superiority on the side of the Venetians, and their later records are full of well-earned, grateful acknowledgments made from time to time by the commanders or the Doges of the republic.

The closing scene of this obstinate warfare was the siege, or, as it may more properly be styled, the last stage of the siege of the capital itself. This alone comprised a period of seven and twenty months. Louis Quatorze had despatched thither a force of no less than twelve regiments under the Duke de Noailles, with whom were serving the flower of the officers of the French army. In spite, however, of this powerful reinforcement it became evident, after a while, that unless the position of the Turks could be forced by a desperate sortie,

* See Porter, ii. 409, 415.

and they be compelled by its success to raise the siege, the doom of Khania was sealed.

De Ngailles, especially, was resolute in his view of the necessity of such an assault, and of the uselessness of considering its issue otherwise than as final. He insisted upon making it with his own Frenchmen, exclusively, and upon saving farther expenditure of their blood should it prove unsuccessful. Some chance explosion having thrown them into much confusion after a promising beginning of attack, the confusion grew to panic, and the retreat to disaster. Thereupon, true to his resolution, the French commander embarked the remnant of his troops. No entreaty of Morosini, the Venetian general, could prevail upon him to remain; and it would really appear doubtful whether, after all, his were not a wise measure, in spite of the charges of treachery or cowardice to which the abandonment of the beleagured city would render him, naturally, obnoxious. The knights of Malta, whose fidelity and devotion are allowed to have been unquestionable, would appear also to have concluded that the city had become, in fact, untenable. At all events they were convinced that the withdrawal of the French contingent had made it to be completely so. They had lost the greater proportion of the four hundred knights, who from time to time had been present within the walls, by death or by wounds, and their hired soldiery had suffered in like proportion. It is true that a detachment of Italians, chiefly Modenese, commanded by Pico della Mirandola, was in sight of the harbour, within two days of the French defection, but on that same night the defenders had to sustain a renewed assault from the besiegers, which all but succeeded. On the 29th of August, therefore, the remains of the Order's contingent was embarked, Morosini saying, as they went, "I lose more by the departure of those few warriors of superlative bravery, than by that of all the other troops beside."* On the 6th of September, Morosini himself, whose name

well deserves remembrance for his indomitable and valorous perseverance, was forced to capitulate, and the Turk was thenceforth lord of Candia.

There is but one circumstance upon which we will fix the attention of our readers, before recalling to mind the extinction of the independent political and military power of this unique and time-honoured sovereign state—we mean the significant fact of the courting of its alliance by the strange and comprehensive genius of Peter the Great. In Major Porter's second volume† will be found details, by no means devoid of interest, concerning the mission of the Russian noble, Kzeremitz, to the seat of the Order at Malta, in 1698, and the more than usual honours with which he was there received.

Though it be true that, as the author remarks, the Grand Master who first cemented an alliance, destined to prove of such vital necessity to the Order in its last moments, could hardly have been gifted with so keen an insight into futurity as to have forecast its ultimate advantages, yet it may well be supposed that when, a century later, the endangered, and then the dispossessed brotherhood, made appeal to the friendly sentiments of the Tzars Paul and Alexander successively, the favourable and generous nature of their responses may have been influenced by the remembrance of the declared policy of the great Peter.

From first to last, throughout the whole course of its lengthened, eventful, and splendid historical career, the existence and the glories of the Order of St. John had been closely connected with, though never dependent upon, the great kingdom of France. The growth of that first-rate monarchy had caused the nation which grew into consistency under that name, to furnish with recruits from its own subjects alone, three of the languages into which the Order was divided. For the language of France had been, and remained, distinct and separate from those of Provence and of Auvergne, to the very last; whereas no man needs to be

* Dal Pozzo, ii., 381.

† ii., 397.

told that knights of Provence and of Auvergne were at length no less Frenchmen than their brethren of the distinctive language of France itself.

No less than thirty-seven out of the sixty-eight Masters and Grand Masters, which had ruled the Hospital from the days of Raymond du Puy, successor to its founder, down to those of de Rohan, predecessor to him under whom it virtually perished, were, as one might say, without heed to these technical distinctions of the knightly brotherhood, Frenchmen.

Name its greatest captains and heroes, a Foulques de Villarets, a Pierre d'Aubusson, a Villiers de Lisle Adam, a Jean de la Valette; and the very sound of their famous names tells us to what chivalrous race and nation they belong.

It was fated, however, that from the vicissitudes of French affairs, from the civil commotions and internal changes of France, from its warlike and ambitious external action, were to spring the circumstances which gave to the independent existence of the Order its deadly stroke.

Monastic and semi-religious still in character, jealously aristocratic in its composition and constitution, it was not likely to escape in France itself the sweeping measures of abolition and confiscation launched by the Revolution against the existence and the possessions of the religious Orders throughout the realm.

Treated at first by the Constituent Assembly as filling the position of a foreign power possessing property within the limits of the French kingdom, it next received the ominous warning conveyed in a decree which declared that any Frenchman who should thenceforward affiliate himself to an Order requiring proofs of nobility as an indispensable condition of entrance, should thereby forfeit his rights as a French citizen. This was soon followed up by the decree of the 19th of September, 1792, which declared the extinction of the French languages within the domains of France, and threw at once into an irremediable ruin the finances of the whole Order, by the abrupt and entire cessation of its principal sources of income.

De Rohan, the penultimate Grand Master, was still in life and office when this terrible calamity fell, with

full weight, upon the community over which he ruled. Destitute French brethren came then flocking into Malta, some filled with all the resentful bitterness which the events they had witnessed at home, and the treatment their Order had there received, were likely to breed in the minds of men, whose religious faith, political opinions, previous manner of life, were all in full sympathy with what had perished, and was perishing, in the violent and outrageous tempest of the times; others, on the contrary, infected with its wild enthusiasm, fired by its vehement heats, misled by its specious illusions; a few, perhaps, clear-sighted enough to understand, resigned enough to accept the sentence written upon the face of the altered aspect of the world, that the Order had played out its part in the active history of Europe, and that, of necessity, the curtain must soon drop upon its closing scene. Such a community it was, hampered, distracted, harassed, and divided, which, in 1797, elected as its Grand Master a man who was in his own person and circumstances no unfit representative of its perplexities and distress.

The surrender of Malta to the troops of the French Directory, upon the summons of Bonaparte, himself hurrying towards Egypt from the dreaded pursuit of Nelson, has left a deep stain upon the memory of Ferdinand von Hompesch. But we have reason to believe that in fair and merciful construction it may be said to have fallen on it undeservedly.

Hompesch was at the last no traitor, though it may be that for a time he had dalked with temptations to treachery. Bonaparte's assertion that he had been "*intriguant depuis long temps*" has, unless we are wholly misinformed, but too much of truth in it. Nevertheless it is unjust, no less than ungenerous—man's nature being what it is—to count for absolute ill-faith that fidelity, which if it seem to waver in the storm-breath of temptation, stands grounded firm at last. We have been assured upon such authority as we cannot well question, that the estimate thus made by us of the Grand Master's conduct is identical with that to which a distinguished German writer was brought by the perusal and digest of documents put unreservedly into his hands

by the members of that ancient and noble family from which the hapless Hompesch sprung.

Deeply embarrassed in his private circumstances, which the loss of his Alsatian benefices in the Order rendered irretrievable, he is said, perhaps not without reason, to have lent at least a tolerant ear to proposals on the part of the French Government, which he should at once have resented as a base insult to his character as a gentleman, a knight, and a sovereign prince. But it may be reckoned as certain that he had truly found, even in his own apparently weak and vacillating character, sufficient energy and honesty to repel, finally and definitely, such dishonouring proposals. It was not by virtue of any league with him that the gates of Valetta were opened to the Republican generals. It may be doubted, indeed, whether an unflinching will and an uncalculating courage, might not have forced, by the expenditure of few but priceless days, the abandonment of the French designs upon the great fortress, which so many successive efforts of consummate engineering skill had laboured to make impregnable. But the absence, marked and deplorable enough, of these magnanimous qualities, is, perhaps, all that can be fairly laid to the charge of this ill-fated successor of heroes whom he could not emulate.

Upon the 6th of June, 1798, the forerunners of the great French armament appeared off the island, and three days later the whole body was present. Entrance for this entire fleet was demanded by Bonaparte, and justly refused by Hompesch, upon the score of the neutrality which the position, character, and constant rule of his Order bound it to maintain in the quarrels of the powers of Christendom. An offer was, however, made on his part to admit the vessels by fours, in turn, into the harbour, in which a frigate of the advanced squadron was actually at the time undergoing certain repairs. This offer itself was, however, by Bonaparte, resented as a breach of neutrality, and complained of as a dereliction of that very principle of Hospitality on which the Order was founded. The 10th of June saw the French disembark, and though the forces at Hompesch's disposal amounted, inclusive of some 300

knights and 3,000 Maltese militia, to about 6,000 men, no resistance worthy of the name was offered, except by the detached fort Rohan, at the Marsa Scirocco. The Grand Master, in a sort of despondency, shut himself up in his palace, and took, literally, no measures, whether for defence or surrender. He had sent in arrest to the Castle of St. Angelo one Commander Boisredont de Ransijat, a Frenchman, who had openly refused to fight against the troops of his countrymen, and whose traitorous collusion with them was no longer a matter for doubt; but so far as any practical demonstrations were concerned, Hompesch no more stood against the enemy than did the recreant knight. The population, no less than the knightly body were torn by factions; there was a revolutionary party ready to "fraternise" with the republican assailants; there was another maddened by more than suspicion of treason, which proceeded to use their arms for murderous vengeance upon the internal, instead of manful resistance to the external foe. Several vindictive murders were committed by the frenzied mob upon the persons of knights, who, perhaps, were the most loyal and zealous partisans of defence; whilst, in the mean time, Ransijat was liberated by force, and tumultuously carried into the very chamber where, at last, Hompesch was in tardy deliberation with his council. The end of all this ignominious confusion, which lasted for two days, was an agreement for a suspension of arms, signed on the 11th of June by Junot, on the one side, and the Grand Master on the other. On the 12th, Bonaparte, within the ramparts hewn in the living rock of Mount Sceberras, was congratulating his aide-de-camp, Cafarelli, upon having had friends within such lines to open them to the besieger without.

By the great courtesy and liberality of the librarian of the Order at Rome the writer of the present article has been allowed access to a mass of documents belonging to Hompesch himself, which came into their possession as late as the year 1851. We have not been able, in such inspection as we could afford to give them, to discover any thing which would lead to an appreciation of the circumstances attending the surrender of the city,

which should differ essentially from the conclusions at which Major Porter has arrived. Mutual recriminations abound; but are not of a nature to alter materially the complexion of the transactions. Of these recriminations we will, therefore, not submit any specimen to the patience of the reader. But, in good sooth, it would appear that even had the knights shown more of purpose, resolution, and unity, the disaffection of the Maltese population towards them, would have paralyzed any effort for a protracted defence. It is ever a saddening task to prove against what has been great its own degradation and corruption, and consequently the justice of its fall; but if history have, in truth, a stern moral purpose of instruction, then should that task, though sadly, be sincerely performed.

The moral and social condition to which, in its latter days, the Order had reduced itself and the subjects of its rule, stands out in most distinct and miserable relief, as in other documents, so specially in two which we have discovered in the papers of its latest Grand Master. The first of these is a report from a "professed Italian knight," of long residence in the island, "On the Motives which contributed to the Revolution of Malta." It is the production of one who clung with affection and loyalty to the Order of which he was a member, yet whose eyes were not blinded to its faults, either before or after its fall. The population of Malta he divides into three classes: the first, composed of nobles, landowners, and learned professions, including, of course, the superior clergy; the second, of persons in the immediate employment of the Order; the third, of the "infima classe," as he calls it, artisans, seafaring folk, and peasants.

"The first of these"—we quote his words textually—"became long since the most enlightened, saw with rancour their own state of abasement, deprived of the progress to which their social civilization might fairly lead them. These nursed a hatred against the whole Order, and lent themselves willingly to French and Republican intrigues, and waited for a favourable opportunity to declare their sentiments. Under the government of

the Order they esteemed themselves defrauded of civil rights and submitted to the dominion of foreigners, who lorded it over them, and whose yoke had become insupportable and ignominious, seeing that the influence of the knights carried its pressure even into family matters."

In corroboration of the justice of this estimate of the feelings of the superior classes of Malta towards the government under which they had been living, we may point to the project for its restoration, embodied in an article of the Treaty of Amiens.* That project, in hopes of altering for the better the relations between the knights and the Maltese, provides as follows:—

"There shall be established a Maltese language, which shall be supported by territorial revenues and commercial duties of the island. This language shall have its peculiar dignities, an establishment, and an hotel. Proofs of nobility shall not be necessary for the admission of knights of this language, and they shall be, moreover, admissible to all offices, and shall enjoy all privileges in the same manner as the knights of the other languages. At least half of the municipal, administrative, civil; judicial, and other employments depending on the government shall be filled by inhabitants of the Island of Malta, Gozo, and Cumino."

But the next paragraph of our "Professed Knight's report" points to an evil far more hideous, more inveterate, less remediable in any way by treaties or regulations: we quote again:

"The persons employed under Government, although treated as sons rather than subjects, had also somewhat weighing upon their breasts. The Order was to them a sacred thing, and they exhibited attachment to it. But what molested them was the arbitrary and licentious abuse of their position in which the members of the Order indulged. Although frequently, by complaisance, admitting individual knights into their families, and thus securing to themselves every possible patronage and advantages of a certain kind; the moment of repentance came surely nevertheless, and therewith hatred against the entire Order. The causes of conduct so strange (?) were *their own wives and daughters*, who, protected by their own 'cavalieri,' became,

* See Porter, ii., App. 24.

beyond measure, insolent, ill-treated and offended the heads of their own families.

"The bishop, parochial and other clergy, were hardly less discontented with the licence usurped by the greater part of the knights, which they were powerless to curb, seeing that its usurpers acknowledged an authority other than and superior to their own."

As for the lower class, he says, with probable truth, that, accustomed as they had been for centuries to the "patriarchal government of the Order," they had given no thought to the possibility of any change, until worked upon by the democratic propaganda. His report concludes with this reiteration of his former assertions:

"What could be hoped from a people the greater part of which had sold their own honour? What expected from persons who, from generation to generation, had despised the honour of their own households? There comes a moment wherein the man, the most depraved in habits, loathes at last that hand which has fed him at cost of his honour. It was a demoralized people, little could have been hoped from it; least of all from such as, for interested greed had sold wives and daughters, could aught have been hoped in circumstances wherein treachery can have scope.

"Should it ever be the fortune of the Order to re-enter into possession of Malta it must bend its whole endeavour and employ its every talent to avoid a fall into similar condition. It must respect itself and its subjects as well, if it would win and keep their affections."

The other document to which we shall refer is apparently drawn up by Hompesch himself, in answer to complaints of his own conduct in not stipulating for certain immunities on behalf of the French knights at the surrender. His defence hinges upon his determination to protest, so soon as he should be beyond the grip of Bonaparte, against the whole transaction. It is not a little humiliating to note the contrast between his tone when speaking of his dispossessor at this time, with the long series of flattering supplications which, in after years, the unhappy, disgraced Grand Master ceased not to urge upon the First Consul, then upon the Emperor, upon his mother, Madame Letizia,

upon his uncle, the Cardinal Fesch, and other members of his great destroyer's family.

In 1799 he writes concerning the "intimation of the despotic will of Bonaparte, expressed in an act to which that supreme general of the republican armies and of the internal revolution of Malta gave the title of 'Convention,' by a bitter derision, an act which never could claim that appellation fairly." He asks, with indignation, how knights could have been misled to "hope that a man who was abusing the force which he derived from circumstances to mock the unfortunates, whose misfortunes he was making, should modify the ambiguous expressions of his insidious dispositions?"

But, in November, 1802, he speaks with 'bated breath of the "General First Consul" as having been "even then* magnanimous, and pained at finding it your duty, in your brilliant career, to be yourself the cause of the misfortunes of an innocent and unhappy prince."

But to return to the corroboration given by this memoir to the indictments of the "Professed Knight" against the internal condition of the Order and its island dominion. Hompesch complains that, when discussion arose upon the terms of the immunity to be granted to the French knights, some of whom were, and some of whom were not in danger of falling under the sanguinary provisions of the revolutionary laws against emigrants should they return to France, certain deputies from their number came to demand the interference of the Grand Master "in a tone which, unhappily, gave proof of *that spirit of insubordination which too long since had been prevalent* in a portion of the knighthood, and which has not been one of the least causes of the calamities of the Order."

"To demonstrate its existence, and, at the same time, to show how far the authority of the Grand Master, such as the laws establish it, had become by circumstances and the spirit of the times powerless to restore the observance of the statutes and the good order so long disturbed, two facts shall be cited.

"The reigning Grand Master had just

* At the taking of Malta.

been elected. He conceived it to be his duty that his first cares should be given to the restoration of *decency in morals* and the arresting of the fatal excesses to which men are urged by the force of a ruinous passion. He wished thus to regain for the Order a respect of *which it had suffered the weakening throughout the country*, and to recall its members from forgetfulness of their obligations.

“To compass this twofold end he revived the active function of the Statutory Commission against ‘concubinaries,’ in order to compel the religious brethren to dismiss from their houses the women and girls with whom some cohabited in open scandal. Then he decreed the severest penalties against such knights as should open gaming tables in their houses or should be surprised in gambling elsewhere. What took place? Why, the *minister of the Pope* and the *minister of the Court of Spain* opened *faro-banks in their own palaces*, where the judiciary officers of the Order have no right to exercise any functions; and the Commission doing its part but in a lukewarm way, whereas the Grand Master might not act except upon and in accordance with its suggestions, the wholesome intentions of the chief, which dignified members of the Order had their own reasons for not seconding, remained without any practical effect.”

Thus, then, fell the Order of St. John. The earthquake of that eventful time shook down many an edifice more solidly cemented—what was worm-eaten was least able to stand the shock.

Dust and rubbish, straws and sticks are yet in plenty to be found in the great historical *débris*, nor would it be reasonable to suppose that there are no gems to be found here and there among them, nothing of reverses nobly sustained, nothing of repentance purifying what was in danger of becoming ignoble, nothing of genuine, loyal, unselfish regret at the passing away of what had, indeed, once been worthy of admiration, esteem, and love.

Poor Hompesch's career, as we have already hinted, was pitiful enough. It was spent in compromises, retractions, solicitations, querulous complaints. From Malta he went to Trieste, uttering there a protest which his own previous want of firmness and dignity had discredited beforehand.

The semi-maniacal Paul of Russia received with much kindness within

his own dominions some remnant of the knights. He had before the bursting of the storm upon Malta shown much enthusiasm for the name and cause of the great Order, the enemy of the Ottoman, and had received from it the very cross which La Valette had worn. He revived and endowed liberally the Polish Grand Priory, and constituted another for members of the Greek Church, which even the Pope was induced to look upon with a certain toleration. An irregular declaration of Hompesch's fall from the Grand Mastership took place at St. Petersburg, and thereupon followed Paul's own election to the dignity. He set his wayward will upon a general recognition of its validity, perhaps seeing in the shadowy title, when fully acknowledged, a substantial claim, to be urged hereafter, upon possession of the island fortress of Malta.

Indeed, when the successes of the French armies were pressing Austria sore in 1799 he gave his auxiliary troops orders to halt, though upon the very frontiers, insisting upon this, amongst other things, that the Austrian Cabinet should extort from Hompesch a formal resignation. Some document the hapless man did certainly subscribe, but we have before us as we write a formal disclaimer of it made by him at Porto Fermo in 1802. Paul was then dead, and Alexander, his successor, had referred to such members of the Order as yet clung together, and to the Pope, who had ever exercised a certain suzerainty over it even in its days of independence, activity, and glory, the task of electing a Grand Master, in disregard of such phantom claims as might yet be vested in the person of Ferdinand von Hompesch.

“The pretended resignation of which mention is made,” he writes, “has no existence. What I signed at Trieste on July 5th, 1799, is a simple letter, containing only a project for resignation. This letter which I signed, but under compulsion, was not of my framing, but was sent me by the Cabinet of Vienna, with an absolute order from his imperial and royal Majesty to sign it, *under penalty of becoming the personal enemy of his I. R. Majesty, and of being treated as a state prisoner.*”

Tommasi was the person selected by the Pope to fill—if, indeed, it

were vacant—the office of Grand Master ; but since his death in 1805 no such nomination has taken place, a simple “Lientenant” succeeding to an intermediary headship of the Order.

Hompesch died at Montpellier in the same year, and a month only before the decease of that Tommasi, whom he looked upon as an unauthorized intruder. Major Porter assures us that he died in extreme poverty, a circumstance somewhat—though not altogether—surprising. His penury had for years been great. His correspondence with Bonaparte, with the Pope, with cardinals and others, is full of those perhaps unavoidable but rarely dignified appeals to which it has been often the hard fate of exiled and penniless princes to recur. The capitulation—against which he had protested, and from which, therefore, he was hardly entitled to derive pecuniary benefit—had stipulated for himself an annual pension of 300,000 francs. He was, moreover, to receive two years in hand as a sort of compensation for his personal property. Some portion of this latter sum, we believe, was actually paid him, but went to stop rather than satisfy the more urgent demands of his many creditors. The pension remained unpaid, and the deposed Grand Master was indebted chiefly to the kindness of the Pope for such petty resources as he could command. We have seen a letter of Cardinal Consalvi to him—12th November, 1808—regretting that his holiness could not afford to put any larger sum at his disposal than 300 scudi—about sixty guineas.

But in 1804, on the twelfth of August, he wrote his acknowledgments to the Emperor, at Paris, for having actually conferred upon him a pension equal to the sum named in the Convention of Malta.*

“Les circonstances me rendirent malheureux Votre Majesté a mis une fin à mes infortunes.”

We have also seen letters from Madame Letizia, from the Pontiff himself, and other eminent personages, congratulating him upon the Emperor's bounty, and are, therefore,

not able entirely to explain his destitution at the time of his decease.

That the projects of the First Consul in favour of the restoration of the Order at Malta by the Treaty of Amiens came to nothing is well known. If any one should doubt that his plan was conceived mainly with a view to rescue the island from the strong grasp of England, who had starved out thence the French garrison left there by himself, we think this last extract we will give from the correspondence of Hompesch may serve to clear the doubt :—†

“GENERAL FIRST CONSUL,—My Order will ever remember that it will owe Malta to you, and that by you it will exist. The Order of St. John of Jerusalem owes its birth to France, will owe to France its re-establishment, it will sustain itself by that high protection alone. My enemies have endeavoured to blacken my honour, and have not succeeded ; the truth unveiled has imposed silence upon them. They wish for another Grand Master, *who would establish a new system, according to their private views, diametrically opposed to the interest of France, and to the prerogatives enjoyed by Frenchmen since all time in the Order.* I have put all my respectful confidence entirely in you, General First Consul, and from the time that I have been enabled happily to be assured of your magnanimous sentiments towards me, I have felt sure of my triumph, and of my return to Malta at the head of my Order.

“An unshakable confidence, as also a most lively, sincere, and indelible gratitude will ever remain engraven upon my heart, that it is to your high and powerful protection, and to the loyalty of the French government, that I shall owe my re-establishment in the sovereignty of Malta, and in the maintenance in my dignity as Grand Master. I beg you, General First Consul, to deign acceptance of my very humbly returned thanks, which I most respectfully tender to you in my name, and in that of my Order.”

Malta, which was not the first loss of the revolutionary period to the Order, was not the last. Different vicissitudes, in the political and social state even of those countries where the Reformation had not and has not obtained, have, during the cataclysm

* MSS. penes Ordin. Malt. in Româ.

† MSS. Order of St. John, Rome. No. 492. Busta, No. 18. 1801.

Nay, the outrage, in this case passed all bounds; for when, upon other grounds as well, a rebellion had been raised against his authority, and the aged Grand Master was carried prisoner through the streets to the fort of St. Angelo, these abandoned characters, who flocked in at once upon the subversion of his authority, publicly jeered and derided him in presence of his demoralized knights. Indeed, for many successive years, the city of Valetta could justly claim an infamous notoriety for the evils to which we have thus referred.

Another fruitful element of demoralization and misery existed in the social condition of Malta under the government of the Order of St. John—one of which the existence is not to be charged upon the knights, as peculiar to the constitution of their society, nor, perhaps, one which, under their government, exhibited its worst and darkest features; yet was it an evil of which their position and pursuits rendered the presence continual among them, and to the true character of which their apparent necessities and interests would have a special tendency to make them blind. In a word, Malta was not only full of slaves, but even the central Mediterranean slave mart.

The nature of this slavery, and the existence of this commerce will be understood, at a glance, from the perusal of the following letter, for which, again, we are indebted to Major Porter. Indeed this is, perhaps, the best opportunity for us to say that if, in examining the former portion of his work, we have been compelled to notice inaccuracies, and to regret deficiencies, such as result from an apparently insufficient acquaintance with the diffuse and entangled historical monuments of those earlier days, we can in fairness say that in the second volume the acquaintance possessed by the author with the seat of the Order's latter sovereignty, and the advantages he enjoyed of access to its records at Malta, have been by no means unimproved or thrown away. The letter in question is from—

“Charles the Second, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ire-

land, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. To the most illustrious and most high prince, the Lord Nicholas Cottoner,* Grand Master of the Order of Malta, our well-beloved cousin and friend, Greeting:

“It having appeared to us a matter of interest not only to ourselves, but likewise to the whole Christian world, that we should keep in the Mediterranean Sea a certain number of galleys, ready to afford prompt aid to our neighbours and allies against the frequent insults of the barbarians and Turks, we lately caused to be constructed two galleys, one in Genoa, and the other in the port of Leghorn. In order to man these, we directed a person well acquainted with such affairs to be sent, as to other parts, so also to the island of Malta, subject to the rule of your highness, in order to buy slaves, and procure other necessities. He having purchased some slaves, it has been reported to us that your highness's collector of customs demanded five pieces of gold of Malta money, before they could be permitted to embark, under the title of toll, at which proceeding we were certainly not a little astonished, it appearing to us a novel arrangement, and one contrary to the usual custom; especially since it is well known to us that our neighbours and allies, the kings of France and Spain, are never accustomed to pay any thing, under the title of toll, for the slaves which they cause yearly to be transported from your island. We therefore beg your highness, by the good and long friendship existing between us, to grant to us the same privilege in regard to this kind of commerce within the territories of your highness, as is enjoyed by both our said neighbours and allies; which, although it ought to be conceded to us simply on account of our mutual friendship, and our affection towards your highness and the illustrious Order of Malta, still we shall receive so gratefully, that, if at any time we can do any thing to please your highness, we shall be always ready to do it with all attention, and most willingly.

“In the meantime, we heartily recommend your highness and all the members of the illustrious Order of Malta, as well as all your affairs, to the divine keeping.

“Given from our palace at Westminster, on the 12th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1673, and of our reign the twenty-fifth. Your highness's good cousin and friend,

“CHARLES REX.”

Among those many benefits which the development of mechanical skill, and in especial the stupendous inven-

* A Spaniard, though the name has so British a turn.

THE IRISH POOR LAW INQUIRY.

HAVING, in a former number of this Magazine, traced the history of the Irish Poor Laws, and expounded the principles upon which, after long experience elsewhere and much careful reflection, these enactments were ultimately founded, the suggestions of alleged reform since made to the Parliamentary Committee by several leading witnesses may now perhaps usefully be noticed in detail. A large amount of important information has, no doubt, been elicited; and the apologists and enemies of the existing system have both enjoyed ample opportunity of stating the conclusions at which they have arrived, and the facts upon which those are based. Considering the nature and drift of the tedious examinations into which several of their number contrived to lead individuals elaborately prepared for the investigation, the members of the tribunal have discharged their irksome and onerous duties from day to day with commendable patience. Whatever report they may finally prepare, no one can accuse them of precipitancy. If there be any semblance of onesidedness about their proceedings, it is in favour of the objectors to the law, whose evidence has been presented with undue minuteness and unnecessary repetitions. This, however, is scarcely to be regretted, as the public and the legislature must be now considered as having the whole case before them. The data are full and complete. The management of the Irish poor ought, therefore, to be for the future rendered as perfect as a human institution can be made. No legitimate grounds of complaint should be suffered to exist, that as far as possible the public of all classes and opinions may be united in sympathy with the laws, and in a desire to give them efficacy. It is with an honest anxiety to remedy defects, to remove injustice, to promote the moral and physical well-being of the poor, to augment their spiritual opportunities, to deal magnanimously and bountifully with them in short, that we review the statements put before the Committee. It may be admitted, that at any risk of increase to the rates, our duty

is to provide liberally for the wants of the destitute of every description; not only to house and feed them, but to train them to industrious habits, to look after their eternal interests, to raise them out of the slough of pauperism, so as by degrees to diminish poverty as a moral and financial burden upon the community. The question is not now as between a poor law and voluntary relief, the form of the discussion in earlier times, but between a scheme of relief that has worked, it will be allowed, tolerably well for a number of years; and another and novel one, started under high authority, with the view of superseding existing arrangements, in great part by means, too, which were condemned a score years ago, after, as we have shown in a previous article, full and fair trial had been made of them.

But it is contended that those who would now "reform" the poor laws, do not contemplate "indiscriminate" out-door relief. Probably not in the widest sense of the word. But have they informed us to what exact extent they would carry their projects of extra-workhouse philanthropy? By what method, of an intelligible and effective kind, do they propose to decide who are fit recipients of out-door relief? If their scheme is to be discriminating, on what principle? How do we know whether the persons to be relieved in a district, under this changed system, will number one hundred or a thousand? Can they afford us any means of determining whether the effect will be to add a third or a fifth to the rates, or to double or even treble them? It is the undefinable and illimitable character of the plan of compulsory out-door relief which renders inevitable that indiscrimination among recipients so certain to prove perilous to the interests of society. There must be, from the nature of things, the widest discretion left with clergymen, officials, and guardians, under the proposed arrangements, as to the application of the out-door principle, and from this necessarily extensive latitude enormous abuses cannot but

stroke of his unruly tongue not less than for that of his murderous sword. But we believe it would be difficult to cite a parallel case of reckless and wanton cruelty from the records of the domestic bondage of the Maltese cavaliers, for their historians represent that as of a mild and comparatively easy character. But domestic tyranny, doubtless, had its full swing too frequently—and this much is certain, that the comparative gentleness and even kindness of their household servitude could not preserve this society of slave-owners from the dangers of those furies—in-
evitable avenging waiters on every form of slavery—"insecurity, alarms, and occasionally desperate dangers, bred of servile conspiracies and treachery."*

It cannot be said that the history of the Order loses all interest after the date of the great siege of Malta, nor that, in spite of a certain degeneracy, its existence became inglorious. It was only by slow process that it came to lose the most truly glorious of privileges, that of being incontestably and manifestly useful. But the consolidation of that greatness of the principal European powers, which had been growing all along, and the gradual withdrawal of that spasmodic energy which had rendered the Mahometans of various national origin so formidable to Christendom, were alike abolishing the grounds of reason and necessity upon which—at least as a military power—this renowned institution kept its stand.

At Lepanto, for instance, in 1571, gallant and glorious as was the part which the three Maltese galleys took in the Salamis of the sixteenth century, no man would venture to assert that the absence of the Order's three ships would in any way have affected the issue of that great day.

And another indication may be discerned in the history of the next hundred years in the Mediterranean, which serves to prove the altered condition of the Order's power. In the absolute sovereignty and pre-eminence of its eastern island home, its political, naval, and commercial interests had not unfrequently been found to clash

with those of the proud and jealous queen-commonwealth of the Adriatic. Venice had seen in Rhodes a very possible, nay redoubtable rival. All traces of such apprehension disappear in the subsequent course of events at Malta; and inasmuch as it would not seem that any purer unselfishness or more single-hearted wisdom had grown up in the interval within the bosom of either state, we cannot be far wrong in conjecturing that Venice, still jealous and umbrageous in policy, must have understood that to which Malta must have resigned itself, how completely the possibility of rivalry with herself, as a conquering and commercial community, had passed away from the Order of St. John. The fear of a mutual emulous enmity being at an end, whereas a common enemy remained, it was but reasonable and likely that in its long subsequent fitful struggles with the Turk Venice should always be enabled to count upon such assistance as the Knights of Malta could afford, and we find, accordingly, that such assistance was honourably, freely, and unhesitatingly given. For at least five-and-twenty years, for instance, Candia was the scene of that bloody contention for its possession which ended, unhappily, in establishing over the island the dominion of the Sultan. During the whole continuance of these protracted hostilities the Maltese knights were unceasing in their endeavours to turn the balance of superiority on the side of the Venetians, and their later records are full of well-earned, grateful acknowledgments made from time to time by the commanders or the Doges of the republic.

The closing scene of this obstinate warfare was the siege, or, as it may more properly be styled, the last stage of the siege of the capital itself. This alone comprised a period of seven and twenty months. Louis Quatorze had despatched thither a force of no less than twelve regiments under the Duke de Noailles, with whom were serving the flower of the officers of the French army. In spite, however, of this powerful reinforcement it became evident, after a while, that unless the position of the Turks could be forced by a desperate sortie,

* See Porter, ii. 409, 415.

and they be compelled by its success to raise the siege, the doom of Khania was sealed.

De Ngailles, especially, was resolute in his view of the necessity of such an assault, and of the uselessness of considering its issue otherwise than as final. He insisted upon making it with his own Frenchmen, exclusively, and upon saving farther expenditure of their blood should it prove unsuccessful. Some chance explosion having thrown them into much confusion after a promising beginning of attack, the confusion grew to panic, and the retreat to disaster. Thereupon, true to his resolution, the French commander embarked the remnant of his troops. No entreaty of Morosini, the Venetian general, could prevail upon him to remain; and it would really appear doubtful whether, after all, his were not a wise measure, in spite of the charges of treachery or cowardice to which the abandonment of the beleagured city would render him, naturally, obnoxious. The knights of Malta, whose fidelity and devotion are allowed to have been unquestionable, would appear also to have concluded that the city had become, in fact, untenable. At all events they were convinced that the withdrawal of the French contingent had made it to be completely so. They had lost the greater proportion of the four hundred knights, who from time to time had been present within the walls, by death or by wounds, and their hired soldiery had suffered in like proportion. It is true that a detachment of Italians, chiefly Modenese, commanded by Pico della Mirandola, was in sight of the harbour, within two days of the French defection, but on that same night the defenders had to sustain a renewed assault from the besiegers, which all but succeeded. On the 29th of August, therefore, the remains of the Order's contingent was embarked, Morosini saying, as they went, "I lose more by the departure of those few warriors of superlative bravery, than by that of all the other troops beside."* On the 6th of September, Morosini himself, whose name

well deserves remembrance for his indomitable and valorous perseverance, was forced to capitulate, and the Turk was thenceforth lord of Candia.

There is but one circumstance upon which we will fix the attention of our readers, before recalling to mind the extinction of the independent political and military power of this unique and time-honoured sovereign state—we mean the significant fact of the courting of its alliance by the strange and comprehensive genius of Peter the Great. In Major Porter's second volume† will be found details, by no means devoid of interest, concerning the mission of the Russian noble, Kzeremitz, to the seat of the Order at Malta, in 1698, and the more than usual honours with which he was there received.

Though it be true that, as the author remarks, the Grand Master who first cemented an alliance, destined to prove of such vital necessity to the Order in its last moments, could hardly have been gifted with so keen an insight into futurity as to have forecast its ultimate advantages, yet it may well be supposed that when, a century later, the endangered, and then the dispossessed brotherhood, made appeal to the friendly sentiments of the Tsars Paul and Alexander successively, the favourable and generous nature of their responses may have been influenced by the remembrance of the declared policy of the great Peter.

From first to last, throughout the whole course of its lengthened, eventful, and splendid historical career, the existence and the glories of the Order of St. John had been closely connected with, though never dependent upon, the great kingdom of France. The growth of that first-rate monarchy had caused the nation which grew into consistency under that name, to furnish with recruits from its own subjects alone, three of the languages into which the Order was divided. For the language of France had been, and remained, distinct and separate from those of Provence and of Auvergne, to the very last; whereas no man needs to be

* Dal Pozzo, ii., 381.

† ii., 397.

told that knights of Provence and of Auvergne were at length no less Frenchmen than their brethren of the distinctive language of France itself.

No less than thirty-seven out of the sixty-eight Masters and Grand Masters, which had ruled the Hospital from the days of Raymond du Puy, successor to its founder, down to those of de Rohan, predecessor to him under whom it virtually perished, were, as one might say, without heed to these technical distinctions of the knightly brotherhood, Frenchmen.

Name its greatest captains and heroes, a Foulques de Villaret, a Pierre d'Aubusson, a Villiers de Lisle Adam, a Jean de la Valette; and the very sound of their famous names tells us to what chivalrous race and nation they belong.

It was fated, however, that from the vicissitudes of French affairs, from the civil commotions and internal changes of France, from its warlike and ambitious external action, were to spring the circumstances which gave to the independent existence of the Order its deadly stroke.

Monastic and semi-religious still in character, jealously aristocratic in its composition and constitution, it was not likely to escape in France itself the sweeping measures of abolition and confiscation launched by the Revolution against the existence and the possessions of the religious Orders throughout the realm.

Treated at first by the Constituent Assembly as filling the position of a foreign power possessing property within the limits of the French kingdom, it next received the ominous warning conveyed in a decree which declared that any Frenchman who should thenceforward affiliate himself to an Order requiring proofs of nobility as an indispensable condition of entrance, should thereby forfeit his rights as a French citizen. This was soon followed up by the decree of the 19th of September, 1792, which declared the extinction of the French languages within the domains of France, and threw at once into an irremediable ruin the finances of the whole Order, by the abrupt and entire cessation of its principal sources of income.

De Rohan, the penultimate Grand Master, was still in life and office when this terrible calamity fell, with

full weight, upon the community over which he ruled. Destitute French brethren came then flocking into Malta, some filled with all the resentful bitterness which the events they had witnessed at home, and the treatment their Order had there received, were likely to breed in the minds of men, whose religious faith, political opinions, previous manner of life, were all in full sympathy with what had perished, and was perishing, in the violent and outrageous tempest of the times; others, on the contrary, infected with its wild enthusiasm, fired by its vehement heats, misled by its specious illusions; a few, perhaps, clear-sighted enough to understand, resigned enough to accept the sentence written upon the face of the altered aspect of the world, that the Order had played out its part in the active history of Europe, and that, of necessity, the curtain must soon drop upon its closing scene. Such a community it was, hampered, distracted, harassed, and divided, which, in 1797, elected as its Grand Master a man who was in his own person and circumstances no unfit representative of its perplexities and distress.

The surrender of Malta to the troops of the French Directory, upon the summons of Bonaparte, himself hurrying towards Egypt from the dreaded pursuit of Nelson, has left a deep stain upon the memory of Ferdinand von Hompesch. But we have reason to believe that in fair and merciful construction it may be said to have fallen on it undeservedly.

Hompesch was at the last no traitor, though it may be that for a time he had dalked with temptations to treachery. Bonaparte's assertion that he had been "*intrigant depuis long temps*" has, unless we are wholly misinformed, but too much of truth in it. Nevertheless it is unjust, no less than ungenerous—man's nature being what it is—to count for absolute ill-faith that fidelity, which if it seem to waver in the storm-breath of temptation, stands grounded firm at last. We have been assured upon such authority as we cannot well question, that the estimate thus made by us of the Grand Master's conduct is identical with that to which a distinguished German writer was brought by the perusal and digest of documents put unreservedly into his hands

by the members of that ancient and noble family from which the hapless Hompesch sprung.

Deeply embarrassed in his private circumstances, which the loss of his Alsatian benefices in the Order rendered irretrievable, he is said, perhaps not without reason, to have lent at least a tolerant ear to proposals on the part of the French Government, which he should at once have resented as a base insult to his character as a gentleman, a knight, and a sovereign prince. But it may be reckoned as certain that he had truly found, even in his own apparently weak and vacillating character, sufficient energy and honesty to repel, finally and definitely, such dishonouring proposals. It was not by virtue of any league with him that the gates of Valetta were opened to the Republican generals. It may be doubted, indeed, whether an unflinching will and an uncalculating courage, might not have forced, by the expenditure of few but priceless days, the abandonment of the French designs upon the great fortress, which so many successive efforts of consummate engineering skill had laboured to make impregnable. But the absence, marked and deplorable enough, of these magnanimous qualities, is, perhaps, all that can be fairly laid to the charge of this ill-fated successor of heroes whom he could not emulate.

Upon the 6th of June, 1798, the forerunners of the great French armament appeared off the island, and three days later the whole body was present. Entrance for this entire fleet was demanded by Bonaparte, and justly refused by Hompesch, upon the score of the neutrality which the position, character, and constant rule of his Order bound it to maintain in the quarrels of the powers of Christendom. An offer was, however, made on his part to admit the vessels by fours, in turn, into the harbour, in which a frigate of the advanced squadron was actually at the time undergoing certain repairs. This offer itself was, however, by Bonaparte, resented as a breach of neutrality, and complained of as a dereliction of that very principle of Hospitality on which the Order was founded. The 10th of June saw the French disembark, and though the forces at Hompesch's disposal amounted, inclusive of some 300

knights and 3,000 Maltese militia, to about 6,000 men, no resistance worthy of the name was offered, except by the detached fort Rohan, at the Marsa Scirocco. The Grand Master, in a sort of despondency, shut himself up in his palace, and took, literally, no measures, whether for defence or surrender. He had sent in arrest to the Castle of St. Angelo one Commander Boisredont de Ransijat, a Frenchman, who had openly refused to fight against the troops of his countrymen, and whose traitorous collusion with them was no longer a matter for doubt; but so far as any practical demonstrations were concerned, Hompesch no more stood against the enemy than did the recreant knight. The population, no less than the knightly body were torn by factions; there was a revolutionary party ready to "fraternise" with the republican assailants; there was another maddened by more than suspicion of treason, which proceeded to use their arms for murderous vengeance upon the internal, instead of manful resistance to the external foe. Several vindictive murders were committed by the frenzied mob upon the persons of knights, who, perhaps, were the most loyal and zealous partisans of defence; whilst, in the mean time, Ransijat was liberated by force, and tumultuously carried into the very chamber where, at last, Hompesch was in tardy deliberation with his council. The end of all this ignominious confusion, which lasted for two days, was an agreement for a suspension of arms, signed on the 11th of June by Junot, on the one side, and the Grand Master on the other. On the 12th, Bonaparte, within the ramparts hewn in the living rock of Mount Sceberras, was congratulating his aide-de-camp, Cafarelli, upon having had friends within such lines to open them to the besieger without.

By the great courtesy and liberality of the librarian of the Order at Rome the writer of the present article has been allowed access to a mass of documents belonging to Hompesch himself, which came into their possession as late as the year 1851. We have not been able, in such inspection as we could afford to give them, to discover any thing which would lead to an appreciation of the circumstances attending the surrender of the city,

which should differ essentially from the conclusions at which Major Porter has arrived. Mutual recriminations abound; but are not of a nature to alter materially the complexion of the transactions. Of these recriminations we will, therefore, not submit any specimen to the patience of the reader. But, in good sooth, it would appear that even had the knights shown more of purpose, resolution, and unity, the disaffection of the Maltese population towards them, would have paralyzed any effort for a protracted defence. It is ever a saddening task to prove against what has been great its own degradation and corruption, and consequently the justice of its fall; but if history have, in truth, a stern moral purpose of instruction, then should that task, though sadly, be sincerely performed.

The moral and social condition to which, in its latter days, the Order had reduced itself and the subjects of its rule, stands out in most distinct and miserable relief, as in other documents, so specially in two which we have discovered in the papers of its latest Grand Master. The first of these is a report from a "professed Italian knight," of long residence in the island, "On the Motives which contributed to the Revolution of Malta." It is the production of one who clung with affection and loyalty to the Order of which he was a member, yet whose eyes were not blinded to its faults, either before or after its fall. The population of Malta he divides into three classes: the first, composed of nobles, landowners, and learned professions, including, of course, the superior clergy; the second, of persons in the immediate employment of the Order; the third, of the "infima classe," as he calls it, artisans, seafaring folk, and peasants.

"The first of these"—we quote his words textually—"became long since the most enlightened, saw with rancour their own state of abasement, deprived of the progress to which their social civilization might fairly lead them. These nursed a hatred against the whole Order, and lent themselves willingly to French and Republican intrigues, and waited for a favourable opportunity to declare their sentiments. Under the government of

the Order they esteemed themselves defrauded of civil rights and submitted to the dominion of foreigners, who lorded it over them, and whose yoke had become insupportable and ignominious, seeing that the influence of the knights carried its pressure even into family matters."

In corroboration of the justice of this estimate of the feelings of the superior classes of Malta towards the government under which they had been living, we may point to the project for its restoration, embodied in an article of the Treaty of Amiens.* That project, in hopes of altering for the better the relations between the knights and the Maltese, provides as follows:—

"There shall be established a Maltese language, which shall be supported by territorial revenues and commercial duties of the island. This language shall have its peculiar dignities, an establishment, and an hotel. Proofs of nobility shall not be necessary for the admission of knights of this language, and they shall be, moreover, admissible to all offices, and shall enjoy all privileges in the same manner as the knights of the other languages. At least half of the municipal, administrative, civil, judicial, and other employments depending on the government shall be filled by inhabitants of the Island of Malta, Gozo, and Cumino."

But the next paragraph of our "Professed Knight's report" points to an evil far more hideous, more inveterate, less remediable in any way by treaties or regulations: we quote again:

"The persons employed under Government, although treated as sons rather than subjects, had also somewhat weighing upon their breasts. The Order was to them a sacred thing, and they exhibited attachment to it. But what molested them was the arbitrary and licentious abuse of their position in which the members of the Order indulged. Although frequently, by complaisance, admitting individual knights into their families, and thus securing to themselves every possible patronage and advantages of a certain kind; the moment of repentance came surely nevertheless, and therewith hatred against the entire Order. The causes of conduct so strange (?) were *their own wives and daughters*, who, protected by their own 'cavalieri,' became,

* See Porter, *il.*, App. 24.

beyond measure, insolent, ill-treated and offended the heads of their own families.

"The bishop, parochial and other clergy, were hardly less discontented with the licence usurped by the greater part of the knights, which they were powerless to curb, seeing that its usurpers acknowledged an authority other than and superior to their own."

As for the lower class, he says, with probable truth, that, accustomed as they had been for centuries to the "patriarchal government of the Order," they had given no thought to the possibility of any change, until worked upon by the democratic propaganda. His report concludes with this reiteration of his former assertions:

"What could be hoped from a people the greater part of which had sold their own honour? What expected from persons who, from generation to generation, had despised the honour of their own households? There comes a moment wherein the man, the most depraved in habits, loathes at last that hand which has fed him at cost of his honour. It was a demoralized people, little could have been hoped from it; least of all from such as, for interested greed had sold wives and daughters, could aught have been hoped in circumstances wherein treachery can have scope.

"Should it ever be the fortune of the Order to re-enter into possession of Malta it must bend its whole endeavour and employ its every talent to avoid a fall into similar condition. It must respect itself and its subjects as well, if it would win and keep their affections."

The other document to which we shall refer is apparently drawn up by Hompesch himself, in answer to complaints of his own conduct in not stipulating for certain immunities on behalf of the French knights at the surrender. His defence hinges upon his determination to protest, so soon as he should be beyond the grip of Bonaparte, against the whole transaction. It is not a little humiliating to note the contrast between his tone when speaking of his dispossessor at this time, with the long series of flattering supplications which, in after years, the unhappy, disgraced Grand Master ceased not to urge upon the First Consul, then upon the Emperor, upon his mother, Madame Letizia,

upon his uncle, the Cardinal Fesch, and other members of his great destroyer's family.

In 1799 he writes concerning the "intimation of the despotic will of Bonaparte, expressed in an act to which that supreme general of the republican armies and of the internal revolution of Malta gave the title of 'Convention,' by a bitter derision, an act which never could claim that appellation fairly." He asks, with indignation, how knights could have been misled to "hope that a man who was abusing the force which he derived from circumstances to mock the unfortunates, whose misfortunes he was making, should modify the ambiguous expressions of his insidious dispositions?"

But, in November, 1802, he speaks with 'bated breath of the "General First Consul" as having been "even then* magnanimous, and pained at finding it your duty, in your brilliant career, to be yourself the cause of the misfortunes of an innocent and unhappy prince."

But to return to the corroboration given by this memoir to the indictments of the "Professed Knight" against the internal condition of the Order and its island dominion. Hompesch complains that, when discussion arose upon the terms of the immunity to be granted to the French knights, some of whom were, and some of whom were not in danger of falling under the sanguinary provisions of the revolutionary laws against emigrants should they return to France, certain deputies from their number came to demand the interference of the Grand Master "in a tone which, unhappily, gave proof of *that spirit of insubordination which too long since had been prevalent* in a portion of the knighthood, and which has not been one of the least causes of the calamities of the Order."

"To demonstrate its existence, and, at the same time, to show how far the authority of the Grand Master, such as the laws establish it, had become by circumstances and the spirit of the times powerless to restore the observance of the statutes and the good order so long disturbed, two facts shall be cited.

"The reigning Grand Master had just

* At the taking of Malta.

been elected. He conceived it to be his duty that his first cares should be given to the restoration of *decency in morals* and the arresting of the fatal excesses to which men are urged by the force of a ruinous passion. He wished thus to regain for the Order a respect of *which it had suffered the weakening throughout the country*, and to recall its members from forgetfulness of their obligations.

"To compass this twofold end he revived the active function of the Statutory Commission against 'concubinaries,' in order to compel the religious brethren to dismiss from their houses the women and girls with whom some cohabited in open scandal. Then he decreed the severest penalties against such knights as should open gaming tables in their houses or should be surprised in gambling elsewhere. What took place? Why, the *minister of the Pope* and the *minister of the Court of Spain* opened *faro-banks* in their own palaces, where the judiciary officers of the Order have no right to exercise any functions; and the Commission doing its part but in a lukewarm way, whereas the Grand Master might not act except upon and in accordance with its suggestions, the wholesome intentions of the chief, which dignified members of the Order had their own reasons for not seconding, remained without any practical effect."

Thus, then, fell the Order of St. John. The earthquake of that eventful time shook down many an edifice more solidly cemented—what was worm-eaten was least able to stand the shock.

Dust and rubbish, straws and sticks are yet in plenty to be found in the great historical *débris*, nor would it be reasonable to suppose that there are no gems to be found here and there among them, nothing of reverses nobly sustained, nothing of repentance purifying what was in danger of becoming ignoble, nothing of genuine, loyal, unselfish regret at the passing away of what had, indeed, once been worthy of admiration, esteem, and love.

Poor Hompesch's career, as we have already hinted, was pitiful enough. It was spent in compromises, retractions, solicitations, querulous complaints. From Malta he went to Trieste, uttering there a protest which his own previous want of firmness and dignity had discredited beforehand.

The semi-maniacal Paul of Russia received with much kindness within

his own dominions some remnant of the knights. He had before the bursting of the storm upon Malta shown much enthusiasm for the name and cause of the great Order, the enemy of the Ottoman, and had received from it the very cross which La Valette had worn. He revived and endowed liberally the Polish Grand Priory, and constituted another for members of the Greek Church, which even the Pope was induced to look upon with a certain toleration. An irregular declaration of Hompesch's fall from the Grand Mastership took place at St. Petersburg, and thereupon followed Paul's own election to the dignity. He set his wayward will upon a general recognition of its validity, perhaps seeing in the shadowy title, when fully acknowledged, a substantial claim, to be urged hereafter, upon possession of the island fortress of Malta.

Indeed, when the successes of the French armies were pressing Austria sore in 1799 he gave his auxiliary troops orders to halt, though upon the very frontiers, insisting upon this, amongst other things, that the Austrian Cabinet should extort from Hompesch a formal resignation. Some document the hapless man did certainly subscribe, but we have before us as we write a formal disclaimer of it made by him at Porto Fermo in 1802. Paul was then dead, and Alexander, his successor, had referred to such members of the Order as yet clung together, and to the Pope, who had ever exercised a certain suzerainty over it even in its days of independence, activity, and glory, the task of electing a Grand Master, in disregard of such phantom claims as might yet be vested in the person of Ferdinand von Hompesch.

"The pretended resignation of which mention is made," he writes, "has no existence. What I signed at Trieste on July 5th, 1799, is a simple letter, containing only a project for resignation. This letter which I signed, but under compulsion, was not of my framing, but was sent me by the Cabinet of Vienna, with an absolute order from his imperial and royal Majesty to sign it, *under penalty of becoming the personal enemy of his I. R. Majesty*, and of being treated as a state prisoner."

Tommasi was the person selected by the Pope to fill—if, indeed, it

were vacant—the office of Grand Master ; but since his death in 1805 no such nomination has taken place, a simple “Lieutenant” succeeding to an intermediary headship of the Order.

Hompesch died at Montpellier in the same year, and a month only before the decease of that Tommasi, whom he looked upon as an unauthorized intruder. Major Porter assures us that he died in extreme poverty, a circumstance somewhat—though not altogether—surprising. His penury had for years been great. His correspondence with Bonaparte, with the Pope, with cardinals and others, is full of those perhaps unavoidable but rarely dignified appeals to which it has been often the hard fate of exiled and penniless princes to recur. The capitulation—against which he had protested, and from which, therefore, he was hardly entitled to derive pecuniary benefit—had stipulated for himself an annual pension of 300,000 francs. He was, moreover, to receive two years in hand as a sort of compensation for his personal property. Some portion of this latter sum, we believe, was actually paid him, but went to stop rather than satisfy the more urgent demands of his many creditors. The pension remained unpaid, and the deposed Grand Master was indebted chiefly to the kindness of the Pope for such petty resources as he could command. We have seen a letter of Cardinal Consalvi to him—12th November, 1803—regretting that his holiness could not afford to put any larger sum at his disposal than 300 scudi—about sixty guineas.

But in 1804, on the twelfth of August, he wrote his acknowledgments to the Emperor, at Paris, for having actually conferred upon him a pension equal to the sum named in the Convention of Malta.*

“Les circonstances me rendirent malheureux Votre Majesté a mis une fin à mes infortunes.”

We have also seen letters from Madame Letizia, from the Pontiff himself, and other eminent personages, congratulating him upon the Emperor's bounty, and are, therefore,

not able entirely to explain his destitution at the time of his decease.

That the projects of the First Consul in favour of the restoration of the Order at Malta by the Treaty of Amiens came to nothing is well known. If any one should doubt that his plan was conceived mainly with a view to rescue the island from the strong grasp of England, who had starved out thence the French garrison left there by himself, we think this last extract we will give from the correspondence of Hompesch may serve to clear the doubt:—†

“GENERAL FIRST CONSUL,—My Order will ever remember that it will owe Malta to you, and that by you it will exist. The Order of St. John of Jerusalem owes its birth to France, will owe to France its re-establishment, it will sustain itself by that high protection alone. My enemies have endeavoured to blacken my honour, and have not succeeded ; the truth unveiled has imposed silence upon them. They wish for another Grand Master, who would establish a new system, according to their private views, diametrically opposed to the interest of France, and to the prerogatives enjoyed by Frenchmen since all time in the Order. I have put all my respectful confidence entirely in you, General First Consul, and from the time that I have been enabled happily to be assured of your magnanimous sentiments towards me, I have felt sure of my triumph, and of my return to Malta at the head of my Order.

“An unshakable confidence, as also a most lively, sincere, and indelible gratitude will ever remain engraven upon my heart, that it is to your high and powerful protection, and to the loyalty of the French government, that I shall owe my re-establishment in the sovereignty of Malta, and in the maintenance in my dignity as Grand Master. I beg you, General First Consul, to deign acceptance of my very humbly returned thanks, which I most respectfully tender to you in my name, and in that of my Order.”

Malta, which was not the first loss of the revolutionary period to the Order, was not the last. Different vicissitudes, in the political and social state even of those countries where the Reformation had not and has not obtained, have, during the cataclysm

* MSS. penes Ordin. Malt. in Româ.

† MSS. Order of St. John, Rome. No. 492. Busta, No. 18. 1801.

of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, shorn it by degrees of all its former possessions. What little yet remains, is to be found within the Papal states.

At Rome, for instance, wandering upon the Aventine hill, the same traveller who, perchance, at Jerusalem, in Cyprus, at Rhodes, upon the Lycian coast, at Malta, has loved to trace the footsteps of the warrior monks of the Hospital, may be attracted by the well-known insignia of the pointed cross above the doorway of an enclosure, where in a garden stands a villa and an adjoining church. Admitted within, he shall be struck with the beauty of a vista, where, between over-arching bays, the great cupola of St. Peter's rises majestic in mid air. Advancing to the terrace, he shall see the sweep of yellow Tiber out of the confused and ruinous grandeur of the piles, which so many centuries have heaped near its banks, and the eye may follow it away far round, beyond the great basilica of St. Paul, rising from its ashes outside the city walls—away on the great champaign which stretches to the Mediterranean sea. The church, of ancient and venerable foundation, is white and raw within, the work of a modern plasterer. "For," will say the cicerone, "across the river, signor, just there, on the brow of the hill, the French batteries played during the last siege of Rome, and the church became a ruin."

Some few tombs, however, are sculptured there, with names which read familiar to the eye which has scanned the chronicles of the Order of St. John. This is the Priorato, still possessed by that one of the Roman Cardinals, who, by the virtue of ancient convention and customs, holds at Rome the office of Grand Prior of the Hospital.

Returning thence, if his place of sojourn chance to be in that one quarter of the great city where English

tourists most usually find their house of entertainment, he will pass up, in all likelihood, the well-known Via de Condotti. As he saunters up, facing the noble flight of steps above which stands the Trinita de Monti, he may observe on his left hand, upon the angle of a house, itself the angle of an intersecting street, one of those marble tablets with armorial bearings and inscriptions, of which the frequency destroys so often the significance in Rome. It tells how Bosio, the great Italian historian of the Order, spent there his many years of literary toil; occupying the house in virtue of his character as resident ambassador of Malta to the Roman See.

Casting a glance beneath the arched door-way as he goes by, our tourist will observe the white cross of eight points emblazoned on its field gules, surmounting the fountain, which plashes between green bushes, after the delightful fashion of the city of aqueducts.

Should he be happy enough to have an introduction to any of the members of the confraternity which yet holds and occupies this Hotel of the Order, he will testify, on leaving its door, as we do, that an exquisite and generous courtesy is one chivalrous characteristic that adorns it singularly still.

As he thinks upon rumours, plans, and schemes of revival, of which perchance elsewhere he may have heard, however lively may be his sympathy, however profound his respect, spite of differences in creed and conviction, for the motives which may animate their propounders; he will, perhaps, agree with us, that this dramatic history has been too complete to call for an after act under the self-same title; and that it were not amiss, at least in historical propriety, should one line still continue to sum up all that may be said of the once renowned community—

"Stat Magni Nominis Umbra!"

THE IRISH POOR LAW INQUIRY.

HAVING, in a former number of this Magazine, traced the history of the Irish Poor Laws, and expounded the principles upon which, after long experience elsewhere and much careful reflection, these enactments were ultimately founded, the suggestions of alleged reform since made to the Parliamentary Committee by several leading witnesses may now perhaps usefully be noticed in detail. A large amount of important information has, no doubt, been elicited; and the apologists and enemies of the existing system have both enjoyed ample opportunity of stating the conclusions at which they have arrived, and the facts upon which those are based. Considering the nature and drift of the tedious examinations into which several of their number contrived to lead individuals elaborately prepared for the investigation, the members of the tribunal have discharged their irksome and onerous duties from day to day with commendable patience. Whatever report they may finally prepare, no one can accuse them of precipitancy. If there be any semblance of onesidedness about their proceedings, it is in favour of the objectors to the law, whose evidence has been presented with undue minuteness and unnecessary repetitions. This, however, is scarcely to be regretted, as the public and the legislature must be now considered as having the whole case before them. The data are full and complete. The management of the Irish poor ought, therefore, to be for the future rendered as perfect as a human institution can be made. No legitimate grounds of complaint should be suffered to exist, that as far as possible the public of all classes and opinions may be united in sympathy with the laws, and in a desire to give them efficacy. It is with an honest anxiety to remedy defects, to remove injustice, to promote the moral and physical well-being of the poor, to augment their spiritual opportunities, to deal magnanimously and bountifully with them in short, that we review the statements put before the Committee.

It may be admitted, that at any risk of increase to the rates, our duty

is to provide liberally for the wants of the destitute of every description; not only to house and feed them, but to train them to industrious habits, to look after their eternal interests, to raise them out of the slough of pauperism, so as by degrees to diminish poverty as a moral and financial burden upon the community. The question is not now as between a poor law and voluntary relief, the form of the discussion in earlier times, but between a scheme of relief that has worked, it will be allowed, tolerably well for a number of years; and another and novel one, started under high authority, with the view of superseding existing arrangements, in great part by means, too, which were condemned a score years ago, after, as we have shown in a previous article, full and fair trial had been made of them.

But it is contended that those who would now "reform" the poor laws, do not contemplate "indiscriminate" out-door relief. Probably not in the widest sense of the word. But have they informed us to what exact extent they would carry their projects of extra-workhouse philanthropy? By what method, of an intelligible and effective kind, do they propose to decide who are fit recipients of out-door relief? If their scheme is to be discriminating, on what principle? How do we know whether the persons to be relieved in a district, under this changed system, will number one hundred or a thousand? Can they afford us any means of determining whether the effect will be to add a third or a fifth to the rates, or to double or even treble them? It is the undefinable and illimitable character of the plan of compulsory out-door relief which renders inevitable that indiscrimination among recipients so certain to prove perilous to the interests of society. There must be, from the nature of things, the widest discretion left with clergymen, officials, and guardians, under the proposed arrangements, as to the application of the out-door principle, and from this necessarily extensive latitude enormous abuses cannot but

spring. A cottier has a piece of potato-ground, and works in the fields of neighbouring farmers. He is just able by this means to keep a bit of bread in his own and in his children's mouths. He struggles hard and meritoriously, however, to accomplish this, rather than enter the workhouse and proclaim himself a pauper. He is often pinched even for food. There are days when his own stomach is left empty that his children may have a little. To increase his resources, even by a few pence, he is ready to undertake extra small services after his day's work is over. Altogether, he is a hardworking, honest man, able to live with difficulty, and no more. How would such an individual be affected by a system of out-door relief? Would it be wise or mistaken charity to put him upon the rates on the first occasion when work grew slack, and the maintenance of his family became additionally uncertain? Suppose he received two or three shillings per week—who that knows the peasantry of any country, is prepared to deny that the result would be to disincline him to exertion, to lessen his self-reliance, and quickly to degrade him to the condition of the idle and contented pauper. The moral effect upon him would be of the worst kind, whilst the improvement in his physical condition, or that of his family, would be absolutely nothing. Here would be an instance of misdirected philanthropy; a profound and pernicious error, even where the person so “relieved,” as far as character went, and claims from the number of his children, was deserving; but, in the majority of cases, this title would not exist. Idlers and vicious persons would find no difficulty in making good market of their self-inflicted misery. Pious and feeling clergymen, a class proverbially easy to be imposed upon, would use their influence in behalf of questionable claimants, and the rates would be burdened with the support, and, still more seriously, with the parental responsibilities, of worthless individuals, who, thrown on their own resources, might, on the contrary, have been forced to strive for their bread like other men. There would, in truth, be no end to the abuses possible to an out-door system, unrestrained by an effective prin-

ciple. In England, under the old law, there were actually cases where the servants of well-to-do people were put on out-door relief at the instance of their employers, the sum received being, so far as it went, regarded as in lieu of wages.

It is remarkable, moreover, that the system of out-door relief in the sister country was accompanied with a low rate of remuneration for agricultural labourers. The same result would infallibly attend the introduction of the principle here. Farmers would only give their servants as much as, in addition to the sums received from the poor-rate, would enable the labourer to keep flesh and bone together. Agriculturists would receive about what they now receive, with this difference, that a portion would come from the rates, and as at any moment there would be little difficulty in providing for the labourer and his family from the latter source solely, they would be discharged from employment without the least scruple. The tenant only pays half the rate, but he would have had to pay the whole of the labourer's wages in order to retain him. For the perpetration of these and other devices the out-door principle is much too facile. It is regarded with just apprehension, therefore, by boards of guardians as well as the general public. The grand object of a wise poor law administration would be to diminish pauperism, but this scheme must double the number of persons chargeable upon the rates the first month it came into operation.

It is asserted, however, that the numbers of the individuals now receiving relief in and out of Irish workhouses do not represent anything like the entire destitute population. The workhouse, it is said, is a place so uninviting in itself that our poor prefer rather to starve than to become its inmates. Even on the first blush the statement seems incredible enough, and, we ask, what is their objection? It must be a serious one to overcome the impulses of hunger. Is there such a sentiment of independence among the people that they will endure the severest privations before availing themselves of public assistance on the terms of being declared paupers? Notwithstanding our ready sympathy with all that is excellent in our Irish character, we cannot give our poorer

countrymen credit for this romantic pride. If it exist at all, it is of a very mild form, and is an exceptional quality. It certainly does not go to the extent of interfering with the efficiency of the poor law. Whence, then, the disinclination to enter the workhouse? Those who have magnified this feeling, forced to find grounds for it, fall back upon evils alleged to prevail in the management of these buildings. They affirm that the contaminating influence of association with all sorts of characters among an unclassified mass of paupers deters the virtuous destitute from entering the house. They find a cause of dislike to it, also, in absence of opportunities for private and public devotion. They maintain further, that young children are neglected, and that the mortality among them is astoundingly greater than among children of the poor outside. But no one of these allegations has been sustained before the Parliamentary Committee. Isolated cases of mismanagement may exist—though even in such of these as were detailed the testimony of a class of witnesses has been challenged, and, in important points, disproved—but there is here no justification for the popular prejudice against the workhouse of which so much is attempted to be made.

The assertion that the *destitute* avoid the workhouse in truth is a mere fiction. The numbers of the poor relieved in Ireland bear exactly the proportion to those relieved in England or Scotland that we should expect, taking into account the present respective condition of the countries, the overcrowded population of the manufacturing districts of the latter two, and the increasing liability to fluctuations in trade, along with, on the other hand, the steady demand for labour that has been experienced on this side of the channel for some five or six years past. The existence of any considerable amount of destitution unrelieved by present arrangements is emphatically denied. A distinction must be borne in mind, however, between destitution and the poverty which struggles through its difficulties with greater or less occasional and temporary suffering. The latter it is not the business of the public to relieve. It would not be

politic to make the attempt. Far better for society is it that, hard though their lot be, the poor and not destitute should be left to their own resources.

If the present workhouse arrangements, then, be not defective, though failing to embrace the destitute population (we have workhouse accommodation for a vastly greater number than require it), the question arises whether an Indoor system is preferable to an Outdoor, and whether from the former the grave and multiplied abuses alleged by certain witnesses have sprung. All the evidence before the Committee of any weight, goes to sustain the received methods and to challenge and dissipate the statements upon which it has been sought to overthrow them. Before showing this, it will be well to remind the reader that since the appearance of the paper on this important subject in last number of the *Dublin University Magazine*, every board of guardians of a union of any magnitude has pronounced against the scheme openly favoured by a section of the Committee. Among those most active in the discussions having this result, must also be ranked a large number of Roman Catholic gentlemen whom it is impossible for their co-religionists to charge with insensibility to the wants of the poor. As an example it will suffice to take the resolution arrived at by the Skibbereen Union, as moved by a Roman Catholic guardian—Mr. M'Carthy Downing—a person of well-known strong sentiments on political matters, the last clause of whose draft shows his willingness even to stretch a point towards the ultramontane idea:—“That as any general system of outdoor relief would tend to paralyze the independent exertions of many who are at present self-supporting, and would so increase taxation that many who are now rate-payers would become the recipients of poor law relief, and eventually result in inflicting deep and permanent injury on all classes of society, we are of opinion that the present powers of boards of guardians to give out-door relief, as specified in first section of the 10th Vic., cap. 31, are sufficient, provided that such powers are extended so as to include the families of those, who, by reason of being disabled from

labour by sickness or accident, are thereby deprived of the means of earning a subsistence for themselves and their families."

Turn now to the leading evidence presented to the Committee, which there need be less scruple in discussing, as one of the members of the tribunal has made what portion best suited him the subject of encomium in his own journal over his well-known initials.

On one side stand Archbishop Cullen, Mrs. Woodlock, Mr. Place, ex-officio guardian of the South Dublin Union, and a guardian from Drogheda. There are ranged on the other Mr. Weddick, master of the North Dublin Union, an intelligent officer, who gave his testimony with succinctness and in the frankest manner; Mr. M'Farlane, chairman of the same board, and Mr. Byrne, an elected guardian—as spokesmen for the rate-payers and the public.

The evidence of Dr. Cullen and Mrs. Woodlock in the first place, proved so much alike as to suggest that the Archbishop simply conveyed to the Committee what had been put into his mouth by his subordinates—possibly in greatest part by this very lady herself. She is superioress of a benevolent institution called St. Joseph's Asylum, and her principal object in discrediting the arrangements of workhouses was to have the pauper children and growing girls transferred to schools like that under her own care, the ratepayers to pay her, and persons in her position, for their maintenance. A considerable portion of her examination was confined by her friendly interrogator to laudations of the institution of which she is foundress. She disapproved of the manner of bringing up girls in the workhouse "without family ties and massed together." The "system led to laziness, apathy, and selfishness. The girls were allowed to remain too long in bed, and their chief occupation was talk." She had communicated with several ladies throughout Ireland (ecclesiastical persons, doubtless, and members of orders), and had found that their opinions agreed with her own. She "did not think that proper industrial training could be carried on in the workhouse schools. To stimulate such education the proper motives for work should

be put before the workers, and there was no such motive to operate on workhouse girls. The poor generally regarded it in this light (the poor, according to Mrs. Woodlock, are very wise and provident, and have an intimate acquaintance with poor law management), and were averse to entering the poorhouse to such an extent, in some instances, as to part with their clothes, and to be almost reduced to starvation, before they consented to take relief."

The plan of reform proffered by this benevolent lady, as described beneath by herself (Dr. Cullen's evidence suspiciously accords with hers down to forms of expression), may be taken as embodying the views of the ecclesiastical party who are now striving to revolutionize the administration in other departments besides the poor-law:—

"I would adopt (says Mrs. Woodlock) the proposal made to parliament of sending out orphan children to the care of families outside of the workhouse, that the family tie might be promoted; when the children had been placed in these families some time, they should then be put in industrial schools (Mr. Maguire's Bill), and if they ever be compelled to return to the poorhouse, should be called on to support themselves; *the less they had to do with the workhouse the better*" (it is asserted in face of such avowals, that these projects do not involve an extensive and costly system of out-door relief!) "the industrial establishments in which the girls should be trained, were to be independent of the workhouse management, though supported at the cost of the poor-rates; I would give the poor-law officials the opportunity of inspecting them; it would be in the power of the guardians to apply the rates to the support of the girls, either in private families—in the case of girls under fifteen.—or in industrial establishments, independent of the workhouse, where inspection would be permitted, but otherwise they would be independent of workhouse control."

Before examining the propriety of these suggestions, let us see what they would come to in practical operation. A large proportion of the inmates of workhouses are children, young girls, and heads of families—deaf and dumb, blind, and orphans. It is proposed to remove these several classes from the workhouses, and from under the direct control of officials responsible

to the State and the ratepayers, the children to be reared in the families of the peasantry or in religious houses, the young girls sent to convent schools, those inmates with families to be supported on a principle of compulsory out-door relief, the deaf and dumb, and blind, to be placed in institutions established by religious bodies, at a payment per head for maintenance and instruction, and all orphans and deserted children to be committed to Mrs. Woodlocks or Miss Aylwards. Yet it is denied that this is a project of indiscriminate out-door relief! The difficulty is really in finding any class of persons for whom the workhouse is considered by this party to be suitable, and for whom it would be necessary to keep it open after their "reforms" had been brought about. As persons eligible for in-door relief there would then only remain single men and women without encumbrance, not having ache or ailment, and able-bodied persons casually out of employment. In a healthy state of society there ought to be few such, and their number is at present reduced pretty nearly to a minimum in Ireland. To encourage such persons to run into the workhouse every morning they cannot immediately find hirers of labour, is certainly not wise. Let the plans of Dr. Cullen, Mrs. Woodlock, and Mr. Maguire, however, be adopted, and we may close, as useless, half the workhouses that have been erected at so enormous an expense; or rather, being forced still to keep all open, from a small amount of able-bodied destitution being inevitable in every parish in the best of times, we shall be saddled with establishment charges hugely disproportionate to the number of the in-door poor. Almost for every pauper there would be an official.

Something ludicrous it will be, indeed, to witness an enormous palatial structure, with numerous under-servants, master, matron, clerk, store-keeper, schoolmaster, schoolmistress, agriculturist, Roman Catholic chaplain, or chaplains, Protestant chaplain, Presbyterian chaplain, with its equipment of implements for field work, its farm and dairy, its appliances for all orders of worship, its board and its rates, the entire apparatus, in short, of a rather overdone philanthropy, kept up for the physical and moral

management of say half a score of paupers. Yet something like this is what must happen, should the out-door scheme be sanctioned. Everybody perceives that to remove from the workhouse the children, parents, growing girls, and infirm, for the purpose of relieving them elsewhere at the ratepayer's expense, will be not only to paralyze the agricultural and industrial occupations carried on in the workhouses largely by the labour of the classes proposed to be removed, but, by overthrowing all existing arrangements, to create an outlay all but appalling to contemplate. It is utterly impossible for any one to calculate what would be the total expenditure under the out-door system as thus attempted; but that it would add considerably more than two-thirds to the present cost is no excessive estimate. Some who ought to know a deal about the matter have even computed the national expense for the support of the poor, according to the plans laid before the Committee, at fully double what it now amounts to.

It is easy to see that the support to be given outside the workhouses, in industrial schools, and orphanages, would be an element of expense almost the entire of which must be added to the full existing outlay, as the workhouses could scarcely be reduced in number by the introduction of the out-door system, and the establishment charges certainly could not be diminished. Mr. Dunne, magistrate of Louth, and ex-officio guardian of the Drogheda Union, was oblivious of this circumstance, as also seemed Dr. Denis Phelan, when both described the out-door system as cheaper than the in-door.

This argument brings into stronger light the extraordinary nature of Dr. Cullen's demand for the erection of special chapels in workhouses, and for the increase of salaries of chaplains, and their number, at the entire discretion of the papal bishops. The principle of exclusive episcopal control is entirely indefensible. It could not be consented to without establishing in this country that clerical supremacy resisted nowhere more vigorously than in exclusively Roman Catholic countries. It is not to the question of principle, however, that we mean now to refer, but to the specially unwarrantable character of such

claims as preferred by the very party who in the same breath propose to deprive the workhouses of the bulk of their inmates. If the children, the young females, and the married, be removed, under an out-door scheme, surely the existing arrangements for the celebration of divine worship are more than adequate, and the chaplains sufficient in number, and fairly salaried. It is rather too much to call for increased emoluments and a larger chaplaincy staff concurrently with an extensive limitation of their duties. The mention of this inconsistency may illustrate the spirit in which the reforms of the assailing party are conceived.

Let us see, however, whether the foundation laid for all these changes by the evidence of Dr. Cullen, Mrs. Woodlock, and others, is a sound one. If their statements be proved incorrect, *cadit questio*. Now there is scarcely an allegation made by them that has not been impeached by subsequent witnesses—persons, too, who have not had their information from hearsay but have, for periods varying from ten to five-and-twenty years, been intimately connected with the poor law administration, and have enjoyed the best possible opportunities for witnessing its defects. The testimony of these parties is only now, in fact, beginning to come out. The ultramontane party were permitted to make their case. They were elaborately prepared for the occasion (nearly two years ago they boasted that they would have a Parliamentary Committee); but the very magnitude and organization of their effort have aroused boards of guardians and rate-payers, whose more practical and experienced views are now being elicited. This more reliable class of witnesses have been well represented by Mr. M'Farlane, chairman of the North Dublin Union, and Mr. Weddick, master of the same Workhouse, the latter being a Roman Catholic, and having twenty-one years' experience. Take the evidence of Mr. M'Farlane first, and what is found? A complete and emphatic contradiction of the statements and conclusions propounded by Archbishop Cullen and the witnesses on his side. The conflict of opinion on matters which one would have thought scarcely capable of such diversity, is astonishing. With refer-

ence to industrial training, for instance, the chairman of the North Dublin Union says (and what shadow of ground there is for Mr. Maguire's unparalleled and dangerous Bill, after such a correction of the ultramontane representations, it is difficult to see):—

“With regard to the industrial training, I think Mr. Weddick has faithfully described the position of the children. I do not think the boys and girls are brought up in a way which prevents them from earning a livelihood hereafter. On the contrary, I do not think they would be so well prepared to get a livelihood if they were brought up out of the house. The girls are kept constantly sewing when they have no other duties, literary or domestic, to attend to. The habits of discipline in the workhouse, could not, I think, be acquired out of it. Indeed I have not seen such neatness as we have in the workhouse, unless, perhaps, in an English cottage. I think that a girl that has been brought up in the workhouse till the age of fifteen is as well qualified to earn her bread when she leaves it as she could possibly be in any school of a similar nature. Children brought up among farmers might be more generally useful, but would not have contracted similar habits of cleanliness. I am an ex-officio guardian of a union in the county of Tyrone, and of Thomastown Union, county of Kilkenny, and I have always been astonished at the amount of training they receive. My surprise is that those of whose previous conduct we have known something unfavourable become so quiet and orderly when they enter the workhouse. I am sure that the young women do not suffer from admixture with the adult class. I have spoken to both the Roman Catholic and Protestant chaplains, and their opinion justifies my own, that no contamination has taken place. We classify women, so far as we can elicit their character at the admission board. We bake our own bread, and I don't think the citizens generally have so good; we are likewise most attentive to the quality of the milk. We considered the subject of out-door relief at our board, and a very strong decision was come to that there should be no alteration in the law on that subject. After the famine we offered the workhouse test, on a large scale, to those receiving out-door relief, and the numbers on our list fell off 19,000 in the course of three weeks. Applicants for relief are freely admitted. There is no exclusion on the ground of impropriety of character. The general working of the house was most satisfactory. In the three years that I have been chairman,

there have been only two cases of women within the workhouse having been punished for disorderly conduct. One of those, we learned afterwards, was almost of unsound mind; from the 13th July, 1857, to the present time, there had been no conviction of any boys sent from 'the sheds.'

"Mr. M'Farlane said he had spoken to guardians of the South Dublin Union, who had told him that there were very few immoral women in that workhouse, and that when they came in they were generally better conducted than the others.

"Mr. M'Farlane, in reply to Mr. Waldron, stated—As long as out-door relief was being given the people, they would make no exertions for themselves. I made an effort at that time to give additional work, and offered one shilling a-day; but the tenantry, on an estate of 2,000 acres, refused to accept it, because, they said, 'tenpence a-day and idleness was better than one shilling a-day and work' (laughter). I mention that as an illustration of the feeling with which out-door relief is regarded in Ireland."

Mr. M'Farlane has supplied a motto for Dr. Cullen's poor law scheme of out-door relief—"Tenpence a-day and idleness." That is the state of things which it would create. Work would become irksome to every man who, by making interest with his priest (ecclesiastics being, according to another part of the plan, ex-officio guardians), could obtain a few pence per diem in glorious idleness. This gentleman's experience is the result in a nutshell. A general paralysis of the popular mind would ensue, and the country, immediately losing that spirit of industry which it has been found so difficult to awaken in the peasantry, would fall back twenty years at least. Mark how startling the contrast between Mr. M'Farlane's responsible official evidence, with reference to the character, habits, and training of the pauper girls, and Mrs. Woodlock's account of them in the same workhouse. The latter said—

"Since the year 1851 she was much interested in the management of industrial schools in Ireland; she went to the North Dublin Union, and was brought by the Roman Catholic chaplain through the adult ward; the chaplain found fault with the classification, as the source of much mischief among the growing-up girls; at that visit she selected two chil-

dren; she thought the association of growing-up girls with those of a polluted class had the same effect as a glandered horse put in among sound ones; on a visit to the girls' ward, under fifteen, she did not find any girl steady enough to be taken to the institute (the St. Joseph's Asylum), of which she was founder; the matron of the North Dublin Union told her she regarded with horror the time when girls were obliged to leave the poorhouse; out of fourteen or fifteen of those selected in that union, not one of them was so far instructed as to be able to make a shirt, though one of them was adapted in a literary way to obtain occupation: she would prefer to make the industrial occupation the principal, instead of the subordinate duty; the matron of that union was most anxious that they should be trained to industrial work; out of the fifteen girls selected, ten of them had been monitors; all of them, with one exception, had been eight years in the house; six of the fifteen taken from the workhouse were placed out, as they were ignorant of the ordinary articles of life, and scarce care for dressing themselves; to teach them domestic duties, with their unmanageable tempers, would have required too long a time, and after some months' trial, three of the six returned to the workhouse; a fourth went to service, and had never been of use in consequence of her temper; the fifth, though of a good natural disposition, and so allowed to retain her place, had really been unfitted, in many respects, to hold it; the sixth turned out well, and was the only instance of successful training; of the remaining fifteen, six were still in the institute, and cared not to be sent to service; they had been taught to sew and make gloves, but had no independent feelings to induce them to work; there were eleven girls altogether in the institute, and the five which had not been in the workhouse showed an entirely different disposition; there had been thirty-six of that class trained in the institute, all of whom had turned out respectably; she did not think that proper industrial training could be carried out in workhouse schools; to stimulate such education, the proper motives for work should be put before the workers, and there was no such motive to operate on workhouse girls; the poor generally regarded it in this light, and were averse to entering the poorhouse, to such an extent, in some instances, as to part with their clothes, and to be almost reduced to starvation before they consented to take relief."

The reader can take his choice whether to accept Mrs. Woodlock's

graphic sketches, or the simpler and more businesslike details furnished by the chairman of the Union. The latter is corroborated in every leading particular by the master, Mr. Weddick, whose evidence will bear comparison for succinctness and point with any given since the Committee began their sittings. We shall refer to it in two particulars only—the morals of the inmates, and the provision made for industrial training. The master said :

“During the last three years we have put out at service a considerable number of boys and girls, with a satisfactory result ; very few of them have returned to the house ; we have about thirty boys in the adult male ward, and of these but ten or fifteen are able to work ; during the last ten years we have provided for about 800 boys, and if any considerable number had come back they would be in the house ; I do not think that any serious inconvenience is felt at the board in consequence of there not being any legal power to apprentice boys and girls ; as a rule we did not allow boys or girls under fifteen to claim their discharge ; all such persons are taken before the weekly board, and if it can be shown that they can gain a livelihood, they would be allowed to go out ; there are not more than forty girls at present in the house who could get employment ; there is no proneness on the part of the workhouse girls to return to the workhouse ; I do not know of a single case in which a workhouse girl has returned the mother of an illegitimate child.

“Mr. Cardwell—What industrial occupation have you got for the girls ?

“Witness—They wash the wards, and we have also a separate laundry for them ; there is likewise a school in which they are taught sewing, and about ten years ago, when we had a workmistress, we trained the girls to make up fine work, embroidery, crochet work, &c. ; some of the work was sent to the Dublin Exhibition and sold, but we would not as a rule make up fine work to compete with the shopkeepers outside ; we endeavour to keep the elder girls in the school longer than the proper time, to prevent them going into the adult female ward ; during the last eleven years we have sent about thirty of the inmates to gaol for misconduct ; we do not punish the women by confining them in cells ; if I found a woman quarrelsome I would remove her to another part of the house ; when I was at the South Dublin Union a somewhat similar classification to ours was practised, but I have heard that

women of notoriously bad character are separated from the others.”

The same class of evidence precisely was elicited from Mr. Byrne, one of the elected guardians of the South Dublin Union, and a gentleman of sound judgment and large experience. “My opinion,” he said, “is in favour of the law as it at present stands on the subject of out-door relief.” The same gentleman added, with particular reference to the scheme of domesticating pauper children, or of sending them to denominational institutions :—“I think that the returns of mortality amongst children in the workhouse contrast favourably with those relating to a similar class outside ; I deny the absolute necessity of sending children out of the workhouse, but I do not object to sending them out up to the age of twelve, or thirteen or fourteen ; up to two years is the most fatal time as regards mortality for children in the workhouse, and the same is the case with children outside.”

In reference also to the position and influence of ex-officio guardians, Mr. Byrne stated his views thus :—

“I think that the ex-officio guardians, from their position, intelligence, and the amount of property which they possess, have a very great interest in promoting the morality of the inmates, and in the general prosperity of the Union ; there is property to the value of £307,470 unrepresented by the elected guardians, and which would be altogether unrepresented only for the ex-officios ; I think it would be unfair to interfere with the privilege of using proxy papers now enjoyed by non-resident rate-payers.”

The same witness eulogised the executive ability and administrative capacity of the Commissioners, which was such, he declared, “as must command for them the admiration of all unprejudiced persons.” In like manner as to the industrial question, he proved by what has been actually accomplished in the South Dublin Union Workhouse, that there is no necessity to go outside such buildings for the means of teaching both males and females to earn their bread by trades or in service.

“The boys in our house are instructed in industrial occupations ; every boy whose health allows of it is taught a

trade; within two years 135 boys have left the house; of these only twenty-one have returned, the other ninety-seven have remained in their situations, and my opinion is, that they have succeeded; it does not follow that the twenty-one boys who returned did not conduct themselves in their situations; the statements which I have read as having been made here on the subject of the conduct of the girls reared in workhouses are greatly exaggerated."

Along with the Committee, it is our purpose to avoid the point of "interference" by "a certain very important officer," referred to in Mr. Byrne's evidence, as we have not the least wish to give this discussion a sectarian turn. It is our desire to treat the topic strictly as one of social philosophy and fiscal economy, and to prove that the poor law system will become dangerous in Ireland just in so far as it leaves the workhouse and branches forth into quasi-philanthropical out-door projects. Let it not be supposed, either, that the persons examined from the Dublin Unions state facts and principles applicable to those workhouses and not true of rural districts. We can say, from a large and recent correspondence with boards of guardians, and a rather extensive observation, that the same views are held universally. This, in fact, has been established beyond doubt by the number of petitions sent forward to the Committee since the designs of the agitating party became apparent. The rate-payers are in agreement, without distinction of class, station, or creed. If the Legislature consent to the changes sought, in the direction of out-door arrangements, it will be in defiance of the good sense of the public and the earnest remonstrances of all who know anything of the question.

We are not to be regarded, however, as insensible to defects in the existing system. The only way of meeting ill-considered propositions of change is to remedy whatever can be shown to be wrong or pernicious. It does seem proved that the workhouse arrangements are not as perfect as they might easily be made; but we must take care that we do not seek the remedy by mistaken methods. The supervision of officers is not as strict and continuous as would be desirable. The "establishment" is large enough,

but the officials are not under such a control as would compel them to deal considerately with the inmates. Much of the disinclination of the poor to enter the workhouses may be owing to the harshness of those placed in authority there. Now, it is plain that from the divided state of a board of guardians—divided by political or religious discords—the officers may find that they are in a position to do precisely much as they please. Cases of this kind exist. Something else is wanting besides the local government, liable to get out of order from causes of the vital kind specified. We consider, then, that it would be a serious error to diminish the authority of the Commissioners and the Executive over any class of the officers, not excluding even the chaplains. Clergymen, like other persons, are fallible. They are not, unfortunately, superior to the influences of party. Enable them to resist civil authority, and all experience shows that they will only too readily assert the superiority of the ecclesiastical principle. Nor will they confine their pretensions to the spiritual sphere. The wide range of their functions, touching as these do the physical as well as moral and religious welfare of the pauper population, will excuse them for interfering in matters of dietary, clothing, and disciplinary regulations, as well as in education. This interference may be wise and scrupulous, or the contrary. It may be rash, arrogant, and disturbing, just in proportion as it is earnest and well-intended. To make the clergyman a sort of sovereign of officials in workhouses, from whom there is no appeal, and over whom there is no authority, would be as inexpedient as it is against every principle of good government. The secular functionaries have nothing to do with the doctrines which he teaches. In our argument we may say, of Protestant or Roman Catholic, *nullo mihi discrimine agatur*. Both should obey in matters not spiritual, and both should be perfectly free and uncontrolled in matters ritualistic and doctrinal. It is impossible to conceal the fact, however, that it is only on behalf of the Roman Catholic clergyman that the claim for an inordinate and inconvenient independence is set up. No difficulties have arisen with Protestant chap-

lains. They have not been accused, that the writer is aware, of taking the reins in their hands. No bishop of the National Church has preferred the claims for his clergy with which Archbishop Cullen has startled the Parliamentary Committee and the public. It is from the Roman Catholic side that this form of attack upon the official rights of the Commissioners comes. Admit the principle contended for, that the priest is subject in no particular to any superior but his diocesan, and it becomes from that moment impossible to secure the orderly and successful management of any workhouse. It is not pretended that any Roman Catholic chaplain will lay himself out to be disagreeable, but mistaken views of his duty, commendable though misapplied zeal, will hurry him into conflicts with the guardians and the Commissioners, for the effective settlement of which there will be no power resident in the latter if the complaining, perhaps offending, clerical functionary be not *their* officer. It is obvious, moreover, that the Roman Catholic chaplain's autocracy would be doubly secured to him were his parish priest an ex-officio member of a board of guardians in greatest part composed of his co-religionists. In five-sixths of the unions below the border line of the Northern province the ecclesiastical element would in that case so predominate in the local management that, in fact, the poor law system would become a clerical affair altogether, and the rates would serve as an important appliance of the dominant creed. That, under such circumstances, extensive proselytism might be practised without detection or remedy needs no proof; that an immense and universal state department would be in the hands of a *partiprete* is equally clear. In this startling revolution, too, the very principle of ecclesiastical predominance over the civil institutions would be acknowledged, which, more than police cruelties or judicial iniquities, rendered the Italian tyrannies intolerable, and evoked that marvellous movement so resistless in its course, so defiant of diplomacy, so profound in its motives, and complete in its scope.

This undue power in the hands of a particular officer would be made

more serious if the Commissioners were in greater number Roman Catholics, as is now desired. It is not in human nature that their adherents on the Dublin board should not take the part of the chaplains in the country workhouse. The latter, knowing they had "friends at court," would be tempted to display their authority rather frequently. The public attention would be tortured by daily and bitter disputes, and the feelings of the differing sections of the population, already angered enough, would be increased tenfold in intensity. For result, we should have a state of society the very contrary of that which every statesman for thirty years has been desirous of cultivating.

And here let us protest against the principle—for such it seems to be now considered—that every public board dealing with Roman Catholics and Protestants should be composed of members of those creeds, in number proportionate to their totals as determined by the census-tables. It is a bigoted and wretched idea, and can only end in disorganizing every branch of the administration. The poor law, for example, is a purely secular department. The Commission have nothing in the world to do with the doctrines taught by the chaplains. Their connexion with those officers in other matters is determinable by principles to which any honest and responsible administration can give effect. It does not need that a Commissioner should be an "ultramontane" to guarantee that he will see the paupers fairly treated in their religious conveniences. None but a bigot could think so—a person of the narrowest mind and most suspicious nature. One of the greatest evils of these mixed boards is the "division of labour" to which they lead. After the Commissioners of various creeds have fought till they are sick of wrangling, they usually effect a compromise by retaining, each for himself, that portion of the administration relating to his co-religionists, with which his brother-official consents not to interfere; and thus the worst evils of a separate system, and the despotism of individuals, are forced upon us.

This subject is so extensive and important that more than rapid hints

cannot be given in this place. In reference to industrial schools, it is argued against us that the cost of these in England was only some £5,000 last year; but that offers no precedent for the same system as applied to this country, since in the first place, the bill of Mr. Maguire differs in highly important particulars from the English measure—in the very points too, which would involve the largest expenditure. The English scheme, besides, is only an experiment, and has been condemned already by many sagacious men. That society in this country is peculiar, however, and that considerations belonging to ourselves alone enter into this matter, and influence our opinions upon it, must appear to every candid inquirer. If there must be reforms in the direction of a large philanthropy in connexion with the poorhouse system, it is not in this costly, difficult, and doubtful manner they should be carried out. It is abundantly proven that *within the workhouse itself* a great many improved arrangements may be made; and this is, in a word, the point of the whole matter. Whether we look for improved classification, and that seems necessary, or better industrial training for boys or girls, or a more humane consideration of the family tie among the pauper population, let us try if we cannot give effect to these better methods in the workhouse itself. There is no reason why an industrial school as good as Mrs. Woodlock's, or any other religious lady's, should not exist in every workhouse. The trial made in the North Dublin Union, and elsewhere, has been eminently successful.

We warn the Government and the public against splitting the poor law system into two distinct parts—one in-door, and under secular authority; the other out-door, and ecclesiastical. There is a principle of government as well as a question of expense involved. That under close restrictions out-door relief may be given without danger our experience has proved; but our experience has also proved that beyond the present limitation of this system we cannot go safely. The nursing of very young children is, some say, an exception. In Scotland the infant paupers are lodged with the farm-labourers, and the plan works tolerably well. It cannot be recommended for Ireland, however, without great deliberation, as our peasantry, unfortunately, are of a much lower class than the Scotch, their dwellings and persons not being by any means so clean and tidy as would be desirable for pauper-nurses. For the present the workhouse seems the fitter place for the very young; and whatever serious defects exist in the methods according to which it is managed, let us apply ourselves to the cure of these. It is wise at any rate to try this before drawing away from those institutions, erected and equipped at an expense so enormous, the bulk of their pauper inmates, leaving the buildings almost tenantless and the officials in possession of a sinecure—especially when the alternative offered is an undefinable, uncertain, costly, and unpopular series of schemes of out-door relief, management, and training, opposed to all experience, and, as the majority think, a movement in a decidedly retrograde direction.

A STRAIGHTFORWARD PAPER.

ON FINDING-OUT.

I, for one, remain unconvinced of the utter bliss of the undetected estate. As I take it, implicit faith therein demands, not a partial humbug—I may be that—but an entire porker, from the snout-ring to the bristle on tail-tip. This, in the vernacular which lends the other metaphor, “piles the agony rather too high.”

Other confessionals find kneelers than what extreme ecclesiastical authority sets up. Few men with any mark of human priesthood on them pass middle life, without receiving, willy-nilly revelations, “*sub sigillo*.” Your name is any name but “Bullseye,” your turn of mind anything but detective, your path in life remote from any police-beat open or on the sly. Yet, walking along the dusty life-road, or sauntering along its greener lane, there comes upon you man or woman, may be child, to treat you as did the ancient mariner the wedding-guest. Nothing in the wild rhyme hints that he whom the importunate kept from cold fowl, satin-stringed, and sparkling gooseberry, “had an Owen’s eye for a dead albatross,” or went attired for the “elegant entertainment” in blue coat, with striped cuff, and Z 45 upon the collar. The sentiment of that “old salt,” it seems, was not of thankfulness for not being found out. “Many men, many minds.” Some folk scarcely bare a wound for the surgeon, and shriek as the last lint comes off, with shame rather than pain. Others whip trowser up, stocking down, bandage off, and insist upon inspection, spite of protest that your eye is unprofessional. They know you can’t exhibit ointment, but they must exhibit ulcer; uncovering relieves. So are many confessions made, without even hope of absolution, to air the moral wound.

Mr. Detective Bullseye acknowledges it.

“No sir, I ‘adn’t,” said he, like the man he is, brave all over and honest at core, spite of the round-about ways his duty sometimes takes him.

“No sir : can’t say as I ‘ad.”

I had inquired whether he had nursed previous suspicions that the hollow-eyed cobbler who had given himself in charge that day, was indeed the man who cut his girl-wife’s throat across with a leather knife, three years back, at Northampton.

“‘Ave I seen and ‘eared such like afore, sir? Scores o’ times, though not so bad as this. I always tells ‘em—as it’s no more nor my dooty to—‘there aint no need, young man, or ‘ooman as the case may be, to say nothink to criminate yourself.’”

“‘Shant tell no lies about it, please-man!’ They’ve a told me, sobbin’ fit to break their ‘earts, they ‘ave. ‘I’m glad as it’s come out at last, I am : that’s all about it now!’”

The detected have, indeed, an agony; but the undetected an inward gnawing. A wise, mental practitioner will not rashly strike the balance between two such pains, as pains, to say nothing of their comparative value as life-saving processes.

Even of the cynical philosophy there be two schools: the dog-doctrine, so to speak, and the mere hang-dog-doctrine. So, before accepting this dogma of thankfulness for undetectedness, I should like to know by the canon of which school to interpret. Take the clergyman in his pulpit, since his case is cited for our warning.

Even the “poor swindling, chattering rogue,” who has been “snivelling” over a “stolen sermon,” who has “jilted several women,” and has many “bills unpaid”—even that sad hang-dog may be a sad dog in more senses than one. If, when “he drops his head upon the cushion” he says inwardly, “have they found me out?”—Perhaps he adds, “Would Heaven they had! This living lie work is a punishment, like Cain’s, greater than I can bear.”

I can fancy how many a better man than he, looking down thence upon honest upturned faces, into pure eyes fixed on him, may sweat blood inwardly for anguish—not lest he should

be found out, but because for their sakes he dare not give himself the consolation of precise out-speaking. "Touch not this viper!" cries he. "Oh, drop that!" It would but hurt not edify those honest and tender souls to bare his own skin in their sight and say: "One poison fang, you see bit here! Ah me! one other bit me there! And both are bites of worms that will not die!"

The sage of the tub asks again, in somewhat kindlier mood, whether Paterfamilias "would have his wife and children know him exactly for what he is, and esteem him precisely at his worth?" Should Mr. P. make affirmative answer, forthwith he gets admonished: "If so, my friend, you will live in a dreary house, and you will have but a chilly fireside." Paterfamilias chuckles as he reads, and nods at Materfamilias, as she puts on a new knob of coal. And he *may* chuckle, not because he thinks her chuckle-headed: he knows better: they too have had their confidences.

As for "the wonderful and beautiful provision of nature" which leaves "womankind" unendowed with "the faculty of finding us out," Paterfamilias misdoubts it. He is not so sure that "*they* don't doubt, and probe, and weigh, and take your measure." He is not sure that the sagacious sage of the tub himself is sure of it; because, it seems, that sly dog took his closet key in his pocket when he went to Brighton, and even turned the front-door key upon his Delia. Materfamilias may be a trifle partial to himself. P. likes her none the worse for it; but has a notion, in which I incline to agree with him, that M. in question has the measure of his, P's, foot, and nobler members of him, pretty accurately. My own opinion is, that any Mrs. Poyser of old Greek times, even off a Boeotian farm, would have seen through Diogenes without help from his lantern, and told within an ounce what butter would fill his tub. As for Miss Ismene, whose brothers are home on leave, with other officers, from the Camp of the Seven, or Miss Antigone, who has led a blind father about, if they took up a station before the sage's sunshine, their own bright inquisitorial eyes would throw light enough into the dog-house to see the kind of dog there plain enough.

But I said Paterfamilias and his M.

have had their confidences. Very likely there was little—perhaps ten times oftener than tub-sages think, nothing—to hide at all. I saw a man jump ashore once out of a Swiss boat, on to Sardinian ground, from an Italian lake years ago, in the good old times of Piedmontese Police, before Cavours were thought of, much less Garibaldis. He had a coloured handkerchief in hand, tied up at the four corners. Doganieri, as good custom-house officials should, pursued him, arrested, insisted, untied, at last, the handkerchief. Wherein was nothing: no, not a pinch of snuff! They were much disconcerted at what was found out: he little: flouted them, indeed, with the discovery. Tub-sages have gone a mare's-nesting ere now. This by the way. Don't let me lose mine. Where was I? Oh! at the confidences of P. and M. Nine times out of ten, perhaps, as innocent as unreserved. But how was it the tenth time?

It was perhaps before one brown lock on his temples had grown thin or grey, before one fiery ray was dimmed in his keen eye, before the ring was on her finger or her name knew change. They walked together side by side, or sat together, and had any seen them, not hearing what words passed, he might have thought that man and maid had changed their parts. Because it was the man who hung his head abashed at telling, not the maid at being told the tale. Sad she may have been and shamed to hear it; but her consciousness that the more righteous is the stronger, and that he would need uplifting, kept her upright and firm in body as in mind. He left her nothing to find out. He told her all that had been done amiss. Years have since proved him worthy the sweet pardon sealed on her dear lips.

Perhaps it was much later. The brown locks thinned, leaving but scanty gray, to shield a care-smoothed pate from cold winds which will blow. Tears shed in secret quenched, films of slow growth veiled the fire of his eyes, before she found out all. He hadn't heart to tell her. But she found heart to keep her own and his from breaking at the full discovery. Bless her! Her own wounded heart's blood she made balm for healing his: and so he ever blesses now the day

when at the last he was found out by her.

"Go to Brown's house," say you, good Diogenes, "and tell Mrs. Brown what you think of him, and see what a reception you will get!"

Just that I should deserve, not simply, mind you, sir, for telling her, but for being fool enough to think that I had found out Brown, indeed.

"Found him out, sir, have you?" she might say. Found out some fleck or two—naysome serious fault or two? I have found them out, sir, since we must speak of them; but if you tell me that finding out these contradictions to all his other worth, and kindness, and truth, and good, is finding *him* out, finding out *the man*, sir—then let me tell you, I have found *you* out. *Your* house is a tub. To kennel with you!"

"Fureus quid fœmina possit:" let that pass, snarls Diogenes. Brown cajoles poor Mrs. B. Women are weak. Brown, junior, is a fine young fellow: old B. won't like to be found out by his hopeful, as sooner or later will befall.

And so Brown Junior is a fine young fellow; but young heads don't grow on old shoulders, eh?

"Brown Junior—Tom his name is—got his foot off the narrow path not long ago. Ah! that was the only sweet his father ever got out of the bitter of his own sad experience. He saw the thing in time, and was in time to stop it."

"Tom," said he, "come here my son, alone, into my study with me." Then, indeed, he did—if there was a son of yours by that marriage with Delia, Diogenes, you may guess at what cost to his fatherly heart—he did what that reverend gentleman above was quite right not to do—he bared his breast, and let his young Tom see the scars that seam his skin.

"I went once into that path myself, boy. There are thorns there which leave this kind of scar."

Tom learnt the lesson written on that living parchment. A tub-sage who should sneer about Tom's finding out his father who taught it him, had better get a deep tub, and a narrow, and consult a badger what to do when drawn. For there is a dash of the terrier in Tom, I am told, of the bull breed, moreover.

Being found out, argues a finder

out; and what I least like in certain ways of speech about being so found out, is their tendency to form a certain class of finders. People find pretty much what they look for, provided they be not looking for some of those lost articles which Ariosto affirmed, and Milton denied, to be stored up somewhere in the moon. Human faults and follies, sins and crimes, are not, unhappily, in that category. No need to go looking for them. That philosophy which teaches theoretically, "He is a humbug, so am I; he knows that I am, what I know that he is," often degenerates into the practical teaching, "Let us both be what we know we are. Humbug for ever!" The vulgar proverb, "Findings are keepings," may come too true. I don't and won't admire the moral exercitation which tells the beads on its social rosary; Mrs. Longbow shoots well, with poisoned arrows; Mrs. Painter, is a pretty woman—hers is the vegetable, not the mineral carmine; Diana Hunter, is a haughty little prude—and for farther particulars ask Endymion de Boots of the Guards.

I stood target once to Mrs. Longbow, and found no smart from her arrow-points, but such as are fair enough in an archery match of wit. Little Mrs. Painter's powder-box rolled out of her pocket one day when I was by, it was "poudre de riz à la violette," with a little swan's down puff, which scattered when the lid came off. As for Endymion de Boots and little Di Hunter, it might not have been right of her to let him slip that note into her bouquet; but I know he is half engaged to her Cousin Eurydice, whose mamma don't approve of daily love-letters. Di sees Eurydice daily. You say Mrs. Robinson had a black eye, and that you found out R. gave it her. He did: at a game of blind-man's buff, on Twelfth Night. My own little Amy told me; she was there, with her Brother Fred from the Charter House, and saw it happen. Mr. Robinson was distracted, and ran out without his hat to the druggists, for tincture of arnica.

I shan't let Fred or Amy study your disquisition on discovery, Mr. Diogenes. Not that I fear their finding me out, I say. If I did, their piercing little eyes would frighten me, without any cynical spectacles.

I don't think those dear ones doubt

me; but I am certain sure they "probe, and weigh, and take my measure," morning, noon, and night. Theirs is, in deed and truth, a *Holy* Inquisition. I think and hope it helps to sanctify me by times. And since I have used a solemn mood, and since also you yourself, O mentor of the tub, insist upon my telling you, whether I go to church, and whether I there own myself a miserable sinner, I will take leave to remind you of a sentence

which prefaces even that confession: "Correct me, but with judgment in thine anger, lest thou bring me nothing." The wisdom of thankfulness for not being found out, hangs on that. Sometimes correcting judgment demands detection; that grant, very severe. Sometimes mercy, it can afford to forego it; that may be very consolatory. Sometimes it denies rather than forgoes it; that is often the severest doom of a

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XI.

WE have peeped into the cellars, in Lille and elsewhere, of French artisans. Blanqui stirred the hearts of his countrymen three or four years ago when he presented to them a picture of 3,000 families huddled in cellars like cattle—and like ill-tended cattle to boot. His revelations, we are glad to learn, have had a good effect. Energetic measures have been taken to draw the unhappy Lillois from his underground home. Only a few of these cellars, according to M. Simon, now remain. There were 3,600 of these cellars when M. Blanqui wrote, and now there are less than 600. But there is work enough to be done by the Sanitary Commission of Lille. The *courettes* or lanes, where two passengers can hardly pass one another, are strongholds of disease—undrained, uncleaned. But we have already described these unwholesome lodgings of the Lille artisans, together with the *forts* of Roubaix. M. Simon has been, however, in these forts and *courettes* recently, and we are tempted at his elbow to take a peep at these and others.

The old *forts*, as the alleys of Roubaix are called, are placed at some distance from the spinning machines. This, however, does not render them healthier, since the houses are badly constructed and close together, the ground between each row not being even levelled. In some of these *forts* there are no drains for the carrying away of household refuse, water, &c., it is, therefore, allowed to lie stagnant in the wells down which it is thrown

till dried up by the sun. At *fort* Frasé, which contains a hundred houses, there is much land waste. It would be easy enough to render these waste spots both useful and attractive, by planting a few trees among them and forming them into gardens—this would at once embellish and purify the houses, but no one appears to think of it. We give a description taken at hazard of several of these dwellings. In the *fort* Watel the apartment on the first floor reached by a ladder and a trap-door the size is two mètres fifty centimètres by three mètres; there is one window narrow and low; the walls are not whitewashed. This room is inhabited by four persons, father, mother, and two children of different sexes, one ten years old, the other seventeen. The rent is one franc a-week. In the *Cour d'Halluin*, at *fort* Frasé, there is a house rather taller than the others, the ground floor of which is rather oddly arranged. The depth of the house is longer than the width, and it has but two windows, one in front and one at the back—the intermediate space is divided into three lodgings. The middle one would, of course, be completely dark were it not separated from the others by glass walls instead of the usual ones of lath and plaster. This gives it the appearance of a glass cage, the occupants of which must hope neither for air nor privacy—the latter being, as will be seen, impossible to any of the three apartments. The landlord is a master-glazier, which explains this singular method of building. One of the rooms is let

for five francs a month; the female who occupies it has five little children. In one corner is a loft approached by a ladder, which the lodger underlets at seventy-five centimes (7½d.) a-week, to a poor workwoman with a baby in arms. Besides the bed, the loft boasts of a chair which holds, in winter, a pan of charcoal—a hole in the ceiling immediately above lets out the smoke. The child is placed on the bed, where it remains alone all day—the mother coming at twelve o'clock to suckle it. A dress and a cap, with a little bundle containing, perhaps, a chemise, was on a shelf; underneath was an old silk umbrella, evidently cared for as a relic of better days. Nearly all the inhabitants of this court are subject to fever, and in the event of an epidemic, the whole population would be carried off. It is not two years, however, since the Cour d'Halluin has been built. Several rows of houses are now being built in the town of Roubaix, near the canal. They are neither sufficiently drained nor sufficiently far apart. The plan of building, also, is defective in every way: there is no yard of any kind, and the staircase not being apart, the occupants of the ground floor are obliged to allow ingress and egress through their own room to the inhabitants of the upper floor. It is to be regretted that kind-hearted men, who at Roubaix, as elsewhere, superintend the various departments of industry, have not seen the importance of providing proper dwellings for workmen, and that the building of such dwellings has been left to speculators.

At Amiens and Saint-Quentin the houses are scarcely less dreary and unhealthy than those of Roubaix and Lille. At Saint-Quentin, however, we discern some traces of Flemish neatness. The very poorest family endeavours at all events, to procure one of the coarse and rough clocks which usually decorate the chimney-pieces of the peasants, and if, in addition, a few sous can be spared, a picture is bought to decorate the room. At Amiens nothing of this kind is to be seen. Apathy seems to be the characteristic of the poor, and a misery without relief is the result. Workmen are to be found who have

lived in the same room for many years, and this, not because they have found comfort in it, but simply because they were in it, and had no energy to go elsewhere.*

The Cité Damisse, recently built on high ground, and in very good air, would afford them larger and better arranged dwellings for the same price, but then there would be the trouble of removing, and so they remain in their old quarters at St. Germain and St. Leu. A striking example of this idle resignation is that of an old couple living in a little house in the Rue du Milieu, in the parish of St. Germain; the husband is eighty-three, and the wife eighty-two. They have been married sixty-three years, fifty-seven of which have been passed in this dwelling, where they are stifled with smoke directly a little fire is made, where the wind whistles through the badly joined windows and doors, and where the dirty water of the kennel is continually inundating their room.

A dreary suburb is this quarter of La Veillère; it seems to have fallen asleep, and is sad to see, being old without being venerable. There, amongst other examples of misery, is a ground floor divided into two rooms, badly paved with small stones; the inner one is constantly in absolute darkness, there being no possible way of admitting light into it. Adjoining is a bone factory, the odour of which is so bad, that it is not to be endured in summer for more than a few minutes. This dwelling is occupied by a man and his wife, both engaged in a factory; they have a daughter of twenty, and five younger children.

Amiens, however, is a fine town, possessing handsome boulevards, wide and well-built streets, a good promenade, and one of the finest cathedrals in the world. While contemplating this prospect, one would believe that, at all events, misery was not *there*; that every workman had bread and fuel, and that the aged poor had no necessity to seek a bundle of straw in order to make their beds at night. The contrast is yet more marked at Rheims, since there, industry is more alive and busy. The marvellous cathedral, the open air gal-

* This relates to May, 1860.

leries, recalling to mind the covered bridges of Lucerne, the lovely vine-clad hills, the airy workrooms, sending forth mountains of spun wool, piles of flannel, avalanches of sheets—all this scarcely allows us at first to suspect that poverty and wretchedness are on all sides. The miserable houses at the foot of the old ramparts, during the winter half embedded in water, the dwellings of the Cour Fructus, the Cour St. Joseph, the Rue du Barbâtre, &c., are more dreary and desolate than dungeons; and the long rows of rooms, hidden in caves, perched in lofts, crowding one against the other, into which the rain, through the broken roof, falls drop by drop, where space, light, and air are all wanting, these are the miserable abodes of hunger, disease, and debauchery. Under the staircase in the Cour 136, on the boulevard Cérés, there is a loft measuring two mètres by one mètre and a half. It is impossible to stand upright in it, even under the highest part of the staircase; there is no window, and the door must be opened in order to admit a little light or air, yet a woman suffering from paralysis has lived in it two years and a half.

In confirmation of our statement, we copy a few extracts from the *procès-verbaux* of the Municipal Commission: "House, No. 4, Rue St. Guillaume, let to, and inhabited by the Sieur R. and his wife, who keep a boarding-house for workmen. At the end of the yard is a kind of cellar above ground, the approach to which is occupied by water-closets. This cellar is dark and damp, the walls and ceiling are rotten and worm-eaten, yet it is used as a bedroom for R. and his wife, and two workmen."

Again: "A loft, larger, perhaps, than usual, but admitting not a particle of either light or air, the only window being a blank one in the roof. This place contains four beds, each of them occupied by two workmen."

All industrial towns present the same melancholy spectacle. At Thaun, for example, in the Faubourg Kattenbach, a dwelling consisting of two small rooms, occupied by a father, mother, daughter, and son-in-law, with four children, has no other entrance than a pig-stye, in which the

landlord is rearing some fine specimens of the porcine family, side by side with his lodgers. Not far off, two brothers, each with a wife and three children, in all ten persons, were living in a room measuring three mètres by five, and lighted by a single window. In the same neighbourhood also, in the year 1855, a room of tolerable dimensions, and not badly lighted, was occupied by *nine* persons. Suddenly the cholera broke out, and in two days seven of these became its victims. This working population, indeed, was struck down like wheat mown by the scythe of the reaper; when once Death entered a house, there was no escape unless by miracle. We pass by Mulhouse, which, so wretched and deplorable—according to M. Villermé—in 1840, is now scarcely recognisable, and to which we may, perhaps, one day owe the regeneration of our industrial morals. Let us go to other parts of France. Elbœuf, whose industrial prosperity is great, ought, at least, to possess healthy lodgings for its workmen; the town is new, and might be easily extended. It is true, that on the bend of a hill, along a little road bordered with trees, a few small houses have been built by speculators, equally wanting in care and taste, if one may judge by these evidences. The approach to each house is by two or three uncut stones, and we then find ourselves in a small room, lighted by one narrow window, the walls of which have neither been plastered nor whitewashed. A few half rotten planks, placed on the ground, form the floor. On the roadside an old woman rents a hovel for thirteen sous a week. It is literally bare, without either bed, chair, or table. She sleeps at night on a bundle of straw, while her son, a dock-labourer, has no other bed but the earth, with neither straw nor covering. A few paces off, a man of sixty, a twister by trade, inhabits a hovel, the length of which is no longer than a man's height, the width being one mètre and twenty-five centimètres. Here this man has lived for twenty years; he is now nearly idiotic, and refuses to go elsewhere, even to a better lodging."

Distress is scarcely less terrible,

*An industrial society has recently been founded at Elbœuf, through which

while it is even more general at Rouen. It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the frightful condition of some of the dwellings. There the poor feed their fire with the remains of the potatoes from which they have made their drink; these lie in quantities in the corner of the room, and a rank growth springs up from the mass of half rotten vegetable matter. In some cases the landlords, badly paid, neglect even the most necessary repairs. In a garret in the Rue des Matelas, the rotten floor shakes beneath each footstep, and at a couple of feet from the door, is a hole large enough to admit the body of a man. The two unfortunate persons dwelling in this room have no other furniture than a spinning-wheel, two chairs, and the wreck of an old bedstead, without a mattress. In a little spot, almost hidden, at the end of the Rue des Canettes, a braces weaver and his family lodge in a sort of loft. The floor measures two mètres thirty centimètres, by four mètres ninety-five centimètres, but a projection, occasioned by the chimneys of the lower floors, commences half way up the wall, and so encumbers the roof, that it is impossible to go three steps standing upright. When the husband, wife, and the four children were together, it must have been impossible to move. Three out of these four children died three months after the inspection was made. The father of this poor family is a good weaver, and might gain three or four francs a day at his own particular trade, while he can only earn a franc and a half at braces weaving. He remains at it, because at the birth of his last child, being without money, fire, bread, bedding, and light, he borrowed twenty francs of his master, and now cannot, without paying his debt, quit the workshop.

The workmen's dwellings bring but a moderate revenue to some of the landlords. A franc a week for rent is a heavy charge for people who cannot always find bread to eat; and seizure is useless owing to the almost complete absence of furniture. The

bed even, which the law exempts from distraint, is wanting in many households. Still, at Rheims, Saint Quentin, Lille, Roubaix, &c., it seems to be thought a good investment to build, or buy workmen's houses, and occasionally ten and fifteen per cent. have been returned by the speculation—but this is managed by a society—and when many buildings are in question, is not a little complicated in its arrangements. Many of the principal landlords employ an agent—this system prevails at Saint Quentin—others have recourse to the principal lodger, and this last plan holds more particularly at Rheims. Poor women occasionally conceive the unfortunate plan of renting an entire *cour*, and by performing the ungrateful and hard task of rent-collector during an entire year, are, at the end of it enabled to contribute their own necessary portion. Some landlords are their own collectors, and have no other profession. It is true that this is sufficient employment, seeing that the rents are seldom paid on the first demand, and that a landlord is thus obliged to go the round of his tenants more than once, before receiving his due. If a landlord is urgent as to payment, he must allow no arrears; a tenant may manage with difficulty to pay a franc, or a franc and a-half; but to procure five, six, or seven francs at a time is simply impossible. A mother of a family, who on the Monday is unable to give something on account to her landlord, is compelled to abandon her lodging, and to find other shelter for her children. Should there be no new rooms vacant, a lodger will sometimes refuse to quit the old ones, and it is not easy to make him do so. The surest way is to carry off the door, or the window frame. A story was told, a few years back, of a landlord at Lille who left home in the morning to collect rents, dragging a truck behind him; when a tenant could not, or would not pay him, he himself removed the door or the window, and placed it on the truck. On arriving at home at night, he bore a

manufacturers, young, earnest, and intelligent, such as MM. de Gérin-Roze, Simon, &c., may do a great deal of good by the exercise of an enlightened activity. Mulhouse owes a complete transformation to the operations of its industrial society.

very heavy load, but for all that he did not die a millionaire.

In order to have a complete idea of the interior of these homes, it is necessary to see them before and after the closing of the factories. During the day there are no men to be seen about the houses; only women and children, with sometimes an old man, or a sick person, or occasionally a man engaged in night-work, who is compelled to take his rest in the day time. In some towns the women, who have been bred, so to speak, in the manufactory, have no knowledge of any other position. They marry, and have children, but neither household cares, nor those of maternity turn them from the career to which they have been brought up. They quit their homes and their children during the whole of the day, sometimes a part of the night as well. In 1836, the daily duration of labour was fifteen hours at Mulhouse, Dornach, and Lille; sixteen hours at Bischwiller. A report made to the Industrial Society of Mulhouse in 1837, states that the day's work was to be increased to seventeen hours in several French manufactories. At the present time the law limits daily labour to twelve hours, for adults. If we include an hour and a-half for rest, we thus give the mother of a family thirteen hours and a-half of daily absence from her home.* This is allowing that she lives near the manufactory; if she dwells at a distance, a longer time must be included for going and returning. It is clear enough that under these conditions the dwelling cannot be attended to; neither swept, cleaned, nor put in order. But we must not blame a woman for this, who on her return home has but just strength and time enough to prepare the family supper, and to put her children to bed. Thus a cruel necessity deprives the woman engaged in manufactures of the happiness of giving to her family those tender feminine attentions, for the loss of which nothing can compensate. She must renounce her mission, as consoler and confidant. Nothing awaits the workman on his return

home, but a repulsive uncleanness, scanty and unwholesome food, suffering and neglected children, and a wife of whom misery and hard work have made a slave. But if these evenings are sad—what are the days? What becomes of the children during the long hours? There is perhaps a public nursery, or a school, noble institutions, which do not compensate for the loss of a mother's care, but which prevent the child from feeling the absolute abandonment in which it is left. A visit to a *crèche* is an agreeable amusement to a superficial observer, but what kind of life is it which begins there, continues in a manufactory, and finishes in an hospital? It is life in community from the first to the last day. Suppose each asylum perfect of its kind: a nursery admirably kept; a school neither too indulgent, nor too severe; a factory, large, airy, where the labour is fatiguing, but not overwhelming; an hospital in which nothing that is necessary is wanting, and in which old age even finds superfluities. Still, is this the life for a man? above all, is it the life for a woman?

What! not an hour in those long years for the sanctity of home affections? Not a pleasure or a hope for all these young children? Not a dream that the young girl just entering on life may nourish in her heart and hide from the rest of the world? For the body this life may suffice, but our souls were not given us for such an end. Besides, this existence, dreary as it is, is not always to be secured. Watch at the door of the *crèche* (nursery), and you will see many a mother obliged to bring away her child for want of room to leave it. Look at the registers of the hospitals and you will see how many candidates there are for each bed, how many are waiting till death shall make room for them.

The factory opens at six, the *crèche*, or the school, at eight; and some towns have no *crèches*, or an insufficient number, so that there is generally a small sum to be paid; still many mothers cannot afford to pay it, however small it may be. It is the

* At Sedan women work ten hours a day; they leave off in the morning half an hour, and in the evening an hour before their husbands, in order to attend to household cares.

rule of the asylum also, that the child must take food with it, therefore it is not surprising to see so many children running half-naked in the *forts* and *courtes*, and playing in the gutters; their parents are too poor to put them into asylums. They are as much orphans as if their parents were dead; as thoroughly abandoned in the streets of a town as in a desert.

If you enter a workman's room by chance (they are never locked: there is nothing to steal) you see sometimes three or four little things in the care of a girl of seven. They creep round the stove, and rest there the whole day, listless and dull. Their lassitude, quite as much as the mother's command, keeps them within doors. The first thought one has in looking at them is, that they have never laughed; then, that they are hungry.

As regards the school, there is another difficulty. Parents must be able to do without their children to send them to school. A child of six is old enough for a silk winder; at eight he can be put in a factory. Suppose a man has three or four children between six and twelve years old; how is it possible to support them with the salary of one man? No; they must bring their portion each week to the common stock. How impatiently the parents await the age fixed for entering the manufactories. But it is hunger, not a bad heart, nor a dislike of instruction, which causes the impatience. The poor mother well knows what a factory is, but she knows also—she watches daily the ravages that hunger makes on the young undeveloped frame. When her salary and that of her husband suffice to keep the children up to the age of twelve she sends them to school. But here again is a difficulty. The school is only open for five or six hours, and the factory hours are twelve. The mother wonders whether six hours of school and six hours of vagabondage in the streets are better than the factory with its two hours of elementary instruction! At Sedan, the brothers of the *écoles chrétiennes* keep their scholars till the opening of the factory. This is indeed a good work; but we must allow that the system of schools has been made by men thoroughly competent as to the theory of instruction, but knowing nothing of the wants of the poor.

It happens often that a young married woman quits the factory, especially when her family increases. She then returns into her normal condition; for it is indisputable that women are intended for the sanctity of domestic life, and that a social state which tears them from their husbands, their children, and their homes, and compels them to pass their whole time amongst other women, or amongst men, is a state badly organized. Women are not women under this system, and it cannot long endure without bringing dangerous consequences in its train. It may, perhaps, be said that the return of the mother to her family makes a great change in its condition; that she keeps up at home the careful and industrious habits acquired in manufactories; that she may still look after her children, keep them clean, and mend their clothes; that by active management and economy she may make the most of the scanty income; and that the husband, finding comfort in his home, may also take pleasure in it, and prefer it to the public-house. True, an energetic and devoted woman may really perform miracles in this way; and those who doubt of the moral influence exercised on us all by our own characters, have only to look at the picture of two families having equal resources and equal wants, yet one will live in a state of comparative ease, thanks to the indefatigable care of the housekeeper; while the other will be continually in difficulties and distress. It is sad to think that the generality of women undertaking the care of a family are utterly incompetent for the task. They may be industrious workers at the factory, where the strictness of the rule keeps them in check; but they are perfectly useless when it becomes a question of daily domestic occupation. They hardly know how to light a fire, and have no idea whatever of cooking. They have never had a needle in their hand; they have been taught to wind silk directly they could hold the ball; carding has followed, and this is literally all they know. They let their children run wild in the gutters, having themselves in their childhood been abandoned to a similar fate. They will work hard in the factory; you must allow them a little tranquillity now. Those poor

women do not know how a little education might change the future of their sons or their daughters; or, if they did know, the charge of it would be too heavy to undertake. All they think of is, how to get the daily bread, and how not to get beaten. On pay days they hover round the manufactory, following at a distance the progress of their husbands to the public-house, and calculating that if the drinking be prolonged, very little will remain to-morrow for the wants of the family. Their dwellings are scarcely cleaner than they used to be; dirt is an old enemy, and one not likely to quit them. They have all learned some trade; but it is a trade which brings in a sou for an hour's work. The most courageous persevere in it. They do their daily twelve hours, and perform, as well as may be, their task as housekeepers; but the greater number give up in despair and work rarely and listlessly. Arrived at this point, they turn their thoughts towards mendicancy, and this leaning has developed amongst them a number of charitable institutions which merit great praise for the good intended to be done; but which, notwithstanding excellent intentions, too often only do harm.

There is, no doubt, some little relief to the sad picture we have drawn. Opposite the bad side there is a healthy and vigorous one. And we must allow, and joyfully allow, that in the principal manufacturing departments there is a large number of workmen, clever and economical, intelligent, self-reliant, and hopeful. We shall also show—in looking farther—that many persons in command of manufacturing establishments themselves, help their workmen with generosity and ardour to attain the

first, the sweetest, and most necessary of all benefits—independence. Still, we must not deceive ourselves. The greater number of workpeople suffer privations that we cannot know, and cannot understand without positive proof. Our descriptions are neither faithful nor complete enough. We are restrained by a thousand considerations—we fear to wound those who suffer—we grieve to irritate them. Society is generous and liberal, but she does not like showing her weak points.

Yet, all this misery of the body is nothing—the want of bread, the tattered clothes, the bare rooms, the noisome cellars, the loathsome diseases, are nothing—when compared with the leprosy of the soul. Fathers, whose children are dying of hunger, pass their nights in orgies at the public-house; mothers become indifferent to the sin of their daughters; and neither father nor mother makes one effort to save them from the gulf. Is society to remain passive in the face of this corruption and misery? Ought we not to employ our whole energies in struggling with it? Let us cast our eyes on that portion of the working population which, in the midst of debauch and misery, has contrived to keep itself pure and unsullied. How is it that there we behold neither wicked old age, nor middle age brutalized by excess, nor youth defiled and corrupted by parents' vices? It is because the necessary and holy institution of marriage has been preserved intact. Wherever there is morality, there we find happiness. It is neither cheap living nor right of labour which will put an end to pauperism. The only thing for it is a return to domestic virtue and home life.

THE BURIAL OF CAVOUR.

THE deep-mouthed cannon speak, and, as each throb
 Of the void air the shock concussive owns,
 From Naples' waves to the Alps' snowy zones,
 Answers Italia's full heart with convulsive sob.
 Toll the sad bells!

Gone to the earth the etherial mind which trained
 Spirits that slept t' aspire, held out the hand
 Of union to the severed of one land,
 Gilding the page once more dulled, gory, and tear-stained.
 Roll the deep drums.

Oh! o'er peaked Alps, and Apennine, and sea,
 Thro' the young realms late loud with joy and hope,
 The cloud lowers, glooming the bright horoscope,
 And all the drooping hearts his skilled hand had set free.
 Trumpets sound wail.

To the resurgent banners blazonry
 Add the fourth hue of grief—for he that wrought
 In the mind's strife, no less than those who fought
 On sanguined fields of arms, now dies for Italy.
 Captains, lower swords.

To the fragrant earth where Dante, Petrarch, rest,
 Whence he, bright sun-flower, rose, lay him once more,
 His work done, mapped the chart of Freedom's shore,
 The wearied child returns to his loved mother's breast.
 Fire, cacciatori!

Thought hath he waked, words spoke may not expire,
 The vivifying finger to the clay
 Hath placed, and, quickened to a brighter day,
 The corse-like form upsprings on feet that shall not tire.
 Forward, artillery!

Tho' the beacon he and his lit far appears,
 Time conquers distance; *that* his wise words teach
 Shall win i' the end. Howe'er faint, still gleams reach
 E'en where poor Venice mourns, sob-choked and blind with tears.
 Gunners, charge home!

Shall not the cause live his great heart that broke,
 Shall not the captive's last bond yet be riven,
 Shall gaoler's hand aye work hell 'neath such heaven?
 No! o'er all Italy's land hath an archangel spoke—
 Freeman, stand fast!

Spirits of all, since Thrasimene that died,
 You'll greet him, you of red Palestro's fray,
 And you the left wing held Solferino's day,
 As would a lover's arms a cherished long lost bride—
 Arise!

Big heart, that, weak of means, with the majesty
 Of a high cause and mighty aim, dared think
 The giant to face, save treading ruin's brink ;
 But every man a giant once content to die.
 Fire!

Mid statesmen ranks did higher name e'er allure,
 Mid patriot names what loftier deed was done,
 Than kindle Savoy's spark to Italy's sun,
 Guiding such opposite natures, thou deplored Cavour.
 Farewell!

Laid in the grave—the salutes' volleys o'er ;
 The wreathing smoke hath passed from earth on high,
 E'en as thy orient fame, no more to die—
 Prometheus of to-day, join Romulus of yore!
 Farewell.

J. O. F. K.

THREE SOCIAL LIGHTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IF a practical knowledge of mankind could be gathered from many volumes of biographical memoirs, we of the present day should have little left to learn regarding our forefathers in the eighteenth century. Time and the printing press have done nearly as much for them as personal intercourse and the newspapers have done for the prominent characters of our own day. If they had no photographers to multiply their personal, or cunning correspondents to draw out their mental likenesses, they have found plenty of kind friends and admiring descendants to put together the dry bones of their former selves, and to embalm for ever in printer's ink the stories ere-while left to moulder away in mildewed manuscripts and half-forgotten traditions. Whether the dry bones might not sometimes have been allowed to lie as they were, and the stories have been consigned to the flames or the rag merchant, certain it is that the rage for personal memoirs, growing like the dropsy with its own surfeit, has turned the printing press into one vast reservoir of old family papers of every kind, from which the future historian will be even more puzzled to pick his matter than thankful for the aid thus granted in the collection of it. Printing has become so easy a process, and literary gossip is already in such wide demand, that ere long every family which owns a dozen old letters hidden away for years in a

musty old box, will doubtless hasten to prove its respectability by getting them published for the benefit of the world at large.

Besides those who read them for love of gossip alone, or from an idle thirst for anything new, personal memoirs have a certain charm for the many who look to see in them a reflexion more or less faithful of their own minds and circumstances. It tickles their vanity, or at any rate wakes their sympathy, to find their own thoughts and feelings dressed up for them in words such as they, too, might in their turn have used; and the pleasure is all the greater if the person speaking to them moves in a different circle or happened to live a hundred years ago. Great is the surprise awakened in such people at discovering the resemblance between their own experiences and those of some one whose recent death may have furnished the best excuse for writing the history of his life; but greater still is their surprise when they are engaged in realizing the wonderful fact, that human beings who made more or less noise in the world a century or two ago, were not so very unlike their countrymen of the present day. To them history speaks almost in vain, unless it clothe itself in a heap of personal details, or put on the mask of a historical romance. They worship Charles the First for his Vandyke face, and see no good in the great Pro-

tector who wore his hair cut short, spoke with the twang of a modern Methodist, and was charged by his enemies with having kept a brewery. Of George the Third they remember nothing but his domestic virtues, while the infamy of Charles the Second is glossed over by a kindly prejudice in favour of the king whose taste in women was so largely illustrated by Sir Peter Lely. William of Orange had few warm partisans until Macaulay attempted to prove that he had really been very fond of his wife. Could Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth have changed faces, we should have heard but little of the latter's cruelty and the former's innocence. Chatham's statesmanship is embodied for the many in the famous picture of his last exit from the House of Lords. Pitt and Fox are chiefly remembered, the one for his precocious steadiness in youth, the other for his exceeding wildness and the devotion he inspired in the heart of the very beautiful Duchess of Devonshire.

Those petty personal details which Macaulay, in an evil hour, made so popular both with readers and writers of history, have long served as trump cards to the regular biographer. Ever since the days of Boswell's Johnson, the publication of personal memoirs has become more and more frequent, until no one who ever had a dozen admirers out of his own family circle need despair of leaving behind him provocation enough for at least two octavos.

In these days of microscopic realism, Mr. Mudie is sure to bespeak a good many copies of any new work that promises to throw the very feeblest light on the very paltriest secret in the life of former days. Scores of diaries, more or less readable than those of Evelyn, Pepys, and Madame D'Arblay, keep tumbling out upon us year by year. Letters more or less inferior to those of Horace Walpole demand our notice at every turn. A whole library of illustrative literature has clustered round such names as those of Pope and Johnson. The author of "Eamond" and "The Virginians" has taken much needless pains to clothe his studies of human nature in all the outward appurtenances of the eighteenth century, and to prove how easily an able writer can delude himself and his readers into the notion

that he has really given them a life-like picture of the very age whose externals he has drawn so well. We know exactly, from countless sources, whatever use there may be in knowing, what sort of clothes were worn by the gentlemen and ladies of Queen Anne's or Chatham's day, at what hours they dined and supped, what kind of letters they wrote each other, how often the ladies quarrelled over their cards, or the gentlemen went drunk to bed. It seems to have become an article of popular faith, that the more we learn of a man's outward circumstances, the more we are likely to know of his inner self; that the character of Johnson, for instance, would not be complete without some allusion to his large appetite, his ungainly figure, or his inordinate love of tea; that Marlborough's avarice as a man had some mysterious connexion with his greatness as a general; and that our appreciation of the letters written by Lady Mary Montagu is greatly modified by a knowledge of her objection to clean linen. Knowing that a man's character will sometimes show itself in the smallest trifles, many of us seem to imagine that any number of trifles will enable us to work out the needful problem; and that from a crowded catalogue of promiscuous details it is easy for any one to shape out a truthful likeness of the whole living and thinking man.

Still, even in the dullest memoirs, there is usually something worth noticing; and those which relate to celebrities of an age comparatively recent have special charms for many who would scorn the notion of reading them for amusement alone. Readers of the fair sex, and some men of half-womanly natures, long to have a closer acquaintance with the man whose public deeds or writings they have learned to admire. They feel a friendly interest in all that he ever did or said within the charmed circle of his own household, or among the friends of his everyday life. They like to hear Johnson arguing or disputing himself with Mrs. Thrale; to look over Stella's shoulder as she reads the last tender love-letter from the great Dean of St. Patrick's; to follow Sheridan from Westminster Hall to the home where a loving wife awaits his return. They fancy they cannot come too near or in too fre-

quent contact with the great man whom they have hitherto worshipped from afar. They would peer into every line of his face, would ponder over every word that falls, however carelessly, from his lips. It may be doubtful whether they gain or lose most by the nearer view; but by themselves it is commonly accounted for a gain. Even if they miss the fair ideal they had once conceived, there is consolation of a certain kind in the thought that no man is quite an angel, and that all men are brothers in their weakness, if not in their strength. There is, for such persons, a mournful pleasure in finding the golden image resting on its feet of clay—in beholding before them the dark wall of rugged mountain that seemed an hour ago like a soft blue cloud on the far horizon. Some minds also need to come close to the mountain before they can be satisfied that it is not a cloud. Unless they can rest on a strong groundwork of illustrative facts, they cannot form for themselves any distinct idea of the person about whom those facts are told. As ladies never can realize the fact of a wedding until they have had a very particular account of the looks and dresses worn by each bridesmaid, and of the manner in which the bride behaved at different parts of the day's proceedings, so people of an unromantic turn need helping out with plenty of those picturesque trifles wherewith domestic biographers are wont to fill up the pictures outlined for them by the regular historian. For them the greater always includes the less. Alfred the Great is nothing to them until they have heard the story of his forgetting to turn the housewife's cakes; nor would Henry II. be less mythical in their eyes than Stephen of Blois, but for the pleasing fable of his Queen's unkindness to the fair Rosamond.

In memoirs of the better kind there is, undoubtedly, much to interest the curious reader, whether he search them with some special view or merely with a mind held open to take in useful hints from every quarter. Sometimes, as in those of Mrs. Delany, we are invited to examine a series of

old letters, illustrating, with unconscious happiness, the social peculiarities of the age when they were first produced. Or again, as in the new volumes relating to Mrs. Piozzi, new grounds are offered us for reconsidering the truth of certain statements hitherto pressing hard on the wrong person in the alleged dispute between that lady and her bearish friend, Samuel Johnson. Or else we get a volume like that written by Dr. Carlyle, in which the main interest turns on a series of graphic sketches of the many famous or eccentric characters with whom the writer had some personal dealings during the course of a long and busy life. With books like these no one who cares to trace the connexion between his own and the experiences of other days, will be inclined to quarrel on the score at least of their general usefulness. In all of them will be found a good many bits of strange or suggestive information which the true philosopher will gather up and stow away into their right digesting places as he goes along. Between them the observant reader can, if he chooses, piece together a pretty broad panorama of England's social and domestic life in the eighteenth century.

The first work in our list contains, in three bulky tomes, the life and correspondence of a lady remarkable in her own day for many bright charms of mind and person, as well as for those peculiar circumstances which coloured and determined the course of her outward life.* Here, indeed, the editor's enthusiasm for her honoured kinswoman has tempted her to give us rather too much of a good thing. Mrs. Delany had a good deal to say for herself, but three big volumes, with heaven knows how many more to come, make up a larger monument than such a character, with all her claims on our notice, can be held to deserve. Family affection has treated us to a full-length portrait as large as life, when a sounder discernment would have been satisfied with a miniature or a moderate bust. Easily and cleverly, as Mary Granville wrote, her letters are neither models of style nor masterpieces of original thought.

* The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany. Edited by the Right Honorable Lady Llanover, 3 vols. London: R. Bentley, 1861.

Written chiefly in return for those received from a dearly loved sister, they contain much that in these days would only interest her own kindred, and not a little, which even the most admiring biographer should have declined to reproduce. A more careful regard for the reader's patience would have amply repaid the editor for the addition it might have caused to her work of love. Had some of the letters been omitted, and others wisely curtailed, a good many of those explanatory notes which bear witness to Lady Llanover's accurate painstaking, would at once have been rendered needless. Her own reflections on certain passages, which either convey their own meaning, or suggest a meaning less elaborate than the one proposed, might also have been left unwritten, without lessening the value of the book. Even in these days of petty moralizing, her remarks on Mary Granville's skill in packing a box, and on her good faith in carrying out a commission, will hardly be deemed less trivial than the letter which called them forth. If Mary Granville tells her sister Anne that "the Duchess of Kingston is actually married to Lord Clare," why must her descendant bore us with full particulars of two people in whose identity not a soul now living is likely to feel concerned? When the heroine parts for ever from Lord Baltimore, on some misunderstanding, which another word might have cleared away, why should the editor waste time in a groundless effort to prove his lordship unworthy of the lady's regard, capping her remarks, too, by a wholly needless reflection on the gain accruing to "many of the girls in this century, if they would thus heroically cast off, at once and for ever, their dangling lovers, when convinced that they are only followed for pastime," and so forth? But these and such like blemishes apart, there remains over a pretty large proportion of agreeable and instructive reading. Mary Granville wrote well about other things than bridesmaids' dresses, and handled prettily other questions than those connected with the wearing of black silk, or "shammy" gloves. Without being always accurate in her spelling, or attentive to the rules of syntax, she had a knack of uttering in an easy, graceful, and sprightly way,

whatever came uppermost in her mind; and her natural powers of expression were further quickened and set off by that warmth of kindly feeling which enabled her, when she took up the pen, to forget all things else but the person to whom she was writing. If her style, like the spoken discourse of her day, be sometimes more involved or bookish than that of ours, it is evidently the style most natural to herself, and the very quaintness of miscalling people by names borrowed or imitated from old romances, reminds us pleasantly of an age when poets still sang of Corydon and Pancharilla, and writers of every sort were content to mould their sentences or take their sentiments from the classic masterpieces of Greece and Rome.

But who, may some one ask, was Mary Granville? Her history during sixty years of her life is traced in these volumes, partly through her autobiography, partly through the letters she wrote from time to time to her sister, and a few of her intimate friends. Her father, Bernard Granville, younger brother of Lord Lansdown, was himself a grandson by the younger line of that Sir Bevil Granville, who died at Lansdown, in the year 1643, "fighting for his king and country," and whose eldest son took up the title of Earl of Bath, bestowed on the father just before his death. Mary herself was born in the first year of the eighteenth century, at a small country house at Coulston, in Wiltshire. After two years' schooling under Madlle. Puella, a French refugee, she went at eight years of age to live with her aunt, the wife of Sir John Stanley, at Whitehall. Here, among other acquaintances, she formed an intimacy with a girlish cousin of her own age, Catherine Hyde, afterwards Duchess of Queensbury, "whose wit, beauty, and oddities, made her from her early years, when she was 'Kitty, beautiful and young,' to the end of a long life, a general object of animadversion, censure, and admiration." Of her beauty we get some inklings in a portrait engraved for these volumes, from an oil painting done by Mrs. Delany herself. Her oddities seem to have resulted in part perhaps from the worship paid to her beauty, but chiefly from the natural independence of a strong mind. She

was twice on bad terms with the Court: once for throwing at the lord-in-waiting an apron, which she attempted to wear in defiance of courtly rule; and again, for daring to ask subscriptions in the royal presence in behalf of poor Gay, whose *Sequel to his Beggars' Opera* had been held, to glance injuriously at the government. On receiving sentence of banishment from court for the latter offence, she wrote an answer beginning in the third and ending in the first person; but breathing throughout a high-minded contempt for those who had sought to prejudice the King against her innocent friend. When Lady Hervey told her, with a slight sneer, that now she was banished, the court had lost its chief ornament, the retort that came at once to her lips, "I am entirely of your mind," showed her to be as prompt at need in her own defence, as the previous circumstances proved her forwardness in that of others.

While the beautiful Duchess was hurrying off to enjoy herself in Scotland, her old friend, Mary Granville, was bearing with much complacency her release from the heavy burden of forced wedlock with a man whose advanced age was only the least among many points of contrast between himself and his elegant, witty, accomplished wife. The poor girl's immolation had happened in this wise. After the death of Queen Anne, her father, a zealous Jacobite, and brother to a nobleman whose politics sent him for a while to the tower along with Lord Oxford, withdrew into the country, wherein young Mary, fresh from her first experiences of London gaieties, her hopes of becoming a maid of honour blasted suddenly at the eleventh hour, presently followed him with feelings of natural regret for the change from a busy round of social amusements to the quiet sameness of a lonely country house, in the depth of a hard winter. Hours of work during the day, followed by games of whist in the evening, made up for some time the noiseless tenor of a life relieved by nothing more than a flirtation with one neighbour, or a friendship with another. At length Lord Lansdown, on his release from the Tower, invited Mary to come and stay with him. The courtly nobleman, whose verses Pope had

praised, and Johnson was one day to criticise, took a special fancy for his clever and agreeable niece, and her days passed happily enough, until an old Cornish friend of his, Mr. Pendarves, came to stop with him, on the way to London. This fat, brown, slovenly, dirty-looking Orson, of near sixty, at once began paying his court to the bright-eyed girl of seventeen, who showed in every way she could her invincible dislike to the mate her uncle and aunt were bent on securing for her. But her uncle's quiet bullying, in behalf of a friend and fellow-Jacobite, combined with her own fear of hurting her father's prospects, by angering the brother to whom he looked for the means of helping his children, at length wrung from poor Mary an unwilling consent to a marriage that was only too sure to prove for one of them a continual martyrdom. "I was married," she wrote, many years after her husband's death, "with great pomp. Never was woe drest out in gayer colours; and when I was led to the altar, I wished from my soul I had been led as Iphigenia was, to be sacrificed. I was sacrificed. I lost, not life indeed, but all that makes life desirable—joy and peace of mind."

For seven years she bore her burden with a patience and self-denial most creditable at her young age, and memorable in days of somewhat loose morality in many points of the social code. Alike in the loneliness of her dismal Cornish home and amid the amusements of fashionable life in town, did Mrs. Pendarves show herself proof to all those temptations which her own nature, the effect of her many charms on others, the fashion of the day, and the constant raillery of her nearest acquaintances, conspired to throw continually in her way. "Among the faithless faithful only found," she was ever on the watch to disarm her husband's jealousy at whatever sacrifice of even the most innocent pleasures, and schooled herself from the first to carry out in every particular the promise she had made him on their marriage day. One year—the third of her married life—she passed in almost perfect happiness, for her husband had been obliged to go on business to London, and her parents and younger sister came to live with her in his stead. After a month

spent with them in return, at Buckland, she went without a murmur to rejoin her husband in town, and put up with the airs of an imperious sister of his, who, in spite of former promises, was now to become a fixture in their house. Here Mrs. Pendarves saw but little of her husband, save when the gout confined him, sometimes for six weeks together, to his own rooms, and then she never left him. Between these fits he would go abroad for the day among his riotous friends, never returning sober, and sometimes having to be led up to bed between two servants at six and seven o'clock in the morning. Shielded by her own good principles, and strengthened by the counsels of her kind old aunt, Lady Stanley, Mary Pendarves ran the gauntlet of London gaieties without once swerving from the line she had marked out for herself some years before. "My being young and new," she says, "and soon known to be married to a man much older than myself, exposed me to the impertinence of many idle young men;" but, "by a dull, cold behaviour," she managed to keep them at arm's length, all but one tiresome foreigner, who followed her down to Windsor, and "a gay, flattering, audacious" Earl of Clare, whose evil addresses were forced on her by the arts of her libertine friend, Lady Lansdown. But neither of these fared better than the vulgar herd.

At length her husband's sudden death, a few hours after he had made her one of his tenderest speeches, freed her from a yoke which neither time, nor even his real love for her, had made the less galling. "Some natural tears she shed, but wiped them soon;" and when her spirits had recovered from the shock of so sudden an event, and she came into possession of her modest jointure, her mind soon settled into a state of tranquillity unknown to her for many years past. Her letters from this time to her dear sister, Anne, grow more and more frequent, entertaining, and unrestrained. Reflections on matrimony and friendship, talk about Handel's last new opera and Cuzzoni's last triumph of vocal skill, a few playful *bouts rimés*, a quizzical sketch of some town exquisite, a lively account of the new king's coronation, a short description of the writer's "new pussey," a pass-

ing allusion to the new mode of wearing the hair—these and such like passages, sweetened by many a phrase of deep sisterly fondness, follow each other by quick and easy turns in the letters written during the first few years of her peaceful widowhood. A love affair with Lord Baltimore, in which, as it seems to us, the lady was shy and the gentleman too easily put off by a feint of coldness, first marred "the even tenor of her way," and left deep traces on her heart for many years. From both her accounts of that last meeting which brought their long and chequered courtship to an untimely end, it seems clear to us that neither of them quite understood the other, and that the lady's wonted truthfulness played her false at the very moment when a few plain words would have set all to rights. The lover's hasty marriage with the daughter of the rich Sir Theodore Jansen resulted far more probably from wounded pride than from a previous design to shake off his earlier mistress. Whichever may be the truer reading, poor Mary's health gave way under the blow to her hopes, and a trip to Ireland with her friend, Mrs. Donnellan, was deemed advisable to set her up again. About this time, in spite of friends who exclaimed at her folly, she refused an offer of marriage with Lord Tyrconnell, whose title and great fortune seemed to her but small atonement for his silliness of character.

Mrs. Pendarves reached Dublin in September, 1731, and the most part of her eighteen months' stay in Ireland was divided between that city and Killala, the abode of Dr. Clayton, then bishop of that see. Her impressions of our people were as favourable as could be wished. "There is a heartiness among them," she wrote, "that is more like Cornwall than any I have known, and great sociableness." One thing that specially struck her in her travels was the poor condition of many houses compared with the abundant feasting she found therein. With Dublin, as it then was, excepting St. Stephen's-green and "a few good houses scattered about," she expressed but little pleasure, but the environs seemed to her "delightful." Even in those days we learn that the Cathedral choir was famous for its excellent singing; and in her visits to the theatres, she saw the acting of Dry-

den's "Spanish Fryar," and the entertainment set up by Madame Violante, in whose band of juvenile performers little Peg Woffington had just been enrolled. Concerts, play-going, balls at the Castle, picnics into the country, card-parties at "quadrille" and commerce, visits to or from distinguished persons of wit or beauty, and the writing of letters describing all these things to her sister, enlivened the months that Mrs. Pendarves spent in the Irish capital. It was there she first met and learned to admire her future husband, Dr. Delany, whose wit and learning were to her his meanest praise: "The excellence of his heart, his humanity, benevolence, charity, and generosity, his tenderness, affection, and friendly zeal," as she writes in her autobiography, "gave me a higher opinion of him than of any other man I had ever conversed with." At his house she made acquaintance, the next year, with the great Dean Swift, with whose writings she had already become familiar, and with whom she was afterwards to stand on the footing of a near friend. At this time she thought him "a very odd companion," who talked a great deal without needing many answers, had "infinite spirits," and said "abundance of good things in his common way of discourse." But both then and afterwards she seems to have found a more lasting pleasure in the less dazzling wit and milder virtues of Dr. Delany.

Like other women of her day, the liking shown for her by the Dean evidently flattered her into admiring him in return, and helped her to put up with the outbreaks of a temper not often sweet, and with attentions not seldom of the rudest sort. After her return to England they kept up a correspondence, of which her own share chiefly has been preserved; but enough of his remains to account for her perseverance in writing to one whose answers betrayed so flattering a mixture of tender compliment, witty trifling, and kindly humorous good sense. It was something for any woman to be assured by such a man that one of her letters had made him happy for three days, besides sensibly improving his health; that her absence from Ireland was a heavy loss to the friends she had left there; that in all the time he had known her he

had never once found her guilty of a *boutade*; and that if he had tired her by the length of his letter, it was all owing to his great esteem for one of the few exceptions he had found to the prevalent heresy about women being bound to make general fools of themselves in order to please the men. The lady's letters to her "master," as in Dublin he used to call himself, are written more carefully, but with less ease of expression, than those she addressed to others, her willingness to amuse being checked by a pupil's fear of making some womanly blunder that might lower her in the esteem of so awful a critic. For betraying this fear on one occasion she was taken to task by the Dean, who protested against being taken for a pedant, pointing out to her the mistake of imagining that those who had most learning were inclined to be most critical, and declaring, that since his youth "the ladies in general were *extremely mended*, both in writing and reading."

For the ten years after her Irish trip Mrs. Pendarves lived an easy, cheerful life, surrounded, for the most part, by congenial friends, and able to devote herself with nearly equal zest to the reading of a hard book on philosophy and the excitement of a debate in the House of Lords or Commons. Her good father she had lost before her husband's death, and her Aunt Stanley a few years later; but her mother and sister were still left to her, and the happiest moments of her own life were those in which she and Anne Granville could talk together, either by letter or word of mouth. Her favourite pursuits at this time were music and painting, in the latter of which she attained to no small excellence, if we may judge by the copies engraved from her own works. Of Handel's music she could never have enough. Of the speakers she heard in Parliament Lord Chesterfield was the one that pleased her best. Her account of the many hours she once waited in a fearful crowd before the doors of the House of Lords, and of the arts she used to get in at last against all rule, proves her to have been as thorough a woman in that respect as in any other. Like all the ladies of her day, she dabbled in lotteries and gambled, not without secret compunction, at cards. She en-

joyed the theatre, and could give her own reasons for liking the "Beggar's Opera" better, on the whole, than Fielding's "Pasquin." Among the friends she made in these years was the clever and amiable Duchess of Portland, to whom, by request, she wrote that series of autobiographical letters which forms the setting of the present memoirs. At length, in 1740, her sister married a Mr. D'Ewes, and three years after, Mary Pendarves gave her hand and a good bit of her heart to that Dr. Delany whom she had first known twelve years before, and who had meanwhile gained and buried his first wife. Some months after the marriage she writes to her sister, that "if *we* are not happy it *must* be our own faults; we have both chosen worthy, sensible friends, and if we act reasonably by them and ourselves, we may hope for as much happiness as this mortal state may afford." Dr. Delany was Dean of Down, and bordering on sixty at the time of his second marriage.

With this new husband Mrs. Delany passed many happy years, chequered by few clouds of domestic sorrow. As the most prosperous period of a nation's life is commonly the dullest to read, so the latter half of these volumes contains little enough to interest those who care neither for minute details of ordinary events, nor for the frequent mention in the text of names that need elucidation in the notes. Mary still writes away as often as ever to Mrs. D'Ewes, touching lightly on every thing that might amuse or interest her old friend; but either we have got tired by the end of the second volume, or her letters have lost the freshness and fire of early youth. Interesting items, however, turn up here and there. Mary still kept up her old tastes and employments, copied pictures from the great masters, missed no opportunity of hearing Handel, and made up an oratorio from "Paradise Lost," for which he was to find the music. Her aversion to the exaggerated hoops the ladies began to wear about 1750 is amusingly suggestive at this very hour, in which the absurd fashion once more reigns supreme. The recipes quoted by her as infallible for ague, such as ginger-plasters and sealed-up spiders hung as talismans round children's necks, might easily be matched by like whim-

sies in the present day. Her enthusiasm for the author of "Sir Charles Grandison" will tempt some few, perhaps, of the rising generation to dive into the pages of that half-forgotten leviathan. "Peregrine Pickle" she would not read, because her sister had not recommended it; but in "Count Fathom" she discovered a more moral purpose than in most of the modern romances, the heroes of which seemed to her quite unworthy of the heroines. Fielding's "Amelia" neither she nor her husband liked: more moral, but less humorous than "Joseph Andrews" or "Tom Jones," it lacked the power of touching her deeply. In 1752 she saw Peg Woffington, at Dublin, enact Lady Townley better than she had ever known it done since Mrs. Oldfield's time. Her friendly regard for Swift, whose mental sufferings had at length been buried in his grave, drove her, about this time, to express her deep resentment of the manner in which his character had been handled by his self-styled friend, Lord Orrery. Allowing the general truth of his Lordship's remarks, she inveighed strongly against that silence on some points, and that undue dwelling on others, which seemed to her doubly disgraceful in the friend who had so often shared the dead man's privacy and seen him "in his most unguarded moments."

Excepting her mother's death and her husband's law-suits, which seemed for a time to cast some slur on his good name, Mrs. Delany had comparatively few troubles, until befel her the one great trial with which these memoirs come to a temporary close. That trial was the death of Mrs. D'Ewes, after an illness of several months, to which the Bristol waters had given no relief. She died in July, 1761, the year after the accession of George the Third. In her Mrs. Delany lost the friend and confidante of forty years, a sister more beautiful than herself in person, and little, if at all, inferior in mind. In the volumes yet to come will be continued the story of her own life, which was prolonged for twenty-seven years more. That her "Remarks on the Court and Private Life of George the Third and Queen Charlotte" will be worth reading, we for our part, have little doubt; but the volumes that are to contain them will not be the worse for a careful

abstinence on the editor's part from all those reflections, moral and biological, which the reader, if he chooses, can always make for himself.

There is some truth, cutting more ways than one, in the proverb, that no man is a hero to his own valet. In such cases the heroic suffers eclipse nearly as often through the fault of the master as through the blindness of the man. Few men of eminence can bear to be looked at in very homely undress. At such times they are but too likely to resemble those charming women who dazzle their little world of nights with a vision of angelic sweetness, and repay themselves with a two-fold discharge of sour looks and sharp words on all who have to encounter them the next morning. How many men or women are there who do not keep their virtues for the public, and their vices for their own families, or nearest friends? And who, we wonder, is most to blame, if constant familiarity with a man's faults drives his neighbour to ignore the virtues he has seldom, if ever, seen? The picture of a great man unbending may, sometimes, be very ennobling, but is it not oftener the reverse? Perhaps, it is Johnson's highest praise that his greater qualities were so readily acknowledged in his own day, by many who had most reason to cry out upon his glaring defects of mind and manner. Creditable to himself, and still more creditable to those who, under all provocations, continued to be his friends, is the fact of the personal homage so generally paid by both men and women to the rudest, roughest spoken, least considerate, most overbearing of men—to the man who prided himself on being a good hater, who had no belief in disinterested kindness, who gorged himself at every meal, who turned the house of his hostess upside down, that others might share with him those hateful night hours which he himself could never while away in sleep. Here is the character given of him by his contemporary, Soame Jenyns:—

“Here lies Sam Johnson:—Reader, have a
care,
Tread lightly lest you wake a sleeping bear;

Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, proud, and
vain;
Fond of, and overbearing in dispute,
A Christian and a scholar—but a brute.”

This was the man to whom Mrs. Thrale during her husband's lifetime played the part of an admiring hostess, and whom, according to Lord Macaulay, she unkindly threw over soon after her husband's death. The latter assertion, Mr. Hayward, in his introduction to Mrs. Piozzi's *Autobiography*, has now shown to have sprung, like many more ventured by the same writer, from nothing sounder than the decorative fancy of a brilliant essayist.* Other misrepresentations touching the character and conduct of “Streatham's Hebe,” come out clear in the new light which this editor has thrown on various passages in the works of Boswell, Madame D'Arblay, and some more contemporaries of Johnson and Mrs. Piozzi. He has certainly succeeded in making a good defence for a lady whose own good name has suffered even more than it has gained from its connexion with that of Johnson. It has been too much the fashion to interpret in the great man's favour every circumstance to which two meanings could anyhow be applied. Implicit credit has been given to a biographer who set himself from the first to glorify the one great planet at whatever disparagement of the “lesser fires,” that helped to light up the same heaven. Because Boswell wrote circumstantially, at great length, he was supposed to have always written the truth, although he was the very last man whose word should have been readily taken against any one but himself. If he had wit enough to discern his master's greatness, he was none the less capable of revenging himself on Mrs. Thrale for the attention paid her by that master, and for the slights he doubtless suffered from a woman who would take no squeaking counterfeits of the original thunder. Mrs. Piozzi had talent enough to have shone conspicuous in any circle, but her nearness to the great literary star of her day, imparted a false and a fiery colour to a light in itself remarkably pure. It

* *Autobiography, Letters, and Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)*, edited, with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings, by A. Hayward, q.c. —London, Longman and Co., 1861.

has been her hard fate to be charged with ingratitude to the friend whose life her constant kindness had sweetened, if not preserved; while his gross impertinence towards her in the matter of her second marriage has been viewed as nothing more than an outburst of friendly zeal for one who was about to do a very shameful thing.

It seems to have been in 1764 that Johnson was first introduced to the Thrales at Streatham Park. The master of the house—a gay-looking man of the town, as his wife describes him, and a rich brewer, as every one knows—took an interest in his new guest, who spent the summer of the next year but one at Streatham; and from that time forward for sixteen years Johnson continued to be a very frequent inmate of the house that had opportunely sheltered him in one of his darkest fits of morbid melancholy. So much had he liked his new acquaintances from the first that in 1765 he followed them down to Brighton; and finding them flown before his arrival, fired off an angry letter, as if he had been personally misused. However, he seems to have been soon coaxed to return to a house in which he was always sure of finding an agreeable hostess and a first-rate dinner—two things for which he displayed, by all accounts, an equal liking. Thrale himself was fond of good dinners and gay company, while the charms of his wife's conversation drew to their house many who cared little enough for the good looks or courtly accomplishments of her husband. But for his timely introduction to the Thrales, Johnson's life would, probably, have been shortened and his latter days wholly embittered by the ascendancy of his old ailments over the mind they had already begun to weaken. That dreary menagerie of quarrelsome poor men and women which his great charity had brought together in the dingy old rooms in Bolt Court, was no resort for a man of his nervous sensibilities; and the soothing attentions of his new friends were needed to restore the balance of a mind already tottering on the brink of premature ruin. "To have been the confidential friend of Dr. Johnson's health, and to have in some measure, with Mr. Thrale's assistance, saved from distress at least, if not

from worse, a mind great beyond the comprehension of common mortals" was an honour of which Hester Thrale gladly owned herself proud; but the service she thus rendered him was one which, perhaps, few women under the like circumstances would have rendered so uncomplainingly and for so long a time. With all his virtues the author of "Rasselas" had a weakness himself for the flattery he condemned towards others, and an amount of selfishness which would soon have sickened the most yielding of men, and cooled all but the largest-hearted of women. It was no small triumph of good-nature or even friendly forbearance for one of the most charming and talented women of her day to place herself, her house, her servants, for weeks together, at the great man's disposal, to wait breakfast for him till twelve o'clock and keep filling his teacup till the bell rang for dinner; to be scolded by him for wearing a gown or ribbon which happened to jar upon his feelings or offend his taste, and to have herself or her servants kept up far into the small-hours of morning for one who gave nobody credit for acts of voluntary self-denial. Granting him to have been as great and good a man as she herself believed him to be, it was not pleasant for a lady of fine culture to sit day after day at table with a man who disliked clean linen, ate his fish with his fingers, and lobster-sauce along with his plum-pudding, blurted out the most offensive truths on all occasions, and abused without mercy every one whose opinions differed from his own. If an allowance should be made for an eccentric genius, let us, at least, give full praise to those who bear with the worst eccentricities for the sake of that which they overlie. When the Thrales took pity on the poor melancholic giant, theirs was well-nigh the only house of any fashion which had hitherto received him as a guest. We wonder how many modern drawing-rooms would be opened to such a spirit entering in such a guise!

In his own rough way, however, Johnson was continually showing that regard for his new friends which time increased to something like a warm attachment for the lady. To her he addressed his choicest

compliments, few and precious as gleams of sunshine between the showers of a winter day. In honour of her thirty-fifth birthday he wrote the prettiest verses that ever came from his not ungraceful pen. For her sake he trotted with her about Southwark canvassing for Mr. Thrale, and shared with her the hard task of evolving order out of the chaos into which that gentleman's affairs had for some time been muddled up. His admiration for the rival in intellectual and the superior in womanly graces of Mrs. Montague has been not unfairly described as a mixture of "cupboard love, Platonic love, and vanity, tickled and gratified from morn to night by incessant homage." In spite of Mr. Boswell's sneers and inuendoes, Johnson's letters, versicles, and reported sayings, contain no scant tribute to the mental and moral worth of his "lovely Hetty." Naturally fond of the women, he succumbed to the soothing spells of one whose match he had never yet seen for all those finer accomplishments which set off the virtues of a kind hostess and the learning of a distinguished bluestocking. She, on her part, would not be slow to return the deferential tenderness shown her in his softer moments by the literary Goliath of her day, whose force of character and powers of speech confirmed the sway he already wielded through his pen. Through all their outward differences they were bound together by a fibre of common feeling that never quite gave way, even when her love for Piozzi stretched it to the breaking point. To him she doubtless appeared in the light of a favourite pupil, as by herself he was certainly regarded with the worship due to a Plato or a Pascal.

Lord Macaulay's occasional recklessness of statement has once more been thoroughly exposed in the matter of Mrs. Thrale's behaviour towards her friend after the death of a husband who never cared much for her, and whom she had little reason to regret. Working on a hint from Boswell, the brilliant historian has made out a touching picture of Johnson's last visit to Streatham in 1782, when, after many broad hints that his company was no longer desired, he was fain at length, with many a prayer and sob, to leave for ever the

beloved home where he had once been so welcome a guest, and hide himself for the rest of his days in "the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet-street." In all this there is not a word of truth. Mrs. Thrale and Johnson left Streatham together, because the house had been taken by Lord Shelburne. Instead of retiring to Bolt Court, Johnson accompanied his "mistress" first to Brighton and afterwards to Argyll-street, which he seems to have made his home for all that winter. In the following spring, for reasons of economy, added to the worrying effects of Johnson's unhappy temper, Mrs. Thrale went to Bath, where she continued to interchange letters with her querulous but still loved friend. The worries she herself endured at this time on account of her domestic affairs and her known attachment to an Italian singer, whom her daughters and other dear friends determined she should not marry, did not prevent her from doing all she could to soothe, during the illness that befel him that June, the man whose selfish demands on her good-nature nothing but absence could help her to evade. While her heart was breaking for a lover whom she had just been bullied into sending away from her, she was forwarding to the sick lion kind messages and thoughtful presents in return for the letters in which he kept her minutely informed of his own health and doings. Nor did he, for his part, shut himself up in the house behind Fleet-street. Whenever he was well enough to leave his rooms, he kept away from them as long as he had a friend to visit or a dinner to bribe him elsewhere. The greater part of 1784, the year in which he died, was spent in visits to Oxford, Lichfield, Ashbourne; and from a second visit to Dr. Adams, of Pembroke College, he returned, about the middle of November, to die, a month after, of the dropsy. In the spring of that year he was still writing regularly to Mrs. Thrale, and in July, after the violence of his rage at her intended marriage had blown over, he sent her his kindest prayers for her future happiness, and hinted, in a postscript, his desire to hear from her again during his trip to Derbyshire. These things being so, where is the grain of truth in Lord Macaulay's statement, and

what becomes of his other assertion about Johnson's resentment leading him to forswear the very memory of his friend, and to fling into the fire every token of her which met his eye? Which is the more probable view of the latter incident—that Macaulay made much ado about nothing, or that Johnson said one thing to Mrs. Thrale and quite another thing to the rest of his friends?

Like others who have made some noise in the world, Mrs. Thrale had to go through a very trying ordeal before and even after she married her Italian lover. The taunts of her own daughters, who avenged on her the loveless union into which she had been driven with their father, the cool looks and loud remonstrances of her nearest friends, the unsparing comments of the public prints, on a matter with which the public had not the least concern, did indeed, for a time, frighten her into consenting to recall her promised troth. But nature was too strong for public opinion: her health gave way; and after a year's absence Piozzi was sent for, at the doctor's advice, to cure the complaint of his own causing. Nothing loath he hurried back to his dear mistress, and a few weeks after, on 25th July, 1784, a marriage took place of love on both sides, and of long continued happiness on her own. Once more the world that loved her dinners, or admired her verses, stormed loudly at the widow's breach of public and private decencies, but the thunder fell faint and meaningless on the ears of a woman who felt that no harm had been done to any one by an act which saved her own life, and brought her an amount of happiness such as she had never known before.

Among those whom she had acquainted with her intent to marry was Dr. Johnson, who replied to her in terms too savagely unjust for a spirited woman to take quietly, even from a friend so honoured. "If you have abandoned," he wrote, "your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief." Because she was going to marry a Lombard gentleman, whom fate had driven to teach music in a

foreign land, this sage old mentor at once believed her guilty of every crime and baseness under the sun. The spoilt old man had so long regarded her as his special property, a being ordained by Providence solely to amuse and feed him, that he at once hailed, as a personal affront, her "ignominious" marriage with a foreigner who was sure to carry her away from the friends and social enjoyments of so many years past. The lady's answer was just what any one who cared for her husband, and knew herself free from blame towards her old friend and the world at large, would have written. Declaring Piozzi's birth, sentiments, and profession, to be at least equal to Mr. Thrale's, she hoped his religion would teach him to forgive insults he had not deserved, while hers would enable her "to bear them at once with dignity and patience." To hear that she had forfeited her fame was, indeed, the greatest insult she had yet received, unless, perhaps, by her fame the Doctor meant "only that celebrity which is a consideration of a much lower kind," and for which she cared only as it gave pleasure to her husband and his friends. This letter, with its words of kindly farewell to one who had "long enjoyed the fruits of a friendship never infringed by one harsh expression" on her part, shamed Johnson into a milder mood. He wrote back to wish her every blessing consequent on a step, which, however he lamented, he had "no pretence to resent," and urged her to prevail on Mr. Piozzi to settle in England, where her rank would be higher and her fortune more under her own eye; not to name other reasons which he would not then detail.

This piece of counsel had been already forestalled by Piozzi himself, who purposed to bring his wife back to England as soon as he had shown her to his friends and family, and paid off the debts she had incurred to her own relatives. Had Johnson lived a very few years longer, he would have seen his old mistress giving great dinner-parties in the old house at Streat-ham; courted once more by her old rival, Mrs. Montague, and fondly embraced by that dear Miss Frances Burney, who had quarrelled with her at the time of her second marriage,

and was afterwards, as Madame D'Arblay, to draw in her diary a pretentiously lame comparison between feminine Mrs. Piozzi, and the far from feminine Madame de Staël. He would have seen the hateful music-master received by the daughters his wife had never abandoned with the courtesy due not only to their mother's choice, but even more to his own birth and mental attractions; while the happy wife was queening it with her wonted ease over a society whose jokes and slanders had gradually been hushed by the reports of her late reception in the best circles at Florence, Milan, and Brussels. As for her religion, she had had a hard fight to keep it whole between the opposite attacks at Milan of German philosophers and Italian priests; while the easy morals of her husband's countrymen had exposed her to another ordeal, out of which she came as clean as the most prudish of her sex could have wished to do. From her reappearance in England, to the day of her death in 1821, Mrs. Piozzi continued to charm and astonish more than one generation with the same flow of terse, witty, comprehensive talk, the same quick play of buoyant spirits, genial sentiment, and racy good sense, which delighted the contemporaries of Mrs. Thrale. If unfriendly judges condemned her writings, and pulled to pieces her private character, there were hardly two opinions as to the excellence of her colloquial gifts, and the unfading richness of her social attractions.

Her writings, in which she expressed herself too colloquially to please such purists as Gifford and Horace Walpole, help us, for that very reason, to realize the general character of her talk. As Ovid lisped in numbers, and Sidney Smith poured out one witty fancy after another, so Mrs. Piozzi wrote as she spoke from a mind stored with any amount of apt illustrations, pointed epigrams, happy turns of thought, which a marvellously prompt memory, and a quick apprehension, brought up with equal ease to the point of her tongue or her pen. Of course, like most women, she showed, at least in her younger days, continual traces of her companionship with minds of the stronger sex; and for some years her talk no less than her writings must have smacked largely

of the Johnsonian manner, dashed with slighter borrowings from Burke. Yet the series of letters to Sir James Fellowes, written when she was past seventy, fully accounts for the fame she still enjoyed as a social cynosure and talker of the first rank. In these her ready wit, invincible sprightliness, and wide range of illustration, seem brought out the more clearly from the easy terseness of a style that is all her own, while her old affection for all literary and political topics vents itself in scraps of verses, references from modern to ancient history, scholastic disquisitions, sharp but pointed, and criticisms on every new book that comes in her way. Mr. Hayward has given us in these two volumes a most readable medley of choice extracts from her autobiography, diaries, letters, marginal notes, and fugitive poetry, besides selections from her work on "British Synonymy," of all which the latter alone might as well have been omitted. It is a pity that the rest of his matter has not been worked into a regular biography. Between his own and her part of the performance, he has, however, succeeded in presenting us an agreeable picture of a woman, as estimable, on the whole, as she was brilliant, whose sound heart and generous impulses were acknowledged by many of those who looked coldly on her more eccentric deeds. For what the world deemed her greatest folly, she has offered the best defence in a passage from her diary, written partly in 1782, before she had fallen in love with Piozzi:—"A woman of passable person, ancient family, respectable character, uncommon talents, and three thousand a-year, has a right to think herself any man's equal, and has nothing to seek but return of affection from whatever partner she pitches on. To marry for love would, therefore, be rational in me, who want no advancement of birth or fortune; and till I am in love, I will not marry, nor perhaps then."

The books already noticed, have taken us over English and Irish ground: the next invites us to a modest manse in Scotland, whose tenant—himself a man of no ordinary gifts—had during his long life been intimate with many of those illustrious Scotchmen, whose names stand the

literary annals of the last century.* A second edition of Dr. Carlyle's Autobiography, printed a few months after the first, attests the sudden popularity of a work as valuable as it is entertaining. It is wholly, and, indeed, what the former volumes are, as it were, accidentally and in part, a life-story, told throughout by the hero himself. No similar work of equal interest has appeared since the publication of Lord Cockburn's Memoirs; and although its success may lead to the hatching of many rivals, it will not soon meet its match in point of intrinsic worth. Unluckily, like many other good works, it was left incomplete by many years; its author having only begun to put it fairly together when he was entering his seventy-ninth year, while five years later death stopped his pen, as he was tracing the events of his forty-eighth. The event, however, may have been ordered for the best, as the expression of his political views during the French Revolution, and the reign of terror in Scotland, under Dundas, might have given us but one sad instance more of the lengths of folly to which so many rational Englishmen were driven, by way of protest against the savageries of revolutionary fanatics in France. On the other hand—if we may judge from a letter preserved by his editor—we have, probably, lost some noteworthy criticisms on the school of poetry represented by the author of "The Idiot Boy." The admirers of that new style which Byron lashed in verse and Jeffrey in prose, might have been cheered and strengthened by the counter-protests of a champion whom Scott, indeed, declared to be as guiltless of poetry as his precentor, but who, nevertheless, had feeling enough to appreciate the natural pathos of Wordsworth's earlier poems, and taste enough to fill up, not quite unworthily, the gaps in an imperfect manuscript of Collins's Ode to the Highlands. Whatever we may think of his own discernment or Wordsworth's poetic principles, we should have liked to hear something more on the latter question from one who, after reading the "Tale of Betty Foy," offered thanks "to the

God of poets for having inspired one of his sons with a new species of poetry, and for having pointed out a subject on which the author has done more to move the human heart to tenderness for the most unfortunate of our species, than has ever been done before."

The autobiography, so far as it goes, fairly redeems the promise held out by the writer, when he undertook, in the beginning of 1800, to "note down certain facts within his own knowledge," that might help the future historian, "if not to embellish his page, yet to keep him within the bounds of truth and certainty." The further you read in it, the more you are taken with the air of quiet truthfulness that pervades a work not more remarkable for the variety of its matter than for the racy massiveness of its style. How it was compiled, is not very clear; but we are inclined to think that the author's wonderful memory was more largely aided than his editor supposes by previous documents, of which the manuscripts placed in the editor's hands formed only a moderate part. However this may be, Mr. Burton has used a sound judgment in retaining his author's very words in the place of those "properly turned periods and balanced sentences," which some kind inspector had substituted here and there.

Carlyle's father, minister of Prestonpans, was a person of ordinary learning and moderate intellect, but of "a warm, open, benevolent temper; most faithful and diligent in the duties of his office, and an orthodox and popular orator." His mother, the daughter of a country clergyman, had on the other hand, a "superior understanding," a "calm and firm temper," and "an elegant and reflecting mind." It was some years after the son's birth, in 1722, that the father's stipend was raised from £70 to £140 a-year. At six years of age young Alexander showed the bent of his mind by reading aloud the whole Song of Solomon to a score of old women, who, like himself, had been shut out of church by reason of the crowd within. We are not told whether he or his au-

* Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his time. Second edition. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons, 1860.

dience chose that particular passage of Holy Writ. About this time happened an event which marked the lawless character of an age when highwaymen rode riot through the very streets of London, and a party of Scotchmen, breaking by night into his gaol, carried off and hanged the unlucky Captain Porteous, after a reprieve had been granted him by the Queen Regent. One of the first men at Prestonpans was James Erskine, of Grange, a queer compound of licentiousness and fanaticism, who would wind up a day of prayer and pious talk with a night of "lewdness and revelling." His wife being somewhat of a termagant, and a hindrance to his intrigues with other women, he one day seized her in his house at Edinburgh, "and by main force carried her off to the Highlands," whence she was removed, a helpless prisoner, first to one lonely spot, and then another, dying thirteen years after, before any thing had been done to insure her release. Although the outrage was done openly, and caused much talk for many weeks, neither her own relatives nor the guardians of the law made any movement in her behalf.

Another of old Carlyle's parishioners was Colonel Gardiner, the story of whose conversion as given here by one who frequently heard it from his own lips, differs just enough from that of Dr. Doddridge to have provoked a fierce controversy about next to nothing at all. According to Doddridge himself the Colonel was not very clear whether he heard, or only thought he heard, the voice that turned him from his evil ways; and Carlyle gives good reason for differing from the other as to the hour of his conversion and the name of the book that caused it. Fanatics may still insist upon an actual vision, but calmer judges will be content to draw the very same amount of spiritual profit from the one version as from the other. Carlyle's own early belief in appearances from another world was rudely shaken by what befel him while he was still a youth, fresh from logical studies at Edinburgh. He had made an agreement with one of his dearest friends, that whoever died first should come and tell the other all about the invisible world. This friend dying one summer, young Carlyle "walked

every evening for hours in the fields and links of Prestonpans," in hopes of a meeting, but the friend never appeared. Those were the days when Scotch ministers raised a pious outcry against the bill that repealed King James's penal statutes regarding conjurers and witches. A later generation will perhaps smile in its turn over the follies of an age that believes in spirit-rapping and hysteric revelation.

In 1737, being still at Edinburgh College, Carlyle made his first acquaintance with two fellow-students, Home and Robertson, whose names will at once recal the tragedy of "Douglas" and the history of "Charles V." About this time, too, his passion for dancing, which, through his mother's influence and that of some papers in the *Spectator*, his father had allowed him to learn, in the hope of thereby rendering him a more accomplished preacher, found ample scope in weekly practisings with the elder pupils of Madame Violante, the same "Italian stage-dancer," we may suppose, whom Mrs. Delany had already seen in Dublin. The favour of the schoolmistress, and his own natural liking, soon made him a proficient in a pastime from which Robertson and most other clergymen's sons were steadily debarred. Next year we find him seeking either to enter the army or to prepare himself for the law—aims alike baffled by his father's poverty. His next fancy for being a surgeon was cured by the sight of one dissection. At last, in obedience to parents, whose wish was to their children almost a law, he let himself be enrolled a student of divinity, and began the next winter to attend the lectures of a very dull professor, whose pupils, including the Blairs, Home, Robertson, Logan, and other names of future mark, being thus left to themselves, "naturally formed opinions far more liberal than those they got" from their nominal teacher. A result that sufficiently accounted in after days for the superiority in many ways of Carlyle's clerical contemporaries over the clergy of an older date.

At the same time Carlyle kept adding to his list of friends and acquaintances, being, like his father, of a sociable turn, and wishing, doubtless, to make a good start in life without going through the hateful ordeal of a

tutorship. With some of these friends, or with his own grandfather, he was in the habit of living many months together. At other times he pursued his studies at Edinburgh, dining at an ordinary which supplied for "four-pence a-head a very good dinner of broth and beef, and a roast and potatoes every day, with fish three or four times a week, and all the small beer that was called for till the cloth was removed." At a tavern in Haddington, where he spent some weeks in 1742 and 1743, knives and forks had lately been furnished to each guest for the first time, but one glass still went round with the bottle to all the company.

In November, 1743, Carlyle went to Glasgow, where a new Professor, of good parts and high character, had just been chosen to fill the Theological Chair. In spite of the set made against him by some of "the fanatical or highflying clergy" of Glasgow, Dr. Leechman's appointment was confirmed by the General Assembly, who could see no heresy in the omission from a sermon of some point of doctrine not clearly essential to the preacher's text. The Mathematical Chair of Glasgow was then filled by Simson, while Hutcheson held that of Moral Philosophy. Here, also, Carlyle improved his Greek under Dunlop, and entered on a course of Hebrew, which he had hitherto neglected. The trade of Glasgow was then almost in its infancy, the manufacturers being unable to supply an outward-bound cargo in exchange for the tobacco of Virginia. The inhabitants, also, were far behind those of Edinburgh in the refinements of social life. Carlyle, however, fell in with more than one lady of superior mind and rare accomplishments; while among his fellow-students, and the members of two clubs to which he belonged, he had room to cultivate his literary tastes in conversations and critical analyses of the books he read. In Glasgow the liberal tendencies of its professors encouraged, among their pupils, the same spirit of free inquiry into which the young men of Edinburgh were swayed, in part at least, by another cause.

We must pass over the amusing account of Carlyle's probationary tour in 1745, among the clergy of Haddington presbytery, an account which

reads wonderfully like a chapter from "Gil Blas" or "Joseph Andrews." Not less interesting, in another way, is the description of what he saw or did towards the close of that year, from the day he marched out, to no purpose, with the Edinburgh Volunteers, to the days immediately following the shameful rout of Cope's regulars by an army of raw undergrown Highlanders. Among other young Britons whom Carlyle shortly afterwards met in Leyden, whither he went to complete his theological course, were John Wilkes and Charles Townshend, remarkable even then, the one for his "daring profligacy," the other for his colloquial wit and the power "of translating other men's thoughts into the most charming language." During his subsequent stay in London, he was introduced to Smollett, who, like many other of his countrymen, though no Jacobite, deeply resented the cruelties said to have been sanctioned by the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. Here, too, he first saw Captain Cheap, whose character he afterwards found reason to believe had been unfairly drawn in Byron's "Narrative of the Loss of the Wager." The poet, Thompson, disappointed him by his conversation; and the opera, which he twice visited, pleased him only for the exquisiteness of Violante's dancing.

In the autumn of 1746, Carlyle was presented to the church of Cockburnspath, but was not formally settled there when he obtained the promise of Inveresk, his future incumbency until the day of his death. Some people of this place having doubted his fitness for the charge, as being "too young, too full of levity, and too much addicted to the company of his superiors," were utterly silenced by one Mrs. Anne Hall's assuring them that he himself had foretold his appointment when he was yet but six years old. It seems that after reading the Song of Solomon to the old wives in Musselburgh churchyard, he had said in answer to Mrs. Anne's hope of seeing him one day succeed his father, "No, no; I'll never be minister of that church; but yonder's my church," pointing to the steeple of Inveresk. Of this church, at any rate, he was formally ordained minister in August, 1748, "with the almost universal good-will of the

parish." Thenceforth his days were chiefly spent in the honest performance of parish duties, lightened by the social countenance of the surrounding gentry, and by the friendship of Home, Robertson, Logan, and other clergymen of his own neighbourhood, academic standing, and mental leanings.

One of his first achievements in his new office was the share he took in restoring the weakened influence of the General Assembly over the district presbyteries. The commands of the former having lately, on various pleas, been set aside by some of the latter, he and his young friends above named gave the Assembly no rest until a majority of its members took courage to pronounce the deposition of a refractory presbyter in 1752, and thus staid that tendency to local independence which began after the restoration of patronages in the tenth year of Queen Anne. From this time also dates, in his idea, the beginning of a marked improvement in the social tone of the clergy, caused by their mixing more freely among the better classes of laymen, who in their turn must have been agreeably surprised at the gentlemanly manners and liberal culture of the generation to which Robertson and Carlyle belonged. These young men combined no small amount of religious earnestness with that kindly tolerance for the opinions of others which never comes to those who shut themselves off from free intercourse with men of different characters and various creeds. Carlyle's account of David Hume confirms all we know about the lovable nature of a man whose scepticism made him none the less familiar with the Robertsons, Blairs, and Fergusons of his day. There is a pertinent story told in this volume of the old lady who assured her son, Adam, the architect, how very agreeable she had found "the large jolly man" who sat next her one day at dinner. On hearing it was Hume himself, the very Atheist she had been so much afraid of: "Well," said she, "you may bring him here as much as you please, for he's the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever met with."

Another of Carlyle's Edinburgh friends was Adam Smith, as learned, clever, and simple as Hume, but absent in company, with a harsh stam-

mering voice, and a proneness to lecture rather than talk. His taste in things literary was like that of Hume, perhaps justly blamed for its French leanings; but we of this day may smile to hear the author of "The Wealth of Nations" called in question for the soundness of his political opinions. Robertson's turn for rash theorizing is well displayed in the story of his attempt to demonstrate the brutal character of the English, from the fact of his having just seen three horsemen ride up to look at a felon writhing on the gallows—the three horsemen happening to be his own countrymen and fellow-travellers. As devoid as Robertson of either wit or humour, Blair was shy and unambitious, free from envy, rather childish in conversation, and caring only to be admired as a preacher, "particularly by the ladies." Very amusing is the account of Home's second start for London. His first had been a bootless errand, with his clean shirt and night-cap in one pocket, and in the other his play of Douglas, which, in spite of the praise lavished on it by Hume and all the Scotch, was doomed to make its first public appearance on the boards of an Edinburgh theatre.

In 1758 Carlyle went to London about his sister's marriage. There, in company with Robertson, who had come to find a publisher, and Home who found at Covent Garden the opening hitherto denied him by Garrick, he managed to spend some very agreeable weeks: going one day to hear Chatham overawe his opponents by the haughtiness of his tone and the fiery rushing of his words, another while enjoying, as a guest, the polished pleasantries of Smollett, or following Garrick, night after night, through the round of his characters at Drury-lane. A short trip to Portsmouth impressed him deeply with the extent of Great Britain's naval resources; and an effort to board the Royal George was only baffled by the sickness and fears of some of his companions. In 1760 he married the wife whose death, in 1804, his diary records in few but very touching words. The next nine years of his life were spent chiefly at home, save when about twice a year he carried his wife to Newcastle on a visit to her sister. During a visit to Edinburgh in 1764, and again at Newcastle, he saw, but did not greatly ad-

mire, the clever Mrs. Montague, whose name meets us so often in the memoirs of Mrs. Piozzi, but whose pretensions seemed, to Scottish eyes, a good deal greater than her actual merits. The next year died Carlyle's father, to the regret of all who knew him. In 1769 Carlyle himself once more went up to London, partly to plead for the exemption of the Scotch clergy from a tax which, according to the spirit of their laws, the Government should not have called on them to pay. The partial success of his

efforts made him popular among his brethren, and encouraged him to repeat the journey next year. At this point the autobiography stops suddenly short—too suddenly for all who, having read so far, would have wished to hear from the lips of one so conspicuous among his fellows the full account of those later years into which his editor has given us some valuable glimpses in the closing chapter of a volume that really bears to be read through.

PARIS REJUVENESCENT.

POLITICS, both foreign and domestic, were not the only subjects whereupon, at the opening of the session, senators and deputies chose to exercise their newly-recovered right of speech. Metropolitan and municipal liberties had their champions and advocates, who boldly stood up against the all-absorbing system of centralization. Neither have the words which fell from the lips of M. Picard been altogether lost and forgotten; they have become the text or theme which certain papers, such as the *Patrie* and *Opinion Nationale*, have been working upon ever since. One after another they have been exposing the blunders and mistakes of the present municipal administration, and are daily engaged preparing new food for the indignation of the public.

Indeed it would seriously disturb the mind of a quiet London Metropolitan Commissioner or parish warden to witness the fearful work of destruction and reconstruction which is now going on throughout that part of Paris which lies between the Madeleine and the Parc Monceaux. No doubt he would wonder why, when standing at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevard, with his back turned to the Place Vendôme, he can see before him but a stupendous mass of ruins, out of which new walls and pillars are just beginning to shoot up. No less would be his amazement if by chance he happened to wander across the river in the neighbourhood of the Palais de Justice, the Musée de Cluny, and the Luxembourg, where hundreds of

houses have already disappeared, and hundreds are still awaiting the same fate, in order to make way for straight-lined streets and boulevards, imitation squares and fortified barracks and theatres. Maybe that members of the Board of Health and Sewers Commissioners would feel somewhat reconciled to the hardships of their own task at the thought that the Seine need not be too proud and look down upon the polluted Thames, for thousands of Parisians are daily undergoing a slow process of poisoning, through their being supplied with water drawn from it at the very mouth of the main drainage sewer termed, Grand Collecteur.

Such are the grievances which for the last three months have been hoarded up against the *Prefet de la Seine*: such is the hobby-horse which, week after week, untiring editors have been riding up and down before the eyes of their credulous and blindfolded readers, who wildly shoot the arrows of their discontent at the proffered target without seeing that it is but a shield put up in order to protect him with whom originated the stupendous plan of throwing down Paris to build it up again.

It is, in fact, the old theory of ministerial responsibility revived, it must be owned, under a somewhat novel form, the *Prefet de la Seine* having to do the work and bear the brunt of public criticism. True it is that he is well-paid for his trouble, and has, besides the advantages of a comfortable salary, many an opportunity of framing a good speculation by investing

capital in houses and lands, which he is soon after compelled to sell at a considerable profit, to make way for the realization of some entirely new and unforeseen design, such as the continuation of a street or the opening out of a boulevard; an operation which, no doubt, he is far from feeling as much annoyed at as his wife, a somewhat simple-minded, straightforward, unbusiness-like lady, who, it is said, was heard to complain of her having been successively turned out of eight different mansions built for her especial enjoyment in diverse parts of Paris.

Gross as may appear the artifice when once revealed, yet it succeeds with the mass of the public; and it is no uncommon thing to hear workmen and shopkeepers, whilst most severe in their criticism against the Prefet, express the opinion, that were the Emperor to know how things are conducted, he would surely be much displeased at it, and take measures for their better management. Even from time to time it is rumoured amongst the people that a change is about to take place, and names are occasionally whispered in well-informed circles of men who are likely to supersede the present administrator of the township of Paris. Yet he is firmer than ever in his seat, and manages occasionally to turn the very attacks of the press to the advancement of some of his long-cherished designs. Thus it is that the stir about the unwholesome state of the water supplied to certain portions of the town, coincided, as if it had been got up for the purpose, with the production of a plan for bringing to Paris the water of springs situated some hundred and fifty miles off. It would appear that the Emperor was somewhat opposed to the scheme, and only yielded his assent under the pressure of the agitation which was kept up through the medium of some of the organs of the press. Be it as it may, the Prefet admitted, to a certain extent, the statements produced, although he pronounced them to be exaggerated, agreed with the writers as to the unfitness of Seine water for public use, and claiming for himself the honour of having ever entertained that opinion, and advocated the removal of the evil, concluded by the announcement that within two years

Parisians would be able to drink spring water, which reaching the neighbouring hills of Belleville and Menilmontant, about 100 yards above the level of the sea, could be distributed throughout the town, and carried to the very top of any of the six-floored houses of the metropolis.

The plan is now under serious consideration, Commissioners being appointed to meet in the different districts from which the water is to be drawn; and it is said that in some parts a strong opposition will be experienced at the hands of the agricultural communities, who fear lest the operation should be prejudicial to the irrigation of the land.

With regard to the water supply, it cannot be denied that Paris has hitherto been in a position much inferior to that of London. No better proof of it can be given than the fact that in spite of the Metropolitan Water Company, thousands of men, boys, and horses, are daily engaged carrying about water, which is sold at the rate of a penny or a halfpenny a pail, according as it is filtered or not. Any plan, therefore, must be acceptable, cost what it may, which will give Paris an adequate supply of that commodity whereupon both health and comfort so much depend.

With a view to secure so desirable an object, the attention of the administration has been turned also to artesian wells, and not many days ago water was obtained from a pit which has been sunk near Passy, to a depth of nearly 600 feet. The work, which was undertaken some six years ago, is yet far from being completed: for, on the one hand, there still remains to be dug out a deep bed of sand and gravel, owing to which the liquid has so far kept within several feet of the level of the soil; whilst, on the other hand, the diameter of the well, which is equal to about eleven inches, is to be enlarged to three feet. The sheet of water wherefrom the present supply arises is admitted to be the same as that which feeds the Grenelle artesian well on the left bank of the river, and some fears were entertained lest the bulk and level of the water there should undergo some change; but, so far, no alteration has been noticed. As to the temperature, it is much higher in the old well than in the new one; but this is attributed

to the fact that the water, being as yet scarce, is cooled by the influx of intermediate springs, which will be ultimately isolated from it by the walling in of the pit.

For works such as these, no doubt, all praise is due to those, whoever they may be, who take a part in their conception or execution; and it must be owned besides, that within the last ten years Paris has been greatly improved in point of health, convenience, and cleanliness, owing to the destruction of countless narrow streets and lanes, the opening of wide thoroughfares, and last, but not least, by an intelligent and thorough system of drainage.

Yet, great as have been the results obtained in certain parts of the metropolis where improvement was most required, it seems as if our rulers were not satisfied with providing the necessary, but must indulge in the rather extravagant fancy of cultivating art for itself (*l'art pour l'art*, as we say). It would appear as if they had taken a map of Paris, and, regardless of all expense, had set their minds upon realizing a kind of ideal system of traffic through the town. One would fancy that parallelism and symmetry have been their only guides when they have chosen such points as the *barrière de l'étoile*, the *Madeleine*, the boulevard opposite the rue de la Paix, and have aimed at throwing out from each of these a number of large thoroughfares, which remind you of the outstretched arms of some monstrous cuttle-fish reaching in all directions, and intersecting each other at nicely-calculated geometrical angles.

What must be the havoc made through those richly-populated districts, and what the cost, may easily be imagined by any one who has visited Paris, and knows what kind of people inhabit the neighbourhood of the *Champs Elysées*, the *Madeleine*, and the *Chaussée d'Antin*. High as the value of land was in those parts, it has been doubled and even trebled through the wholesale purchases made by the town under the provisions of the expropriation law; it reached on the boulevard £30 and even £35 the square metre, which differs but little from the square yard, whilst on other spots instances are not wanting of property having been bought twelve or

fifteen years ago for £1,000, which has realized in the present day £8,000 or £9,000.

But it suffices not that long streets and boulevards should be cut through numberless houses, and traced out over their ruined foundations. New buildings must be erected along the contemplated thoroughfares. These are not executed by means of the municipal funds: an appeal is made to private industry. The purchased lands are resold at a profit either to individuals or to large companies that undertake the work. In either case the consequence must be the erection of most costly houses, for the land is too dear for it to be made to support small and simple constructions. Builders must always bear in mind that their work must be so contrived as to command high and remunerative rents. No room, therefore, is left for modest apartment, and from top to bottom the bulky edifice should be made worthy of its wealthy tenants. These must be procured, or the landlord can no more get the interest of his outlay, or what is worse, pay interest on the capital he has been induced to borrow, in order to carry out the enterprise. So far, owners of house property have fared pretty well in that respect, for people must live somewhere; and so many have been turned out of their former abodes, which are now lying levelled to the ground, that the supply has not yet exceeded the demand; but let Paris be built up again, and many a house will remain wholly or partially unlet. When rents go down, as it is to be hoped they will, then will newly-acquired property lose much of its abnormal value, and many be brought to ruin who are now the lords of the financial world.

That they will find much pity amongst the present victims of their extravagance is hardly to be supposed; yet, looking at the matter by the light of the true principles of political economy, one must arrive at the conclusion that there is something wrong in a system, the effect of which is to raise for the time being the value of a certain kind of property to a level it can by no means be kept up at, and a falling from which must necessarily be the loss of all those who have made it the standard whereupon they have based their calculations.

No less is the disturbance which has occurred in the labour market. The sudden and immense demand for masons, carpenters, joiners, and the like, having drawn from the fields thousands who may never be persuaded to return thither, will either cause serious embarrassment to government, if some day or other the amount of work is allowed to fall off, or oblige it to be ever entering upon new plans for the mere sake of affording employment—a system which is, after all, but that of the Socialists, and must explode sooner or later; for it is impossible to go on for ever violating the simplest laws of political economy, regardless of keeping the balance between the demand and the supply.

Dark as are these forebodings they are not foreign to the minds of most Frenchmen; and it is a fact worthy of remark that, talk to whom you will, you are pretty sure to discover that he entertains a secret anxiety about the future, and feels that there is something wrong about the present way of going on. Yet, take a stroll on the boulevards when you like, between three o'clock in the afternoon and one in the morning, and you will find them crowded with people whose only object is pleasure, whether they walk up and down, smiling as they pass at the gaudily-attired day and night stars, or sit lazily sipping their beer, absinth, or sorbets, in front of the coffee-houses.

To arrive at an approximate estimation of the individual worth of most of these men is utterly impossible at a mere survey of their outward appearance. Both young and old are so handsomely attired, they seem so completely at ease, that any one unacquainted with them must think they are all equally wealthy. Not so, however; for many a one sits there whose elegant dress has no other chance of being paid for but the good-luck of its wearer, a young clerk in a stock-broker's office, who speculates on his master's clients. But dress is a means of success—it gives a man boldness and assurance, and no one need know how and when it will be paid for—it suffices that the man looks well up to the mark, speaks big, and talks of hundreds and thousands as others do of shillings and pence. Unprincipled reck-

lessness with the young, cold-blooded cunning with the old and elderly, such are the characteristics of this class, who, amidst the constant vicissitudes which they daily experience at the hands of the goddess Fortune, are conscious that they hold their position but by a precarious tenure, and endeavour to make the most of it while they can.

However, great must be the evil that works out no good—dark the sky in which no glimmering of light appears, not a spot seems fairer than the other. Thus it is that the enormous rate attained by house rents, and the consequent rise of prices which has occurred in all kinds of commodities, has forced many to take to country life. Owing to this emigration the population of the neighbouring villages has been greatly increased within the last few years, property has acquired more value, and most of the large estates around Paris are fast disappearing, being parcelled out and sold by lots to make room for cottages and villas to receive the homeless denizens of the city. The love of country air and country residences is gaining ground on the minds of all classes of Parisians, and if the movement may be said to have originated with those who left the town out of sheer necessity, it has not stopped there, and the actual inhabitants—or rather immigrants—of the neighbouring villages may be divided into three classes:—Firstly, those who have been brought there out of motives of economy; secondly, those who, reckoning upon the continuance of the movement have purchased land or house property out of mere speculation, and who come and settle upon it until they find an opportunity for re-selling at a good profit; thirdly, those who merely look to personal comfort and enjoyment, and wish to exchange the burning streets and close apartments of the metropolis for nice cool walks and country air.

These three classes are not generally to be found on the same spot, the division between the first and the third being strongly marked in that respect. Thus, for instance, whilst the latter have taken to the western districts and the most fashionable places on the northern lines, the latter have resorted to the east,

towards Vincennes and Nogeuil, or towards the south, in the neighbourhood of Gentilly and Bourg-la-Reine. As to the second class, they are to be found in all directions—that is, wherever land has been sold of late at a tolerably low price.

It was our lot some few weeks ago to be entertained at the house of a gentleman belonging to this class. There we found him the happy denizen of a detached, neat-looking little dwelling, at the back of which lay from two to three acres of land, part of which had been turned into a private garden, whilst the remainder, which was intended for sale, was provisionally under culture as a kitchen garden. Everything told of the short tenure of the present occupant—the glaring white-washed walls, the fresh painting, the young trees, which for shade bade you look forward some six or seven years hence; even the half-bred Newfoundland puppy, in his unfinished kennel, contrasted by his restless whining and barking with the well-known grave and quiet demeanour of the old watch-dog of some antiquated mansion.

Being anxious to make the best of our day's excursion, we set about visiting the place, which we found to be dressed in its best holiday garb. As we went along, we could not help comparing the neat little houses, the cleanly-looking narrow streets, with the gigantic buildings and thoroughfare of the metropolis; and great must have been the amazement of the natives if any of them observed us standing for several minutes looking at an old lamp-post which, by an ingenious contrivance, had been turned into a public fountain, and spoke volumes to our minds on behalf of the economical principles of the maire and town-council.

Indeed, this circumstance made us all the more delighted at the thought that we should soon become acquainted with those worthy officials, for the cause of the merry-making we witnessed around us was the annual crowning of a *Rosière*, and it was, of course, their province to take a prominent part in the ceremony. On these occasions, the hero, or rather heroine, of the day is the young girl who, according to the united suffrage of the clerical and civil authorities of the place, has been deemed most

meritorious in her conduct. She should be born within the precinct of the township, and be between eighteen and twenty-one years of age. In ancient times a mere crown of roses was the prize allotted to her virtue: hence the name given to her. At a later period a small piece of money was usually added to the crown, and was considered as her dowry. But things have progressed, and virtue, I suppose, has become such a *rara avis*, that a high price should be set upon it wherever it is to be found; so that now-a-days the gift has been increased by private and municipal donations to about £25.

The solemnity was appointed to take place, as usual, in the church, after vespers, and entrance tickets had been sold during the previous week, the number of persons to be admitted being thus limited. However, vespers being public, the church was over-crowded with holders and non-holders of tickets, so that in order to give the former their due when the ceremony came on, the latter should have retired. They did not, however, and only one course was then left open, that of causing the building to be altogether evacuated, those only who were provided with tickets being afterwards readmitted. But here was the weak point of the local administration entirely laid bare, the whole combined military and police force of the place being three times defeated in their attempt to enforce obedience, and finally compelled to let in as many as could by any possibility gain admittance, a fact which, however it might be regretted in point of comfort and convenience, was fraught with consolatory reflections, inasmuch as it offered a strong and somewhat agreeable contrast to the overwhelming military influence and pressure which is generally submitted to throughout the country.

In such a state of things, sitting was altogether out of question, and standing on tiptoe during the greater part of the ceremony was the position generally adopted by most of the lookers on, in their anxiety to catch a glimpse of the fair object of so much pomp and display. The whole affair lasted some three-quarters of an hour, during which time the national guards band played, with questionable correctness, a number of

brilliant tunes more or less appropriated to the circumstance; and the clergyman, a short-necked little old man, with a sensual face, and spectacles resting on the end of his nose, delivered himself of a written speech, in the course of which his tongue got once or twice somewhat entangled in the rather intricate phraseology he had thought fit to launch himself in, owing, I suppose, to the unusual solemnity of the occasion.

Out of doors was arrayed the profane part of the *fête* with the whole ordeal of a country fair: open-air toy and sweets shops, shooting galleries, hawkers and venders of all kinds, jugglers and mountebanks, rending the air with their conflicting cries, and boisterous musical accompaniments. In the evening the public buildings and walks were illuminated with coloured glasses, and two ball-rooms were opened, at different prices, for the better accommodation and division of the dancing public.

These Sunday rejoicings are no extraordinary thing, and every one of the little towns and villages around Paris has its own fair, the origin of which may be traced to the religious celebration of the day dedicated to the patron saint of the locality. They generally last a couple of Sundays in each place, and are attended more or less by excursionists from the metropolis. As to *Rosière* crowning, it is a solemnity which is peculiar to *Nanterre*, the town to which I have just introduced the readers of this Magazine, and also to another small village in the vicinity, *Surmeau*, which is also celebrated for its common wine, called *petit-bleu*, just as *Nanterre* is for its cakes, of which, to English readers, I can give no better idea than by saying that they somewhat resemble cross-buns.

To maires, and members of town councils, these annual rejoicings are matters of no small import, for they must contrive to increase from private contributions the yearly allowance granted for the purpose out of the local budget. Some of them, indeed, take the thing most at heart; and I shall long remember the regular can-

vassing undertaken on such an occasion by one of these worthy officials, nay, even by his whole family. For more than a fortnight before, father, mother, and daughters, were engaged: paying half-a-dozen visits a day to the most respectable persons in the village, in order to collect contributions, exploring the neighbouring localities where fairs were being held, that they might induce a sufficient number of mountebanks and the like to attend their own *fête*. Evening after evening was taken up calculating how many may-poles might be set up, how many coloured glasses used for the illuminations, how many rockets let off at the fire-works. Then came the composing of the bill intended to convey the usual and necessary information to the country-folk, an operation which lasted several days, and absorbed all the mental and literary faculties of both father and daughter, the mother being utterly incompetent on that score—

“*Tanta molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*”

Neither was the production wholly unworthy of notice, especially that part of it in which the old man informed all hawkers, venders, shopkeepers, &c., that they should, in case of need, apply to Mr. — (meaning himself), at whose hands they would find both aid and protection.

As the long expected term drew near, last but not least of all cares was that which preyed upon the minds of the whole family about the weather. Ten times a day was the state of the atmosphere minutely examined, and a kind of domestic council held, in order to arrive at some conclusion as to the matter. But, alas! I regret to say, that in spite of the most favourable prophecies, it turned out to be showery and uncertain—a fact which caused the young lady to fall into a deep fit of sadness, which lasted all day, and from which, in the evening, it required all the enchanting power of music and dancing combined, to enable her to recover and become again herself, to the great delight of her equally desolated parents.

THE HISTORY OF THE EARTH AND OF ITS INHABITANTS.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL HAUGHTON, F.R.S.,

Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin.

A HISTORY of a people would be considered very imperfect which did not also give some account of the country inhabited by that people, and it would be regarded as somewhat unnatural to separate the actions, the wars, and the polity of any great nation from their due alliance with the climate, the productions, and the natural resources of the land they lived in.

In like manner, a mere geological sketch of the successive inhabitants of the globe we live on must be meagre and unsatisfactory if unaccompanied with an astronomical account of the planet which constitutes the arena on which these successive races of inhabitants have lived and died. A short time ago an essay on the history of the inhabitants of the earth would have led one to presuppose an essay on history, properly so called; but every person is familiar with the fact, that in the history of the earth and its inhabitants we now include within our view a much larger range of animals and objects of interest than merely our fellow-men. We are bound, in fact, to consider not only our fellow-men, our brothers and sisters in creation, but also what have been described as "our humbler fellows." I am not sure that I regard these humbler fellows with as great a degree of reverence and superstitious awe as some of our modern writers, but I am prepared to regard them with interest and even affection, as I believe them to be, like ourselves, wonderful and remarkable examples of the almighty power of God, who has placed them in this world to enjoy with us the benefits and blessings with which he surrounds us all.

The first attempt to give an account of the history of the globe on which we live was made by one of the greatest men that ever lived upon that globe, Sir Isaac Newton. In speculating in his "*Principia*" on the shape of the planet Jupiter, and in comparing it with our own planet, he arrives at the conclusion that these planets may have been originally in

a state of liquid fusion, and that they owe their present shapes to their rotation around their axes. The idea thus thrown out by Newton was taken up afterwards by the celebrated Clairaut, and, in later times, formed the basis of a most remarkable passage in the writings of Laplace. This great man threw out the idea that the planets and the satellites that surround them were originally not only fluid but might even have been gaseous, and that a single origin must be sought for all the planets that encircle our sun. The speculation to which I allude does not occupy more than a few lines of one of the many volumes written by Laplace—he notices the subject and dismisses it in the same cursory manner in which he introduces it. Now, it is a curious fact, that since his time many books and treatises have been written on this subject at great expenditure of pen and ink, though without much addition to our knowledge. It is the privilege of genius like that with which Laplace was endowed to throw out words and hints that shall constitute a sort of centre or rallying point around which hundreds and thousands of second and third rate men will cluster and attempt to gain for themselves notoriety by repeating, like a cuckoo-cry, the doctrine their great master had first uttered; but if we examine the nebular hypothesis minutely we shall find that not one iota has been added to Laplace's speculation. His hypothesis is expressed in very few words: he finds the sun in the centre of a system revolving in a direction from right to left, the planets, one after the other, around the sun, revolving in the same direction with the sun, from right to left, revolving nearly in circles and in orbits which are almost all in the same plane. He finds each planet revolving on its axis in the same direction as the sun, and their satellites revolving, like themselves, in circular orbits, with small inclinations. No person acquainted with

the meaning of these facts can hesitate to believe that they point to a common origin for the sun, planets, satellites, and the various bodies that surround that sun—with the exception of comets, which do not come within this class. This brilliant idea, first thrown out by a man of genius, has never been added to, for I believe that all subsequent attempts to add to that first great and brilliant idea of Laplace have been successive failures. The illustrious Comte, in a portion of his work on "Positive Philosophy," and afterwards in a paper which he read (never printed) before the Academy, attempted to demonstrate the mathematical necessity of the nebular hypothesis. The result, as is now well known, was to show that if Comte was not more exact as a metaphysician than he was as a mathematician it would have been better for him not to have published his book at all. His mathematical demonstration was a complete delusion. He re-discovered the third law of Kepler, a law that was well known to every mathematician in Europe hundreds of years before Comte was born. In later times attempts have been made by mathematicians much more trustworthy to contribute information additional to that first afforded by Laplace. The University of Cambridge, which, I believe, even now produces some of the best and greatest analysts in Europe (I will not except in this statement even the University of Dublin, which, I believe, in its elegant and more beautiful geometry surpasses Cambridge, while it yields to her in analysis) has for many years past produced a number of treatises on this subject written with more or less ability, all of them aiming to add something to the words of Laplace, but they have added nothing whatever to our real knowledge. Whether it is that the custom prevails in that University, so familiar to lawyers, of quoting a precedent or saying found in a book and then believing it to be true, I cannot say, but certainly this does prevail in Cambridge—the mathematicians of that University too often take hypotheses in this subject for granted, as if they were laws of nature.

So much has this custom prevailed in our sister University, that our critics

complain, that at a recent examination, the existence of matter was ignored altogether. I mention these researches of Mr. Hopkins and of Archdeacon Pratt, for the purpose of expressing my belief, that when examined by the test of time, and by the careful consideration of competent mathematicians, however valuable they may be as mathematical exercises, they will be found, in no respect, to have added to the real knowledge possessed, when Laplace invented the nebular hypothesis. This remarkable speculation of Laplace, to which he himself appears not to have attached a due importance and weight, has led to a universal conviction among scientific thinkers, that we must look for the origin of the sun, planets, and satellites, to some unique physical cause, such as he has assigned; we are, therefore, forced to go back to a time, beyond any thing that geologists can tell us of. And astronomers may claim their right to say to the geologists, your epochs are highly respectable, but they are mere "modern instances," compared with our "ancient saws." They may say that they know the history of the world before geologists can trace it, or before they can find in its crust a single record of the past.

The history of our globe may be divided into three periods—the astronomical, the geological, and the historical periods.

Of the first period, I believe that Laplace has already written all that we shall ever know; its scale of time depends on the conditions of the cooling and consolidation of planetary nebulae, with respect to which we must be content to remain in perpetual ignorance; its phenomena are beyond the boundaries of positive science and of real knowledge; it resembles the epoch of myth and fable which, necessarily, as it would seem, must precede the advent of true history and knowledge.

With respect to the third, or historical epoch, we all know what it means; its periods are measured by days, and months, and years, and though its records are sometimes wanting, yet if found, there would be no difference of opinion as to the standard of time with which we ought to compare them.

But what shall we say of the measure of time involved in the second, or geological period of the Earth's

History? It is a history in which the order and succession of events is recorded, but the standard of time is lost; for no one knows what interval of time is involved in the "duration of a species," or the "deposition of a mile of sediment." On this question geologists divide themselves naturally into two schools, viz.:—Those who adopt, as the unit of time, the existence of a species, and those who prefer, as the measure of that unit, the deposition of a given quantity of mud.

In the opinion of the latter, the former class of geologists have greatly exaggerated the duration of the Secondary and Tertiary periods, in consequence of the more rapid change in organic life, which has characterized these latter periods as compared with the Palæozoic epoch. Let anyone consider, for a moment, the analogous case of history. Let him compare the Empire of China with the Republic of Greece. From the time that the 300 Spartans, under Leonidas, fought at Thermopylae, to defend their country against the innumerable hosts of the Persians, to the time when Demosthenes uttered his Philippics, a period of somewhat less than 300 years elapsed. Let any man having a heart to feel, who can understand history, and poetry, and the ideas which great men are capable of giving to their descendants, compare these 300 years of Greece's history, with the 3,000 years by which the great Empires of Japan and Cathay, reckon their ages, and let him say to which would he give the greater importance. The answer would be obvious. In like manner, I believe, the greater interest that these recent deposits possess induces us to regard them in such a way as to lead us to magnify their importance, and to transfer to them a dignity which cannot spring from the length of time to which they can lay claim. I do not mean to say that a mile of mud and a mile of limestone represent the same period of time; but that a mile of limestone in the older world represents the same period—as far as we can judge—as a mile of limestone does in the later periods of the world; and when we find in the older periods five species per mile of limestone, and in the later ages fifty, we are not therefore to conclude that the period of the one is not of equal duration with

that of the other. The most recent information we possess on the subject leads me to the conclusion, that the following scale represents the thickness, and, as I believe, consequently, the duration of the four great periods into which the strata of the globe may be divided:—

Geographical Miles	
I. The Azoic Strata,	4.383
II. The Lower Palæozoic,	5.082
III. The Upper Palæozoic,	4.458
IV. Secondary and Tertiary,	4.512

18.385

During the periods represented by these eighteen miles of strata, the creative force that produced species of animals was very variously exercised, as I have endeavoured to show in Plate I., in which the horizontal line denotes time, or thickness of strata, and the vertical lines denote the number of species of Crustacea, Fishes, Reptiles, and Mammals, produced per mile of rock.

From this representation it is evident that the Crustaceans were produced most rapidly at the close of the Lower Palæozoic period; that the Reptiles reached their maximum of development at the beginning of the Neozoic period; that the Fishes enjoyed two maxima of rapidity of production, one at the commencement of the Upper Palæozoic, and the other at the commencement of the Neozoic period; and that the Mammals approached their greatest rate of production at the close of the Neozoic, and commencement of the Historical period, just previous to the creation of Man.

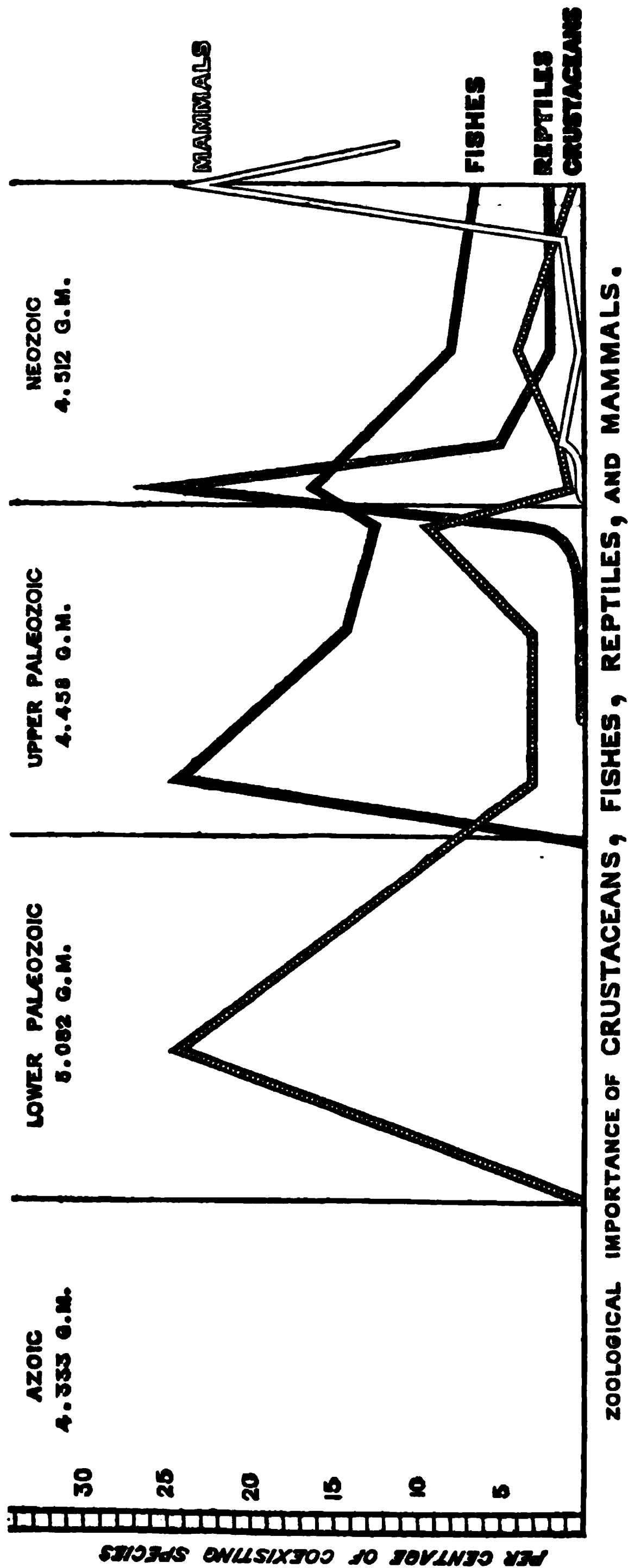
It will readily suggest itself to my mathematical readers, that as the base line denotes time, and the vertical line, rate of creation, that, therefore, the slope of these curves denotes the creative force in action.

A still more instructive view of the position occupied by the Crustaceans, Fishes, Reptiles, and Mammals, at different periods of the earth's history is shown by the curves of Plate II., in which the horizontal line, as before, denotes time or thickness of strata, and the vertical heights denote the proportion which the class of animals represented in each curve, at any time, bore to the total number of species of animals at that time living on the globe.

PLATE I.



PLATE 18.



These curves, in fact, represent with accuracy the Zoological Importance of the Crustaceans, Fishes, Reptiles, and Mammals at each period of the Earth's history.

These four classes of animal life have never coexisted in equal amount on the surface of our globe, but have reigned in succession, as the dominant races that ruled their fellows, both by force of numbers and by virtue of superior bulk and intelligence.

The Crustaceans attained their maximum of development in the Lower Palæozoic period, attaining a proportion of twenty-four per cent., or nearly one-fourth of the coexisting species.

The Fishes succeeded the Crustaceans—not *gradatim*, but *per saltum*—and in the Upper Palæozoic period attained a proportion of twenty-four per cent. of the coexisting species.

A glance at the curves that represent the Crustaceans and Fishes is sufficient to show that the law prevailed in the history of the earth, that a dethroned race never again acquired the ascendancy it once had. The Crustaceans and Fishes both made an attempt to resume their former position at the commencement of the Neozoic period, but appear to have been rapidly extinguished by the dominant Reptiles, who at that time rose to eminence, and reached the high proportion of twenty-four per cent. of the coexistent species.

The zoological importance of the Reptiles rapidly declined, and they were succeeded in the government of the world by the Mammals, which finally attained a preponderance of twenty-two per cent. at the period immediately preceding the creation of Man—the last, the most powerful, and the most cruel of the successive races that have governed the globe since it was first inhabited. It appears, therefore, evident, that four successive races have lived and ruled upon this globe; that they have succeeded each other abruptly, and not by transition of one species into another; and that their power was partly due to numbers, and partly due to superior size and force.

Thus, four successive aristocracies lived and flourished on the surface of this globe before "God created man in his own image" to people it and to have dominion over all. It appears that these aristocrats, the Crusta-

ceans, Fishes, Reptiles, and Mammals, each attained, in that order of succession, their maximum degree of development and importance. They lived, they flourished, they had their day; they declined again, and are past and gone as much from us as the dynasties of Assyria, Babylon, Greece, and Rome. Now will any man who reads the history of the human race tell us that Assyria produced Babylon; that Babylon produced Alexander; that Alexander made Cæsar? He would be regarded as a lunatic who would hold such a doctrine as this. And are we to believe that the Crustaceans, Fishes, Reptiles, and Mammals, because they have lived and tyrannized in succession on the earth, followed from each other by a law of descent? That the Crustaceans produced the Fishes; that the Fishes gave birth to the Reptiles; that the Reptiles were developed into the mammals. No—the Reptiles are not born of the Fishes; the Mammals are not sprung from the Reptiles; and God forbid that Man should be born of an Ape. Base, degraded, and cruel as he is, he was once made in the "image of God," and carries with him in his degradation the ineffaceable lineaments of his parentage.

If the doctrine of the "pithecoïd origin of man" were true, we should expect to find the reign of the Mammals culminating in Man as their ultimate and highest development; but their rule is over and gone; for even adding Man, who represents but a single species in number, they have fallen from twenty-two to five per cent. of the coexisting fossilizable species, and have lost their ascendancy as completely as the Crustaceans, the Fishes, and the Reptiles, whom they have succeeded, but from whom they are not descended.

Who, then, and what, are we, who now govern the globe with a more absolute and monarchical sway than the other dynasties that have preceded us? We govern as the vicegerents of God, made in His image, and in no respect more so than in this: that we rule, not by dint of numbers, not by virtue of superior size or strength, but by the power of intelligence, which enables us, though only a single species, to subjugate the globe.

Thus, then, it happens, that although Man, representing only a single species, could never appear as the

monarch of the globe on the curves of Zoological Importance that I have drawn, yet his dominion will be proved to future geologists by another and equally certain test, viz., the universal distribution of his remains. Every land on the globe and the floor of every sea will contain the fossil traces of the last and greatest race that ruled our globe, by virtue of intelligence, and not of brute force, until the sound of the dread trumpet shall call upon the sea and land to give up their dead, and the Monarch created in the image of God shall be summoned to give account of the manner in which he discharged his appointed trust. In this rapid sketch of life upon our globe it is impossible to enter into details; but there are some points so striking in relation to the Reign of the Fishes and that of the Mammals that I shall briefly mention them.

Not only did the species of Fishes at their maximum attain from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the coexistent fossils, but at their maximum of numbers they possessed the maximum of organization and of force. The Placoid and Ganoid fishes, now scarce among us, and represented by the Shark and Sturgeon as their largest types, constituted in the newer Palæozoic period the whole of the dominant race of Fishes. The inferior orders of Fishes, now so familiar to us, did not come into existence until the rulers of their race had lost their sovereignty, and resigned the government of the world into the hands of more powerful and more intelligent successors.

No doubt whatever can exist as to the superiority of the Placoids and Ganoids, as evidenced by their occasional ovo-viviparous reproduction; by their reptilian heterocercal tails, and by the splendid armour of enamelled bone in which the Ganoids were cased. Clad in this defensive armour from snout to tail, these mailed monarchs swam at large through the Palæozoic seas, tyrannized over the inferior orders of creation, and asserted for themselves the prerogative of governing the world. One great peculiarity of these Fishes is, the remarkable position of the eye. When you catch a mackerel, herring, or salmon, you will find, upon taking it from the water, that its mild, round eyes look at you with reproach, and seem to say, "Why have you taken

me? What have I done? What mischief have I committed?" If you draw a dogfish from the water you will find a totally different meaning in his lurid, pale blue eyes, which are placed in a sinister position, with an ugly and dangerous expression, at the angle of the mouth, as if so placed, to enable him to judge of the flavour of a portion of your flesh. Such was the ugly, but unmistakably kingly, mark of these great monarch fishes.

Not only is the degradation of the Fishes proved by the high organization they possessed when they ruled the world; but it is confirmed by the special creation of the Pleuronectoids (or flat fishes), immediately previous to the creation of Man. This is a fact with which most educated persons are familiar, but which, in relation to the history of life, cannot be too frequently insisted upon.

Let us examine this sole, condemned to swim upon its side, and to prevent its realizing in this position the Irish definition of a squint, "one eye skimming the pot and the other eye up the chimney," it has been made to undergo a curvature of its spine and a corresponding distortion of the face, so as to bring both eyes to the left or uppermost side to protect him from the numerous enemies surrounding him. No person examining the structure of this sole, and observing its crooked spine and distorted eyes, can regard it as any thing but a testimony from Nature; or, rather I should say, from the God of Nature, to the fact, that He fashions these creatures according to His will, and endows them with faculties—some higher, some lower; but all according to His good pleasure, and that the arbitrary character of will is not to be taken from Him as one of His prerogatives. It was no blind freak of Nature that produced, in the first instance, the greatest fishes, and afterwards allowed them to deteriorate, as if their Creator had made them and afterwards forgot them. I cannot believe the cold philosophy that would ascribe this to chance. I believe that He who made them knew what He was about; that he created them for the purpose of illustrating to us, His thinking creatures, the inexhaustible resources of His intelligence, the Almighty power of His will.

If the deterioration of the Fishes,

from the time that they governed the world, to the present day, is remarkable, that of the Mammals is scarcely less so, and it appears to have taken place in a much shorter space of time.

In proof of this deterioration, I need only appeal to the diminutive Sloth of South America, the representative of the gigantic *Mylodon*, measuring upwards of eleven feet in length, which sought and found its leafy food, not like its dwarfed successor, by climbing, but by uprooting trees—and even this gigantesque Sloth sinks into insignificance in presence of his cotemporary, the *Megatherium*, measuring upwards of eighteen feet in length, and provided with a muscular cylindrical tongue, capable of licking the branches off the largest trees.

In like manner the little *Armadillo* of South America, was represented, during the reign of the Mammals, by the gigantic *Glyptodon*, measuring nine feet in length; and the kangaroos of Australia are the degenerate successors of the great *Diprotodon*, a specimen of the lower jaw of which, lately brought to Dublin by Captain Vigors, belonged to an animal that must have weighed between 1,500 lbs. and 1,600 lbs. Numerous other examples of deterioration in size, ferocity, and numbers, will occur to the geological reader—such as the Elephants, Rhinoceroses, Mastodons, and Bears of Europe and America, whose extinction, as is proved by recently discovered remains of Man in France and England, was hastened, if not altogether occasioned by the arrival on the globe of the last and only Monarch who was to govern, like his Maker, by intelligence, and not by force.

It has often struck thoughtful men, among the ancients, why that wonderful faculty of intelligence, which enables us to rule the largest brutes—the elephant, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros of the globe—why that faculty should not reside in the larger animals, but in an unarmed and apparently helpless creature: it is to show us that the faculties and powers which the Creator gives, are not to be measured by size; that those things which appear of little value, such as modesty, humility, gentleness, and intelligence are, in the sight of Him who knows all things, of greater worth

than the more sensible, more brilliant, and more powerful attributes of larger, though less gifted creatures. This same lesson is written in the reign of the Mammals, those Monarchs that lived before us, and which are now gone and past. It may be a matter of dispute when their reign began, and when it ended; however, it is clear that, sooner or later, Man has superseded them, and it appears to me equally clear that he has dethroned them, because he is not of them, nor descended from them. The Mammals do not culminate in Man, for their zoological supremacy is gone. Let not any sciolist presume to tell us, that when Hanno's sailors slew with their bows and arrows, and afterwards skinned, the horrible gorillas of the West Coast of Africa, that they mistook them for men, and were guilty of murder—they were no such fools—and it has been reserved for our modern naturalists to regard those ugly brutes as their ancestors. I admit that the gorilla is a larger, stronger, and more ferocious brute than I am, but "give me a little time," as Bishop Butler says, give me time to combine with a few unarmed, ignorant creatures like myself, and I will destroy fifty millions of these brutes. All we require is time; therefore, mere size, mere force, cannot govern the world which is now ruled by a creature "made in the image of God," who has dethroned those monarchs, and in all probability banished many of them from the globe; whose reign will be as permanent as the Creator's will who produced him.

In the controversy, as to the origin of the human race, that now occupies the naturalists' spare moments, the combatants naturally take one side or the other, according as their sympathies are with reason, intelligence, and thought; or with the objects of sense and nature that surround us—and it would seem that the more important question of the future of the human race is involved in this dispute. If this be so, the question is decided easily and finally against the "pithecoïd origin of man," in the mind of every Christian philosopher.

It would indeed appear to be the height of folly, and of bad logic, to claim for Man a Miraculous future, such as the resurrection of his race would be; and, at the same time, to

assign him a Natural origin, by descent from the humbler races that have ruled the globe before him.

Let those whose minds have been dwarfed by the exclusive study of some minute branch of the great tree of knowledge, defend such paradoxes—we prefer to cast in our lot and faith with the great Hebrew warrior king, whose theory of the origin of man, suggested by the study of the phenomena of Nature, is contained in the words which will last while the world itself endures:—

“When I consider thy heavens, the

work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour; thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea.”

Oh Lord! Our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world.

A DAY-DREAM.

A GARDEN fenced by elms and limes,
Within the sound of minster chimes;
A mansion where the ivy climbs
Round turrets gray;—a thousand times
Have I dreamt of this for thee,
Minnie mine—have watched thee glide,
Shadowy by the river side,
Or 'mong the rhododendrons hide
In happy hours of glee.

There how gaily all the day
Would our tiny darling May
Along the turfen alleys play,
And watch the wild birds up and away
Flashing through the summer air:
O those pretty dancing feet,
They would come to thy retreat—
That prattling voice, so soft and sweet,
Would woo thee everywhere.

She should sing, the pretty bird,
Sweetest carols ever heard
Beneath the bending branches, stirred
By summer winds. And I would gird
Mighty ropes to ash trees twain—
Where the merry fairy thing
Half the day might sit and swing:
Boughs upon her head would fling
Fresh blossoms down like rain.

And Minnie mine would be to her
Nature's best interpreter—
Would teach the tiny wanderer
How the world's wide pulses stir
Through His power who reigns above;
Who gave me, 'mid this earth's dark strife,
Two whom I better love than life,
My darling child, my own dear wife—
The God whose name is Love.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

A SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

THE Black Country, as it is picturesquely and not inaptly termed, is a sight well worth seeing. Black and grimy though it be, cheerless and unlovely as it looks, it contains within it more elements of material prosperity, a greater amount of mineral wealth, and a more densely populated area than any other equally sized tract of country on the face of the globe. Its entire length, from north to south, is a little more than twenty miles, extending from Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, over Cannock Chase, to Beverton, near Badgeley, and its breadth is about ten, Walsall and Wolverhampton being its opposite boundaries. In the daylight it is a region of illimitable chimney shafts and innumerable furnaces, of miles upon miles of dull, dead brick walls, broken by doors and windows, in which the miners have their dwellings, and where they rear, after their own fashion, their generally large broods of young. Here and there are sparsely scattered better houses, the residences of the masters and factors, but the bettering consists usually in the size of the building and its small plot of brownish-green lawn, and not in any exhibiting of architectural ornamentations or refined taste. Over all these sixty square miles of superficies is spread an amazing net-work of canals and railways, all swarming with motion, all instinct with life. Every factory is connected with some main line of locomotives by its little branch and siding, and every mine has either the same or its miniature wharf, at which the long narrow barges lie and load. Notwithstanding the enormous population you know to be at work, there is a strange absence of noise, and bustle, and motion. Here and there you hear the dull, resonant "thud" of the ponderous hammer, the scream of the escaping steam, or the sullen, continuous rumble of the huge three-horse waggon, as it rolls cumbrously over the hard road; but there is none of that torrent-like roar of restless, unrestrainable life; that whirl and clash and comminglement of human beings that you find in the great

thoroughfares of London, or a large manufacturing city. The people dig underground, moiling and toiling, digging and delving, blasting and excavating. There they all are, far from the sun's light, and far from the glad air of heaven, and not a man ever struggles up to earth to breathe their whereabouts.

At night the scene is changed. Soon as the shades of evening fall, darkling down, the country becomes a conflagration. As far as the eye can reach, volumes of lurid flame issue from a thousand furnaces, and shoot up the empyrean. Long, bent tongues of fire strike their pointed tongues into the night, and transform it into a monster. For twenty miles round the horizon glows with fervent heat; the stars wax pale and lustreless, and even the silver moon is shorn of half her beauty. Earth becomes an inferno, stricken with a terrible beauty—the firmament is a red-hot roof. The very soil is a light with innumerable fiery horrors, and every acre sends up to heaven its separate tribute of lurid glory. A journey by night through this strange region is a spectacle that can never be forgotten. It is a type of the new hell, and the end of the world is at hand!

They are not a bad race, take them all in all, these miners. Rude as they are, uninformed as they are, they are industrious and honest. Good fathers and husbands are they after their uncouth fashion, and very many of them "fear God," while a still larger number "honour the King." Saturday is, to a certain extent, a day of rest, and it is then that they throw aside the pick and shovel, and in the company of their wives, if they have them, betake themselves to the nearest town, to lay in their weekly stores and enjoy their brief hour of relaxation. It is to this town we propose to transport our readers—the hour being eight o'clock, and the evening cold, but seasonable, for the time of the year.

Our borough is situated in the very heart of the "Black Country." For

miles on all sides the eye rests upon nothing but the picture we have endeavoured to represent. A few green fields may be seen here and there, at long intervals, and now and again, on the summit of some rising ground, a little wood or a small clump of trees, but these are rare exceptions. The landscape by which we are surrounded is brick and mortar, with mounds of coal and mountains of "slag," chimneys and furnace-tops its forestry, and its canopy an ever unscrolled veil of leaden-coloured smoke. The market-day here, in its early part, is much like other country towns in its aspect. There is a little more bustle in the street, a more perceptible animation in the shops, but nothing more. As the day declines, the market-place, which is an oblong square of considerable dimensions, begins to lose its normal character of dignified inaction, and to start into life and bustle. All round it, closely impinging upon the footways, are rising up long rows of stalls, of every size and dimension, while at right angles across its breadth other rows are being erected, with a rapidity the result of lengthened skill and experience in the architects. Each of these stalls is brilliantly lighted with gas, supplied by the local company. The entire square is permeated with special mains, and each stall being provided with one or two branch pipes, as the case may be, its proprietor screws it on to the opening in the main, and secures a brilliant illumination over his motley wares for the evening. It has now grown dark, and the square becomes peopled—nay we should rather say choked up with a dense mass of human life. From all the neighbouring villages come trooping in, on foot or by rail, droves of men and women, overflowing with pent-up spirits, and determined to "make a night of it." The uproar is deafening. The loud defiant shout of the venders, the shrill treble of the female bargainers (in nine cases out of ten the wives carry the bag and make the purchases), the clamorous appeal of the "touters," the prolonged bellow of the Cheap Jack, the wild yell of the peripatetic auctioneer, as he commends the unsurpassable cheapness and excellence of his wares, the hearty, out-spoken recognition of mutual friends, and now and then a full-volumed war of words (but never a

fight), all combine in one grand over-pouring diapason that never ceases for a moment, and to which "naught but itself can be its parallel."

Let us take a glimpse at these stalls—this multiform conglomerate of wood and canvas—this artificial city of evanescent commerce. The central stalls are the most pretentious. They are large and roomy, with four or more streaming gas-lights, and, generally speaking, have several attendants at the well-filled counters, if we may so term them. The main street, so to speak, is the bazaar of the fish dealers, and an extraordinary sight it is. As a rule the miners are fond of fish. In all inland places this is generally the case, but in the mining districts it is especially so, and as long as it can be procured, in season or out, fish forms the staple of many dinners. It is a fact, too, not less noticeable, that inland towns are, for the most part, better supplied in this article than seaports, Birmingham, for instance, having a much better selection than Brighton, and Cheltenham or Manchester than Hull or Plymouth. The reason is explicable enough. In our borough it is only the coarser fish that are to be met with. Turbot and salmon are things unknown, but in their stead plaice and cod, eels, sprats, and herrings abound in shoals. Plaice are the most plentiful, and are most affected. The price at the present season is 1½d. per pound, and the quantity that changes hands is almost incredible. Cod, somewhat limp and sickly-looking after its long journey, is to be had for 3d.; soles, very small, and by no means attractive, are 4d.; sprats, of fairish quality, 1d.; while herrings in multitudinous array are shouted out at "foive vor thrappence—twenty vor a shillin," and go off with astonishing rapidity. Hillocks of mussels, and mountains of whelks are piled up to the extreme right and left of the fishy expanse, and excite juvenile longings to a frantic extent. Scores of coal-begrimed, smock-clad boys, who for five days out of the week never see the face of day, cluster eagerly round the latter dainty, and with sparkling eyes recklessly invest their hard-earned halfpenny in a purchase, stentoriously demanding a pin into the bargain, which useful implement indeed forms a part of the contract, and

is instantly supplied from a well-filled paper by the vendor. To each stall is attached an operator, whose special vocation is curious. He is armed with a sabre-shaped knife, about two feet long, sharp in the edge, and heavy in the back. So soon as a purchase, say of plaice, has been completed, it is handed over to him. Placing it on the board before him, he makes one keen deep incision above the gills, whips in his fingers, and extracts the entrails. With four rapid and unerring strokes he slices off the head, the fins, and the tail, crimps the fish deftly, from top to bottom, doubles it up neatly, and drops it gently into the expectant basket or handkerchief, in full preparedness for the culinary operation of the morrow. An unaffected fellow he is, and takes no pride in his dexterity, though he evidently feels the importance of his mission, and is not to be laughed at with impunity.

Leaving the ichthyological department, we find ourselves at a step in another department, where pastry and confectionary, pork pies and polonies, sugar barley and peppermint candy form the *summum bonum* of enjoyment. A very attractive collocation of saccharine comestibles is here displayed, and the consumption is enormous. Many of these combinations we have met with before, and appreciate their delectability to the full, while with a host of others we have never made acquaintance, and eschew them accordingly. They are odorous of hog's lard, and present anteriorly a sinister aspect; but they are cheap for the money, and their popularity is unquestionable. There be strong stomachs in these parts, and good digestion waits on appetite. Raw sausages are devoured as readily as fried, and "rendered" lard is not unfrequently gobbled up as a delicate tit-bit. Passing beyond this savoury scene, we find ourselves in the ruck of miscellaneous encampments. Here there is not a single conceivable thing that the working man requires in the way of food, clothing, or lodging, that is not ready to his hand. Stalls for hats, stalls for shoes and boots, for ready-made raiment, for brushes, combs, and such like gear, for beds and bedding, for hardware and ironmongery of every description, for all the innumerable mysteries of the feminine toilette, for

bacon and cheese, butter and poultry dead and alive. Nothing lacking. Each has its separate department, each its special locality, each its crowd of shrewd and wily customers. Upon the bare pavement are strewn delf and crockery by the half acre; cups and saucers of willow pattern predominating; plates, bowls, jugs, and teapots—many of them of glaring and supernatural gorgeousness of colouring—are heremyriads which might baffle the power of arithmetic to enumerate; and wonder is, as with the fly in air, to discover "how they got there." The special goods' train would seem inadequate for their conveyance. We fear the number of killed and wounded in the transport, just from the pile of breakages deposited out of pure bravado in the market, more than a full average. Here an elderly costermonger, having lent him a large barrow or handcart, which reposes an immense load of amorphous articles, which to the ward vision look not unlike thick cakes, but from the sauce dealt with them, vinegar and pepper, we have our doubts. It is, however, an extensive request by the youngsters who are as greedily attracted by rats by rhodium, and its disappearance is astonishing. On propounding rather nervously, a query to the violent custodian, we found the query resolving itself into fried flat fish, uberantly clothed in lard, and plentifully dusted with coarse flour. That it did not seem to be a thing upon which a decently-organized store would care to expend its capital, but the boys of our borough have such scruples, and swallow their penny supper with an innocent suspension of suspicion, and a lively appreciation of the condimental vinegar and pepper, which spoke volumes for their taste in the salubrity of the morsel and the unsophisticated condition of its digestive organs. Not far from this fascinating barrow-knight, we found upon the universal quack doctor. His stall is decorated with bottles of various dimensions, some containing tape-worms of frightful longitude, "with, gents, in the course of my practice," others holding suspicious-looking fluids of twenty different colours, some of them prettily enough tinted, others of so sanguinary an appearance

that even the pangs of gout would vanish at their presence, and the agonies of *tic douloureux* be clean forgotten. At intervals he regales his open-mouthed audience with a curt but sententious lecture, in which the consummate ignorance and crass stupidity of the licensed practitioner are vehemently denounced, and his own infallibility defiantly proclaimed. He has lots of customers, especially for pills, of which a good-sized bushel measure stands upon his board, and as he sells cheap, and hesitates at no lie to enhance the merits of his *nostrums*, his stock is speedily exhausted, while he chuckles in his sleeve at the gullibility of the simple Simons who do him reverence.

But it would be endless to particularize the amazing variety of commodities on show to-night. Mounds of burly potatoes, stacks of vegetables from potherbs to parsnips, literally litter the streets, while of oranges and apples their numbers are legion, and impel the conviction that the crops of Sicily, Malta, and Spain, must have been prodigious. Garden seeds, too, of all the commoner sorts, are here in profusion, and the collier and the miner with a poor little patch of ungrateful soil have here full scope for the development of their amateur tastes. Peas with fifty high-sounding names allure him to purchase; and what between the merits of "Queen of England," "Marvellous," "Ne plus ultra," "Champion," and "Perfection," he ceases to have a choice of his own, and resigns himself in desperation to the dealer, who knows as little about them as himself. Onion seed is in large demand, as are lettuce and parsley; but beans are not much appreciated, neither are carrots nor parsnips. All, however, are more or less bought up, and the stall-keeper's sturdy little pony wends his homeward way lightened of the burden with which he plodded so wearily into market.

The evening is by this time far spent. Sight-seeing and bargain-making are well nigh at an end. Here and there already a stall is closed, and others are about to follow suit. It is high time to be making for home, and "Missis" has now to look for her "Maester," if she would reach her own ingle by midnight. But how is she to pick him up in such a wilderness of people? Never fear, good

reader. She knows his favourite haunt, and darts upon her reluctant victim as unerringly as the hawk upon its prey. Our borough is infested with public-houses and beer-shops far more than are good for it in body or soul. To one of these, however, she repairs, and there she captures her man, and leads him triumphantly away, not, indeed, without remonstrance, though neither unkind nor prolonged. A creditable trait this, which it pleases us to record; for these places are very alluring to an over-worked man, and we should hardly wonder if the attempt to ferret him out were angrily resisted. In these he meets friends and acquaintances, and there is set forth every appliance to gratify his senses and steep his faculties in forgetfulness. Each of these houses is flashingly decorated. Mirrors adorn the walls and flash back the gleams of blazing gasaliers and gleaming crystal. Gilding and painting are lavishly displayed, and sensuous attractions reign supreme over all. In most of the better class—perhaps it might be said in all, without exception—music is provided as an unerring source of allurements, and it is somewhat remarkable that in very many cases, where love of drink or of good company assert no influence, the popular fondness for harmony presents an irresistible excuse for entrance. Some have a regular staff of male and female vocalists, many of whom would do no discredit to more ambitious localities; others trust to instrumental performances alone. In this one we find a fiddle and violoncello, in that a harp and piano; others sport "the musical glasses;" and in not a few are to be heard the euphonious strains of the Scottish bagpipe. The orchestra is mounted on a low platform in one corner of the room, and there they continue for hours together tickling the ears of the groundlings, while occasionally Jack or Bill, Joe or "Tammas," join in with a Herculean bellow, and mark their appreciation by an uncouth jig or an elephantine caper. It is a sad pity to see so many of these strongholds of vice and waste in our borough. You meet them at every step, and it is mainly through them that the mining populations have acquired a character for drunken and unthrifty habits. Beer is the

staple drink; but rum, gin, and whisky, have many admirers, especially on cold or wet nights, when "maester" prescribes for himself two or three strong doses, just, as he says, "to warm un."

It is now verging upon twelve, and all parties set their faces homeward. Our "gudewife" has brought away her man, as have hundreds of others also, and every outlet of the town has its crowd of departing visitors. The broad road leading to the railway station is especially thronged, and the terminal approaches are well-nigh blocked up. Inside all is life and light. Station-masters, ticket-takers, and porters are on the alert. The engine puffs, and pants, and waxes impatient. All drop gradually into their seats, a shrill whistle, and the monster train glides slowly from out the arched platform into the night, and is seen no more. The lights are

put out, the weary officials leave and proceed not reluctantly to their homes, and the station so lately so stinct with life and bustle, is now still and deserted as a city of the dead. The market-place, too, is now less and asleep. Profound darkness only broken by the hazy glimmer of gas-lamp, reigns around. The shops are mostly taken down, and the wares removed, and there remains for the solitary spectator only a hushed square, the fierce glow of the heavens overhead reflected from thousand furnace-fires, and the memory of the busy scene so lately enacted before him. All else has vanished as a dream; but as he thoughtfully betakes him to his rest, he does not to dwell upon the varied peculiarities and localized phases of the Saturday night in the Black Country.

ANACREON, ODE IV.

ON HIMSELF.

Ἐπὶ μυρσίναϊς περιίναϊς
Ἐπὶ λωτίναϊς τε ποίαις
Στροβίλας, θέλω προπίνειν.

STRETCHED upon the tender myrtle,
And the pulpy lotus herbage,
Glad I pass the jocund health round.
Then let Cupid with red ribbon
Bind the tunic o'er his full neck,
And come minister me wine-draughts.
Like the wheel of any chariot
Whirls our rolling life in circles.
Little dust, with strewn bones bandless,
Is our token when we perish.
Good friend, would'st anoint a tombstone,
Feeding earth with vain libations?
An thou must, in life, anoint me,
Damask all my hair with roses,
And my mistress to the bower bid.
I will, Cupid! ere I go hence
To the deadman's shadow-chorus,
Disabuse me of all sorrow.

FELTHAM BURCHLEY.

THE MONTH'S CHRONICLE.

It is a hard case that our new theory of non-intervention, which has carried us safely through so many European complications, should fail at last in America, where its application was most legitimate. The whole North is now in a towering passion with us because we will not go to war for an "idea," and fight the battle of the Union by refusing to recognise the belligerent rights of the Secessionists. The neutrality of Europe, and particularly of Great Britain, is denounced as complicity with the rebels, and it will require extreme caution, together with no little firmness, to keep us out of a quarrel with the North if the swagger of Mr. Cassius Clay, at Paris, is to be taken as an index of the feeling of his countrymen. That Mr. Clay is not more unreasonable than the mass of Northern citizens is we fear too true. The New York correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who is evidently not a British subject in America, but a true-born Yankee, and who writes from that point of view, expresses the amazement, amounting almost to incredulity, felt throughout the whole North, at Lord John Russell's exposition of British policy. His declaration of the principle of non-intervention, and his consequent admission of Southern cruisers to the rights of belligerent vessels, was treated as an act of direct hostility to the Union, and as little short of a declaration of war against the North. It is impossible for us to reason with a community excited to the pitch of enthusiasm to which the whole American Republic now is. What is self-evident to us appears monstrous to them. Our ideas of fair play and theirs evidently widely differ, and as it is impossible to hope to convince them, we must only hold on our course doing what seems right in our own eyes, albeit it seems wrong in theirs.

Still, while we cannot alter our course, or abandon the sacred duty of non-intervention, even to propitiate the Kentucky abolitionist, Mr. Cassius Clay, we may at least give an explanation why we persist in our

neutrality, even at the risk of outraging the North. We have a right to show that it is not for the cynical reasons which the *Times* professes to give, as if the quarrel seemed to us wholly unaccountable, and as if we could have no possible interest in a war between freesoilers and slave-soilers. Nor again, must we be thought so mercenary as the Bright school would represent us to be, as if we could have no policy but to keep our trade open, and to buy cotton, asking no questions where it came from. Cotton is not King in America—grass is King, Mr. Clay screamed out to his Northern friends in Paris the other day. We beg to assure the American Ambassador to St. Petersburg, that cotton is not King in these islands. We prize the staple dearly. It is the bread of four millions of our people, and we would sacrifice any thing but principle to keep the Manchester mills fed with the downy flock with which we clothe the world. But we loathe the means by which cotton is picked, as deeply as any Kentucky abolitionist, and spared no sacrifice to wipe out the reproach of slavery from our own possessions. Let the North not mistake us. We hate slavery, not as loudly, but as deeply as any abolitionist in the North. If we do not go to war with the Secessionists—if we do not order our cruisers to assist the United States navy in keeping up a blockade of Southern ports, it is not from secret sympathy with the South, or the craven fear that we shall lose our great market for cotton. The British Ulysses has not stuffed his ears with cotton as he sails by the Syren's home on the Potomac, where the old Union woos him back to her embrace. Not for this reason are we neutral. It is high time that we make it plain that our neutrality is a matter, not of expediency, but of principle. We are always representing ourselves as more selfish or cynical than we are, or perhaps the tone of the *Times* which affects silence on high moral and religious questions, is taken by foreigners as an index of the real national mind. But

foreigners are mistaken, as is found out in seasons of national trial. As in the Russian war, as in the Indian mutiny, and as again in this convulsion of North and South—we are proved at last to take a moral and religious view of political questions. But it is a national habit of ours to keep these principles in the back ground, to exhibit them in action and not in speech. We are perhaps too much in one extreme, as foreigners are in the other. Our religion is too unemotional, and when we do good we affect too much scorn of what the Greeks called *το καλο καγαθον*.

So it is that we get a character for selfishness, which we do not really deserve. As the French filch a province, but do it with such fine phrases, that you beg pardon for suspecting such a real gentleman of picking your pocket; so on the other hand we do right in such a grim gruffy way, and while we act with honesty, keep talking about policy, that we get no credit for our real character, and pass off as *perfidie Albion*, while we are the honestest people under the sun. It is greatly our own fault, and it is a fault which journalists should endeavour to set right—for in this age of newspapers a nation is judged by its leading journals, not by the despatches of its ambassadors, or even by the speeches of its leading statesmen.

Surprising, then, as it may seem to Mr. Cassius Clay, we assure him that we are neutral on conviction, not for the sake of interest. War, at all times, is unnatural—how much more so between brethren, and that over the body of the poor black, who has as little to gain by the success of the Union as of the Secession. If the Union prevail he will be held to bondage as much as before; nay, more, the reign of compromise will begin worse than ever, and slavery will take a new lease of power under the ægis of the victorious spread-eagle. What has the poor slave to hope for in the Northern camp? He may as well row on in his Southern master's galley, for if captured he will not be released. There is no Liberia for him on this side of the Atlantic. It is, then, because we hate civil war, and because we hate negro slavery, that we are religiously neutral in the present quarrel, and even if we could, would

not stretch out a hand to help the Union, which has carried compromise like the asp in its bosom, from the days of Washington to those of Lincoln.

All hearts have been saddened by the sudden death of Count Cavour, the Peel and the Pitt of Italy in one—the Peel of peace and the Pitt of war. Like our two great English statesmen, he also has died in the prime of life, and while his glory was a-ripening. He has died like some brave admiral who has gained a victory, and who is in sight of port, with his prizes in tow—a few hours' more life, and a peerage awaits him—but the hand of death is on him, and he is carried ashore to be laid in the grand old Abbey, with his achievements set forth in cold marble, but never to hang his banner in the chapel close by with the Knights of the Bath. Cavour has died in sight of Rome. His life has been an *Æneid* with the same motto to guide him, *Tendimus in Latium*. Rome was "his journey's end, the very sea mark of his utmost sail;" but we must go on to add the disappointing words of Othello:—

"But on this bank and shoal of Time
We leap the life to come."

It is ordered, we suppose, in mercy to mortals, on purpose to hide pride from men, that the man who begins a mighty work does not live to carry it through to the close. Pitt was the heart and soul of the Confederation against the First Napoleon, but he died broken-hearted with Austerlitz; he lived only long enough to set the plans in motion by which Napoleon was humbled at last, and then he died, leaving others to divide the fame with him, and thus to save us from hero worship. What the French would have given for another year of Mirabeau, when Paris hung on the lips of the physician, and the Revolution stood waiting at the antechamber to know whether Phrygian caps or white cockades were to be the national symbols of France! Our great William of Orange also died too soon for his fame. A few more years, and the pride of Louis was humbled for ever. Marlborough had to win his splendid victories, gained in spite of Queen Anne and the Tories, gained as if the great Dutchman still ruled at St. James's, or as if his spirit from

beyond the tomb had roused England out of the lethargy into which Queen Anne's indolent mind had allowed it to relapse. The man was not there at all these instances, but the work went on without him. Pittites and Peelites carried out their great master's policy faithfully after his death. When Mirabeau left off, the Mountain took the work of revolution in hand, and sharp and sweeping their practice was. William died, but the Confederation lived; and so God raises up a great man to teach us our need of him, and then takes him away, to teach us dependence after all on God alone. Italians are now anxiously asking who will supply Cavour's place? We answer, no one will supply his place; but a new man will be raised up to do a new work, and to carry out Cavour's plans, in so far as they ought to be perpetuated. The man made himself necessary, and so we feel the want of him. But we cannot doubt that in its turn the necessity will call out a new man. There is Ricasoli, the Fabricius of Florence--

"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum."

He may be less of a statesman, but he is no less a patriot than Cavour; and there are Poerio and De Martino, not to speak of Ratazzi, Minghetti, Pepoli, Mamiani, Farrini Tecchio of Venice, and many others, for Sardinia during the last ten years has had the mind of Italy to choose her ministry from. To be a man of mark was to insure exile from Rome, Naples, and Florence, and an honourable reception at Turin, which has thus risen, as early Rome did, the *refugium peccatorum* and asylum of liberals, who added hill to hill, till they had enclosed the seven-hilled city--

"Septemque arces muro circumdedit uno."

So, in the same way, Sardinia has added state to state, until Modena, Parma, and the Milanese, the patrimony of Peter, Tuscany, and the Two Sicilies, are fused in one with the ancient kingdom of Sardinia, and the Italian heptarchy has ended in monarchy. Cavour has not lived to see the greatest absorption of all. He has died within sight of the Capitol. But others still live to consummate the little that remains to complete Italian unity, and when that consum-

mation is complete, they should lay Cavour's remains either in the Pantheon, beside the bones of Raffaele, or in that Ara Coeli Church which overlooks the Capitol, and where his spirit would seem benignly to bless the Italian Parliament, whose leader he had so long been.

Meanwhile there will be a lull in Italian affairs while the nation is staggered with grief for the loss of Cavour. It was the taunt of the Opposition party in the Chamber, and of the Mazzinians outside the House, that Italy was Cavourised. If you asked for a cigar it was sure to be a Cavour. Gloves and hats were called after the great premier, as Wellington gave his name to a new boot, and Brougham to a new carriage, among ourselves. *Viva Cavour* was the cry of the liberal party in Rome. His name was seen at street corners in Turin; it was chalked high upon walls out of reach of the police in Rome. Everywhere it was the rallying cry of the friends of union, and hated only by the Ultra-Republicans and Ultra-Reactionists. We must wait to see what will be the course of events now that Italy has lost her guiding mind. There will be a lull, we anticipate, for some months to come, before the party of progress have found a successor and the party of reaction have recovered their surprise, and are prepared to use their opportunity.

Meantime, during the lull, we have leisure to see what ten years has done for Italy, and how, at last, her unity is passing out of the realm of *posse* into that of *esse*. Quintessence, Queen of Entelechy, was not a few years ago a more shadowy personage—a more dreamlike creation of fancy, than a King of United Italy. But Victor Emmanuel is now the undoubted King of Italy, though the coin struck with his image and superscription must still remain, like that of Theodoric, with the single title *Rex*, not the full legend, *Rex Italiae*, the reason in both cases being very similar. Theodoric was King of the Ostrogoths in Italy, but not King of Italy, and, therefore, had to content himself with the simple designation, *Theodoricus Rex*. In the same way Victor Emmanuel II. is King; but of what the unfolded page of history does not yet tell us. Antonelli persists in calling him King of the Sub-

alpine territory, which, we suppose, is the mediæval Latin for Piedmont. Our Government has set the example of recognising the new *Regno d'Italia*, with Victor Emmanuel as its King; and it is affecting to think that Cavour died in the arms of Sir James Hudson, our worthy and esteemed ambassador at Turin, and the tried and trusted friend of Italy.

But France has at length yielded to her own favourite formula, the "inevitable logic of facts." Instinct, however, to say nothing of reason, teaches the French Emperor that the King of Italy must be King of Rome; and one of the Napoleon ideas is to cling on with almost childish pertinacity to the name and shadow of *Rex Romæ*. It was a crown of feathers only which the great Emperor put on the baby brow of the infant son of Maria Louisa when he made him King of Rome; but it was also one of the Charlemagne traditions of which the First Napoleon was so jealous, that the King of the Franks should be titular King of the Romans. We cannot expect the nephew to rise above the level of the ideas of his uncle, or to see in Rome the natural capital of a great country independent of France. But the end is drawing on fast. Rome has worn out her time of penal servitude. For the twelve vultures which the twin brothers saw wheeling over the site of the *urbs condita*, the augurs predicted and poets sang there should be twelve centuries of conquest. But the augurs did not go on to prophesy, much less did courtly poets of the Augustan age sing, that for these twelve centuries of conquest there should succeed another twelve centuries of subjection and shame before the debt should be paid and the balance struck between the conqueror and the conquered. When Joseph predicted that for every year of plenty there should be a year of famine, so that at last the lean kine should eat up the fat kine, and yet be no fatter after all, Egypt was forewarned and so forearmed. The Pharaohs of that day, taught wisdom by the Hebrew slave, did not riot in plenty one year to die of starvation the next; but set the prosperity over against the penury; the good years

against the bad, and thus Egypt was saved. But when Rome was in the plenitude of her power; when she sat like Babylon, a queen, and no widow, she did not believe the prophets who would have taught her moderation in the time of her triumph. There were Josephs in her catacombs whom she did not care to consult, or to teach her senators wisdom, and so the terrible day of retribution came. These two things happened to her in one day: widowhood and loss of children. The barbarians whom she had trampled on now trampled on her; and to mark the justice of the retribution, there now wheeled over the site of the *urbs eversa* twelve vultures, ominous of twelve centuries of subjection to the foreigner. We might almost take up the grand language of the Hebrew prophets exulting over Babylon, and call on the proud lady to strip her—to make her bare—to sit like a slave with the mill-stone between her knees, and to grind corn for those nations by whose spoil she had once lived delicately. But the season of retribution is now over.

Roma ruit was a favourite alliteration of our Reformers. Several tracts were written with that title. It is much more true of the Rome of our day. The temporal power is being taken away, and it is found that the spiritual must decline with it. Rome is demanded as the capital of Italy; this the Pope and his cardinals resist from motives purely selfish. They are blind to the fact, that in resisting the loss of the lesser they are endangering the greater source of their power. It is a judicial blindness.

While Italy is in mourning for Cavour, Germany has just begun to discover that she never has had one, and to ascribe to it her present helplessness and political insignificance. Two years ago we drew a contrast between *Italy and the Fatherland*. At that time all Germany, the people as well as their rulers, were indignant with Italy. Francis Joseph crossed the Ticino to march on Turin in the name of the Fatherland. We ventured then to remonstrate on the absurdity of this, and we shall quote our own words,* for as we shall presently show,

* *Italy and the Fatherland. Dublin University Magazine, July, 1859.*

their truth is now being admitted even in Germany :—

“It is a piece of absurdity, the same as if we invoked Schleswig Holstein during the Indian mutiny, because the Juts and Angles peopled Britain in the fifth century. The Silesians claimed to be descendants of the Prophet Elisha, and Pharamond, the first French king, was of the line and offspring of Pharaoh; fancy France and Prussia going to war in the name of the king of Egypt and the Prophet of Israel! Yet these ethnological fooleries have been palmed off on learned and simple Germany, and the long-haired Teutons of our day called to fight Austria's battles in Italy, because the long-bearded Longobardi possessed themselves of Lombardy about the time of Attila. Such serious trifling would be contemptible anywhere else but in Germany, where a great deal of learning and very little common sense are often found together. But it is the deep policy of Austria to embroil Germany with France, and to put down one nationality in the name of another. The German Fatherland is roused to battle to trample down the Italian Fatherland; nation is to rise up against nation, and people against people; and all this that Francis Joseph may reign as despotically in Venice and Milan as in Vienna and Prague. It is bad enough to trample on the nationality of Italy, but to do it in the name of German nationality is to turn the sword of Germany against her own breast—it is to order the homicide to become a suicide.”

We little expected that before two years Germany would come to see this in the light in which we did. It is cheering thus to reflect that truth must prevail in the end, and that our masters in philosophy and learning of every kind, are not to be for ever the dupes of political quackery, the Tony Lumpkins of government. Plato says, that the priests of Egypt thought the Greeks were always children, and probably the Greeks returned the compliment, and thought the Egyptians children. As the Greeks of the fifth century, B.C., in comparison to the Egyptians, were but schoolboys in magic, geometry, and the occult sciences, so are we in comparison with our all accomplished German cousins. But the Greeks had a political life; they had defied the great king, while Cambyses had overrun Egypt. So we are the masters of Germany in the art of self-government, and of teaching France to keep

within bounds. But it is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. The whisper of a Confederation of the Rhine—the Napoleon idea of 1806, revived in 1861—has thoroughly disgusted all true-hearted Germans with those selfish little courts of Munich, Hanover, Hesse, Baden, which have been the curse of Germany to this day. Every bully is a coward, and so all cowards brag. Who was so loud in denouncing France, and calling for a patriotic war, as the court of Munich and Hanover in 1859? It gave Prussia a great deal of trouble to hold in the Bombastes Furioso of Munich. The little dog barked furiously because the lion was distracted with nobler prey, and could not turn and rend him to pieces. Yet the same little courts are actually now intriguing with France to deliver them from Prussia. Existence is dear to all, and what will not a man give for his life? These petty princes know that they must be mediatised if Germany is ever to become a great and united country. But rather than submit to this, they would sell themselves to France. Their selfishness and want of patriotism are so evident as to disgust all Germans, and it only wanted this to rouse a national spirit that will soon deliver Germany, as Italy has been, from the yoke of these petty and retrograde courts. *Seigneur de bourbonnez nous* was the prayer of Italy for many years, and the prayer has been answered. The Bourbons have departed, and with them brigandage and misgovernment of every kind. Germany wants the same ridance, and the consummation would be brought about if Prussia only could produce a Cavour. “I want a hero, no uncommon want,” might be taken as the want of the day in Germany. For want of a real hero, the Teutonic mind has to dream upon such a half-mythical personage as the Armenius of Tacitus. The Irmengild which the idolatrous Saxons worshipped, till it was destroyed by Charlemagne, would be set up to-morrow by our romantic neighbours, who have already got a Valhalla at Ratisbon, and are sadly at a loss for some outlet for their patriotic feelings. With the same talent with which they reduce history to a myth, do they stuff out the myth with the garments of history. It is a pity that so much learning and sen-

sibility should go to waste. The Germans want a König, a man cunning and strong as Cavour was, to put Prussia in her right place, as the representative of Germany. But it is her own fault if she does not achieve this. Let Prussia once deserve the confidence of all true-hearted Germans by her loyalty to representative government, as Sardinia did during ten years of adversity; let her set an example of free trade; let her abolish passports, and dismiss, or at least reduce, her swarms of vexatious and inquisitorial police agents, and then the rest of Germany will gravitate to Berlin, as surely as all Italy did to Turin. Prussia has not yet deserved well of Germany in the same way that Sardinia did of Italy. She has a character yet to establish for liberalism at home, before Bavarians and Hanoverians will ask to exchange their lot for that of Prussians. This is why the unification of Germany still only exists in the land of dreams. Möllers, Patzkes, Zedlitzs, still victimize Prussia with over officialism, and till this scandal is removed, Germans will never trust their leadership to such a half-liberalized state as Prussia. Why should they? They say very fairly—Physician, heal thyself; Prussia, become as unlike your former self, before you ask us to put our liberties in your keeping.

The Hungarian Diet and the Austrian Reichsrath stand butting each other like two young steers which have not yet got their horns, and would do each other a great deal of mischief if they only knew how. Both sides are bent on mischief, but neither is yet armed or ready to begin. Hungary will have nothing to say to the new constitution, and hates the extemporized Parliament of Vienna all the more, because it is meant to supersede the old free constitution of Hungary. She will not pay taxes, so Austria has been forced to levy them by quartering her soldiers on the inhabitants, and taking out in kind what she cannot get in cash. But this is a rude way of coercing a sulky province. In the end one of the two opponents must lose their temper and fly to arms; and we may read any day of a rising in Hungary, and perhaps the consequent break-up of the Austrian Empire. The allegiance of Hungary,

indeed, hangs by a thread, which may be snapped, if stretched too tight and too long. The last lingering tie which holds her to Austria is the fact that Francis Joseph is the only legitimate king of Hungary, if he will consent to wear the crown in a legitimate way. But the dream of imperialism and a despotic centralization still haunts him and his advisers. He will not have the Hungarians on their terms; they will not take him on his own. It is a dangerous game which he is playing. He is wearing out their loyalty, and the end may be that they will declare the throne vacant, and put themselves up to auction. In the present unsettled state of the Danubian Principalities, a Confederation of the Danube might start up, under the protection of Russia, to correspond to the Confederation of the Rhine under the protection of France. France proclaims it her mission to raise oppressed nationalities and re-distribute them according to their ethnological affinities. Russia, as she has everything to gain and nothing to lose by this principle, will give it no ungrudging support. Our opposition will be neutralized; for though we do not believe in nationalities as France does, we do not believe either in despotic monarchies held together by the sword, so our sympathies with Austria, as a conservative state, would go for nothing. Even in her reform, Austria copies the mistakes of England rather than her better policy. Her centralization is a bad copy of the selfish oligarchical conduct of England to Ireland during the last century. Since the Union, strange as it may seem to some who have not studied the past attentively, there has been far less centralization than before. Ireland is far more self-governed than with a Parliament sitting in College-green. Austrian policy is that of Castlereagh; Pitt without his concessions, his free trade, his emancipation, and those other measures, without which he would never have proposed the Union. We can hardly blame Hungary for refusing a union on these terms. Francis Joseph has begun at the wrong end. He has forgotten the French proverb, *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

Mr. Laing has at last unravelled the tangled skein of Indian finance, and made the two ends meet of income

and expenditure. The Indian budget is,* after that of France and England, the third greatest in the world. Forty-one millions are raised and expended in India. How that enormous sum is got, and how it is disposed of, is a problem which must interest all. It is enough to say that about one-half, or twenty millions, is raised by the land-tax and the tribute of subject states. Another ten millions is extracted by the opium and salt monopolies, and the remainder, or about eleven millions, is raised by the new income-tax, custom duties, and other miscellaneous sources of revenue. Thirty-seven millions, which was the budget three years ago, was raised last year to thirty-nine, and by a turn of the screw Mr. Laing proposes to extract two more millions. At the same time he has lopped off two millions and a-half from the army estimates, and a million has been saved in military stores, and half a million on the Indian navy, which is to be reduced this year with a view to its final abolishment; and so, by adding to our income, and taking from our expenditure, it is hoped that by the year 1863 all deficits will be at an end, and the Indian exchequer be able to balance its accounts. For the present another loan is necessary, and Sir Charles Wood proposes to raise four millions, which we hope will be the last addition to the national debt of India. We hope, rather than believe—for the wish is seldom realized—that debt should stand still while the nation progresses in every other way. It is hardly possible for a great nation not to forestall its resources. There is no cast-iron rule about national debt; it is justifiable or not, according to the purpose for which the money is advanced. No one considers a minor extravagant who spends some of his capital in completing his education under expensive masters, and so for a few years lives beyond his income. But if he dips into his principal to keep horses and hounds, to entertain a score or two of tailors, and to study fashions, then he is on the road to ruin, and the crash must come sooner or later. So it is with governments. If they are progressive at all, they must draw on their future resources and spend some of their capital in their year's income. The reproductive nature of these invest-

ments will fully justify this expenditure in the end. But money spent on war is as money squandered on horses and dogs—leading to national bankruptcy sooner or later. We have had enough of the latter expenditure in India. Wars of mere policy, waged beyond our frontier, to avert possible and only contingent dangers. Such were the Afghan and the late Persian wars. In some few cases we have made war support the cost of war, or have paid ourselves back by provinces taken from the enemy. Such was our indemnity for our Sikh battles and for these easy victories over the Burmese.

But now that we are obliged to borrow money on a peace expenditure, we ought not to apply these precedents from the unproductive nature of war loans. In the one case we are casting our bread into the sea, in the other case we are casting it on the waters: irrigation is gold in India. Canals and cotton, these are the two necessities. The Indian exchequer cannot borrow and spend too freely under these two heads of expenditure. Yet, there are timid minds who would stop the public works of India for fear that they may exhaust the treasury. We give them the advice given to a young barrister, who was afraid to incur the expenses of circuit—that he should sell the coat off his back rather than not go circuit. Abandon India altogether, we would say, to the Indian government, but do not stop works like these. It may not be necessary that we should be masters of India; but it is necessary that if we are so we should discharge the duties of our position. The feeble Hindoo wants the energy of our northern race to contend against the forces of tropical nature. We are there because we are stronger than he: let us, then, show our strength by wielding that great Thor-hammer of ours in building bridges, damming streams, erecting tanks, and so compelling the vast water-power of India to turn the wheel of progress.

India, too, is the land of cotton, if we could only explore the interior and tap the stream by which the supply may flow down. The canal which joined Manchester and Liverpool made Manchester and Liverpool at once—the one the mart the other the port. Cut off the communication be-

tween the two, and it would be like putting your finger on the windpipe of our national industry. Exactly so it is with India. Bombay wants access to the interior. At present we draw barely fifteen per cent. of our cotton supply from India, eighty per cent. comes from America, and only five per cent. from all other parts of the world. We shall never be safe till the proportions are exactly reversed—till the free-grown cotton is four-fifths and not one-fifth. The greatness of Manchester is now an inverted pyramid—it may topple over any day and crush half England in its fall. By drawing our cotton from India the pyramid would stand on its broad end. Political economists often belie their name; they study the laws of economy—*chrematistics*, as Sismondi proposed to call it, but the word was never naturalized. Wealth is one thing; national wealth another. It may be safe to the individual to buy in the cheapest market, but the nation which does not pass away with the individual will find its account often to forego profit to principle—to put a bounty on free labour, so as to discourage slave. If some of the sums that were spent in nursing the growth of opium had been spent on cotton, we should not be in the state of perplexity we are in looking to India to give us the cotton which America cannot supply.

Our home politics do not present much to interest. The "Derby dilly, carrying three insides," made a desperate effort to upset the Palmerston drag coming home from the Downs, but without success. The Government whip came down with such a crack on the Ministerial team that they cleared the road, and left the Opposition dilly a wreck for the rest of the Session. Paper is king in Great Britain by general consent.

But the paper duty debate led to a strange little bit of by-play by which Ireland may finally lose her only postal subsidy through its unhappy connexion with party. Unfortunately in the City of the Tribes there is a tradition about a certain man for Galway who is always about to turn up, but never in time to do much good to the town. The tradition of the man for Galway has led Galwegians to put their trust in men, not in measures. Manchester and

Glasgow go a-head precisely because they know nothing of Whig and Tory. *T'ros Tyrius que*—they treat the two sides of the House with equal indifference, and, in the end, get their measures passed whichever party is in power. But the Galwegians, not content with a measure, must have a man, too, to put their faith in. Mr. Lever was the man for Galway a year ago, but a certain trial brought out unpleasant facts, and his star has sunk to rise nowhere. Then the honourable and incorruptible member for Sheffield rose in the estimation of Galway. He was the coming man; but somehow not even Roebuck could keep up a sour and austere virtue under the sweet smiles of Galway—he melted in her embrace, and now is no more the Roebuck of old, the Radical Tear'em; "he who ate," as the clown says, "has gone where he is eaten," he who tore is now torn himself, and the little that remains of that seamless toga in which he once wrapped his virtue would now hardly hang on a bush or clothe a scarecrow. One more chance remained for Galway. The man for Galway must be a born and bred Galwegian. Lever was the man of means, Roebuck the man of influence, but Father Daly was the man of religion: the priest had access to hearts by a back-door closed alike to trading politicians and political merchants. He could manipulate men and so command votes; like Moore's song when wit and wealth stood at beauty's door of glass—

"Where wealth with gold key sought
To pass, but 'twould not do;
While wit a diamond brought,
Which cut its bright way through."

To London, accordingly, the man for Galway repaired, and, forgetting entirely that measures were one thing and men another, Father Daly commenced operations by assault and battery on Lord Palmerston. The Premier's pride was up. He had a reputation, at least, to sustain for political honesty, and if he knocked under to the threats of an Irish priest his political life would have been for ever after a burden. He would have confessed himself squeezable, and though it may do to wring repentance in this way from a lover's bosom, English prime ministers must not be made of such impressible stuff;

they must keep their own counsels, and hold their own against the prayers, bribes, and tears, of interested deputations. So it fell out that Father Daly signally failed. The Galway contract had been cancelled for default of service, and Ireland for the present has lost her subsidy of £72,000 a-year, because she trusted to men and not to measures. It was too late to call up the Irish members to repair the effects of Father Daly's *gaucherie*. Manfully they responded to the call, and seventy-eight gallant members marched out of the lobby after Mr. Disraeli, to be shot down for nothing on the division lists. Mr. Bagwell has felt in honour bound to resign his post at the Treasury, and thus all that patriotism could do has been done to retrieve the slips and shortcomings of an Irish steam packet company mismanaged by a London directorate. The more the Irish members voted against the Ministry for patriotic reasons, the more English and Scotch members rallied round the Ministry, determined not to stand by and see the Premier bullied by Irishmen. The House had been O'Connellized too long to submit to that kind of tactics from the tail of that faction. What the great Dan had done of old Daly the little had the impudence to attempt. This impudence was resented, and so Galway suffers for putting her trust in men—not in measures. Had she gone quietly about it, *more Manchester*, talked less of votes and more of dividends, kept the steam up in her boilers and shot in her lockers, instead of trying to loot the Treasury in the sturdy beggar style, she might have not only kept her contract, but also begun to construct her pier and to throw out the breakwater which is essential to the safety of her packet station. But Galway began at the wrong end; she took to finessing when she ought to have gone into figures, and now she advertises her figures when finesse has broken down. The lesson ought not to be thrown away on our countrymen. We have no reason to be discouraged because the Atlantic Steam Packet Company has lost its contract. Galway still lies two days' steaming nearer America than Liverpool. No Father Daly can muddle that fact by tactics taken from the confessional. Lord Stanley of Alderley must select a port on the

west of Ireland for the quick despatch of the American mails. Man may thwart and throw back the arrangements of Nature, but reverse them he never can; and so Ireland must be the highway from the East to the West—the last stepping-stone from the British Islands across the wide Atlantic ferry. Lord Palmerston, indeed, has promised as much as this—that he will restore the contract, if not to the Atlantic Company, at least to some company with a packet station on the west coast of Ireland. He was bound in honour to break down the pretensions of Galway, when Father Daly attempted to bully him; but having beaten the Irish members, he can afford to be generous, and at the same time just to Ireland. We have no doubt, then, that the Galway episode will end, as such disputes do, when the weaker boy gets the best of it, because he has just been soundly drubbed for his impudence by the stronger boy of the two.

Philanthropy is a good thing, but it may run to seed, or what is worse still, an enemy may sow tares among it. Philanthropy, dandled and petted by State grants, is apt to run to seed, and philanthropy used as an engine of priestcraft or for proselytising purposes, is the enemy sowing tares among the wheat. We are in danger of the former in England and of the latter in Ireland. The leaders of the ragged school movement have unwisely, as we humbly believe, put in their claim for grants from the Education vote. It is a pity that Lord Shaftesbury and other excellent supporters of ragged schools, do not see that charity and subsidy are two nouns that do not agree in gender, number, or case. A subsidized charity is an endowed charity, and we know the history of endowed charities—it is the history of spring water put in a tank till it becomes fit only as a study for the microscope, and which no filter can ever purify. What would our missionary societies become under endowment? And what is a ragged school but a missionary school—a school among our home heathen, the Arabs of London or Dublin? Government, it is found, cannot compete with missionaries in India, at least in primary education, notwithstanding that the attractions of pay, place, and pension are all on the side of the Government. The

missionary outstrips the official so much in zeal that the Government is giving up the competition as useless. If free schools, then, cannot compete with endowed schools in India, we cannot see why it will not be the same here. Philanthropy indeed begins to run to seed so soon as it is cultivated in the hot-bed of Government grants. Ragged schools will cease to be ragged in all but the name so soon as the Inspectors of the Privy Council take them under their care; so soon as certificated masters and mistresses pass in all the "ologies" and "isms." It will be Goldsmith's case over again of "giving a man ruffles when wanting a shirt." Rugby, Eton, the Charter House, Christ's Hospital, were once charity schools. We know what they have since swollen into. They have risen with the times, till the yellow stockings of Christ's Hospital is no more a sign of poverty than the sandal and rope of a burly Franciscan. So it would be with ragged schools if given a grant. They would die of respectability, as a sleek lapdog dies of fat. Starve them as we starve hounds, and we shall hunt out with their aid the *feræ naturæ*—the uncombed, unkept boys and girls who haunt the dens and slums of our great cities.

But if philanthropy is in danger of going to seed in England, it is in danger in Ireland of being turned to proselytising purposes which no legislature could sanction. A bill has been introduced by the ultramontane Member for Dungarvan, Mr. Maguire, to establish Industrial Schools in Ireland. The bill has such an innocent sound that the public are not likely to suspect how much religious aggression it contains. It is proposed to extend the principle of Reformatory Schools from the criminal to the ragged or pauper classes, and, on the denominational principle, to alter grants for these schools to any religious bodies which will establish them. Now, as the class who would benefit by these

industrial schools belongs almost entirely to the Romish persuasion, it is easy to see that this would be giving an annual grant of public money into the hands of priests and to establish seminaries of their own over the country. The National System of Education has been degraded from widely enough already, as the rules interpreted too laxly in its favour; but if this bill of Mr. Maguire were to become law, which we do believe it will, the National System would be as good as superseded. We couple this with the attempt of the same party to break down the poor-law of Ireland by allowing door relief, and thus raising up a letariat, or permanently pauper class over whom the priests would be almoners of the State's bounty. We have reason to sound the alarm, and to warn the Protestant community not to let those measures pass by any want of oversight. If Englishmen are too inclined already to let Irish affairs by altogether, and if Irish members carry Irish measures through the House without much interference on their part; but we must not let judgment go by default against us. We protest, then, in the name of the people of Ireland against such concessions to the ultramontane party. We ask no such favours for ourselves, and we are not willing to see them conceded to others. The word industrial is a mere bait to the party of progress. The act would be only reactionary, and for organising institutions set up to counteract, if possible, the spread of new ideas, and to keep the national mind within the narrow channels of dogmas of Trent. The priesthood that the power is slipping out of its hands in Ireland as in Italy, and that is a part of that movement going over all Europe, corresponding to the counter-reformation which the Spanish priests, better known afterwards as the Jesuits, set in motion about the middle of the sixteenth century.

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VOL. LVIII.

EDMOND SPENSER—THE STATE PAPERS.

Many a heavy look.
Followed sweet Spenser, till the thickening air
Sight's further passage stopped.

Brown's (contemporary) Pastorals.

A BIOGRAPHY has the same defect as a portrait. The subject is isolated: the man may be depicted at full length, but we have only a breathless, motionless map of a single person, and fail to see those who were near and dear to him, his family, friends, and all the circumstances that formed his home and his life. Such being the deficiencies in pictures and memoirs, a brief sketch of Edmond Spenser can only meagrely portray "the prince of poets of his tyme." Yet the fresh details we now offer relating to this illustrious poet must assuredly be welcome, since additional information respecting him will gratify the curiosity felt regarding the fortunes of one whose rare genius gives interest to the minutest circumstances of his personal history. Most of the scraps here collected are either unpublished or little known, being scattered in MSS. in various public libraries and offices, and in obscure books, so that they will lengthen the chain of knowledge of Spenser's life. But do all we may, a "life" of the author of "The Faërie Queene," like one of Shakespeare, can only present us with a mere skeleton, in lieu of the vital form. Some of the information about to be given is slightly introduced in Craik's "Spenser and his Poetry;" but our chief additions will serve to correct several

misstatements in previous biographies. These errors have led to misapprehensions concerning the rise and position of the great Elizabethan poet. Our investigations will, by shedding the light of truth on his entire story, show him in aspects in which hitherto he has not been regarded, and display him in a manner calculated to increase our admiration of his transcendent abilities.

Until lately obscurity hung over Edmond Spenser's birth and parentage. It is now evident that he was of a family bordering on the rank of gentry, resident near Burley, in Lancashire. Their surname is spelt indifferently, with a *c* or an *s* as its fifth letter. The poet's autographs are very scarce, so much so that we could discover none, not even a facsimile of one, until we lit upon several of his signatures, attached to documents in the Record Office of the Secretary of State, and it is to these original and interesting papers, which are his own statements as to his acquisitions of property, and to other unedited documents in the same depository, that we shall presently refer.

Spenser undoubtedly was distantly related to the house of Althorpe, and boasts himself as being "the meanest of a noble family," the descendants of which justly consider him as having

conferred lasting lustre on their name. He was born in East Smithfield, near Tower Hill; but, though hinting no dislike of having first seen the light within the sound of Bow Bells, he is proud to deduce his origin from a high country family:—

“Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source;
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of ancient fame.”

This place is a little property, still called “Spenser's,” in the Forest of Pendle, at the foot of Pendle Hill, where, doubtless, while a youth, he became imbued with his ardent affection for hill and sylvan scenery. His surname derives, however, as “Le Spenser,” from the ancient office of *Dispensator Regis*. The generally received date of his birth, 1553, is questionable, and it is probable that the true date is somewhat earlier. He was entered as a sizar at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, 20th May, 1569; took his B.A. degree in January, 1573, and his M.A. in June, 1576. During his residence with his relatives, the young and sensitive collegian became enamoured of “Rosalind,” whom he describes as “the widow's daughter in the glen,” and who, having encouraged his advances, gave her hand to another. The heart-broken poet relieved his sorrows for a time in plaintive pastorals; but such was his constancy to this cruel piece of excellence, that his disappointment seems to have embittered his early life, and his remembrance of it endured nearly a score of years.

If the date assigned to his birth be correct, he was but twenty-six years of age when, in the summer of 1580, Lord Grey, on being named Viceroy of Ireland, accepted him as secretary. The maxim of selecting the right man for the place may have been somewhat disregarded in those days, yet it is reasonable to suppose that the youthful writer was qualified for his office by some acquaintance with political business, if not by previous knowledge of a country then so ex-

ceedingly convulsed, that experience was essential on the part of the executive.

Phillips, the nephew of Mr. states, in his “*Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*,” that the illustrious Sir Philip Sydney, the poet's early patron, whose noblest attribute consisted in his being “the common rendezvous of worth in his time,” procured for his protégé the appointment of secretary to his father, Sir Henry Sydney, Lord Deputy of Ireland. It is stated that upon the Viceroy's return to England the young placeman's appointment ceased. This statement deserves belief, although discredited by sceptical biographers. Sir Henry quitted his government in the summer of 1578, and, in the ensuing year, we find his supposed attaché one of the household of Sydney's brother-in-law, the Earl of Leicester, and about the same time despatched by this nobleman in apparently, a diplomatic character to some country whither he was to proceed by sea, his destination probably, the Emerald Isle, where he would forward intelligence during a critical period of its political state, a theme he subsequently wrote with consummate ability. Again, it seems, by a passage in the work allude to, his “*View of the State of Ireland*,” to have taken a practical view of the land some years prior to the date usually ascribed to his first visit. He states that he was present at the beheading of “the notable rascal,” Murrough O'Brien; an execution he notices on account of a scene which occurred, which in barbarity surpasses his other details of the savage customs of the “Scythian” Irish, and is paralleled by any horror imaginable in “*The Faerie Queene*.”

He describes the foster-mother that high-born Gael as seizing the severed head of her beloved son, and swallowing the blood that flowed from it, exclaiming, “*Woe shrieks, that the earth was not worthy to drink it!*” This horrible incident he witnessed at Limerick, and it was there, according to the accurate

* The Irish State Correspondence of 1579 contains several notices of a M. Spenser who was employed here in that year. Lord Justice Pelham always wrote of this gentleman as “his brother,” who therefore seems to have been the Lord Justice's brother-in-law. Todd considers, in his biography of the poet, that the gentleman's age and social position were above those of the poet.

nicles of "The Four Masters," that the beheadal of, write they, "the most renowned and noble of the heirs of Carrigoneil and Arlo, namely, Murrough O'Brien," occurred in the year 1577. For ourselves, being satisfied with this evidence, we believe the poet accompanied Sir Philip Sydney on his visit to Dublin prior to the above date, which was when, as appears by the "Sydney Letters," it was attempted to oust a clan of O'Briens from the Arlo forest, so frequently celebrated in his verse.

The principal mistake as to Spenser is the vulgar idea that he owed his rise more to patronage than to merit. The contrary seems the case. His birth could have brought him little advantage, and his education as a sizar at Cambridge was, socially viewed, hardly respectable; so that the causes of his early admittance to favour with the great must have been the evidence which he gave of unusual talents, a marvellous fund of knowledge, and those manifold graces of heart and mind, which, since they glow in his poetry, must have shone in himself, gaining him the friendship of the incomparable Sydney, and the patronage of Leicester. Besides, it may be safely judged that, at the time he was a young, unknown man, when Lord Grey received him as secretary, his bearing was such as the chivalric *gentillesse* of his poetry denotes. Whilst his master held the sword of state in Ireland, his services* were rewarded by several public grants, which appear to have been, rather than royal patronage, the source of his subsequent profits and property. These viceregal boons were unknown to every biographer excepting Mr. Craik, and the most remarkable of them have escaped even his industrious research. The first was a lease of Enniscorthy Castle and Abbey, with extensive lands. He instantly turned this valuable interest into money, and soon afterwards bought a lease of another abbey, in New Ross, which he subse-

quently sold. In 1582, he received from the Crown the custodium of Newlands, a sequestrated estate, and a six years' lease of Viscount Balinglas's house in Dublin, on the attainder of the owners.† These two last grants are hitherto unnoticed. The young secretary does not seem to have parted with them, but, on the contrary, to have used the house as a residence, having become holder of an office, the clerkship to the Court of Chancery, or "Registership of Chancery for the Faculties," a snug situation, in which he probably invested his money, purchasing it from his intimate friend, Lewis Bryskett, also a poet and author, and who, having obtained permission to resign it, in order "to withdraw to the quietness of study," retired to the clerkship of the provincial government of Munster, which he also sold, it would seem, at a subsequent time, to Spenser. Minor offices such as these were purchaseable; and, before our underling had been a year in the colonial metropolis, he acquired this registership, which he retained until 22nd June, 1588,‡ when he obtained the office in Munster. His long tenure of this place is unrecorded in any "Life," as he is generally assumed to have returned to England with "Sir Arthegal," after this resolute Lord Lieutenant had succoured the distressed "Irena"—otherwise, invaded Erin. Yet it would have been more consistent with prudence, and is more so, therefore, with probability, that he remained where he possessed an office, a house, and a custodium, than that he should have gone back to a country where he had no ostensible means of living. Besides, it seems that he had forfeited Leicester's favour, by meddling in the delicate question of the proposed marriage between Elizabeth and the great favourite; so that, in all likelihood, he preferred the Irish to the British metropolis.

When his secretaryship ceased, he was in comparative leisure; and if he

* We have as yet met with little to show if Secretary Spenser's services were valuable to the Castle. A book of concordatums of 1582 contains an entry of £162, equal to £2,000 of our money, assigned to him for rewards paid by him. Most of these "rewards" were, doubtless, of the nature of spy and blood-money.

† State Paper Office.

‡ Liber Hibernie.

stayed, as we imagine, in Dublin, he would again write and pray Gabriel Harvey "to send with all expedition" the precious MS. of his epic, supposing he had left it behind him, and then eagerly resume that industry which the multiplicity of his early labours in the Muse's service exhibits. At the time Leicester promised him employment he had resolutely abandoned "rymes." "By my troth," wrote he, "I have no spare time to think on toys that demand a freer head than mine is at present." But now he was justified in cultivating his splendid talent. His youthful dream had been that his poetic work would bring him glorious fame, and what, in our day, is the proof of it, namely, profit. He had plainly avowed such hope to his college chum, the tasteless banterer, Harvey, who, in reply, fairly enough ridiculed the idea that his sanguine friend could "live by Dying Pelicans, and purchase great landes and lordshippes with the money his Shepherd's Calendar and Dreams have afforded and will afforde him." The age had not come when poets could count their gains by thousands sterling, and when the bookseller's ledger is the criterion of genius. Yet the dream of the young and ardent bard was by no means vain and visionary. The pecuniary value of the grants he obtained through Lord Grey cannot easily be computed, as they consisted of leases, which were profitable according to the extent of the lands, their quality, and the amount of crown rent. Most of them he converted into ready money, which appears to have been the actual means by which he acquired both his provincial office and several thousand acres of land. He acknowledges this, indeed, in his grateful expressions to "the pillar of his life," Lord Grey :—

"Through whose large bountie, pour'd on me
rife

In the first season of my feeble age,
I now do live, bound yours by vassalage."

This acknowledgment as to the source of his fortunes was made prior to the considerable annuity given him, by regal favour, after the first impression of "The Faerie Queene" had

stamped him as a great poet. We are bent upon regarding him less in his bardic character than in the novel one of a purchaser of acres and offices, and believe that the inference to be drawn from his expression of gratitude to the Viceroy leads, with further testimony, to deductions highly creditable to him, for, not only may it be inferred, that the "bountie" he received was due to meritorious service, but that subsequently his frugality enabled him to add to his income in the substantial form of "real property."

In the summer of 1589 Spenser exercised the office of Clerk of the Government Council of Munster, the patent of which Bryskett continued to hold after the bard's death, when it was bought by Richard Boyle, afterwards the Great Earl of Cork. Half a century after, the patent sold for £1,500, and the income of the office was declared above £400 a-year; so the post was, doubtless, profitable to the poet, and certainly could have been no sinecure. He seems to have held it for only four years,* having assigned it away in 1593; and we may presume that he had bought what he sold.

Extreme poverty has always been ascribed to the author of the "Faerie Queene," yet without foundation, excepting the remark of Camden, that "by a fate peculiar to poets, Spenser was always poor." But this assertion of the good old antiquary is questionable, and he notices no other source of emolument than the secretaryship. The recipient of the Viceroy's "rife boons" must have obtained lasting competence from them, since these proofs of his master's satisfaction did not terminate with Lord Grey's tenure of the Viceroyalty. There is no evidence that he returned to England; had he done so, unemployed in the Queen's service and poverty-stricken, he would have resumed the service of his diviner mistress, the Muse; and if he is to be imagined as a young poet, highly gifted and highly patronized, but an ex-official, reduced to eleemosynary modes of subsistence, would he not have published part of his great work (of which, in 1580, he had written much) prior to 1589, when he published a portion for the

* Bill in Chancery.

furtherance of a suit at Court? At the time he is said to have returned to London, it seems that the doors of Leicester House were closed against him; and had he been placeless, he would have been so out of purse, that even the doors of the tavern in King-street, where he afterwards died, would not have been open to him; so he could have betaken himself to little better than the Grub-street of the age; and would not the Court, in that case, have echoed sooner with his song? We know how, when the ill-favour he encountered from Lord Burghley sharpened his wits, his want of success wrung from him his sole satiric effusion; and as he was so conscious of the power of his poetry as to bring it to bear on his fortunes, it may fairly be inferred that some memorial of his genius would have heralded his name at Court, had he not been otherwise occupied, before he caused himself, in 1589, to be announced as the author of the incomplete work which instantly insured him fame and favour. So far from Tower Hill having been his Parnassus, he expressly says that his "rude rymes were woven by a rustic muse in savage soyl," where Arlo Hill stood for a mount of inspiration.

Our conjecture that he remained in Ireland and proceeded with his lengthy work, his *opus magnum*, is borne out by an interesting passage in Lewis Briskett's "Discourse of Civill Life," a rare imprint, in which the poet is described as explaining the intent of his work to a party assembled at the author's cottage, near Dublin. The "Discourse," addressed to Lord Grey, represents "Mr. Edmond Spenser," who is designated "late your Lordship's secretary," as prefacing his explanation by observing that he "had already well entered into" his labours. The assembly at which this interesting explanatory view of the political allegory, "The Faerie Queen," was given, must have occurred between 1584 and 1589, because one of the party, the Archbishop of Armagh, was primate during that period. It also appears, by the date of a sonnet addressed to his old Cantab friend, that he was living in this colonial city on the 18th

July, 1586. Indeed, in his prefatory sonnets to Lords Grey and Ormond, he intimates that his great poem, "the wild fruit which savage soil hath bred," had been composed in Ireland. Other proofs could be adduced, and internal evidence in the work itself shows how largely Irish personages, scenes, and superstitions

"Gleam through Spenser's elfin dream."

His biographers consider that he returned to England with Lord Grey, but they do not account for his whereabouts during the four years in which they place him there; and they describe him as going back, in 1586, to Ireland, after the death of the brilliant friend and patron whose loss he so tenderly laments in "Astrophel," and consequent upon obtaining a "royal grant" of forfeited lands, the conditions of which compelled him to cultivate the estate. The date of the so-called "grant" of Kilcolman is 27th June, 1586;* but we believe this is the charter to the first grantee, who was not Spenser, but one Reade, from whom it seems the poet purchased the title. This new light as to Spenser's acquisitions occurs in his documents, in the Secretary of State's Record Office, which we will proceed to cite.

In the previous year the Queen had, by a sort of State advertisement, invited "the younger houses of gentlemen in England to settle in Ireland," on certain promises and conditions. Lands forfeited by a recent rebellion in Munster were then conferred by grants upon men who, as undertaking to settle particular numbers of colonists on their new properties, and to pay a certain rent to the Crown, were called "undertakers." The name of Sir Walter Raleigh heads the first list, as grantee of 42,000 acres, but that of Edmond Spenser does not appear. Whether the poet was then resident in his native country, the unemployed but able scion of a rural family, such as would now send their cadets to New Zealand, we have already questioned, contradicting his biographers, who are further of opinion that the interests of no less personages than Sir

* Birch's "Life of Spenser."

Philip Sydney and Lords Grey and Leicester were exerted to obtain the ex-secretary a "grant of lands in Ireland," which, after all, was but a chartered licence to colonize under difficult conditions. Allowing that the writer of the "Shepherd's Calendar" had a taste for hoggets and wethers, and could talk learnedly of bullocks, yet it seems strange that his patrons should have deemed him fit to make a "planter," and have furthered his removal from scenes of civilized life, for such an unintellectual purpose as the introduction of low grades of civilization into a barbarous country. It were as if a rising laureate of our day should have his poetic fire quenched by a grant in Kaffirland. The constant occupation of the rebel chiefs of Munster was that referred to in the spirited rejoinder of the first Earl Spenser, during a parliamentary debate: "My Lord," insolently exclaimed Howard of Arundel, "when those things were doing, your forefathers were keeping sheep." "When they were keeping sheep," retorted Spenser, "your lordship's ancestors were plotting treason."

At the date of the grant, Spenser, placeless and unmarried, could hardly, if in England, have had means to enable him, in the terms of the grant, "to people a seigniory of 4,000 acres with British families," to assist these emigrants, who were to be no fewer than thirty-eight households, in crossing the sea, and then to establish them as his tenants at Kilcolman; besides transporting himself, with, agreeably to the conditions, "men and maid servants, and provision of bread and drink for the first year." The great influence and oft-replenished purse of Raleigh failed to fulfil similar conditions for his grant, even when subsequently reduced to 12,000 acres. On the other hand, "Master Edmond Spenser," late secretary in Dublin Castle, a practised trafficker in Crown grants, and exercising an influential office in Munster, might prudently become the provisional occupant of forfeited lands which the grantee was indifferent about.

Even had the estate been given

him, it was no great boon. The lands had been ravaged with fire and sword, and if not absolutely tenanted, the occupiers were little else than fierce enemies, whom the undertaker had to eject; and, harder still, he was bound to transplant exotic husbandmen into the wasted soil. How costly and difficult it was to bring farming people over from peevish English fields to perilous Irish ones at that period, we gather from a contemporary tract, by one Payne, an undertaker; so that it is highly creditable to Edmond Spenser, that we learn by his answers to government interrogatories respecting the fulfilment of the conditions of the grant he had acquired, that this scion of a freeholding family in Lancashire had accomplished much in the matter of colonization.

In 1589, there were "six households" of settlers on the land, which he was precluded from leasing because he had no established right to it; but he was afterwards enabled, as a consequence of, he says, "sundry honest persons in England having promised to come over to inhabit the land, so soon as his patent is passed," to nearly fulfil the conditions of establishing the required number, but his patent was not passed till 26th October, 1591.* A failure, however, in part, reduced the seigniory of 4,000 acres, to which he would have been entitled, to 3,028, all that are included in his patent, and for which he was to pay an annual rent of £17 7s 6d.

The difficulty of his undertaking to import English farmers will be better understood by some extracts from other original documents in the State Paper office, which reveal the hostility evinced by the natives to his first tenants. The first records referred to are bills in Chancery, concerning lands he is alleged to have usurped. Besides these accusations, Hardiman's publication gives further character of the same character, principally relating to his protracted quarrel with Maurice, Viscount Roche. Fermoy.

The curious details respecting this feud have not as yet added interest to any biography of the poet. The

* Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.

† Archaeologia, vol. xxi.

fierce controversy, between the *Sassenach* bard and his neighbour, the Anglo-Irish nobleman, arose from the circumstance that our adventurer's purchases included supposed forfeited lands in the barony of Fermoy, to which his lordship had claim. This Roman Catholic peer, and chieftain of a powerful Anglo-Irish clan, had long been suspected of disloyalty; and his seizure in his own castle, ten years back, during an insurrection, was one of Raleigh's most daring exploits. But there were no proofs of treason. Spenser, however, as Clerk of the Provincial Government, obtained some evidence as to Lord Roche's conduct in 1588, at the perilous time when the rebel Irish had expected aid from Spain, the most flagrant being, that his lordship had caused gunpowder and other munitions of war to be secretly manufactured in his castle. This charge, if substantiated, would have led to the peer's attainder, and consequently to the forfeiture of his estate. The Anglo-Irish lord found bitter and vigilant enemies in the new *Sassenach* settlers around him, and becoming furious against them, protested that they were encroaching on his hereditary domains, and seeking to deprive him of them utterly. One of these men had, he declares, shot an arrow at him in open assembly, boasting that if he killed Lord Roche, he himself "would not lose the least joint in his body;" but that should Lord Roche, or any of his men, shed a drop of Englishmen's blood, he would forfeit life and lands.* Of the legal causes pending between this harassed nobleman and the undertakers, some were decided by the Dublin Privy Council in their favour. Spenser obtained a special "order" from the castle against the Irish Viscount.† Against this Star-Chamber decision, Lord Roche appealed to Chancery; and, threatened with attainder and ruin, hastened to London, to lay his cause before the Queen. In a petition, dated 12th October, 1589, he designates his distinguished adversary as "one Edmonde Spenser, Clarke of the Counsell in Mounster," who, declares he, had, "by colour of his office, and by mak-

ing of corrupt bargains with certain persons pretending falselie title to parcel of the Lord Roche's lands, dispossessed the said lord of certain castles, and sixteen ploughlands;" and the plaintiff adds, "so violent and unlawful is the course taken to dispossess me of my ancient inheritance, and so tedious, uncertain, and chargeable are the ways and means thought available to help me, as doubtless despair of redress had almost attacked my senses and driven me to confusion."

The chieftain-peer had foolishly taken some frantic steps to hinder the progress of the new settlement. Thus, his opposition to the undertakers was exhibited by his making proclamation in his country that "none of his people should have any trade or conference with Mr. Spenser, or Mr. Piers, or any of their tenants, *being English*." Such was the universal temper of hostility to colonists amongst the native race, who, in the narrowest spirit of nationality, considered that Ireland was exclusively for the Irish. Lord Roche's particular enmity was proved by his fining one of his tenants, by name Teige O'Lyne, severely, "for that he received Mr. Spenser in his house one night as he came from the sessions at Limerick." In doing so, the peer availed himself of a recent statute against taking free quarters, the impolicy of which the poet complains of in his well-known treatise on the government of the country. Who among us would not willingly be mulcted for the honour of receiving Edmond Spenser?

This dispute is remarkable in a literary point of view, as having been of such importance to the author of "The Faerie Queene," that it took him to London, and led to the publication of the first part of his poem. The aggrieved nobleman had proceeded to court, in order to defend his cause, whereupon our colonizer followed, accompanying his illustrious friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, and carrying the MS. of his immortal work. The whole story of his reasons for going to court is somewhat involved. Biographers invariably as-

* State Paper Office.

† Add. MS. in Brit. Mus. 4,790, p. 146.

sert that he received an absolute grant, as a reward for his poetic labours, of a property which we have shown he acquired otherwise, and before his poem was presented to the Queen.

Curiously enough, even the poet's grandson and heir was ignorant of the origin of the title to Kilcolman. In a petition* presented, in 1657, to Oliver Cromwell, he alleges that "his grandfather was that Spenser who, by his writings touching the reduction of the Irish to civilitie, brought on him the odium of that nation, and for those works, and his other good services, Queen Elizabeth conferred on him that estate."

The only known work referred to in this tradition is his celebrated political "View," which certainly advises severe measures against the Irish. Giving credence to this statement, Cromwell, as Protector of the Commonwealth, ordered young Spenser to be restored to the estate of his grandfather, "for whose eminent deserts, and services to the commonwealth," says the order, "that estate was first given to him." When such was the family legend, it is not surprising that the poet's painstaking biographers, in reckoning up his gains, and pointing out their sufficiency to refute the obloquy cast on Queen Elizabeth and her minister, Burghley, for alleged neglect of Spenser's brilliant claims, should have regarded the emoluments of his provincial office, and also the three thousand acres of Kilcolman, as guerdons from the Crown for his poetic and political *chef-d'œuvre*. But neither were so. Excepting the pension of £50 a-year conferred on him by Elizabeth, he was indebted for his other sources of income to his talents for public business. If this be so, he reversed the scoffing prophecy of his Cantab friend, when the *chateau en Espagne* in which he lived, as a young Master of Arts, after his retirement from the banks of the Cam, changed by the fairy wand of his worldly providence into a substantial castle on the banks of the Mulla; for he did "purchase great lands," yet not with the proceeds of poetry, but with those of the office which assisted his successor, Richard

Boyle, to buy "the lordshippe" of a peerage.

Let us now regard him as the friend of Raleigh. A vast territory around Lismore, no less than 42,000 acres, had been granted to the latter on similar colonizing conditions, which, however, he proved incapable of fulfilling, and on that plea he was chased from court, in 1588, by his rival Essex, and "confined into Ireland."

The colonist of Kilcolman and the adventurous knight had met some years before, on the occasion of the band of Italian and Spanish invaders landing and entrenching themselves at Smerwick, on the coast of Kerry, when Lord Grey marched down from Dublin, and put them to the sword. This renewal of old acquaintance ripened into a friendship based on the double sympathy of poetic and pastoral occupations, the bard finding a congenial patron in Raleigh, for both were engaged in a task into which they had entered with characteristic energy, taking measures for the cultivation of their new estates, particularly in procuring tenants enough to render their grants profitable and to preclude the threatened forfeiture. Besides taking counsel together in this pursuit, the Lord of Lismore, who surpassed his more dreamy friend in talent for such active business, emulated him in enthusiastic love of the Muses; and it was not seldom that the verse-maker sat with his friend, "the Shepherd of the Ocean," in the shade of green alders on river banks, and perhaps also at each other's tables, the Shepherd "greatly pleased," with "the musicke" of verses which the poet recited, and in which we almost hear the air breathe through the grove, and the stream murmur in its course. Yet this pleasing pastime did not charm away the cares attendant on their vexatious undertaking. Extreme disorder prevailed in the colony; some new comers had obtained possession of lands that had not been sequestered; and others had departed, in fear, or hopelessness, giving up their titles, if not for a song, such as Spenser could sing, for a trifle. Of these easily acquired and rapidly sold interests, some had been bought by our Clerk

* MS. Bermingham Tower.

of the Council, whose aforesaid "answer" to the Government interrogatories was unsatisfactory, and Raleigh's was so much so, that his immense grant was threatened with the diminution by 30,000 acres to which it was afterwards subjected. So unless both bard and knight could cross the channel, and either persuade a quota of real "Colins" and "Cuddies," to follow the charm of the poet's pipe on his return, or obtain an extension of time, their grants would be annulled.

To effect these objects was the purpose of the companion colonists in proceeding to England, probably seeming more important to Spenser than his literary design, the publication of his epic, which gives to us the sole interest in his proceedings.

Raleigh, with his intimate knowledge of the Queen's character, advised his friend to make his poem the means of removing the clouds under which both courtiers lay. The poet had lost countenance long ago, by meddling in the question of the Queen's marriage; but exile and leisure had enabled him to prepare a salve for his sin by writing his splendid allegory of the marriage of the Thames and Isis. Similarly, he hoped to serve his friend by his manner of treating an old political wound, the slaughter of the foreign invaders. The severity with which *Sir Arthegal*, or Justice, had treated those Spaniards and Italians displeased the Queen, and, by exciting deep resentment on the Continent, had been in some measure the provocation of the Armada. The Viceroy had been recalled in disgrace, and, on his return, was attacked, as we read in the allegory, by "Envy, Detraction, and the Blatant Beast." It was in defending him that young Raleigh, who is said to have been employed on the service of putting the invaders to the sword, exhibited such talents as to have attracted Her Majesty's notice. One of the poet's designs was to heal this ancient sore; and even in his last prose work, we find him, in an exculpatory passage, justifying this case of "sharp execution." Sir Walter encouraged the idea that the poetic art would aid the suit Spenser proposed to make in London. This accomplished patron is represented as finding the poet "banisht to a waste," and he plainly discerned in him a

genius which combined an exquisite perception of the good and beautiful, with the then admired talent of conveying political meanings under the elaborate metaphors of stately romance. There can be little doubt that the experienced denizen of the English metropolis supplied the bard with many of the more recondite ingredients of his allegories, which are vehicles for political innuendoes and flatteries. Several of the romantic incidents which represent the contests of virtue and vice, and point to court anecdotes and intrigues, were invisible, as the poet himself insinuated, to persons—

"Who note, without a bound, fine footing trace."

We must also remember that, while the sympathy of the Shepherd of the Ocean, himself an exile and adventurer in the Green Isle, was excited for Spenser in its loftiest invocation, it was also evoked by their mutual troubles as settlers in a "savage soyl." Certes, the talents of the "Prince of Poets," and of the Captain of the Queen's Guard and Lord Warden of the Stannaries, were sadly misdirected when, at that stirring time, they were employed in seeking tenants and buying store sheep. The gay and chivalrous discoverer of Virginia was out of his element when enacting "Colin Clout" among his farmers round Lismore, and filling, as he did, the inglorious office of Mayor of Youghal. What a scene must the fine old room in his house in that town have presented, when Spenser came to dine with him, and when the matchless pair might, no doubt, have been seen sitting in the antique bay window, smoking the new Virginian weed, "divine tobacco," as our poet justly styles this soother of the human breast. And whenever the colonists met, they assuredly made odious comparisons between "this ragged commonweale," their present country, and the rich condition of the peaceful one they fondly styled "Cynthia's land;" long-ing eagerly, no doubt, to revisit London and the happy region of which one of them wrote—

"The shepherds there abroad may safelie lie
On hill and downs, withouten dread or danger;

No ravenous wolves the good man's hopes
destroy.
There, learned arts do flourish in great
honor;
And poets' wits are had in peerless price."

This picture, and the hope it held out, were irresistible. Literature was an avenue by which the poet might reach the ear of one who would be deaf to a petty suit unaccompanied by the musical overture of a rhythmical romance.

Sailing in company up the Severn, they reached the land of promise. Spenser's presentation at Court was consequent upon the publication of his wondrous epic. The work is entered in the register of the Stationers' Company, under date of the 1st December, 1589, as "The Fayrre Queene, dysposed in XII. Books, fashioning XII. Morall Virtues." Only three of these dozen parts appeared at first. The poem was novel and incomparable, for Chaucer's verse was already antiquated, and as the Swan of Avon had not yet begun to sing, there were no rivals. Our artful bard had wisely discarded the unattractive theme and style of his "Shepherd's Calendar," changing from the rustic to the heroic, and sedulously suiting his epic to the taste of the time, couching it in quaint diction such as he found in old romances, and making the personages and import allegorical, a style the Queen delighted in. Its reception was enthusiastic. To publish an epic then was, indeed, to create a sensation. "The Faerie Queene" breathed forth that genuine inspiration which many succeeding poets have avowed as their font. "No other ancient author," says Sir Walter Scott, "perhaps ever combined, in so brilliant a degree, the requisite qualities of a poet." The splendid legends, the sense of the picturesque in scenery, the rich descriptions, the political meanings, all were novelties: poetry was unknown before, and the author became famous. Even his early pastoral verses met with general admiration, and passed, during his lifetime, through five editions, then no small number. This premature publication of a mere quarter part of his political poem kept curiosity awake for the remainder. To the miseries and wants of genius we owe many of its efforts, and in this instance, Spenser invented the method now fre-

quently and sensibly acted upon, of publishing in parts, a plan quick in effect, and full of promise to both reader and author.

The Queen, on the poem being read to her, ordered, according to the anecdote, that the author should receive from the Exchequer no less a reward than £100, a sum equivalent to about £1,000 at their present value. Vain in her double quality of woman and sovereign, the majestic Queen desired to reward right royally the romantic reverence which was the true inspiration of the superb homage rendered to her. But her prudent Lord Treasurer, disliking the bard, probably on political grounds, he being protected by the party opposed to himself, observed testily, "What!—all this for a song?" The Queen replied, "Then give him what is reason." Spenser waited, but no realization of the royal bounty reached him, and he embraced an opportunity of presenting her with a paper, purporting to be a petition, in which were the following verses:—

"I was promised on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I have had nor rhyme nor reason."

By-and-by, the aggrieved bard did not hesitate to launch darts of satire against his supposed enemy, the powerful minister.

Absent from home, and a suppliant in the most expensive of cities, during, it would seem, so long drawn out a period as a score of months, this soul of fancy and romance was stretched on a rack of misery, and though recording his "secret sorrows," delicately left them veiled, for their nature, the cravings of an empty purse, was too unpoetic to be expressed in verse. "Who," cries the exhausted suitor—

"Who ever leaves sweete home, where means
estate,
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Findes all things needfull for contentment
meeke,
And will to Court for shadowes vaine to
seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himself will a dawg trie."

Kept waiting for his patent, as well as for a pension it had been determined to confer on him, hopes deferred, and wretched struggles which peculiarly pressed on his sensitive nature, produced the sickness of the

heart painted in those powerful lines, which, springing from blighted expectations, are among the most nervous that dropped from his pen:—

“So pitiful a thing is suitor’s state!
Full little knowest thou that hast not tried
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better
spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and
sorrow;
To have thy prince’s grace, yet want her
peers’;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy bread with comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.”

It was not until February, 1591, that he obtained an order for a pension of £50 a-year, and not until the 26th October, in the same year, did he pass “patent” of his estate. The annuity was a munificent gift; but, recollecting that the Exchequer was subject to chronic depletion, we may ask, can accounts be produced proving that the money was paid him? If he received it regularly, the surest income he enjoyed was this; and certainly, no poet of his and the succeeding century obtained so much for an unfinished piece. We may calculate its value as more than equivalent to Southey’s pension; so that the liberality of Elizabeth’s donation far surpassed that which measured the honorarium rendered to succeeding laureates, and exceeded the public meeds bestowed on literary talent in the present day. Spenser returned home, to resume his poetic and other labours. The interest attached to the picturesque ruins of his old tower are heightened by the almost certainty, that within the seclusion those walls gave, the author of the “Faerie Queene” not only perfected the first half of his great allegorical poem, but that during the succeeding halcyon period of his abode there he enjoyed leisure to complete the work. In some verses dedicated to Raleigh, dated at the close of 1591, “from,” as he writes, “my house at Kilcolman,” he gives assurance that the Muses were among his *penates*. In January following he was again in England, where he published his “Daphnida,” an elegy on the death of Mrs. Arthur Gorges, and soon afterwards returned home. Though we

now fail to trace his proceedings from his writings, we have some glimpses of him through the unpoetical records of his lawsuit with Lord Roche. From these, we regret to perceive that Spenser lapsed into the abuse common to English officials of the time in this country, of using their positions for the purpose of unjustly furthering their fortunes.

By merciful counterbalance, the soul that suffers most from the thorns of life is also most alive to its roses, and the period had now arrived when Spenser reached the summit of his happiness. A poem written at this time, entitled “Colin Clout’s come home again,” of which he is the hero, and which is dedicated to Raleigh, is most interesting, as referring to contemporary persons and circumstances. In this piece we meet with the best allusion to his false, but not yet forgotten “Rosalind,” whose disdain and levity had scarred his heart. But the wound was now healing: remembrance of her was effaced by a second and happier love, for a beautiful Anglo-Irish girl, Elizabeth Nagle, a merchant’s daughter in the city of Cork, who taught him the truth he has expressed in one charming line—

“Sweet is that love alone that comes with
willingness.”

His “Amoretti,” a series of no less than eighty-eight sonnets, relating the progress of his new affection, place the figure of his bride before us in all her maidenly dignity and proud humility. He was married at Cork, 11th June, 1594, and his “Epithalamium, or Bridal Song,” the most earnest and perfect of his compositions, merits him his contemporary epithet of “heavenly Spenser.” The calm and judicious Hallam, in his “Literature of Europe,” describes this wedding ode as “a strain redolent of a bridegroom’s joy and of a poet’s fancy; the English language seems to expand itself with a copiousness unknown before, while he pours forth the varied imagery of this splendid little poem. I do not know any other nuptial song, ancient or modern, of equal beauty. It is an intoxication of ecstasy, ardent, noble, and pure.”

Spenser dates four exquisite hymns 1st September, 1596, at Greenwich, then a mere village clustered round a royal hunting-seat. The object of his

visit to the court on this occasion, doubtless, resembled his previous one. Three more books of his epic appeared; but the faërie apparition did not succeed in turning much into gold in favour of the hapless poet, who again appears as a court-suitor, wasting his days and nights; for he tells us in his "Prothalamion," how on a summer's day he—

" Walked forth to ease his pain,
Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames.

I, whose sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In prince's court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, to afflict my brain."

When this was written, he had possessed the lands of Kilcolman seven years, and was entitled to his pension. Were the lands profitless, and the pension in arrears?

Some offence taken by the King of Scots against certain passages in the new part of the poem, may have prevented the author from being well received at court. This remarkable circumstance, which has escaped the notice of any biographer, is thus described in a state paper letter from the English ambassador in Edinburgh, to Lord Burghley, dated 12th November, 1596:—

"The King hath conceived great offence against Edmond Spenser publishing in print, the second part of the 'Fairy Queene' and IXth chapter, some dishonourable effects, as the King deemeth thereof, against himself and his deceased mother, * * * He still desyreth that Spenser may be duly tried for this fault and punished."

His Majesty of Scotland was not pacified even up to 25th February, 1598, when an Edinburgh correspondent writes to Queen Elizabeth's secretary that, "Quin is answering Spenser's book, whereat the king is offended." Perhaps the repeated political offences given by the poet formed the reason why his great abilities failed to elevate him to high political station.

It was probably at Greenwich, that Spenser indicted his "View of the State of Ireland," written in 1596, and in England, as is evident by the opening remark to "Irenæus," on beginning to speak of Ireland—"whence," says the interlocutor, "Eudoxus," "you lately came."

This sagacious and searching poli-

tical treatise, although the result of thorough knowledge, is a less careful composition than the leisure of home would have insured. In one light, it may be regarded as a series of stereoscopic views of contemporary manners among the Irish Gael. In the words of the elder D'Israeli—"The vivid pictures of the poet, the curiosity of the antiquary, and above all, a new model of policy for the practical politician, combine in this inestimable tract." Its author's prospects were now bright. The publication of three more books of his epic had increased his renown, and although his poetic talent had not again augmented his fortunes, he might reasonably hope that his political services would not be unrewarded. Having filled important offices and resided many years in Ireland, he had drawn up, in agreeable form and winning words, statesman-like views on an embarrassed subject, viz., the reduction of a great and turbulent people from that continual state of rebellion, which had long drained blood and treasure from England, to a condition of subjection and peace. It is surprising how fully he comprehended the whole state of things throughout this strange and distracted kingdom; and he so brought considerable classical and other erudition to task. Unfortunately, the press did not then spread stirring pamphlets, such as in the days of Swift and Addison would have marked the writer as eligible for high employment. Only a few MS. copies were circulated; but as the author was in the prime of life, not passed forty-three years of age, in all likelihood he would have risen, if his career had not suddenly closed, to stations to which his abilities and celebrity entitled him to aspire, and which were attained by his successors in office, Boyle and Annesley. Had fate spared him, the poet-statesman might have become wealthy in land, and noble by title, all which, nevertheless, would have been mean and transitory honours compared with the fame conferred by the imperishable monuments he has left of his genius.

Richard Boyle, the poet's official successor, seems also to have succeeded to a musical instrument, which may have often called down the muse of song to the chamber in Kilcolman Castle, where the last books of the

fairy epic were elaborated. The first edition of the poet's "View of the State of Ireland," has these, his verses, "On a lute belonging to Richard, Earl of Cork:"—

"Whilst vitall sapp did make me spring,
And leafe and bough did flourish brave,
I then was dumb, and could not sing,
Ne had the voice which now I have;
But when the axe my life did end,
The Muses nine this voice did send."—E. S.

On his return home his fortunes were apparently firmly based. But unhappily, such of his money as he had invested in broad lands was liable to turn out as illusory as fairy gold, for his estate and life were like those of a settler on a volcano. The whole country was convulsed by the rebellion then carrying on in the north by the Earl of Tyrone, or, to give his native title, *O'Neillmore*, the Great O'Neill; and the fury of insurrection spread into the south the next year, so soon as the royal forces received a crushing blow on the banks of the Avonduff, where eighteen hundred veterans, bearing the red cross, were slain.

"Who has not heard, while Erin yet
Strove 'gainst the Saxon's iron bit;
Who has not heard how brave O'Neill
In Saxon blood imbrued his steel,
And Avonduff to ocean bore
Her billows red with Saxon gore?"

Elated with this victory, Tyrone, arousing the island to throw off the foreign yoke, despatched some of his boldest leaders and troops into Munster, on which the Lord President of the province retired with his soldiery into the city of Cork. Instantly, the southern rebellion broke out, "like lightning." The colonists were few in number, and within three days, the bulk of their property in corn and cattle was either seized or destroyed, and their houses burnt; some of them were massacred, and those who did not fly in time to walled towns, died of cold and hunger on the hills. These events occurred at the close of October, 1598. Spenser was not spared, several reasons combining to render him, as his grandson's tradition, above quoted, states, "odious to the Irish nation," and Tyrone was in no humour to honour the claims of a hostile genius. Our colonist landlord, moreover, was holding a prominent and perilous post. His position

as a landowner in the county of Cork was sufficiently respectable to have warranted the Queen in appointing him, by royal letter, dated 30th September (Harleian MS., 286), sheriff of that extensive shire; and if, when the insurrection broke out, he attempted to exercise this responsible office—one at all times excessively obnoxious to the Irish—it surely marked him and his for destruction by those who saw in him an invader of their rights, a stranger living on their inheritance, while they were cast out to starvation and banishment. Rebellion had put him in possession of lands; but its repetition put him out, for he was soon, in the words of Camden, *a rebellibus à laribus ejectus, et bonis spoliatus*. His fortalice was attacked, and set on fire; yet he had the good-fortune to escape through the armed rabble, leading with him his wife and children; but so precipitately that one of his offspring perished, unrescued, in the flames. This circumstance is referred to in evidence that the supposed "lost" books of the "Faërie Queene" were, agreeably to a contemporary epigram, *burnt*, rather than lost by a servant to whom they were said to have been intrusted. In a flight so headlong, that one of his children was left behind in the flaming house, his MSS., however precious, probably shared the same fate. The fugitives took refuge within the walls of the city in which their nuptials, so joyously glorified by him, had been celebrated but a few years back; and our High Sheriff, being selected by the Lord President as the bearer of a despatch to London, dated 9th December (State Paper Office), started for court to give a verbal account of the disastrous state of the country. This mission is not mentioned by his biographers, who describe him as flying to England accompanied by his wife and children, yet without proof or probability.

Our next trace of the poet is as the writer, soon after his arrival in London, of two treatises on the insurrection, for the instruction of the Secretary of State. These able documents, besides disclosing intimate knowledge of the causes which incited Tyrone, gave masterly advice as to the best mode of suppressing revolt. Though the writer was not a martialist, few were better qualified to counsel the

government. He lodged in King-street, near the palace and the state offices, and, no doubt, was often personally consulted.

This surmise leads us to consider the circumstances of Spenser's death, which took place on the 16th of the ensuing month (January, 1599). He was buried in the Abbey, at the Earl of Essex' expense.

Let us examine whether the sarcasm, so often repeated, that the dead bard received a monumental stone, though, when living, he could not obtain bread, is, to use one of his own terms, soothfast. Two months previously, it had been determined to send Essex over as Viceroy, and even two years back, Spenser had, in his well-known treatise, recommended the appointment as that of the man "upon whom the eye of all England is fixed, and our" (that is, of the English in Ireland) "last hopes rest." It may be presumed that the Earl, who was preparing for the hazardous enterprise, would be in frequent communication with the poet-politician. Would this generous nobleman, and the ministers of the state, not have seen his need, had it been such that, as is alleged, he "died for lack of bread?" He refused, according to Ben Jonson, the twenty pieces, a liberal offering, sent him by the Earl, saying, "he was sure he had no time to spend them." What does this despairing speech imply? Not a want he need not have felt; but a heart broken by dire calamity. He had lost almost all; and the robust strength of mind which the severe shocks of life demand was not lodged in that soul of tenderness. "He flew to England," writes D'Israeli, "not to live, but to experience how this last stroke of fortune went beyond the force of his own passionate descriptions, and of his nature to endure. In an obscure lodging, and within three short months, the most sensitive of men, broken-hearted, closed his eyes in much grief and in a premature death. Spenser perished at the zenith of human life."

How many severe and trite reflections on the cruel neglect with which

genius has frequently been treated has the foolish legend that Spenser died of want called forth! No hearsay on this point is amply proved by the negative evidence. The story is not repeated by any temporary. The "poets of his time," of whom, in the verdict of his epigrams, he "was prince," who held his place and deplored his death in many elegiac verse, would certainly, had he perished thus, have marked that indignation by more than one mark such as that which Shakespeare put in the hands of the "Duke of Albin" beginning thus:

"The thrice three Muses, mourning for his death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.

The two manuscript State Papers written by Spenser immediately before his death, are still unpublished. One is lengthy, and adds to the proof his printed treatise gives of his summative abilities. In his imperishable epic, he appears as the interpreter of the language and feelings of chivalry. In employing the ideas of old romances to inculcate religion, patriotism, and the highest virtues, his design is almost in reverse of that of Cervantes, who drew a caricature representing self-sacrificing ideas as insanity; thus leaving our minds swept indeed, but, if not garnished, liable to be entered with ideas of an opposite character. Spenser was not free from self-doubting, he could, more than any other poet, throw his soul into his creations of the morally beautiful. In one was the "maker" mind more developed, and his intensity of imagination filled him with love and faith in his own creations. The ideas of medieval chivalry were expiring, but his hand fanned the embers into the most brilliant light; yet he was the last to do so, for, though Scott, the greatest genius of romance since, like Milton and Cowley, received his poetic flame from the "Faerie Queene," the lustre it shone with at Kilmahon was admirably revived at Abbotsford.

SCENES AND CUSTOMS IN CRACOW.

I SHALL always remember with pleasure my arrival in Cracow, after a long and wearisome journey, the discomforts of which the bad roads and wretched inn-accommodation had greatly augmented. As I approached the town the scenery became varied and picturesque, and the merry voices of the numerous shepherds, singing as they basked in the sun, watching their flocks, whose musical bells were to be distinguished from time to time, seemed to give me a cheerful greeting. Entering the town I encountered many interesting groups, with their gay and widely differing costumes. The Jews and Jewesses were numerous, and could be easily distinguished by their "toilettes"—a mixture of costly ornaments and shabby attire. The men, in their long black coats descending to their heels, secured round the waist by a scarf with floating ends, high fur caps, and two long curls on each side the face, while their wives, in accordance with the law forbidding them to wear their own hair after marriage, had it shaved off, substituting for it braids made of black or brown satin, according to the original colour of their hair. On the old women these satin appendages are almost concealed by golden caps, which have a bordering of stiff rucheing, while the young ones have theirs surmounted by richly trimmed head-dresses, their foreheads, ears, and necks, bedecked with pearls and diamonds, their garments, in many instances, being at the same time scarcely worth the acceptance of a beggar.

Despite their profuseness in precious stones, however, economy had evidently prevented the too frequent renewal of their satin braids, which, whether attributable to the original dye, hail, rain, or sunshine, had become metamorphosed into a most suitable substitute for flame-coloured hair, ill according with their bronzed complexions and bright black eyes.

Familiarized as I had become by my long residence in Poland with the peculiar habits of this singular people, I was nevertheless amused by the absurd appearance presented by some of the female venders of merchandise,

at a time when crinoline had not, by becoming fashionable, accustomed my eyes to any extraordinary rotundity. Not that they intended to be in advance of the "mode," their enormous size being caused only by the band-boxes and wares concealed in the huge pockets the lining of their skirts form, and which they make use of to carry with greater ease their precious merchandise.

The belief of the Mahomedans that heaven is an abode of peace because women are excluded from it, can be readily understood by any one making a stay of any length of time in the vicinity of these Polish Jewesses, who, not content with the regular trade they carry on from house to house, stand at their shop doors (whenever they are at home), inviting in loud tones, and with rapid utterance, every passer-by to become a purchaser. And all this time they knit without ceasing, their fingers moving with a rapidity which to me seemed perfectly marvellous, and neither walking nor talking arrested their progress in the least. Almost all the trade of Cracow is monopolized by the Jews. Living in a manner which requires scarcely any expenditure, and procuring goods by fraud more frequently than by honest trading, they undersell their Christian competitors, and hoard up wealth, while they have the appearance of penury and beggary.

As great a variety of "petits metiers" can be seen in Cracow as in any of the other larger capitals of Europe, and the sale of hot food is one of the most remunerative. I was amused to notice, as we traversed the flower and vegetable market, a "row" of these eating-houses, which, from its unsheltered position, has been derisively named the "hotel under the sun." I could see that heaps of earthenware bowls and wooden spoons covered the counters, while the female "chefs," with huge sauce-pans steaming before them, were measuring out soup—a mixture of meat, vegetables, and barley, to their numerous customers. Care and cleanliness were evidently considered superfluous in the preparation of this food;

and I was told of one poor woman who, discovering a rag floating in her portion, held it up reproachfully to the cook, muttering at the same time something about "linen rags found in the stew."

"Well!" answered the other angrily, and not in the least abashed; "you surely never expected to find velvet ones in a three-kreuzer soup."

With the picture of the cheap soup-shops still before my inward vision, I alighted at my hotel, where the angry cook's sentiments appeared to have been adopted in each department. But however much I might feel disposed to quarrel at the lack of order, cleanliness, and comfort, there was no choice left me but that of making the best of my bad accommodation until I could look out for a private dwelling.

Few towns have preserved so decided a stamp of antiquity as Cracow, and there are few people who have retained, in spite of every disadvantage, so strong a feeling of nationality as is displayed in the tenacity with which the Poles cling to their ancient customs and costumes. I first directed my steps to the principal square, passing through narrow, ill-kept streets. In the centre of the square is situated a large edifice of various orders of architecture, full of innumerable stores, shops, and underground vaults. Crowds of people were already congregated around this building, talking amongst themselves, or to the "Pryckoupki." These "Pryckoupki" are a class much resembling the French Revendenses; their wares are disposed in booths or stalls, and consist of salt imported from Wieliczka; casks of wine and fruit bought from the Hungarians, and the farm produce of the Polish peasantry, who frequently sell to them at a great disadvantage.

There being only two market-days in Cracow, and no shops except those kept by the Jews, all purchases in the interim must be made at these stalls, and hence are principally derived the enormous gains of the Pryckoupki, whose wealth it is usual to estimate by the number of the coral strings round their necks—coral in Poland being at all times indicative of the wealth of the owner.

My Jew guide, who proved himself a most efficient one, being both

garrulous and intelligent, led me first to St. Mary's. This church contains thirty-two altars of most ingenious design, the central one surpassing all the others in the elaborateness of those celebrated wood-carvings which have established the fame of the Nuremburgh artist, Veit Stoss. As I gazed on this masterpiece of art, I thought of Hogarth's definition of genius—that it was nothing but labour and patience—and I doubted the theory. Veit Stoss had an imagination of inexhaustible fruitfulness, and in the patience and labour with which he shaped and adorned his conceptions, he reminded me of Raffaele, of whom a modern critic has said "that he painted a head with such fine touches that it seems to have been finished by single hairs."

As I saw my guide becoming impatient at the length of my musings, I allowed him to lead me up the chief tower, at the top of which I found an apartment occupied by a stout, florid, happy-looking, middle-aged man, smoking a pipe, while he kept a sharp look out over the city. "This is the sentinel," said my guide, and the man laid aside his pipe, and stood up.

"Yes," answered the sentinel, "and an honourable post it is. It is my duty, Frauline, to keep in order that great clock," and he pointed to one in the western side of the tower, "and to give notice whenever there is a fire in town or its neighbourhood." He explained to me that he managed this by causing the clock to strike a given number of times, and then proclaiming, through a speaking-trumpet, the spot in which the fire may be raging, repeating the announcement until he sees every one on the alert. The town and fauburges are divided into districts; and all householders are compelled by Government to have fire-buckets, and to assist the authorities in case of fire.

"Your life must be a dull, monotonous one, friend," I remarked.

"Dull!" he repeated; "monotonous! Would Frauline be dull in a gallery of pictures? Would she think her life monotonous if there was a library, with a world of books adjoining? and would she be satisfied if from the windows she beheld a landscape like that which is now before her? I have all these up here."

The lonely sentinel was a man of taste and perception. My eyes followed the motion of his hand, and never did unexpected wonders awaken a more vivid sense of pleasure than I experienced. Immediately below was the market-place, to which he had first pointed. It was by this time almost filled with people in the most picturesque costumes, and grouped in masses, in lights and shades, from which Raffaele might not disdain to borrow suggestions for the most excellent of his picturesque compositions, or at that period of his artist career when his capacity for seizing real life was so perfect that it was said his portrait of Julius the Second inspired fear as if it were alive, he might take as a model a tall Jew of dignified demeanour, strongly marked lineaments, swarthy complexion, and dark eyes, around whom stood a number of Polish peasants, men and women, in their bright tasteful dresses.

Scattered over the square were other groups, for the business of the day had not yet commenced, the pure morning light still unstained by the city's smoke, throwing an artificial glow and freshness over them. By-and-by figures laden with boxes and precious parcels began to emerge from the dusky vaults used as stores, and to arrange in the booths cheap, pretty jewellery from Berlin, toys gleaming with gold from Baden, handsomely bound books from Frankfurt, Bohemian glass, rich in purple and crimson hues, gauzes fluttering and sparkling like cobwebs, when their dewy diamonds are stirred by a breath. Presently carts laden with Hungarian wine began to arrive, and others heaped with rich, ripe fruit, and huge bundles of flowers. The market now really opened, traffic commenced, the groups broke up, and the Jews literally laid hold on every purchaser who was not of the Jewish persuasion, offering to negotiate as factors.

What Kohl wrote many years ago concerning the monopolizing propensities of the Jews in Poland, might be written of them with equal truth at the present day. "No business," he said, "is to be transacted without their intervention, however important or trivial. The nobleman must employ a Jew to sell his grain, and the master of a family cannot obtain a

steward, servant, cook, or even a teacher for his children, excepting through one of the fraternity. Nay, I scarcely overstep the truth when I affirm, that without the aid of a son of Abraham, you can neither dine, nor ride, nor travel, nor get a night's lodging, nor dress yourself."

The costume of the Polish peasantry has remained without alteration for ages. In Cracow and its neighbourhood the men wear small caps of scarlet cloth, bordered with black sheep's wool, and a peacock's feather at the right side, high boots in which their trowsers are concealed just below the knee, and a short dark blue cloth coat, lined with scarlet and studded with a quantity of small brass buttons. The waist is encircled by a wide leather belt, likewise covered with brass ornaments, and to this is attached, by a leathern strap, a knife of a peculiar shape, called "kozik," used for all purposes. The women have on their heads coloured or richly embroidered kerchiefs, gracefully tied in a knot above the forehead, and forming a kind of turban. They allow the hair to hang down the shoulders in one broad plait, from the ends of which flow a variety of bright ribbons. They have gay-coloured skirts, almost hidden by their wide aprons, rich blue, red, or green cloth corsets, laced in front, the basquines adorned with small brass buttons, and altogether very much resembling the dress of the Swiss peasantry. Their principal ornaments are coral necklaces. Frequently a few rows of coral beads, and two or three head of cattle constitute the marriage portion of a Polish peasant girl.

Crowds of people in these bright becoming dresses, mingled with Jews in their costumes, brilliant and graceful, though very frequently uncleanly, were now moving all over the square—every one was in motion. The sentinel sought my eye. "My pictures are passed away now," said he, "but my library has taken the place of my gallery. It does not require much genius to read the pages spread before us, down there."

This sentinel was a philosopher; and fearing I should less appreciate his delineations of character than his picture-gallery, I gave him a gratuity and descended. We passed through the square as quickly as the multi-

tude would permit, and directed our steps to Mount Wavel, at the foot of which, in what is called the "Valley of the Vistula," is situated the city of Cracow, and on the summit of which, on a rock, stands the castle and cathedral.

We entered the Cathedral of St. Stanislas. It is a fine building of mixed architecture, the Gothic predominating. In the centre of the nave is a gorgeous silver coffin, containing the remains of the bishop whose name the church bears, supported by six angels, also fashioned in silver. There are several beautiful and richly ornamented chapels contained in the cathedral, and one of them, the "Chapel of the Eucharist," is entirely constructed of black marble. In the others, as well as in the aisle, nave, and transept of the cathedral, coloured and white marbles predominate. The coffin of St. Stanislas is occasionally used as an altar, and when the magnificent candelabra, ranged on each side, and the brilliant lamp suspended above it are lighted, while the distant portions of the church, with its graceful columns and pillars, are in twilight depths, it presents a magnificent picture. From the church we descended to the vaults, to look at the massive silver coffins, in which lie the remains of the kings and queens of Poland. Strange to say, these valuables are amongst the few which escaped the rapacity of the Austrians, when they pillaged the town.

We remained but a short time in the vaults, and returning to the church ascended the rugged stairs leading to the bell-tower. Often as I had heard of the wonderful bell, "Zygmunt," of its beauty, its size, its weight, I was yet taken by surprise, when after ascending about twenty steps, and reaching a broad landing-place, my guide desired me "look up," and I found myself beneath an enormous metal dome. No wonder, I thought, it requires the united efforts of eight strong men to give it the swing, which sends its grand powerful tones over all the valley of the Vistula. We next directed our steps to the library, passing many magnificent monuments of Tuscan marble and sarcophagi, on which were extended, in pure white marble from Carrara, the effigies of the dead. The library is a large, cold, vault-like room, containing many

dust-covered tomes and valuable manuscripts, besides a collection of religious curiosities, called "skarbiec."

About two hours after we had entered the cathedral, I found myself again breathing fresh air, and standing under the walls of the castle, of which the church is a portion. My guide lowered his voice. "The frauline knows, of course, that the castle is in the possession of the Austrians. I dare not ask permission to enter, vigilance and suspicion are never separate from tyranny and usurpation. It was here our noble Kakus dwelt, but the castle, as you now see it, belongs to the time of Casimir the Third, justly surnamed the 'Great.' During several hundred years it had been the residence of the Polish sovereigns, and their likenesses still adorn its galleries, and are carefully preserved, though the other portions of the building are used as a barrack."

The old man had almost whispered all this as we walked round the castle and down the "Plantacye" (a promenade formed out of the ramparts which once surrounded the town), planted on each side with acacias and horse-chestnuts. There I parted from my friendly guide, and hastened back to my hotel to obtain refreshment and rest.

After a few hours I set out for Kazimierz, or Jews' quarter, founded by Casimir the Great, from whom it derives its name, and separated from Cracow by the Vistula, here spanned by an old rickety wooden bridge. I had scarcely passed over when the noise, the commotion, the confusion of tongues which usually prevails in the Kazimierz, tested my stoical philosophy; but as I advanced, and entered the little narrow dark streets, I had something more than mere noise to contend against. Ragged urchins with bare feet and tangled locks assailed me, presenting cakes as little appetizing as their own appearance. While over-obliging female venders vociferated to me from the doors of their shops, or rushing out surrounded me, offering me in rapid succession every article of which I ever had been, ever might be, or actually was in want of. Unable either to advance or return, I was compelled to listen to the absurd enumeration, from a score of voices, of all my real and fancied wants, when I was accosted by a cunning-looking,

though handsome Jew, who, with what he intended should be a most winning smile, as if he had found in me an old friend, inquired concerning my health, and the health of my family, and offered to assist me in making my purchases. I soon discovered this officious gentleman to be one of that numerous class, "commission agents," whose services are indispensable to a stranger in the Kazimierz.

As soon as I assented to his proposal the Jewesses all rushed back to their shops, and left me at liberty to proceed, accompanied by my "factor." We passed on through several slim, dusty, dirty streets, with their quaint and wonderful shops, presided over by women with piercing black eyes, rich earrings, gaudy turbans, and soiled silk or velvet dresses, calling to every one they caught sight of, to "come and buy;" and as I looked and listened, I felt assured that, through every change of dynasty, of rule, of government, the Israelites of the Kazimierz had remained the same, bearing as strong evidence of nationality then, as when six hundred years previously, their forefathers had been brought into Poland by Boleslaus, to supply the deficiency of an intermediate class between the nobles and the peasantry, and to furnish his kingdom with mechanics and traders.

At length I stopped at a silk shawl stall, and fortunate it was for me that I was accompanied by an agent, who had come to the honest resolution not to allow me to be cheated further than would be an advantage to himself. I made choice of a pretty French shawl—my factor, unasked, undertook the whole negotiation, a matter of no small fatigue—and resulting in my paying half the price at first demanded by the Jewess.

The purchase effected, I was surprised at the agent's being contented with a few kreuzers in payment of his trouble. I afterwards became aware, that according to custom, he had returned to the shop as soon as I was out of sight, to receive from the Jewess (with whom, judging from the angry looks and words which had passed in my presence, I would imagine him to be on the worst terms) his full reward, which in all such cases is invariably in proportion to the amount the agent has been the means of securing.

Next day was the festival of Corpus Christi, and being aware that the religious solemnities appointed for the occasion differ in rural districts from those observed in large towns, I accepted the invitation of an acquaintance residing near the village of Podgoze.

The church which we attended was a pretty little building, having the usual amount of ornaments and paintings, but nothing of either requiring any particular notice. On the altar were four small manuscript books—copies of the portions of Scripture from the four Gospels appointed for the day's service. As soon as the priest appeared, one of these grand voluntaries for which the Germans—and our organist was one—are famous, and which so subtly influence the imagination, pealed from the organ along the vaulted roof. A procession was being formed, and the priest, taking the four little books in his hand, moved a few paces down the aisle, followed by other priests and by the choir. Turning to the east he then read one of the Gospels, or little books, and having closed it and traced, with the forefinger of his right hand the sign of the cross on the cover, handed it to the priest next in rank to himself, who stood close behind him, and who immediately wrapped it in a small napkin of fine linen. The procession next moved to the north side of the church—the solemn music, which had ceased during the reading again breaking forth in most melodious sounds, until the priest halted at the west side, where he read the third Gospel—and, as before, delivered it to his coadjutor. The procession was again in motion, and the music came sweeping down as the pageant passed to the south side. The same ceremony was once more gone through as on the three previous halts, and the last halt was made opposite to the altar; the officiating priest then ascended the steps; while all the others knelt outside the railings.

Loud hallelujahs rose from the choir, mingled with swelling peals from the organ, murmured prayers, unconscious ejaculations, and sudden outpourings of irrepressible emotion, while the officiating priest, having received back the four Gospels bound in fine linen napkins, proceeded to attach them by a

light silver cord to the pyx. Immediately he turned, and bowing on one knee placed the pyx on the altar, there was a sudden hush. The usual service of the Mass was then gone through, the priest using the pyx with the Gospels bound to it. When the final "et cum spiritu tuo" had been pronounced the procession again formed; but this time the whole congregation followed; and the priest, carrying the pyx high above his head, left the chapel, and proceeded to the eastern boundary of the parish. Here the sweet vocal strains of praise to which we had been moving changed to the voice of prayer for an abundant harvest, for blessings on the trees, and the grass, and the water. Meantime a small hole was dug by the coadjutor, and then the officiating priest solemnly buried one of the Gospels, or little books. At the northern, western, and southern boundaries of the estate the same ceremony was observed; and then, in perfect happiness, the multitude separated, believing that the buried Gospels, having been in the vicinity of the pyx, would bring a special blessing on the ground, and preserve its fruits from being injured by storm, blight, or drought.

In removing to a new farm it is always customary in Poland to have it solemnly blessed by a priest. In fact God's blessing is invoked upon every undertaking and trivial domestic arrangements and duties. No cook will as much as put a batch of bread into the oven without having first made the sign of the cross over it to insure a satisfactory result. One of the national characteristics is strong religious feeling and an ever-present conviction of a watchful Providence; and although in the poor, untaught, or ill-taught superstitious observances are substituted for spiritual worship, yet "God's holy will be done" is invariably the concluding phrase in the recital of an afflicted creature's misfortunes, as "God repay you" is the expression of thanks for any benefit received.

I passed the early part of the day following that of the festival of "Corpus Christi" in writing letters "home," and had intended to make it altogether a day of rest, but the Fates or the Poles decreed otherwise. Hardly had the great clock of St.

Mary's announced the hour of twelve when from all quarters vehicles of every description came crowding into the town, setting down gay parties at hotels, private houses, and even at the corners of the streets. On inquiring into the occasion of the unusual visitation, I learned that it was the "eve" of the festival of a Saint John, who was believed to be particularly favourable to matrimonial engagements, and that all the young people of the neighbourhood were come in to try their fortunes. "How is that accomplished?" I asked. "Oh! casting their wreaths on the Vistula at sunset."

I could not understand; but finding it impossible to obtain any further information, I sat patiently at my window watching the arrivals, until six sonorous blows, struck by the sure hand of my friend the sentinel, seemed to have transformed the very stones into human beings, so crowded, so crammed were the streets in a few seconds with people all hurrying in one direction. I lost no time in joining the throng, and soon found myself standing on the banks of the Vistula, whose waters, illumined by the glories of the setting sun, were broken into brilliant rainbow hues as the numerous gaily-painted boats, with their party-coloured flags, swung gracefully in their moorings. I separated myself from the young people, whom I perceived were to be the chief actors in the scene, and joined the parents and other spectators.

Presently I saw hundreds of beautiful wreaths, each having in the centre a pretty lamp like a star, floating down the river. In an instant oars were out, and over the sparkling waves bounded the lively little barks, while the rowers endeavoured to catch the tiny wreaths in their devious course, or made mock efforts to sink them with their dripping oars. Meantime they sang merry "krakowiaki," which were cherussed by the spectators and echoed back by the Wavel, the Wauda, and the St. Bronislava, till wild music mingled with light laughter, and gentle whispering seemed floating everywhere.

The young maids who had thrown the wreaths on the waters alone looked anxious and thoughtful. It seemed impossible to cheat one of them into a smile, until, in bright

tranquillity, she had seen the sparkling wreath on which her hopes were fixed melt off out of view. Then her laugh, full of life and grace, announced the woman's triumph, while the next instant, with woman's ready sympathy, she was bending forward, anxiously watching the fate of other wreaths, as one by one the tiny centre stars by which you traced their paths seemed to fade into mist. Never, either before or since, have I witnessed such a scene. The Vistula was at first literally covered with flowers and star-like lights, while perfumes as rich and as delicate as fairies are supposed to feast on, floated about. Now the boats, with their gaily-dressed, handsome young occupants, were bounding over the translucent waves, or breaking up the long line of brilliant light a summer evening's setting sun had thrown on the waters. Some touched the shore for a moment to take on board sisters or other young friends, while others, slipping their oars to the measured time of delicious German music or gay *krakowiaki* followed in their wake.

It was late in the evening before I was able to learn the origin and meaning of the fairy-like scene. I happened to turn my eyes for a moment from the animated spectacle on the river, and perceived that I was standing beside a matron whose handsome brow beamed with kindness. The sweet hour had awakened pleasant memories of her own youth, and, as I afterwards heard from her own lips, had given rise to new and bright hopes for the future of her beautiful daughter, whose smile of joy, as her wreath disappeared with its light still burning, she had seen responded to by a glance full of tenderness and love from the dark eyes of a noble young Pole, who from the first moment he had beheld it launched on its perilous voyage, had been in apparently eager and anxious pursuit. The matron's name was Frow, or Madame Kosciusko. She told me that the trial by "love wreaths" originated in the East, where it is pretended that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges in a beautiful red lotus. For hundreds of years the young people of Cracow and its neighbourhood have observed the like ceremony of which I had been a delighted

spectator, believing, or at least for the sake of amusement professing to believe, that the owners of the wreaths which glide out of sight with their lights burning shall be married before the next anniversary of St. John, while those whose garlands are caught up by the young men must wait for the consummation of the happy event for two years, and those whose lights have been extinguished by the dripping oars for three years; but alas for those whose wreaths became entangled in weeds, or floating in to the bank were hidden by the luxuriant leaves of the water-lily or the tall reed grass: they must (the omen being true?) never hope to hear a lover's wooing.

During my stay in Cracow, my favourite walk was the Plantacye, though there are many other promenades, which have replaced the old ramparts, walls, and towers, which once surrounded the city. The Austrians, notwithstanding they have stripped the town of its mural defences, have taken care to strengthen and fortify the castle and its approaches, and accordingly the old ramparts, kept in perfect repair, form the boundary of that portion of the Plantacye which overlooks the river. There, for hours at a time, I have amused myself watching through the port-holes the animated appearance of the Vistula, to which each successive season gives a new character. In summer it is covered with fleets of boats of every class, from the tight rigged craft of the fisherman, and the swift bark of the agriculturist, well laden with the fresh produce of the farm and garden, to the more pretentious brig of the trader, its rich freight gathered in at many ports, and the elegantly rigged, though fantastical yacht, of our English travellers, who leave the teeming rivers of Great Britain to fish in Poland, where an acre of water is let for double the rent of an acre of land. In winter, when the deep snow is lying white and calm all around, the Vistula presents a still gayer aspect. The bridges are deserted, and sledges are sweeping over its frozen surface, whose peals of bells mingle in sweet wild harmony with the songs of the drivers, and the bursts of merry laughter from the skaters.

In early spring the Vistula presents

a widely different scene. Moaning and heaving, its current rushes on, deepening and darkening every hour as its waters become swollen by the melting of the snow on the mountains.

One day I had been watching the course of the river through villages bathed in sunlight, when suddenly its waters lost their transparency, and turned into thick mud-colour waves, which, every instant rising higher and higher, went rushing and thundering by. In a moment, the sunny gardens were inundated; presently I could only see the tops of the trees, and soon, only a few of the chimneys of inundated villages were visible, while property of every description was tossed from wave to wave, and carried out of sight, Jews and peasants in desperate pursuit, one moment racing with the mighty torrent, the next using all their strength to stem its overwhelming force, as they, in vain, tried to grasp some floating treasure. Unhappily these inundations occur so suddenly that the inhabitants of the villages in the immediate neighbourhood of the river have only time to escape with their lives; and so accustomed are they to the recurrence of this calamity, that I have known all the fugitives in one of these forced flights, content themselves with the shelter afforded by wretched tents hired from the Jews, until the subsiding of the waters enabled them to return to their damp abodes. The very next day after one of these calamitous floods I left Cracow, to pass the Easter at the house of a friend, who lived a few miles distant. I went by water, and never did boat glide over a calmer or more sunny river than mine over the Vistula; and were it not for the numerous floating wrecks of household treasures which impeded our progress, I should have doubted the faithfulness of my own recollections.

The Easter Feast, which derives its origin from that of the Pascal Lamb, presents a very curious spectacle in Poland. It is eaten standing, as used to be the ancient repast which it is intended to represent, and is called "Swiecone," or "Blessed," because on the previous Saturday, known as "Holy Saturday," every priest goes round his parish, stopping at each house to bless it with holy water.

Some hours before the priest was

expected to arrive at my friend's house, all the members of the family, including, were called upon to assist in the preparation for the next feast. Our first care was to select the choice of the largest room, and then to spread it with tables which ran from one end to the other, we proceeded to load these with an endless variety of cooked meats, dishes of coloured eggs boiled, and large cakes called "placki," then ornamented each dish with branches of the freshest and greenest box, and, last of all, the whole household being assembled, the head of the family placed on the centre of the table the emblem of the feast—a cross with a cross, made of alabaster; poorer people usually have the cross made of sugar. Shortly after the priest entered and pronounced a blessing.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, we set off for the residence, having been invited several days previously, and were received by his lordship at the door of his dining-room. He held in his hand a plate containing eggs cut up into small morsels, and on which were two forks. After exchanging usual good wishes for "happy days," he presented a fork to each friend, and taking the other himself, each eat a bit of egg. We followed in succession, and then entered the dining-room, where we sat ourselves to any thing we pleased while the bishop went through the ceremony of eating bits of egg to the fresh guests. After chatting a short time with our acquaintances, we repaired to the house of another friend, where a similar scene was enacted, the bishop's part being performed by the host. And then we hastened home to go through the ceremony with those whom we ourselves invited. These feasts continue during the whole Easter week. Sometimes the invitations are for the evening, when they invariably finish with a dance.

The peasants' feast generally consists of a large ham, a piece of beef, a dish of sausages, one of eggs, three or four large cakes, a lamb and cross of sugar. It frequently happens that their tables are not spread when the priest goes round on Holy Saturday, and according

Easter Sunday crowds of them may be seen in the neighbourhood of the various churches, with their provisions laid out on the ground before them, waiting for the first priest who may have time to come and bless it. The share of the poor is never forgotten. In large houses it is prepared purposely for them, and spread in one of the servants' rooms or halls; and all who choose are welcome to enter and partake of it, or, if they prefer it, to carry portions to their own homes.

I once happened to attend the service on a St. Stephen's Day, at a small country church, in company with my friend, Frow Lesko. On entering the sacred edifice I was surprised to see at its western extremity numerous sacks full of grain. The congregation was large, and chiefly composed of agriculturists and small proprietors, who, in accordance with their annual custom, had brought these sacks containing the various kinds of seeds to be sown during the ensuing year, that they might, before putting them into the ground, receive the blessing of the Church. High Mass being over, the sacks were solemnly prayed over by the priest, who was scarcely on his way back to the altar when he was heartily pelted with hands full of grain, his parishioners believing that those who succeed in most forcibly reminding him of the sufferings of the saint, in memory of whom he is subjected to this ordeal, will be the most prosperous when the harvest time arrives.

I have often thought, that although every country in the world has customs more or less ancient that have been handed down from generation to generation, yet, in general, they are so intermingled with legend and fiction, that by the want of resemblance to the objects which they were meant to perpetuate the memory of, it is almost impossible to trace their original meaning, while in Poland one does not require any research in order to understand them perfectly. On

Christmas Eve, for example, no one will partake of the principal meal until the first star appears in the sky. Any one can tell that this is in memory of the star which led the wise men to Jerusalem, and from thence to Bethlehem. On the same evening large bundles of straw are placed in the corners of the dining-rooms, and hay is laid on the table before spreading the cloth for the repast. This reminds them of the stable at Bethlehem. Before sitting down to supper, large square wafers (sent a few days previously by the clergy, with wishes for happy holidays), are broken and eaten by the master and mistress of the house, with every member of the household, each one expressing for the other the kindest wishes.

On Christmas morning, as early as five o'clock, crowds of peasants may be seen hastening to the different churches, many of them having walked fifteen or twenty miles for the purpose. It is customary for every priest to celebrate Mass three times on that morning, to denote the three different births of Christ—His eternal birth from His Father, His temporal birth from His Mother, and His spiritual birth in the hearts of all good Christians. It is not considered necessary to be present at all the three Masses, but the Polish peasants think it an indispensable duty to be present at one or either of them, while those who live at any considerable distance from the church bring all their children with them in the morning, let them be ever so young or so numerous, with provisions to last for the day. It is interesting, between the services, to see the groups outside the church in their picturesque costumes enjoying their frugal repasts, and exchanging with friends and strangers alike the customary greeting—"Niech bedzie pochwalony Jézus Christus" (may Jesus Christ be glorified); to which the usual response is—"Na wicki wickow, Amen" (for ever and ever, Amen).

EARL STANHOPE'S LIFE OF WILLIAM PITT.

THE life of William Pitt, second in time, but far the first in fame and genius of the children born to his great namesake, the first Earl of Chatham, seems at length in a fair way of being worthily written out by his talented kinsman, and the son of his earliest friend, Lord Stanhope. In the two volumes which bring his story down to the ill-timed accession of Catherine's crazy son to the throne of all the Russias, his lordship has betrayed an amount of hero-worship wonderfully small for these days of high-coloured portraiture; while the simple ease of his style will be held to do scant justice to the greatness of his theme, and the partial newness of his matter, by readers, lately accustomed to the picturesque spiciness of Macaulay, and the eccentric rhapsodies of Carlyle. With the help of documents too sparingly used by Pitt's former biographer, and of many more which Tomline never had the chance of using, he has given us a fuller and more human likeness of the man whose political career was the one thing that his whilom tutor cared to develop, in the unfinished work which these volumes bid fair to supersede.

And the result is all in Pitt's favour. Hitherto, in the popular fancy, the great Tory chief has enjoyed no tangible existence outside the walls of Downing-street and the House of Commons. He was a great statesman, who had made fine speeches, and about whom many fine speeches were continually made; a minister whose commanding genius, according to one party, had saved his country from mob-rule; whose reckless policy, according to another, had plunged it deeper and deeper in the slough of social and political suffering. His name was useful to point a moral or excuse a page of political declamation, for or against the principles he espoused. But beyond the fact of his taking much port, and eschewing the favourite haunts of social profligacy, the man himself, apart from

his official surroundings, inspired in most of us very little of that human interest which every one feels in the history of his great father, of Fox, Sheridan, and other statesmen still less renowned in the parliaments of their day. He was hardly looked upon as a being of like passions, sympathies, and desires, with the men who cheered his speeches, even while they decried his politics. If the satirists of his own day described him as carrying the stately member of parliament into every act of his private life—much as Mrs. Siddons was said to order tea with the tone and measured words of a tragedy queen—what wonder that we of this present age, should have caught up the echo of a tale which none of his biographers had done much to gainsay until now? Into this point Macaulay himself attained no clearer insight than his neighbours. Thanks, however, in great part to Lord Stanhope, we are henceforth enabled to look on his famous kinsman as something less hard and cold than the statue which represents him in one of the London squares. Like Shakspeare's Hermione placed on her pedestal, the seeming marble trembles into life and feeling as we draw nearer, and he who a minute before seemed the very embodiment of official impassiveness, brightens or melts anon into some outbreak of that softer nature which still lurked under the thick crust of his outward demeanour. Haughty, overbearing, self-reliant, as became his father's son; trained from his earliest childhood to those public duties of which for so many years he showed himself the willing slave, and eventually became the untimely victim; deaf from boyhood, whether by nature, strength of purpose, or both combined, to the promptings of unseemly passion, Pitt could write his mother letters instinct with the truest affection, could enjoy his leisure hours with the zest of a boy just freed from school, and entertain his friends with bursts

of playfulness and streams of discursive wit—such as Wilberforce, at least, had never relished so heartily elsewhere. Ungracious he might be towards strangers, and distant towards the fairer sex, but among his nearer friends and the members of his own family, he enjoyed a character for tenderness, agreeable manners, and delight in social pastimes, which no mere piece of dull officialism could ever have attained.

The year of Pitt's birth, 1759, was memorable for the long list of triumphs gained under his father's auspices by British commanders in every quarter of the world. The names of Minden, Quebec, Quiberon, Lagos, Guadaloupe, Chinsurah, Goree, shed no common lustre over this the most glorious year of Chatham's life. Two years later the Great Commoner had been driven from his post by the growing jealousies of his own cabinet, and the influence of the new King. Once more, in 1766, he took the helm of state, but exchanged his old popularity and his leadership of the Commons, for a short spell of the royal friendship and a place in the House of Lords. Within two years Chatham had given up his seals of office, never more to take them again. His voice was heard in the House of Lords, but his time henceforth was chiefly devoted to the education of his two elder sons. Little William, the second, though weak in frame, gave early promise of future excellence. At seven years of age he told his tutor how glad he was at not being the eldest son, for he wanted "to speak in the House of Commons like Papa." He was not quite thirteen when his mother, writing to her husband, dwelt with a mother's pride on William's amazing forwardness, which had already carried him beyond a brother three years older than himself. A few months later he had written and brought out for home-acting, at Burton-Pynsent, a tragedy, full of politics, but curiously devoid of love. The plot of it, according to Lord Macaulay, turned on a contest about a Regency; and the play itself reads as if it had been written seventeen years later, "by some Pittite poetaster, at the time of the rejoicings for the recovery of George III., in 1789." In the summer of 1773, the poet Hayley wrote of young Pitt, as "a wonderful boy

of fourteen," and only regretted that he himself had been too shy to consult his youthful hero about the plan of an epic poem he had lately begun.

A fond father to all his children, the gouty Earl of Chatham watched with special care over the one whose bodily weakness threatened most danger to his great mental promise. His pride in young William's talents and high aspirations was repeatedly shown in letters to his son during the latter's abode at Cambridge, whither he went in the autumn of 1773, in years a boy of fourteen, in parts and learning a grown man. Here the weak health which drew from his anxious father such tender warnings against too eager a pursuit of lettered lore, delayed for several months the progress of those studies on which he had now entered under the guidance of George Pretyman, afterwards better known as Bishop Tomline. With the aid, however, of timely rest from all work, of horse-exercise, careful diet, and plenty of port wine, the boyish commoner of Pembroke Hall returned to his college in the middle of next year, took his honorary M.A. degree in the spring of 1776; and still thirsting after fresh knowledge, continued to keep his terms and to read with his tutor during that and the four following years. By the end of that time he had gone through almost every known Greek and Latin author, had made some way in the study of natural philosophy and civil law, and in mathematics had gained a proficiency equal to that usually demanded of those who stood for wranglers' honours. His scholarship, while lacking the verbal nicety and imitative graces of an English public school, was wonderful in its own way. To a youth who caught at once, as it were instinctively, the meaning of the hardest passages in *Æschylus* and *Thucydides*, it mattered little that he had never done much in the way of Latin verse, or cared to render a page of Hume into the Greek of *Xenophon*. This seerlike insight, helped as it was by a memory not less wonderful, tempted his tutor in after days to avow his firm belief, that "no one ever read the Greek language, even after devoting his whole life to the study of it, with greater facility than Mr. Pitt at the age of twenty-one."

Nor did the young graduate's zeal for classic studies lessen his old delight in English reading. With Shakspeare and Milton he was quite at home; he admired the writings of Hume and Robertson, read the best works of Bolingbroke and Conyers Middleton through and through, and thoroughly mastered the whole argument of Locke's famous Essay. Now, too, he had probably begun to explore that great work of Adam Smith's on political economy, whose teaching he was ere long heard to enforce with bootless eloquence on a stiffnecked House of Commons. All this while, according to Bishop Tomline, his unassuming manners, cheerful temper and quick play of harmless wit, the generous frankness of his heart, and the turn he had for all innocent pastimes, made him popular among his fellow-gownsmen and endeared him to many of a riper age, who had thought, in such a miracle of cleverness, only to find an equal miracle of pushing self-conceit.

While yet at Cambridge, Pitt lost the father whose love had helped to make him what he already was; whose speeches he had latterly been so proud to hear, and whose fainting form he had helped, not a month before, to bear away from an assembly that saw him stricken down in the vain attempt to stammer forth his last words of public warning. The death of this once popular statesman happened on the 11th May, 1778; and by none was he more deeply regretted than by his second son, who from time to time repaid with many a loving tribute, the love himself had so abundantly received. Two years afterwards Pitt lost, within a few months of each other, two more members of his family, to both of whom he was greatly attached—his eldest sister, Viscountess Mahon, and his younger brother James, already a post-captain in the Royal Navy. Chatham's death left William heir to no more than a sum of about three hundred a-year. On this modest income he entered, early in 1780, his newly purchased rooms at Lincoln's Inn, and went his first circuit as a barrister in the summer of that same year. The expense of his rooms, amounting to what he then thought the "frightful sum" of eleven hundred pounds, had been defrayed by his uncle, Lord Tem-

ple, on the promise of repayment when Pitt should come of age. During the previous year much of his spare time had been spent in London on his own and his mother's business, the intervals of which were relieved by visits to the opera, dinner-parties, evenings at some house of fashion—and what he relished more than all—frequent attendance on the debates in Parliament. On all these matters he wrote to his mother with kindly frankness, now begging her pardon for not having written a few days sooner, anon expressing the anxiety he had felt for her on the first report of a threatened landing by the French at Plymouth. In another letter, written the same year from Pembroke Hall, he confides to Lady Chatham his intention to stand for the first vacant seat in his own university; a piece of boldness which resulted the following autumn in leaving him at the bottom of the poll. On the 8th of June, 1780, we find him hastening to assure his mother by the post, how little he or any other of her friends had suffered from the fury of those Gordon Riots, which surged up in flames and havoc on all sides of Lincoln's Inn. And a few days afterwards he writes again to amuse her with a picture of himself and his brother-barristers, arming against the storm which had already blown itself out.

Disappointed at Cambridge, and working hard at the law, Pitt was agreeably surprised, towards the close of this year, by the offer of a seat for Appleby, made by Sir James Lowther, at the instance of their mutual friend, the Duke of Rutland. In January, 1781, he took the oaths and his seat in a House of Commons then ruled by Lord North, whose popularity as a minister had been ebbing with each new disaster in North America. Urged by his royal master to carry on a war of which he himself was tired, and battling with his wonted good-humour against a growing phalanx of opponents, led by such speakers as Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, the unlucky Premier had now to face the attack of yet another foe, who represented the principles without shaming the genius of his dead father. Under the banner of Lord Shelburne—the acting leader of the late Lord Chatham's party—this youthful statesman of twenty-one delivered, on the 26th of

February, his maiden speech in support of Burke's motion for Economical Reform. Being unexpectedly called on to answer an adverse speaker, Pitt rose, and made, on the spur of the moment, an answer that took the whole House by surprise. His voice, his manner, the closeness of his arguments, and the finished roundness of his sentences, were wonderful to mark on such an occasion in so young a speaker. Burke was deeply moved; Fox in few, but generous words, stamped the performance with his highest praise. While another old member, coming up to Fox, expressed a hope that he himself might live to hear Fox and Pitt battling together, as their fathers had done before them, Pitt's ready retort turned the edge of so doubtful a compliment: "I have no doubt, General, you would like to attain the age of Methuselah." As soon as he had a spare moment, the successful speaker wrote off to assure his mother of the happiness felt by himself in a result, the tidings of which would already have reached her through "too partial a friend."

The result was less surprising than it seemed. Great natural gifts had been so sharpened by regular practice, that failure in his case had been far more wonderful than success. His modest manners covered an amount of self-possession, which past experience had done everything to confirm. The natural bent of his mind had served, before all things, to make him the ripe and ready orator which a discerning body of British gentlemen, on the very first trial, adjudged him to be. From earliest childhood his powers of speech had been carefully developed in every possible way, by the daily reciting of choice passages from the best English authors, by rendering aloud a page at a time of some Greek or Roman writer into choice and fluent English, by closely studying for different purposes the works of Bolingbroke and Barrow, of Polybius and Thucydides, by dwelling often for hours together on some striking passage in the masterpieces of ancient oratory. At Cambridge, according to his tutor, he specially loved to compare the opposite speeches on the same subject, supplied by Livy,

Sallust, and Thucydides. In London he never, if he could help it, missed the chance of hearing any important debate at St. Stephen's, always paying most heed to the arguments of speakers on the opposite side, considering as they went on how they could best be answered, and then ascertaining how far they were really answered by the speakers who represented his own side. Not many months before his triumph, he had astonished some of his legal brethren by the eloquence he displayed in a mock debate at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on the dissolution of the Western Circuit Club. Even his training for the bar, and the experience already gained on circuit, help their little to explain how, "at an age when others are but entering on the study of state affairs and the practice of debating, he came forth a mature politician, a finished orator,—even, as if by inspiration, an accomplished debater."*

Twice again that session did Pitt hear the sound of his own voice rewarded by the same tokens of general applause. It was clear that his opening triumph had been owing much more to the intrinsic merits of the speaker than to the circumstances under which he spoke. On the second occasion Pitt and Fox rose together, but Fox, with ready kindness, gave way to his young comrade, whose speech drew forth the praise but not the vote of his friend Wilberforce. In replying to his third essay, in which he followed up an eloquent defence of his father, with a passionate tirade against the "cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical war" with America, Dundas could not refrain from foretelling the gain his country would one day receive, from one who offered "so happy a union of first-rate abilities, high integrity, bold and honest independency of conduct, and the most persuasive eloquence." Not long after, when somebody remarked to Fox that Pitt promised to be one of the first men in Parliament,—“he is so already,” was the short but magnanimous reply.

In the summer of 1781 Pitt went the Western Circuit again, as it turned out, for the last time. Some

* Lord Brougham's "Statesmen of the Time of George III."

weeks of the autumn he spent with his mother at Burton Pynsent. From the accounts of his contemporaries we have reason to believe that nothing but the growth of his parliamentary greatness prevented him from earning the highest honours at the bar. That he was "extremely popular" among his brethren of the circuit, respected by the old for his attainments, and endeared to the young by "his wit, good-humour, and joyous manners," his first biographer was expressly assured by one of those very companions whom Pitt used afterwards to meet either at his own house, or at the annual dinner got up on his suggestion at Richmond-hill.

When Parliament met, towards the end of November, Lord North had to put the best face he could on the recent tidings of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at York Town. Pitt's speech on the Report of the Address, and still more that on the Army Estimates, confirmed the promise of his former essays, winning fresh praises from Fox, and a special tribute to his "amazing logical abilities" from Horace Walpole. On the latter occasion Pitt was assailing the ministers about their disagreements in regard to the American War, when, seeing a little old Treasury placeman, Mr. Welbore Ellis, put down his gray head between Lord North and Lord George Germaine, the two chief dissentients, he proposed to wait until harmony could be restored between the noble subjects of his attack, "until Nestor should have composed the difference between Agamemnon and Achilles." After a few weeks' adjournment for the Christmas holidays, Parliament met again to witness the dying struggles of an unpopular ministry. Assault after assault was made by the united followers of Fox and Lord Shelburne, Pitt taking his part in the daily battle, and reaping no common share of public fame. Sometimes defeated, sometimes winning by only nine or ten, Lord North had, within two months, to give up a hopeless game; and the Rockingham Cabinet, with Fox and Lord Shelburne for joint Secretaries of State, accepted the seals of office from a resentful and reluctant King. To the offer of a subordinate post in a government which

Burke himself was content to serve as a subaltern, Pitt returned a refusal, grounded partly on some instinctive foreboding of what was afterwards to happen; partly also, as Tomline phrases it, on his "unwillingness to be considered as pledged to measures in framing which he had no concern." In other words, he would either have what he did not then expect—a seat in the Cabinet—or take his own way as an independent member until the hour for asserting his proper place should come.

That hour was drawing nearer than Pitt's ambition could then have dared to hope, or his cleverness to foresee. Meanwhile, however, the young barrister busied himself with his legal studies, and with the careful discharge of his parliamentary duties. To the measures of the new ministry he gave a general support: he sat on one important committee for inquiring into the expenses of the war; he was chosen by the friends of Parliamentary Reform to move for a select committee to search out the abuses which time had engendered in the working of our representative system. In a long and powerful speech the future champion of royal prerogative inveighed against the "corrupt influence of the Crown;" and the future head of a warlike cabinet denounced the mischievous support rendered by the close boroughs to a war which most of his hearers well knew had for several years been carried on with the consent of nearly the whole nation. Of course, the seeming inconsistency may be resolved into none at all, if we can refer Pitt's general conduct to one leading principle: if whether he aided or opposed the Crown; whether he decried one war, or justified another, we believe that in all things he may really have been guided by a sense of duty to his country and a jealous zeal for the Constitution. Be that as it may, his motion, supported by Fox and other ministers, was rejected by a majority of no more than twenty in a house of more than 300. In the debate on another motion for shortening the duration of parliaments, the young reformer having sided with Fox in its support, was rewarded with a scream of passionate abuse from Burke, who—wrote Sheridan to a friend—"swore Parliament was, and always had been

precisely what it ought to be, and that all people who thought of reforming it wanted to overturn the Constitution." Pitt's next speech as a reformer, in support of Lord Mahon's bill for the suppression of bribery, was answered by Fox himself with arguments much less flattering to the good sense of his hearers than his opening sentences were to the abilities of the last speaker.

In three months from its formation the Rockingham Ministry was threatening to fall asunder, when the death of its leader turned the likelihood into a certainty. Fox would not serve under Lord Shelburne, and the King would not give up the premier of his own choosing for the premier preferred by Fox. So the latter, with his special followers, left the treasury benches, and Pitt naturally rose into one of the vacant seats. By the middle of July, 1782, the young barrister of twenty-three had prepared to give up the Western Circuit and his rooms at Lincoln's Inn for a summer residence as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Downing-street. From that time his letters to Lady Chatham, though cordial as ever, began to be less frequent, and to treat more sparingly of political news.

His first term of office lasted not many months. Assailed by the partisans of Fox on the one hand, and those of Lord North on the other, by the thoroughgoing Tories and the thoroughgoing Whigs, the new Government was soon tottering to its fall. Lord Shelburne would have made advances to Lord North but for Pitt's downright refusal to ally himself with the authors of the American War. His lordship's bitterness against his late lieutenant at first prevented all chance of that agreement with Fox, which the latter, when afterwards besought thereto by Pitt himself, flatly declined so long as Lord Shelburne continued premier. Thenceforth, believes Bishop Tomline, Pitt and Fox met never again as friends in a private room. Meanwhile, throughout the winter of 1782-3, the youthful Chancellor virtually took the lead in the Lower House against an opposition powerful in every thing but a bad cause. In several keen debates he had to defend the articles of a peace just then being concluded with our revolted colonies, with France, and

with Spain. It was a peace more needful to England than flattering to her pride; a peace much easier to attack than to justify in detail. If we had given back to the French and Spaniards the places conquered from them, it was something to know that the Rock of Gibraltar, and the empire which Olive had founded and Warren Hastings enlarged, were still our own. Pitt's answers to the fiery speeches of those who railed not at the peace itself, but at the terms accepted by Government, were generally marked with his wonted excellences of style and matter. Once only, in his speech on the Address, did he so far lose his temper as to counsel Sheridan to keep his epigrams and apostrophes for that stage on which he had always delighted his hearers. Sheridan at once replied in words that often told, will yet bear telling again, "The right honourable gentleman's kind remarks almost embolden me to turn dramatist once more, and attempt, however presumptuously, to improve on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, the Angry Boy in the *Alchemist*."

Sheridan's retort seemed fitly to foretoken the coming triumph of his party. An amendment to the Address was carried against ministers, by a majority of sixteen in a large house; and a second defeat, a few days after, glorified as it was by a speech from Pitt, hardly more notable for its surpassing eloquence and the modest grandeur of its crowning quotation from Horace, than for the circumstances of bodily disorder under which he spoke, settled the doom of a government too weak in itself to have long held together, even with no present prospect of attack from outward foes. Lord Shelburne resigned, but would fain have left a sting behind him, by recommending his Majesty to name Pitt in his stead. The advice was taken, and the "boy-statesman" was free, on his own terms, to carry on the government of a great empire, at the ripe age of rather less than twenty-four years. But Pitt would do nothing hastily, asking even for his mother's opinion, and waiting to talk over the subject with older and more experienced men. At length, after some wavering, he declined an offer which, to the Duke of Grafton's thinking, would have "overset the

resolution of most men." Unable to see his way to the formation of a strong ministry, a weak one, at any rate, he would not have; and his refusal, unwelcome enough to the King, made him only the more popular with the country at large. Repeated offers were then made by the King to Lord North, but without Fox that nobleman would not take office. Once more His Majesty, who looked on Fox as a personal foe, applied for help to Pitt, but Pitt was inexorable. He waited to see how long the new coalition, that "ill-omened marriage," whose bans he would fain have forbidden, "in the name of the public safety," was likely to stand. At length, after some preliminary quarrels among its chiefs, the Portland Ministry, with Fox and Lord North for Secretaries of State, got itself fairly established by the 2nd April, 1783; Pitt himself refusing to keep his former post, or lend the slightest countenance to a league so glaringly unsound, a league for which nothing but the promise of some great public good could hold out even the flimsiest pretext.

During that session Pitt brought forward a new scheme of Parliamentary Reform, the gist of which lay in a large increase of county members, and in giving the pocket-boroughs the choice between extinction and self-purification. This scheme, which had nothing whatever in common with democratic dreams of a sweeping suffrage, and election by the divine right of mere numbers, was thrown out, in spite of the aid received from Fox's own partisans, by two hundred and ninety-three votes against a hundred and forty-nine. Another of his bills, for reforming abuses in the public offices, as shown in the yearly charge of £18,000 for stationery alone, passed the Commons, only to be quashed by the Lords. In the debates on the Budget, as is learned from a letter to his mother, Pitt was driven to give Fox such a dressing for his continued rudeness towards himself, that the great Whig leader thenceforth behaved to him more civilly than he had been wont to do when they were friends.

During the summer Pitt paid a short visit to Hayes, the old family house near Bromley, where his brother, the Earl of Chatham, had been

spending the honeymoon after his marriage to the daughter of an old friend, Lord Sydney. Leaving the pair as thoroughly happy as they deserved to be, he went on to his manor at Burton Pynsent, after having taken "some dips at Brighthelmston" by the way. Thence, after some days' shooting in Dorsetshire, and a narrow escape from the gun of his friend, Wilberforce, himself, with Wilberforce and Eliot, started in September for a six weeks' trip to France, the first time he ever crossed the channel. His fame had travelled before him, as his father's name added new warmth to the greetings showered on a man worthy to bear it. At Paris and Fontainebleau, says Wilberforce, "all men and women, crowded round Pitt in shoals." Between asking and answering questions, stag-hunting, sight-seeing, and dining out, Pitt passed the most of his time, carrying about with him a fair stock of French idioms, and some useful gleanings of French politics. At Rheims he talked much with a French Abbé on the affairs of both countries, telling him that France had no political liberty more of civil liberty than she herself supposed, while the British constitution would probably decay first on the side of kingly prerogative and the authority of the Peers. When the Abbé expressed his surprise at the moral English bearing to be governed by a spendthrift rake like Fox, "Ah," replied his companion, "you have not been under the wand of the magician."

Soon after the travellers' return home Parliament met for the winter, ministers ready armed with a bill for amending the government of our Indian territories. After some sharp debates and memorable speeches from both sides—Pitt being foremost among Fox's opponents—the bill was carried triumphantly through the Lower House by more than two to one. In the Peers, however, influenced by many of them were by threats of royal displeasure against all who voted for a measure deemed so fatal to the rights of the Crown, it was thrown out on the second reading by ninety-five votes to seventy-six. In vain did a large majority of the Commons denounce the intrigue which the issue was still uncertain. Lord Temple's whispered message had done its

work, and Burke's large well-considered scheme for rescuing the people of British India from the hands of a body of grasping merchants, and linking them, through an overruling Parliament, more closely with their fellow-subjects in Great Britain—a scheme whose worst fault lay in the starting of it some seventy years too soon for the sense of this country—was virtually overthrown by a most unwarrantable tampering on his Majesty's part with the freedom of debate in Parliament. To threaten with the worst effects of his heavy anger those who should vote with his own ministers, was a stretch of royal power which nothing but the popular feeling against such a cabinet, and a growing outcry from many parties against the bill itself, would have enabled even so violent a ruler as George III. to accomplish without a check. So unkingly an abuse of the King's undoubted right to take counsel with all or any of his peers, marked the excess of that furious hatred borne towards the apparent authors of the new bill, by one who neither forgot a kindness nor forgave an injury. The ministers still refusing to resign of their own accord, he sent, late at night on the day after their defeat, an order for Lord North and Fox to give up their seals, and remit them to him through their Under Secretaries. Next day, the 19th December, Pitt's appointment as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer was notified to the House of Commons amidst "loud and general laughter on the opposition side."

To all appearance there was reason enough for the laughter. On the one side was an overwhelming array of numbers, set off by an unwonted facing of first-rate genius; on the other was an able young orator of four-and-twenty, backed by a small tail of undistinguished followers, and but one or two names of even third-rate lustre. In the Upper House he had a staunch ally in Lord Camden, and a useful colleague in the Chancellor, Lord Thurlow. If Lord Gower's services were freely offered and gladly accepted, he was on the point of losing those of Lord Temple, who, baulked of a marquise in return for former merits, threw up his post of Secretary two days after he had received it from the King himself. Of the seven mem-

bers of his Cabinet, Pitt alone sat in the House of Commons. Among his subordinates in that house the only one of tried experience was the Treasurer of the Navy, Henry Dundas, afterwards less happily known as Lord Melville, whose talents lay much more in the domain of business than of fine speaking. The rest were chiefly young men, such as Pratt, Eliot, Steele, whose distinctions were all to come. Wilberforce himself, whose sweet tones were beginning to be heard in kindly echo to his friend's sonorous periods, took no outward share in the government to which he gave so hearty a support. One man only seemed to stand between the throne and its declared enemies. When the youthful premier raised his tall, thin frame to its full height, and began to roll forth sentence after sentence of stately argument and rounded sarcasm, in a rich, mellifluous, unbroken stream, which the most unwilling audience could not but hush itself to hear, he seemed like the one slender shaft that bears up the massy carven roof of some cathedral chapter-house, and startles you for the moment with a vague fear of seeing so slight a prop give way beneath so heavy a burden. But the daring statesman knew his strength, and let the voices of his doughtiest assailants thunder their worst upon him as harmlessly as the loudest surges break against the lonely rock of Eddystone. Strong in the knowledge of his own powers, and hoping much from the waning popularity of his opponents, he was backed by the whole strength of a Court whose active influence insured him a large majority in the Lords, and was safe, whenever he chose it, to turn the battle against their mutual enemy in the Commons. There were always fifty or sixty pocket-boroughs, which the minister whom the Third George delighted to honour could dispose of at the next election to whomsoever he would. But in Pitt's opinion the time for dissolving Parliament had not yet come. His present cue was delay. Seeming to yield to the demands of Opposition, he really improved his own prospects by beginning to carry on the government against a large majority of the Lower House. In vain was he challenged by repeated votes to give up

his place. With the help of his sovereign and the Peers, he was determined to keep it for the present. Such a proceeding, strange as many of us might think it now, and fiercely as it was even then decried by Whigs of every shade, could neither in itself be deemed unlawful, nor, as things stood, pronounced unfair. Fox would have driven Pitt from office without a trial: he would have forced the King and Lords to take back the ministers approved by the Commons. What wonder if Pitt chose to abide by the verdict of two estates of the realm, when he could already see his way to a reversal of that so scornfully bellowed against him by the third?

And the end, in his case, went far to justify the means, had any further justification been needed. Pitt's Fabian tactics brought out the weakness of his opponents, whose factious efforts put them more and more in the wrong. Forgetting the recent violence of the King in the growing violence of the Foxites, the public feeling set more and more strongly towards what seemed the weaker side. The political question deepened into a personal one; and after an uphill fight of three months, during which the opposite ranks grew daily thinner until Burke's last motion was carried by one vote alone, the brave young premier had fairly turned the tables on his once popular rival, Charles Fox. An attack by rioters on Pitt's coach happened in good time to enhance the sympathy already shown towards a statesman who could give away to an old ally of his father's the rich pension which almost any other man in like circumstances would have kept for himself. By giving Colonel Barré the Clerkship of the Rolls he had also saved the country a yearly pension of three thousand pounds, which that gentleman had first received from the Rockingham Cabinet. At length, when all the supplies had been voted, and the Mutiny Bill passed, Pitt proceeded to throw himself on the country with all the trustfulness begotten of a good cause, backed by a powerful muster of "King's Friends."

The issue was even better than Pitt could have dared to hope. No less than one hundred and sixty of "Fox's Martyrs," as they were nicknamed,

lost their seats in the new parliament. Pitt himself headed the poll for Cambridge University, which he continued ever after to represent. Lord Hood was first for Westminster, Fox scarcely winning the second place in his old borough. In one stronghold of Whig influence—the town of Norfolk—its late member, a gentleman of good repute and large property, had to decline a contest with a ministerial candidate. The county of York, in spite of the Whig families who owned so much of it, returned young Wilberforce and another of the same party with equally marked success. Erskine, Courtenay, Lord John Cavendish, were defeated at other places, and William Pitt had a hard fight for Norfolk. To Pitt's side rallied all who had been displeased with the Coalition, alarmed by the India Bill, or disgusted by so many violent attacks on a minister yet untried and little less touching the events which had brought him into power. Men so different in every way as Sawney and Thurlow, Jenkinson and William Pitt helped to make up in his favour a majority as large as that which a few erewhile laughed to scorn the title of his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury. The friends who had so often urged him to dissolve the late parliament before its time, now have owned the wisdom of a dissolution which enabled him, in the first debates after the opening of the new one, to carry his point by 213 to 136, and by 212 to 114.

During those stormy and anxious weeks, Pitt had found time to visit his mother one or two hurried cheering notes, and to serve his tutors, Wilson and Pretyman, who became canons, the one of Westminster, the other of Westminister. He also persuaded his friend, the Duke of Rutland, to accept the Lord Lieutenantancy of Ireland, a post of no small importance for so new a hand. The Duke's untimely death in 1787 cut short a career of no small promise, and left Pitt a loyal and powerful friend.

Parliament was opened by George III. on the 19th May, 1784. A band of seven new peers proclaimed the monarch's joy in a victory which saved the country from a crisis almost as serious as that of 1641. At the same

moment his first minister might have relied upon the royal gratitude for almost any thing he chose to ask ; but Pitt's Roman virtue was satisfied with rewarding others, while he himself cared for nothing but the power of serving his country his own way. A stern sense of justice rather than any mean grudge against his defeated rival led him to authorize an inquiry into the late elections for Westminster, which for many months disabled Fox from taking his seat as second member for that borough. Meanwhile however, the great Whig orator made his way into the House through a distant Scotch borough, and raised such a cloud of suspicion against Pitt as eventually forced him to abandon a scrutiny which gave his enemies so good a handle for misrepresentation. Besides the debates on this matter there was no lack of hostile criticism on the ministerial schemes of financial reform and changes in the government of India. With an exhausted exchequer, a vast amount of unfunded debt, and consols standing at 56 or 57, Pitt's work in the former direction was burdensome enough. The heavy imposts on tea and spirits had led to a vast system of organized smuggling, that defrauded the revenue and demoralized all classes of the people. Pitt was among the first to see what no sane person would now care to dispute, that the one evil could only be quelled by doing away with the other, and also that, down to a certain point, the very lowering of customs or excise dues on certain things would increase the consumption thereof without harming the revenue.

While lowering the duties on tea and spirits, he sought to make up the immediate loss to the revenue by laying a window-tax on all houses above the poorest kind. Taxes new or additional were also laid on a good many other articles, foreign or home made. Finding himself obliged yet further to atone for past mismanagement by asking for a fresh loan, he departed from former usage by throwing the loan open to public auction, instead of assigning it to a number of private friends and jobbing contractors. Far less admirable than most of these measures must be accounted his Indian Bill, which saddled the Court of Directors with an ignorant, meddling, irresponsible Board of Control, and

cursed India with a double government, the fruitful source of rash or aggressive wars, of more than one national disaster, and of those financial derangements under which she is now groaning. Yet the bill passed through both Houses with triumphant ease, while nothing whatever was done to pare away the huge commercial monopoly enjoyed by the company whose political powers were thus curtailed. The new Board had power enough for evil, but little power for good ; and the fearful events of 1857 dealt the finishing blow to a system which only aggravated the mischief it was meant to cure.

While Pitt was trying to settle the finances, he was also seeking to insure the regular payment of his mother's pension, which, owing to many previous claims on the fund assigned for it was continually falling into arrear. Pending the result, he urged her to make use of his own spare cash, for the income of his twofold office would really furnish more than his expenses could require. Stress of hard business left him no time for a visit to Burton Pynsent, or any place beyond Brighton, even during those autumn holidays which he knew so well how to enjoy. At his hired house on Putney Heath the young minister pursued his work, or now and then received a few of his friends, when nothing of moment required his presence at Downing-street or St. James's. There, as he pored over the national account-books, or waited for further news from Ireland, he could have found small comfort for his want of leisure in the knowledge of his proud position as the first, though youngest statesman of his day, the most powerful minister that his country had seen since the Revolution. Immersed in politics and finance, he gave but little heed to the astonishment everywhere caused by his late success, of which Gibbon himself, writing that autumn from Lausanne, could not help avowing, that "a youth of five-and-twenty, who raises himself to the government of an empire by the power of genius, and the reputation of virtue, is a circumstance unparalleled in history, and, in a general view, is not less glorious to the country than to himself."

The triumphs of this year were well sustained by those of many years to

come. If he was forced to abandon the Westminster scrutiny in deference to the English Parliament, and to give up a large and statesmanlike scheme of commercial intercourse with Ireland, because Ireland wilfully shut her eyes to the opening offered her; if his next motion for Parliamentary Reform met with no more success than the last; if his scheme for fortifying the English dockyards came to nought; if the wits of Brookes's and the poets of the *Rolliad* worried and lampooned the ministry, whom Burke, Fox, and Sheridan belaboured with unsparing eloquence face to face, Pitt soon recovered his lost ground by the success which rewarded his financial efforts during a time of unwonted difficulty, by his happy conclusion of a commercial treaty with France, and, perhaps more than all by the cordial welcome granted to his famous scheme for paying off the National Debt by means of a Sinking Fund, which was sure to answer if England could only enjoy a few centuries of unbroken peace. Of course, in these enlightened days, when every one is supposed to believe in the budgets of Mr. Gladstone and the politics of the *Morning Star*, Pitt's glorious blunder would be treated with due contempt; but in those days Adam Smith had few disciples, and empiricism ran riot over the realms of finance. In most respects the Tory premier could see much further ahead than the Manchester merchants, who threw up their caps on the failure of his Irish Treaty, or the great Whig leader, whose hostility to a commercial treaty with France based itself on his avowed belief that France, "as the natural foe of Great Britain," was eager "to tie our hands and prevent us from engaging in any alliance with other powers." And yet, he who thus spoke in 1787, was afterwards quoted for the stubbornness of his belief in the friendliness of the First Napoleon, while Pitt's name has continually been held up to the hatred of all classes of Frenchmen as that of their most implacable foe.

Nor was Pitt's foreign policy at this time less triumphant than his domestic. When, for instance, in 1787, France prepared to support the Democrats of Holland against their

tadtholder, the Prince of Orange, it promptly set himself to oppose

her both in Europe and the East, with an air so threatening, that France, before the year's end, agreed to disarm on England doing the same; a result which drew from the Russian Ambassador his warmest praise of conduct so rare in England since the retirement of Pitt's father. And again, in 1789, when British vessels had been seized in Nootka Sound, and plundered by Spanish officers on some idle plea of rights, the British minister enforced his demands for a full atonement, by sending so powerful a fleet into the Bay of Biscay the following year, that the haughty Spaniards gave way after much demurring, and concluded a treaty not more flattering to the nation at large, than politically useful to the minister himself. By that time Great Britain had wellnigh regained her proud position of thirty years before. Prosperous at home and powerful abroad, ruled by a statesman whom Burke and Fox could not help admiring while they found the most fault with him, she seemed like one of her own men-of-war, riding in gallant trim under the hand of a skilful master, towards a haven parted from her only by a broad belt of gently flowing sea. The loss of her American colonies had been replaced by new sources of national life, and the weight of her past debts became as nothing in the hands of a financier who had already begun to wipe them off. As if yet further to attest his acknowledged greatness, the general elections of this very year placed Pitt in command of a larger following than before. Nor at this time was he less supreme in the Cabinet than in the Commons. Knowing that Pitt alone stood between him and the coalition, his stiff-necked Majesty yielded in most things to the stronger mind of one who would put up with no backstairs plotting; and Pitt's firm conduct throughout the discussions on the Regency Bill, must have greatly strengthened his former hold on the friendship of a Sovereign, faithless only to his enemies, real or supposed.

Did his firmness in demanding a restricted Regency spring mainly from personal motives, or from a high sense of duty to King and State? The latter solution seems far the likelier, although the sense of duty may have been quickened by a noble scorn of

the Prince of Wales himself, and yet more by Fox's bold assertion of the princely right divine to act for his suffering father without consent of Lords and Commons. Pitt, like Lord Thurlow, might have paid his court to the rising sun; but he scorned to gratify ambition at the expense of honour, and nothing but the old King's timely recovery saved him from the disgrace incurred by his obstinate loyalty. Equally clear to our eyes seems his conduct towards Warren Hastings, when Burke, unable to control his just wrath at being dared by one of that great criminal's partisans to make good the charges of which he had given notice, entered on the great indictment which ended in the trial of Hastings at the bar of the House of Lords. Caring only to see justice done, Pitt voted against a renewal of the first charge, on the ground that Hastings' cruelty to the Rohillas had been condoned by his after services to the State. But when further charges were brought forward, and compared by him with the defences made, he found himself obliged—as Dundas wrote to Lord Cornwallis—to let the impeachment run its course whether for good or evil to the accused; a conclusion to which we owe, perhaps, the most glorious speech—that of Sheridan on the Begum charge—that ever thrilled with delight a wondering House of Commons, and certainly the longest state-trial that ever dragged its slow length through a much-enduring House of Peers. On the other hand, Pitt would hear of no attempt to impeach Sir Elijah Impey, against whom—whatever Lord Macaulay may since have fondly imagined—he at the time could see nothing worthy of just complaint.

In 1786 Pitt lost another dear sister, Lady Harriot Eliot, only a year after her marriage to his old friend and fellow-traveller. In the midst of his own great sorrow he went off the day after the funeral to comfort his mother, now falling into confirmed ill-health at Burton Pynsent. The year before he had become the owner of Holwood, a pretty country-seat near Hayes, commanding one of those fair blue prospects which endeared Kent to the eyes of Horace Walpole. Here he found “a great deal of very pleasant employment” in planting,

cutting, and planning improvements of various kinds; and here, whenever he could get away from business, he loved to unbend himself in a small but choice circle of particular friends. Whatever he might seem to the outside world, the cares of state had not yet robbed him of the social merits which had made him popular with the companions of an earlier day. As late as 1797, Lord Wellesley could still paint him as shining in society “with a calm and steady lustre,” more astonishing than “his most splendid efforts in Parliament;” as one of quick and ready wit, endowed beyond any man of his acquaintance, “with a gay heart and a social spirit.” His manners were plain, his tastes undeveloped, and partly from natural, partly from other causes, his address lacked all that play of overflowing heartiness which at once endeared his scampish rival to all who ever exchanged a few words with him. Pitt was probably far more sincere than Fox, but the latter had always a wider range of sympathies, and from difference of age as well as habits, knew greatly more of the ways of men and women. Pitt, indeed, from his greater self-respect, would never have stooped to do all that Fox did; and, perhaps too, his official training had tended to harden his general manner, as it seemed latterly to formalise the style of his letters to Burton Pynsent. In point of morality, there was no comparison between the two. If Pitt sometimes drank a little too freely of port wine, he had forsworn the dice box many years ago, and his chastity rendered him the butt of more than one coarse scribbler. Even his debts, though neither small in themselves, nor wholly excusable, were as a drop to the sea of Fox's extravagance; and the money that failed to cover them went to enrich—not the gaming-hells and Corinthian retreats of London—but the household servants, who being paid to live like honest men, availed themselves of their master's want of leisure to rob him without mercy through his weekly bills.

Hearing somewhat of these embarrassments, the bankers and moneyed men of London had, during the debates on the Regency Bill, tendered the great minister a free gift of a hundred thousand pounds. But Pitt, though fully alive to the delicate

meaning of such an offer made at such a time, declined to accept it on any account whatever, and prepared, in the almost certain event of a Regency, to work off his debts by practice at the bar. His noble pride would never allow him to accept the honours or emoluments which men of an earthlier nature held dear. In such a spirit he repeatedly refused, as the first statesman of this century did after him, to be invested with the most knightly Order of the Garter, bargaining only that his brother, Lord Chatham, might wear the ribbon in his stead. To himself, conscious of his own capacity, and fortified by the approval of his own heart, the mere adornments of rank and worldly show were so much dross, compared with the homage everywhere paid to the foremost commoner in Great Britain, the most powerful subject of a mighty kingdom. It was only from fear of hurting his master's great kindness that, in obedience to his express command, he consented, in 1792, to take upon him the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports. But the good things he spurned for himself, he delighted in offering to others. Somewhat against the King's own feeling, Pitt got his old Cambridge tutor made at once Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of St. Paul's. A peerage was tossed to Lord Hood, that the Earl of Chatham might, in an evil moment, step into his place at the head of the Admiralty. His cousin, Lord Temple, took the Irish Viceroyalty in return for the Marquisate of Buckingham, and left Ireland a few years after, because Pitt could not prevail on his Majesty to grant him a Dukedom. The younger Grenville having proved somewhat of a failure in the Commons, was speedily transferred to the Upper House, a sphere in which he had early longed to see himself shine. Never, indeed, were peerages so plentiful as during the reign of William Pitt, and never did honest zeal for the public good succeed in sailing so near the wind of vulgar nepotism. It is but fair to say that Lord Grenville's promotion was fully justified by the services he afterwards rendered both to Pitt and Ireland; but how far England gained by the employment of Lord Chatham instead of Hood, the volumes before have failed to show.

Pitt's first check in his foreign po-

licy brought out the ready skill with which, at need, he could sheer off from a doubtful enterprise. When English intervention had saved Turkey from her Austrian assailant, the Russian Empress haughtily refused to make peace with the Turks on the conditions named by England and Prussia. Pitt accordingly, in concert with his Prussian allies, began to arm. Had his own designs been properly backed at home, Turkey might still be strong enough to do without help from so many Christian doctors. But he found opposition in his own Cabinet, and signs of yet more in the House of Commons. So in compliance with the general feeling, he straightway withdrew his motion while the votes were yet strong on his side, sent off another messenger to St. Petersburg, who overtook the former, and the Empress Catherine was thus left to enforce her own terms on the defeated Sultan.

In the debates on the Slave Trade Pitt steadily voted with his friend, Wilberforce, against majorities at one time more overwhelming than those that baffled him on the question of Parliamentary Reform. For nine years of Pitt's Government, England enjoyed unbroken peace, and waxed more prosperous year by year. But towards the end of this happy period, the thunder-clouds of the French Revolution began to cast an ill-omened shadow upon our own shores. The same course of events that severed the old union between Fox and Burke, gave birth to much restless and violent feeling throughout these islands. Each fresh tale of havoc wrought by a howling mob, in the teeth of a helpless king, a panic-stricken nobility, and a half-hearted National Assembly, served to dishearten the moderate and to inflame the antipathies of the bigoted among ourselves. Red-hot loyalists clamoured for stern penal laws at home, and a general crusade against the new Revolution. Red-hot "Friends of the People" gloated in public meetings over the coming downfall of kings and nobles and priests throughout the world. A drunken Birmingham rabble burnt down the house of the Unitarian, Dr. Priestly, and destroyed, in a few hours, the gathered labours of many industrious years. A bread-riot at Dundee was accompanied with a ge-

neral shout for liberty and equality, and crowned by the planting of a tree of liberty, in faithful accordance with French example. In Ireland, the party of Wolfe Tone entered into secret correspondence with the Parisian Jacobins, with a view to establish a republic on the newest French model. Between those who saw unmixed evil in the Revolution, and those who exulted even in its wildest excesses, the lovers of genuine freedom, the friends of an honourable peace, had any thing but an easy part to choose. The fainter-hearted and more passionate among these swung off into closer fellowship with the extreme royalists, while some few of the braver sort went just as far on the opposite and weaker side.

Pitt, for his part, spared no wise or honourable effort to keep his country out of the widening whirlpool of which Paris had become the centre. After the discrowning of Louis the Sixteenth, instead of at once declaring war, as Burke would have had him do, or rushing to acknowledge the new government, as a later ministry acknowledged that of the Third Napoleon, he simply recalled the English Ambassador, and while taking fit measures against the chance of a war, held himself quite ready to treat on fair terms with the National Convention. But French ambition, swollen by the triumphs of Kellerman and Dumouriez over the armies that came to punish France for her late disloyalty, threatened to turn its arms against others than its declared foes. By the decree of November, 1792, help was offered to every nation that desired to become free. Holland herself, our own ally, had previously been commanded to allow French ships of war the right of free sailing up the Scheldt and Meuse. Even then Pitt hung back. But in the beginning of 1793 no further choice was left him, even had he been as slavish a peacemonger as Mr. Cobden. The judicial murder of an utterly harmless king, on the 1st January, a murder memorable for the infernal treachery of a Royal Duke, and the selfish cowardice of several Girondist chiefs, thrilled every true English heart with unspeakable horror, and a keen desire for revenge. It was useless for Pitt to contend against a whole nation urging him on. While he was yet thinking what next to do, the die had been cast at Paris.

On the day before M. Chauvelin, the republican agent, received his Majesty's order to leave England, a like order had been sent off by his own government; and on the 1st February France formally declared war against England and Holland.

For the next nine years the war thus began was carried on without a break, under the direction of Pitt himself. Lord Stanhope's present volumes bring us only to the end of the fourth year. When the rest of his work shall have appeared, we shall be able to judge with more certainty, how far Pitt's later achievements made good the promise of his earlier. Still the narrative of these four years will allow us to foresee with tolerable clearness the upshot of Lord Stanhope's protest against the harsh judgment of Lord Macaulay. To which of these opponents should modern opinion lean, touching Pitt's character as a statesman during the war? Shall we say with Macaulay, that his foreign policy became henceforth as weak and wriggling as his domestic policy showed itself unduly strong; that he gagged his countrymen at home with a series of "harsh laws, harshly executed," against the old freedom alike of person and of speech, while abroad he frittered away a world of English lives and treasure in half-hearted maintenance of a war whose real purport he failed to grasp? Or are we to hold with his present biographer, that Pitt betrayed no lack of statesmanlike vigour in his conduct of the war, nor any lack of cool-headed fairness in his management of home affairs; that he did all an able minister could do to insure the triumph of his country's arms, and no more than a prudent Englishman should have done to maintain peace and social order throughout the realm? These are questions which every true patriot will seek to settle without reference to any foregone conclusions in favour of Whig or Tory politics. Far be it from us to rival the absurdity of Macaulay's efforts to prove the great minister a genuine Whig, by an equally absurd attempt to make him out an uncompromising Tory. His fame belongs to all England, and his memory should be handed down to future ages with that of all who have helped from time to time to bring special lustre on the English name. Let us agree to

waive our party watchwords, and lay aside our party eyeglasses, when we examine the public doings of so great a man.

To begin with his foreign policy, where is the wisdom of Macaulay's discovery that Pitt had no choice between the policy of Burke and that of Fox, between going with the full tide of public feeling and essaying to stem it with all his might? Why should an English minister, who shrank from purchasing peace at any cost, be therefore driven to "proclaim a holy war for religion, morality, property, order, public law?" It was well enough for Burke, with his lively fancy and freedom from official cares, to raise the standard of a European crusade against the infamous regicides who had solemnised their saturnalia of crime and anarchy by tearing to pieces the fair young Princess de Lamballe, and dragging the noble wife of the murdered Louis to the guillotine. But while Burke was thundering against Jacobins and bewailing the birth of an unchivalrous age, Pitt, the minister, had far other work to do. He was the sea captain looking here and there, and giving his orders amidst the rising storm, while men like Burke gave special heed to the grandeur of the racing billows and the dirge-like shrieking of the wind. The orator would have gone to war for all humanity: the statesman found himself forced into a defensive war for the sake of his Dutch ally. The same faithful regard for treaties which sent our troops to the Crimea in 1854 sent also the Duke of York into Flanders in 1793. Gladly as Pitt would have kept the peace if he might, and deeply as he deplored the blow to our financial progress, he entered on the war with a thorough knowledge of the work cut out for him, and with a firm resolve to spare no effort that England's honour and the fierceness of her assailants might demand. He bound himself to make no peace with France until Austria should have recovered Belgium. An English army under the Duke of York rendered as much aid as ten thousand British soldiers, bravely if not skilfully led, could do to an alliance marred by divided counsels and bad generalship. The names of Howe and Hood betokened the coming success of British

arms by sea. Had the allied commanders marched on Paris after the rout of General Dampierre, the war might have been ended in its first year. At a later season Pitt would have secured the allies against fresh disaster by recommending Lord Cornwallis for the chief command. It was not his fault that Austrian greed inflamed the resistance which Austrian slowness had first provoked, that towns which the allies should never have stopped to attack were afterwards formally annexed to Austrian soil. It was not his fault that Prussia soon gave up her share of the fighting, and that Austria repeatedly showed marks of a weariness only to be relieved by fresh outpourings of British gold. It was not his fault that the allied garrison were driven out of Toulon under the skilful management of a young Corsican Lieutenant of Artillery, or that a large body of French emigrants, who had landed through our means at Quiberon, were doomed by the folly of their own officers to meet, most of them, a cruel death at the hands of their countrymen. What Englishman could have foreseen that Pitt's dearest hopes and fresh swarms of slow-going Austrians were to be overthrown by the genius of a Bonaparte lighting up anew the smouldering fires of French ambition? Against our failures on the Continent may be set off our successes in America, in the East and West Indies, and a long list of naval triumphs, headed by the glorious First of June, 1794. Year after year did Pitt's unfailing energy, nerved by the trusting zeal of his countrymen at large, raise up new barriers to the strong tide of warlike fanaticism that still continued to throw them down. Wherever the armed apostles of lawless might trampled on the commonest rights of kings and peoples in the names of Liberty and Reason, there, through her fleets, her armies, her lavish subsidies to weak or wavering allies, was England ever foremost in maintaining the cause of "religion, morality, property, order, public law." Throughout that long struggle, she alone fought for great ideas, unmarred by any views of material gain, or even to any large extent by the higher selfishness of fighting in her own immediate defence. Guided by the

minister of her choice, whose early leath stamped his counsels all the deeper in her heart, she held her way through good and evil report towards those crowning mercies of '14 and '15, which gave Europe a long rest from outward troubles, and disabled France for many years to come from renewing schemes of conquest as fatal to the issue to herself as they had been dangerous at the outset to her neighbours. To cry out against Pitt for having failed to crush the enemy at once by a display of overwhelming force, is to censure Providence for raising up against him all sorts of hindrances in his own Cabinet, in the royal closet, in the camps and courts of friendly or neutral powers, in the events that paved a way for the rise of Bonaparte, in the frowardness of the elements and the weaknesses of individual men, such as no power of human skill and foresight could have enabled the cleverest statesman of that age and country to overcome.

On the charge of undue severity in his home administration, it is not so easy to make out a full defence. Yet here, too, we are bound to distinguish between Pitt's own acts and those of colleagues over whom he had no certain control, or of subordinates who trained a point or two by way of showing their fierce attachment to Church and State. Pitt was, perhaps, the most liberal member of his Cabinet, even when it received the Whig accessions of 1794. We may hardly hold him to account for all the evil done by the brutal loyalty of Chief Justice Braxfield, or the new-born zeal of Lord Chancellor Loughborough. Probably he had not much to do with the many trials for treason and sedition, which brought out the long-winded eloquence of his Attorney-General, Sir John Scott, and the artisan hatreds of more than one residing judge. From the King himself and his Chancellor, down to Windham and the future Lord Eldon, Pitt was surrounded by Anti-Jacobins of the most bigoted school, who filled his ear with the most alarming stories, and preached up the need of enforcing stern justice on wretches who dared to say a rash word against their appointed rulers or the religion of the land. The great body of the nation was not less frantic in its zeal for persecution. From every side came

rumours of dark plots against the government, and reports of seditious speeches uttered by the friends of French Terrorists and the disciples of Tom Paine. From Ireland the proofs of treason were yet more numerous and more damning. Perhaps, too readily taking for granted all he heard from others, Pitt determined to avail himself of special remedies for an unwonted disease. By means of bills for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, for making certain acts treasonable, for the easier suppression of seditious meetings, he thought to cut down the first shootings of a weed that else would quickly overrun the whole fair garden intrusted to his charge.

It is no great reproach to Pitt if we allow that in this matter Fox and Sheridan were frequently right, even though the voices of five out of every six Englishmen would at the moment have loudly voted them in the wrong. Against each new infringement of the popular liberties these men protested, for reasons which most of us in these days are ready enough to apprehend. They refused to believe in the wisdom of a process which set aside established laws in order that a few rash blockheads might be raised by stern punishments to the rank of political martyrs. It was better, they thought, that the foul air should continue to find its way out of the usual crevices than be shut in to breed worse mischief at some future day. It was better that a few should talk foolishly than that the many should be taught to persecute all who claimed the right of thinking for themselves. The very smallness of the party that voted with Fox and Sheridan in the one house and Lord Stanhope in the other, against the immense majorities that Pitt could always muster, seemed of itself to prove the folly of taking strong measures against a yet smaller sprinkling of Jacobin sympathisers out of doors. Here in Ireland, where the danger was greater, Pitt's policy was for some time comparatively mild, perhaps because he had included this island in his studies of strategy and foreign politics. It was in England that he showed himself least true to his general principles, or else most weakly desirous to please the King. For, to the last, his Majesty was determined to govern as well as to

reign, and Pitt may, here as elsewhere, have reasoned himself into a compromise that still left him the lion's share of actual power, while it promised to save his country from yet worse dangers, whether on the side of kingly despotism, or of a party not more vehement in its support of Jacobin ideas than clamorous in its demands for an early peace. Whatever may be thought regarding his own conduct, it is only fair to allow for the many hindrances to a worthier course, and to ask, in the event of his open disagreement with all around him, whether England would have gained or lost the most by his consequent retreat from office.

In the second year of the war happened for Burke the great bereavement which darkened the short remainder of his life. Even as Pitt was making out the patent for turning the veteran statesman into Lord Beaconsfield, died, on the 2nd August, 1794, that only and well-beloved son, for whose sake alone the honour was worth enjoying. Refusing the title,

the broken-hearted father would take only a pension large enough to pay his debts and keep his wife in comfort for the rest of their sorrowing days. Thenceforth brooding over his own great loss, he gave but little heed to the affairs of his fatherland, just then resounding with the eloquent speeches of Grattan in favour of yet larger relief for Roman Catholics from their old penal laws. In England, the heavy taxation needed for the war heightened the distress which two years of scarcity were certain to engender; and angry or starving mobs turned their fury against the crimping-houses which lured away fresh recruits for an army that seemed doomed to continual defeat. Pitt's measures to relieve the distress were wise and promptly taken. But in spite of suffering at home and partial failure abroad, the only peace that an English minister could then have made was not to be, until the death of that Russian Czar whose accession closes the first instalment of Lord Stanhope's present work.

TO FAUNUS.

FROM HORACE.

Oh, Faunus, lover of the flying nymphs,
Tread lightly round the sunny fields that close
My little farm, and o'er thy shoulder cast,
Departing, one propitious glance upon
My orchard's branchy gloom
And nursery of vines.

Rememb'ring that when Autumn browns the wood,
To thee in sacrifice a tender kid
Shall fall; to thee the purple juice o'erflow
The smile-illumined goblet of the feast,
And yon old altar smoke
With liberal perfume.

And when in northern air the winter star
For thy light footstep marks a silver path,
The straw-thatched cottage shall keep holiday,
And through cool grassy meadows roam its folk,
Mid oxen free from toil
And ruminating kine:

And when in warmest fold the sheep are penned,
The blue smoke drifts along the hamlet roofs,
And woodlands strew the ground with rural leaves,
To thee the jocund hinds shall sing, and beat
The Autumn-wearied earth
In triple-rounding dance.

THOMAS IRWIN.

AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XIX.

[It was a singular coincidence enough, that "good little Mr. Gossett," as Miss Davenant had called him, had been the late and, in due course, the present Lord Royston's man of business also. It was, perhaps, more singular, that amidst all the pressure of his extensive and confidential business, he should never have become "Gossett and Anybody-else." Even his head clerk had been pure clerical clerk, confidential in few but minor matters. It, therefore, was not singular at all that his death, occurring at that peculiar crisis in Lord Royston's history, which craves unusual attention to "settlements," should cause some little inconvenience to that rising statesman.

"I really wish, dear Mr. Locksley, you would take pity on a poor bothered Under-Sec, and act for me, or see what I'm acted for, just as you will for Lady Constance."

"That would look ugly, if any one hereafter should object to any thing."

"Who on earth should? I don't want to make it a controversy, a plaintiff and defendant affair. I'm only anxious for what you are, to see what Lady Constance's interests are well secured if I should die, against ready 'collaterals.'"

"I don't think it would do," said Robert Locksley, "for me to meddle with it, or instruct any one on your account. Men of business are plenty. Put yourself in the hands of some eminent and trusty firm: Pinkerton and Solway, for instance, or Blore, Marsden, and Kimmeridge."

"Not a bit of it. Such legal leviathans terrify me. I want something safe and quiet, such as poor dear little old Gossett was himself."

"There is Mr. Fowler, my lord, at Transmere."

"A good sort of man, I grant—but a little thick-headed, you must yourself allow."

"Wonder what your lordship would say to my trying a stroke of nepotism?"

"Nepotism! Why, my dear sir, it's the air we breathe in office, if I'm

to believe the papers. Being a government official, I should own you as 'a man and a brother.'"

"Well, the fact is, my wife has a nephew."

"A lawyer? He's the man for me, then."

"He's very young, my lord."

"I am not a Methuselah myself, you know."

"He is not a bit like little Mr. Gossett."

"Perhaps he is like Mrs. Locksley, which is a deal better."

"He has an older head with him; who was under his late father; who certainly has a touch of the Gossett element."

"Name of the firm?"

"Burkitt and Goring."

"Direction?"

"Solicitors, Freshet."

"A thousand thanks, dear sir. That's one weight off my mind."

He booked the names and address in a small pocket-book, declaring that he would write that evening. He did: and so it befell that Burkitt and Goring acted for his lordship in the matter of marriage settlements. Keane had gained a footing at Rookenhams. He spared no resource of tact or diligence to make it secure. His relation to the Locksleys made a powerful prejudice in his favour, and helped his endeavour to complete success. Without any apparent servility, he was so useful and obliging that Lord Royston was led on to consult him upon many matters not strictly connected with actual "settlements," yet, such as marriage-tide is a time for settling. He and his bride were to have a couple of months in Scotland, by the considerate kindness of the secretary under whom he served. Being tied, therefore, beforehand, closely to his official desk, there were endless things to be done at Rookenhams, to which it was impossible that he should attend: these, Keane took off his hands in the easiest and most natural manner. Under such circumstances he was often over on business, of

greater or less import, from Freshet ; and as Cransdale was so near, dined and slept most evenings at the Lodge. The room next to Ned's, which Philip had sometimes occupied as a boy, came to be called Keane's. The connexion between himself, his uncle, and his aunt, grew naturally closer and more confidential. Robert Locksley could not but be pleased with the interest he displayed in all matters which concerned the business of the Cransdale estate, and was secretly flattered by the intelligent approval his nephew bestowed on his own really masterly management. The key to Lucy's heart was in the hands of one, whose memory treasured with gratitude and esteem the image which absence only kept in more vivid continuance before her sight.

The companionship and conversation of two such charming relatives could not but exercise some influence upon Keane. It was not merely that he looked upon a picture of enduring faith and tenderness in family life ; but that he breathed the very breath of its worth and sweetness, and felt in his heart's fibres its fruitful and delicious warmth. Yet human hearts, like more material substances, vary in their power of conducting, reflecting, or accumulating heat. His manner towards his mother improved under this influence with truer improvement than that wherewith his tact and self-control had lacquered it over in the actual presence of his aunt. Unconscious imitation of the kindly courtesy which coloured the common places of life at the Locksleys, wrought this change for the better. But his appreciation of her motherliness, of its true force and tenderness for him, suffered loss upon the whole. With the ready injustice of a selfish son's heart—injustice too ready, perhaps, in the heart of the least selfish son—he made comparisons between mother-love, as his own mother had shown it, and mother-love as he saw it pervade the feelings, thoughts, and words—the very life—of Lucy.

Both had abundant overflow indeed ; but one showed barren beside the other. Ungrateful ! Nile waters gladden even the Nubian sand ; but only where the Delta's deep loam drinks them do the oxen browse knee-deep in green succulence, tread, presently, knee-deep in harvest gold. Lucy and

her sister-in-law had lavished love on different soils. Again he noted favourably the equable flow of Lucy's strong affection, remembering against his mother the capriciousness of hers. Amidst all her large indulgence, he bethought him, she had been sometimes harsh with him and even violent in years by-gone. Ungrateful again ! Had not those old attempted severities expressed the widow's wish to gift his boyhood with the lost blessing of a father's irresistible authority ? But her present uniform weak concession to his own will showed in pitiful contrast even with that old fitful energy. A coward shows sometimes worse even than a bully. Thrice ungrateful ! Why fail thus to perceive in her submission to a son's manhood, the reassertion in her widowed heart of the woman's loving instinct to obey ?

But Keane's domestication with the Locksleys wrought yet another effect upon him. His better selfishness was won to note with special interest the charm, so new to the inmate of a widow's home, which married companionship may give to common life. Dispassionate after a sort, and of forecasting mind, a stranger to the fanciful aspirations in which most young men at his age indulge, he was both struck and pleased, as few such would be, by the lesser, homelier delights wherewith he saw that Lucy smoothed her husband's daily course. He had spoken of his uncle's feathering his nest at Cransdale, using the metaphor in its most mercenary sense. Now he perceived a new sense in the figure, in which his imagination was well pleased to coo and lie snug.

Golden guineas would build a tower of defence. Its thick walls and high battlements would make its owner powerful. But he began to think, as he had not thought before, of the soft and quiet comfort which might be likewise fitted up within. He was not haunted by a poet's dream of a "fair lady's bower" within a castle-keep, but planned the design of a sitting-room which should be gracefully comfortable.

Fanny Davenant, however, it is not to be denied, sat ever in a "causeuse" in this chamber of imagery. Whatever grace and tenderness familiarity with such imaginings wrought upon Keane's tone and manner, told upon the character of his intercourse with

her. She could not fail to perceive, nor yet to be won upon by this melting and harmonizing change.

Unstudied and unartificial, it gave Keane an advantage, unsuspected at first by either. It seemed to supply the missing element in the quality of such homage as he had hitherto partly tendered for her acceptance, partly assumed a right to impose upon it. Leaving untouched his superiority over other competitors in the restricted arena of their local society, it suggested an abatement of his pretensions to supremacy over herself, and thus rendered less necessary the jealous assertion of her own power as against him. An heiress, moreover, even when unaware of her own vantage ground, becomes an object of real deference to such men as Keane Burkitt: and Fanny Davenant, knowing nothing of what caused his increased submissiveness, might pardonably attribute it to the deepening of his attachment and admiration. As Keane won upon her, so did she upon him. Becoming, by almost insensible degrees, less defiant, she was becoming more winsome to one in his present mood. If no fresh ardour were kindled, some new tenderness was instilled, the very element required to make the man appear both more loving and more love-worthy.

But all these developments were very gradual. Miss Davenant's will was not yet signed, and all uncertainties must counsel caution to well-regulated minds. Even had it been signed and sealed, Keane's sense of what is due to the authority of elders—perhaps his acquaintance with the effects of codicils—seemed to whisper that, before “committing” himself, it might be well to sound, on opportunity, the disposition of Fanny's aunt towards his suit. Should it prove hostile, not only would there be danger to the dowry, but his own legacy might go to the dogs—or rather to the cats. This was a delicate investigation, wherein precipitancy might be fatal. Nothing, therefore, could be more deliberate and unobtrusive than Keane's wooing. It found, however, in his own mother, an unsolicited auxiliary. She had at once perceived the softening of his manner with herself, and sunned her heart at first, in its new smiles, with unconcern, as the seamews on the

Skerry preen their wings in the pale warmth of wintry suns, which can scarce yet be said to herald spring-time. But, pale warmth as it might be, it was marvellous pleasant; and when it seemed to keep on shining, unlike the gleam of those short, fitful breaks of winter, she began, with joy, to speculate on its continuance, and to seek about, in curious hope, for the source of the new light and warmth. Little by little her eyes were drawn to Fanny Davenant; they saw, what no one else saw, the imperceptible growth of intimacy between her and Keane. This discovery challenged gratitude by too good a claim to rouse in her the jealousy which the conquest of Ned's heart by Lady Constance had roused in Lucy. The mother, rich in possession of her son's love, had almost resented its first attachment elsewhere as a robbery. The mother, poor by doubt of her son's affection, hailed it as, perhaps, a promise of restoration.

Mrs. Burkitt's heart forthwith adopted Fanny Davenant. Fearful of seeming to have surprised a confidence which neither word nor look from her son had willingly given her, she carefully forbore to give him intimation that his secret was in her possession. Fearful also of injuring him with Fanny, should she give her reason to suspect that her suitor had brushed the bloom from off his suing, even by letting a mother's hand handle it, she was very guarded, as she thought, in her approaches to closer acquaintance with this adopted daughter of her heart. But Fanny was beginning to believe more and more in Keane's affection; she was beginning to suspect herself also more and more of returning it. Her interest, therefore, in what was his quickened her observation day by day, and an intuitive knowledge arose in her of the yearning of his mother's heart towards herself. The quiet, loving deference with which Mrs. Burkitt treated her produced a bashful, but not unpleasing confusion in her feelings. She could not but accept it as a pledge of the sincerity of the son's quiet attentions to her, and, accepting it as such, could not be wrong in finding a special sacredness and sweetness in its nature. There was a tacit understanding soon between the elder and the younger woman, the caress-

ing atmosphere of which exercised upon the latter a very powerful influence. Keane, without suspecting its cause, perceived his mother's liking for the object of his own choice; and though her disapproval of his selection would not much have troubled him, he was glad enough to find that she gave it her unsolicited sanction. Home life was wonderfully sweetened thus, both for mother and son. Office life, at the same time, continued to be prosperous. At Keane's earnest solicitation, his own proceedings on behalf of his noble client, in the marriage settlements, had been submitted by Lord Royston to eminent conveying authorities in London, and a flattering verdict had been given upon the precision, clearness, and comprehensiveness of his work.

"It's no use doing things by halves, my dear Mr. Locksley," Lord Royston said, a few days previous to the wedding; "I shall have all the boxes of Rookenhams deeds and documents, which little Gossett had, intrusted to your nephew before I leave. I've always been flattering myself with hopes of minding my own business; but it's not compatible with minding that of the State, even in my subordinate situation. Besides, I shall have a wife to look after now, and shall steal all possible spare time for her."

"No government is sempiternal," said the other, good-humouredly; "nor many honeymoons, as I believe."

"Well, the Houses are up: so we are safe till February. I shan't shake off the cares of office till then: and even the shortest honeymoon will run up arrears of work for me. So my tin boxes must find their way to Freshet for a time at least. That needn't give your nephew a regular vested interest in them. If, hereafter, the base intrigues of faction should drive such a statesman as I from official occupation, they'll be nearer Rookenhams than they are in town, and I can re-claim them."

Keane himself came up, therefore, to take formal charge of them, and so was present at the marriage.

It was celebrated in London, against the natural longings of Lady Cransdale and her daughter. But among other reasons which determined them to drive in bridal pomp to a town church portico, rather than walk on

the moss to the chapel porch in Cransdale Park, was their consideration for Mrs. Locksley. At home, they would not have known whether to ask or to leave her uninvited. Her presence might have been irksome and painful to herself; her absence, when close at hand, within the ring-fence of the Park, would have been unnatural, depressing, and sorrowful to Lady Constance. As it was, there was a grand wedding, and Philip gave away the bride, with a paternal unction and gravity, for which Katey Kilmore, who was a bridesmaid, and wept profusely herself during the ceremony, laughed at him unmercifully in the less affecting atmosphere of the banquet-room. Even the immediate instructions touching his private affairs, which Keane had received from Lord Royston, were delayed to the last moment, hurried and incomplete. On one money matter, of some importance, the late Mr. Gossett's head clerk himself was as much at a loss as Keane; but referred him for elucidation to an eminent stockbroker who had intermeddled in the transaction.

Keane found this Mr. Sherbrooke, a pleasant gentlemanly man, whose shrewdness and intelligence were meliorated by the good-humour bred of prosperity. He was evidently a busy man, yet one who loved such ease and luxury as were not wholly incompatible with success in business.

"I am not quite sure," he said, "about that stock of Lord Royston's; but I will look through my memoranda. A trifle it was; I think, some four or five thousand only."

There were substantial men and money sums in Freshet affairs; but the unaffected magniloquence of this metropolitan estimate of trifles impressed the country man of business considerably.

"Let me see, now; three years ago, you say?" turning over a whole drawer full of metallic memorandum books. "Some time in August, was it, or earlier? I do believe it must be in that identical book I took down home last week, and forgot in my dressing-room. Do you stay long in town, Mr. Burkitt?"

"I had no intention of making any lengthened stay. Business, even in our small provincial way, will press, you know."

"How very unfortunate! I would do any thing to refresh Lord Royston's memory, I'm sure. A rising man, sir! And a fine match he's made, in every way, I'm told. The Cransdales are a wealthy family. A powerful political connexion too; at least it was in the late Earl's time. Young Earl in the Guards, I understand. Did you ever see Lady Constance Cranleigh—I beg her pardon—the new Lady Royston?"

"Oh dear, yes, often. An uncle of mine manages the estates, and was a great friend of the late Earl's. He has been almost a guardian to her and her brother. Indeed, I'm not sure that he was not regularly such under their father's will."

"Indeed! Is she so very lovely as they say?"

"She looked wonderfully well at the wedding, certainly."

"Oh, you were at it, were you? I'll tell you what, Mr. Burkitt, my wife and daughters have a few young friends this evening after dinner. If I could bring such a live fashionable intelligencer down with me, I should appear a public benefactor. Drive down with me to Twickenham to dine and sleep. We'll find the pocket-book, and perhaps the notes that you're in search of."

It was as pleasant a way as any of passing his evening, so Keane accepted; and found it pleasanter than any when he also found Fanny Davenant in the Sherbrookes' drawing-room.

There was old friendship, it seemed, and even distant cousinhood between them and her family. She was there in fulfilment of an old standing engagement, to accompany them on a tour to the Lakes.

"Papa promised us this expedition last year," explained one of the Sherbrooke girls; "but it came to nothing. Then we were positively to have gone this year, in June. June went; July and August after them: and there's not much of September left now. But go at last we must and will, in spite of that tiresome business which always serves for an excuse."

"Tiresome business, indeed, Miss Nina! I should be fitter for drowning in lakes than touring round them if it wasn't for the tiresome business, I can tell you."

"Now, you naughty Pappy, you know you are as rich as a Jew, and can spare us a couple of months. Besides which, Walter has had his holiday, and will attend to the business as well as you could. What's more, if you don't take us, we mean to drown ourselves at the bottom of the lawn here, without going all the way to Westmoreland to find deep water. So beware!"

"Well, really, next week, after the Spanish bondholders have had their meeting, we'll try to make a start of it. I dare say, Nina, you'll keep us waiting for your bandboxes at last."

"How can you, Pappy, when I've been packed since Wednesday? I've half a mind to have our boxes brought down into the hall this evening to convince you."

"And trip up your young lady friends as they come in, and tumble their new dresses? No fear of that, Nina. You'll stand in awe of them if not of me."

There was no long sitting over the wine of course that evening; but Mr. Sherbrooke had found the missing memoranda, and put Keane in the way to settle the matter in hand satisfactorily. He was much struck by the point of the quick and many questions which Keane put to him in this brief after-dinner conference.

"I wish you could have made my son Walter's acquaintance," he said. "You would have got on together. He has just your sharp way with him, and would have been delighted to put you up to what he calls the 'dodges' of the share market. He is a little too rash, though, Master Walter is; and if I didn't keep a tight rein on him, would run us into shaky places now and then."

There was a little music and a little dancing, and there were two or three charming seats in the conservatory, half hidden in flowery shrubs, for confidential conversation. Keane thought the evening had only passed away too quickly; and Fanny Davenant herself sighed to find it late so soon. Brother Walter, however, who had had his full month with the grouse, returned unexpectedly before the little party was broken up.

"I thought, sir, you might like me to be in the way for that Spanish meeting; and as the next steamer

from the north would have been four and twenty hours late, I came away at once on hearing of it."

"Wise Walter! You couldn't have done better. I told you, Mr. Burkitt, he was a promising lad on 'Change. Allow me, though: Mr. Keane Burkitt, my son Walter. Odd enough; I was saying after dinner that I thought you would get on together, and as Mr. Burkitt was anxious for a little insight into some of the ways of stock-broking, that you were the man to give it him."

They did get on very well together after all the ladies had fluttered out of the conservatory, either home or up stairs to bed.

"Smoke's excellent for aphides," Walter observed, as he nestled down upon one of those delicious snuggeries among the flowers. "Wherefore even our woman folk tolerate my weeds here. Have one? They're Havannah direct, through one of that Spanish bondholding lot who are clients of ours."

"Couldn't put me in the way of getting a dozen boxes such?" quoth Keane, after a time, breaking an interval of balmy silence.

"Not over easy in the way of business, exactly; but I could introduce you to the man himself, who is rather a swell in a small way, and likes to be treated as such. If you've a talent for deferential tact, you might get some out of him as a favour. When do you leave town?"

Circumstances had altered since 11.30, A.M., on that same day, when he had spoken to Sherbrooke senior about the pressure even of provincial business. Hadn't he gathered that the Sherbrookes—and Fanny Davenant—would not be leaving for the Lakes till after that Spanish affair was over? Mr. Goring was equal to any call that Freshet was likely to make on the firm just then. Mr. Goring was rather fond of acting on his own responsibility. There were still some things to be done in town on Lord Royston's account. The tin boxes were safe at the Under-Secretary's own house. His mother always liked to hear of his enjoying himself. Some insight into stock-broking was very useful to a man in his position. Such Havannahs were not obtainable from ordinary tobaccoists. He had

never seen Fanny look so well. He was pretty sure she was glad as well as astonished to see him; and in short:

"I had intended to run down home to-morrow or next day, but I've no sort of call to hurry. Shouldn't wonder if I were in town yet for a week or so."

"Look in on us in the City one day, then, and we'll pay our respects to Parkinson Mendez and Co. It's Master Adolphus, 'Dolly Parkinson' they call him, that's my cigar man."

The next morning was lovely. Late as the season was, the summer, which had kept a sullen reserve in its own calendar months that year, seemed to bequeath to advancing autumn its warmth without oppressiveness, its radiance without glare. The film of moisture which the river had sent out at evening to hang over the flower beds and about the bushes, was not so thick but what its chilliness vanished, together with its apparent texture, in the earliest sunbeams after dawn. Keane was afoot betimes, and wandering down a shrubbery path already parqu岸ed with golden lozenges of sunshine among the shadows of the leaves, came upon a little green sward at the bottom where there was a fantastic boat-house with pagoda roof. A slight rattling of chains was heard through its open door, and pleasant voices making fun of some disappointment.

Nina and Fanny Davenant had not expected that help was so nigh. They had fed the swans with sweet biscuit, until their sated statelinesses had paddled up-stream away. The bright ripple among the sedges tempted them to venture in pursuit; but the key was rusted in the padlock of the chain which held the boat, and they could not unfasten it. Keane could; and vaunted his own skill as steersman. So he took the rudder-strings, and each laughing girl an oar, and they rowed a losing stern-wager, as watermen say, after the swans.

"Isabelle is not up, I shouldn't wonder," cried Nina, looking at her watch, as they landed again by-and-by; "and I'm certain Walter isn't, after his long journey. It wants half-an-hour to breakfast yet."

There was talk at it, of course, about their boating adventure.

"I haven't seen the water so glassy

pure for months," said Nina. "'Tis soft and warm as milk. I let my fingers dabble all the way back. It wanted no paddling to bring us downstream."

"The day's intensely lovely," said sister Isabelle, who had certainly made her toilette in some haste after the half-hour bell had rung. "We've not had a regular boating party once this year. Why shouldn't we go to Hampton Court?"

"You'll blister your fingers if you're out of practice with your oars," quoth Walter.

"But we don't mean to row you lazy gentlemen," retorted Nina; "you may blister *your* hands, for of course *you* are to pull."

"Pull, indeed! We've something else to do than picknicking at Hampton Court. I'm going into the City with the governor; so are you, are you not, Mr. Burkitt?"

"It's very cross of you, then, to spoil our pleasure. You know you never meant to be home for business this four or five days yet; so what *can* it signify? Don't you think they might stay with us now, Fanny?"

Keane held his breath, and busied himself with truant crumbs upon the tablecloth. Not daring to be all eye, he was all ear.

"It is a very lovely day," said Fanny Davenant, evasively.

"And you have never seen Hampton Court, have you?"

"Never."

"But you should like to?"

"I think I should."

"Hear that!" cried Nina, "and crawl an inch towards the City if you dare."

"We'll send and ask the Perrys to come too. They've cousins with them who were here last night, Emily Bell and another; and they've a capital boat."

"Oh dear, then I'm in for it, I suppose," sighed Walter. "Emily Bell is nice-looking, isn't she?"

"You know she is," said Nina.

"Can we persuade you, Burkitt?" asked his new acquaintance.

"I want no persuasion," said he, venturing a look at last in one direction.

"What's all this about?" papa broke in, laying down his newspaper; "Nina promoting idleness, as usual, and interfering with her brother's

industry. You'll take a bed to-night here then again, Mr. Burkitt."

"I am ashamed of such intrusion, really"——

"Intrusion! my dear sir, how can you say so? Walter, see the trap brought round."

All clustered in the portico to see him off, but before the groom let the horses have their heads, a thought struck Walter.

"Oh, by the way, sir, if you should see that Gurkenheim to-day, Gurkenheim and Humpel; you know the man I mean; you had better say we'll have those hundred and odd Lahn-Mosel shares. They are the agents for the Frankfort house, I think."

The girls accompanied mamma back into the house again. There was no interest for them in this. Keane stayed; he was much interested. The elder Sherbrooke pursed his mouth and shook his head.

"I don't half like it, Walter."

"Depend upon it, sir, it's all right about them. I only wish I could afford the risk entirely upon my own account. They'll be at thirty per cent. premium before Christmas; mark my words."

Still Paterfamilias shook his head. His dutiful son chafed at his incredulity.

"He won't dispose of them in two lots, or I would ask you to take half of them for me myself, I would."

Thirty per cent. by Christmas! Keane couldn't resist it. In his excitement he grew suddenly familiar.

"I say, Walter, my boy, let me go shares with you."

"You're a trump!" said Walter. "You make the best bargain with Gurkenheim you can, sir, and buy the lot for us. All right, Tim!"

Tim gave the nags their heads. Neat steppers they were. Paterfamilias was many hundred yards upon his way to the great money market before Keane's foot was back on fairy ground again. Fairy ground! The ground on which the sunbeams of soft eyes are falling. Good ground, so those soft eyes be pure, to be trodden, once a life, even by the feet of young stockbrokers or young country solicitors. All day long the charmed light was beaming where Fanny went and Keane went with her. It was an enchanted river up which the twinkling

oars propelled a magic boat. Those saucy swans, whom they did overtake at last, might have had rings and chains of fairy gold about the down of their white curving necks for all that he knew to the contrary. The trim walks and pleached alleys of the royal garden were kept, undoubtedly, by fairy gardeners; fairy cooks alone could have given such flavour of ambrosia to cold chicken and lobster salad; fairy butlers only such sparkle of nectar to the solitary tumbler of pink champagne.

Yet, after all, it was a social party. Grouped together almost the live-long day, there was but little of that separation by twos, not uncommon on occasions such as these. Not three significant sentences passed between her and him.

A pair of gloves of hers, however, lay on the seat near to the rowlock of Keane's oar, as they were dropping down-stream with the tide again that evening. It seemed an awkward rowlock, somehow, and out of order; for Keane slipped his oar once or twice. Perhaps it was in fixing it, that he contrived so quietly to launch one of the little gloves overboard unperceived. She had forgotten them altogether in stepping out of the boat on the little green sward at the villa, when they reached home; and turning back to look for them, as the others went up the shrubbery-walk,

found Keane fastening that rusty padlock once again.

Oh! was that her glove? Then the other, which he had seen swirling in a little eddy by the willow-bank on the eyot, must have been its fellow. He *had* seen it, but did not like to interrupt that glee just then.

Well, never mind; let her have the other.

"The other, indeed! Of what possible use could that be to you now?"

"There is no knowing. I may have a corresponding odd one somewhere. I always wear that colour, and the same shade of it."

"Indeed! Well let me carry it at least up to the house, Miss Davenant."

He did, and, after all, forgot to return it there. She, too, forgot to claim it, although they met again, two days after, by a singular coincidence, at the last horticultural fête for the season, in the grounds at Chiswick; although Keane dined, another evening, down at Twickenham; although he was there with Walter Sherbrooke—they seemed to get on famously together—to see the party start at last *en route* for the English lakes. What could Keane Burkitt have meant by whispering to her at breakfast, that morning of the start—

"We shall be counting the days at Freshet, Miss Davenant, till that wearisome tour is over?"

CHAPTER XX.

THERE were more of them to count than they had reckoned on. The elder Sherbrooke found his holiday so pleasant, and heard from Walter that the money-market was so dull, that he prolonged it beyond the promised time. Then Nina caught a chill, and was so unwell, that on their second visit to Windermere, facing homewards, they had to wait a fortnight. Fanny Davenant was not quite well herself when they got back to Twickenham; and the city was so brisk again, that neither Mr. Sherbrooke nor his son could readily spare time to escort her home just yet. The journey to Freshet was too long to undertake alone; and the ladies' maid had staid at home with Sister Sophy. Christmas came, and Fanny was still at Twickenham. Lord and

Lady Royston were to spend it at Cransdale, and the earl himself would be at home on leave, after his first tedious campaign at the Tower. Mrs. Locksley once more accepted, not unwillingly, an invitation from her sister-in-law.

It was a sad disappointment to poor Mrs. Burkitt that her favourite Fanny should not be present at the little entertainments given and returned in honour of Lucy's presence. She felt so for her son, too, whose regret was visible, though he confided none of it to her yearning sympathies. He was anxious also about that venture in Lahn-Mosel scrip, which had not yet realized the bright hopes of Walter Sherbrooke, the prime minister for the Grand Duchy of Nassau being at odds with the Prussian Ca-

binet about the terms of concession to the Company. He had not burdened his mother's mind, however, with participation in this cause for apprehension, so that his wistfulness admitted, in her eyes, but of a single interpretation.

Miss Davenant of Lanercost observed it as well, and she, too, must needs interpret; for she was in Freshet, at her brother's, partaking with relish of its Christmas festivities. Her renewed acquaintance with "Lucy Burkitt that was," as she persisted in calling her, gave her considerable satisfaction. Reflection did but sanction and confirm the bequest of porcelain. She took the greatest interest, likewise, in Mrs. Locksley's intelligence from India; and having convinced herself, by close inspection of half-a-dozen Atlases, that Bombay lay comparatively near the Persian Gulf, entreated her to secure Ned's powerful and opportune co-operation in the procuring of a couple of pure-bred Persian cats.

"I dare say, dear, there's china to be picked up, rare and cheap, out there, as well; for I once knew the captain of an East Indiaman who put in at Calcutta regularly, on his way home from Canton."

"But my Ned's at Bombay, you know, Miss Davenant, which is out of the track of the China ships entirely."

"To be sure it is; but the mail steamers bring the China mails that way, so why not porcelain? Not that I want Mr. Edward Locksley to buy china for me there: young men don't understand that sort of thing, my dear; but they are very particular about their breeds of dogs, I know, which may teach them something about cats in that way. Besides, a cat is a sort of tiger; and I've always understood young Indian officers are very fond of tiger hunting."

Lucy laughed, as well she might, at such cogent reasoning; nevertheless she wrote Ned word about the cats, having indeed, herself, a lurking love of pussies. She stipulated for at least a kitten, should Miss Davenant secure, through Ned's exertions, the coveted pair.

The December "overland" had brought his answer, by return of post, to her announcement that Lady Constance was wanted indeed. She ga-

thered from it that he had not swerved from his determination to accept, with resignation and with thankfulness, the definite closing of that one long chapter in his life; she was more certain of it when Lady Royston sent on to her a letter brought by the same Indian mail, containing these few lines:—

"DEAR LADY ROYSTON,

"God bless you, by the new name as by the old! I add, in honesty, the same prayer for him from whom you have the new. I thankfully accept the offer your last words made; and am, till death and after,

"Your true brother,

"NED.

"My love to Lady Cransdale and to Phil."

"Of course I had told Royston all, and showed him this. He is profoundly touched by it, and says that if he dared, he would himself write back to Ned, and claim share in the brotherhood." So wrote the bride to Lucy.

The Christmas week was over. Miss Davenant was to return to Lanercost; but she had solved the enigma, for certain, at which she had been guessing, upon the countenance of her favourite, Keane Burkitt. He received a summons to wait upon her one evening at her brother's. Mr. and Mrs. Davenant and Sophy were gone to a party, whither she had refused to accompany them.

"Ah! my dear, doubtless I am depriving you of a pleasure. You would have been at the Thompsons' this evening, but for my fetching you here."

Keane said he should have been at home, or at his office, for he had two or three heavy bits of business on hand.

"No, no, my dear; don't tell me that. I am an old lady, yet I have kept a young heart."

Keane stared, but could not venture on any contradiction of the statement.

"The fact is, I have found you out."

"Found me out! In what, Miss Davenant?"

The little lady laughed like a parakeet, and shook her head from side to side, with a ludicrous affectation of superior cunning.

"Found out the secret of your woe-begone looks."

"Wonderful old woman!" thought he; "she must have got wind of that Lahn-Mosel business. Singular, too; but she has always dabbled in shares of some sort." All he said was: "I am sure, Miss Davenant, I had no notion my face told tales."

"It tells *me* tales; but I can offer consolation."

"Consolation, indeed!" He kept the thought to himself, however. There was little of that to get out of Gurkenheim and Humpel, hitherto.

"Now tell the truth. You know you are hit?"

"Hard, I fear," cried Keane, startled into candour. "How on earth came you to"—

"Never mind; I know it; but I doubt if she does."

"How should she?"

"How, indeed, unless you pluck up heart and tell her?"

"Tell whom?"

"My niece, to be sure."

"Tell her what?"

"Why, tell her that you have fairly lost"—

"My Lahn-Mosels?"

"Lahn-Mosels, sir! Is that what young men call their affections now-a-days? What can the boy be thinking of? No! tell her you have lost your heart to her."

With what countenance Keane fell from one wondertrap into another it were hard to say.

"Really, Miss Davenant, I could not presume"—

"Why not? Faint heart never won fair lady. I have made up my mind to the match; and if it takes place, I shall make a settlement on her at once. It will make my will plain sailing. First and last she shall have the two-thirds; her sister the other. There, that's all I have to say to you to-night. You know you ought to have been my son; at all events you shall be my nephew. Don't you like my niece?"

"Indeed, since you demand confession, I do with all my heart."

"Then why so bashful, such a smart young man as you are? Tell her so at once."

"At once!"

"Yes, what's the use of beating about the bush?"

"I'll write this evening, then."

"Write! fiddlesticks!"

"What else then? Shall I go?"—

"Go! To be sure, go to the Thompsons' dance, and tell her what you have to tell."

"To the Thompsons' dance, Miss Davenant?"

"To be sure. Didn't you know Sophy was gone there with her father and mother to-night?"

One generous, impulsive, outcry might have set all right, and saved him from the temptation which should follow. But his lips were locked. A meaner caution laid upon them the icy finger of that one sentence, "it will make my will plain sailing." As he balanced the probabilities of being able to persuade her to put one sister's name for the other, she proceeded to speak words which weighted the scale of wrong.

"It was only that primogeniture which ever made me hesitate. I always inclined to Sophy, and was glad to find that you did. She shall have the two-thirds as I said. Now, sir, be off to the Thompsons', and make yourself agreeable."

"The truth is, Miss Davenant, I am afraid of intruding. I don't know the Thompsons well; and on so delicate an errand one would wish"—

"Faint heart, I see; but the fair lady must be won. I have made my mind up to that, I tell you. Come here to-morrow morning, you shall have opportunity; I'll draw off mamma. So now, good night."

"Good night, Miss Davenant; but I can hardly say"—

"No need to! Keep your say for Sophy, sir, to-morrow morning."

Faint heart, indeed; but not faint with the faintness which modest self-distrust or generous exaggeration of another's worth makes amiable. Heart faint of purpose, because weakened by the merest and the meanest selfishness. Did he like Fanny so much more than Sophy as to make it worth his while to risk loss of the richer dower?

Such was, as near as possible, the shape in which his thoughts framed the definite issue for debate.

Fairyland is enchanting no less than enchanted ground. Why disenchant oneself? But fairy lore, as well as other, has its moral. He had always seen the sound sense of the warning against taking bribes of fairy gold. It turns to gorse blossoms or golden chain buds in the pockets of too trustful

wights. With Fanny, and such sweets of Fanny's love, as fancy promised, he might get nothing else. What if Miss Davenant, offended, should cross her name out of the will altogether? Mere passion should be controlled by prudence; that is unquestionable moral, for fairy tale or tale "founded on fact."

Now, the old aunt's golden guineas were sterling coins, every one of them, not furze bush blossoms.

If a bird in hand be worth two in the bush, what should one say of two birds held in hand as against a solitary fairy warbler in the prickly bush of an eccentric old lady's prejudices?

Sophy's certain two-thirds against Fanny's possible none! Yet he did like Fanny, and there was her third possible, nay, probable still. Well, he would sleep on it.

And he slept, untroubled, whatever other conflict wrought within him, by one generous kindly thought of what effect his decision might have on Fanny Davenant's rest. When he woke, he woke to some kind of sorrow that he should have to choose between his softer and his sterner inclination. He could not even now decide on sacrificing what was dear to him, scarce thinking of what might be due to her.

The post brought him good news—news which, all things considered, might have brought influence to bear in Fanny's favour. There is always adventure in marriage; and a young man's heart, so readily venturesome, will be braced to further venture by success of any wager he has made against that chance which its thoughtlessness is too apt to worship as disposer of the coming years.

Keane's news was that the Prussian Cabinet had given way. The Nassau conditions were accepted. The Lahn-Mosel concession was complete. Gurkenheim and Humpel had themselves offered to repurchase from the younger Sherbrook, at an enormous advance, the old unpromising scrip which they had sold him. It was actually quoted on the Frankfort exchange at thirty-two, and seven-eighths premium, and was rising still!

He was radiant at breakfast. All that his mother could elicit was that he had heard from the Sherbrookes; but joy stirred in her heart at hearing it. She knew but of one subject of

correspondence with that family which might thus brighten the features of her son.

Presently Keane fell again into perplexity—not distressing, but such as leaves among the very wrinkles on the puckered forehead tokens that the doubts to solve are pleasing.

Thirty-two and seven-eighths! Should he realize or should he not? That was the question. Sherbrooke hadn't started it; but it called evidently for consideration. Thirty-two and seven-eighths, and rising still! Yes, rising still; and that at Frankfort! Could the Frankfort Rothschild be in it? Was their London house taking it up? Should that be so, there was no knowing what a figure it might touch. That offer to repurchase! Were Gurkenheim and Humpel operating on their own account, or were there bigger men behind!

"Oh dear! I wish I could run up to town."

He spoke, unconsciously, aloud, his mother heard him and rejoined—

"I wish you could, my dear; why shouldn't you?"

"Why shouldn't I what, mother?"

"Run up to town. I thought I heard you say you wished to. Do you want to pay the Sherbrookes a visit again?"

Keane smiled, amused at her true conjecture. His mood being such, she ventured for the first time—

"May I guess the attraction, Keane!"

But he was muttering, "Near upon thirty-three, by George!"

"Nonsense, Keane! She's hardly one-and-twenty."

"What, mother, who?"

"Why Fanny, to be sure, dear—Fanny Davenant."

"Nonsense!" he cried, half-startled by the word, which recalled him from his calculations. He looked at his watch; the morning was creeping on towards noon. He felt that the little impatient aunt would be fretting at his non-arrival. What on earth should he do? He had not made up his mind, his thirty-two and seven-eighths had so excited him. But he must be moving; so, without further communication to his mother, he went out and made for Mr. Davenant's. There, he was shown up into the front drawing-room, where little Miss

Davenant was alone, holding up to the light, and narrowly scrutinizing the quality of some tiny china cups brought from a curiosity shop for her approval.

"At last! What a laggard, to be sure! But I don't let grass grow under *my* feet, Master Keane. I have spoken to Brother George, and he is well pleased it should be so. What's more, I've spoken to Sophy."

This was confounding. However, he made shift to say: "Did you, Miss Davenant? I am afraid your niece must have been surprised."

"Yes, she was, at first, a little. She said she had always thought you preferred her Sister Fanny."

He had almost let the word escape his lips, which should have done right and truth. But the greed of gold shifted suddenly the thought of his first success into the other scale again. Had not Miss Davenant said something of an immediate settlement upon Sophy? With such means in hand, in the present state of the share-market, what might not be done? He was silent, Miss Davenant chirruped on.

"I set that right, my dear, and told her how the truth stood. I said if ever you had showed her sister little attentions, it must have been for her sake. That you had kept your secret close; but that my little keen eyes had read it."

"May I venture to ask how Miss Sophy Davenant received your intimation?"

"Here, ask for yourself;" and the brisk little woman opened a folding door into the inner drawing-room.

Sophy Davenant was there, looking puzzled, but very pretty. That circumstance itself was a fresh bait to such a nature as Keane's. "Well," he bethought him, "she was always the better-looking of the two."

"Here, Sophy," said her aunt, "here's Mr. Burkitt wants to make you understand that he never did like your Sister Fanny half as well as you, you know. But that kind of explanation is given best in private."

She closed the folding door upon them, and went back to look for cracks in her china cups again.

When Keane Burkitt left the house, he had sacrificed Fanny Davenant and sold himself. Time was not given him to repent or draw back when the

deed was done. Exulting in her own acumen, and in its easy securing of the happiness of her two favourites, Miss Davenant hurried matters on. Her brother and his wife, amazed to find how much she had it in her power to do for both their daughters, submitted with becoming meekness to her impatient dictation.

"I had rather thought it had been Fan, my dear," said Davenant one day to Mamma, intent upon the trousseau.

"Well, he was always very good friends with Sophy:" she answered, which indeed had so much truth in it as almost to justify her failure of perception in the time bygone. In fairness also to Sophy, Fanny herself allowed that she had kept a closer reserve than is sometimes kept between sisters. Neither now did her wounded and indignant heart give sign. A return of the indisposition she had already experienced in the autumn, pleaded her excuse for not coming home at once; and Sophy's protestations that she would not be married till dear Fan would be well enough to take her place among the bridesmaids, gave way before the peremptory temper of her aunt. That eager little orderer of nuptial rites had no farther reason to complain of apathy on Keane's part. Once the plunge taken he swam with vigorous strokes. Legal delays were by his legal knowledge forced within their most restricted limits. What fortune Sophy was to receive from her own parents they, not unreasonably, tied up tightly for herself; but they could not with good grace, had they been so disposed, interfere in that sense with arrangements which depended upon the sole good pleasure of her aunt. Keane, by her kind confidence, would have his elbows free, and was impatient for the hour when he might strike out for the share market. His Lahn-Mosels were gone up to forty-five! But Sophy had no fairer ground of complaint against his attentiveness than her aunt against his expedition. If he had no depth of devotion to offer to any bride elect, of his own or another's election, he was wishful, for his own ease and pleasure then and thereafter, to win from her what devotion to himself he might. He did what he could to make her fond of him, and in so doing made himself, after a

sort, fond of her. He had a knack of shelving unpleasant subjects of thought and feeling; and would have been comfortably rid altogether of any compunctions about Fanny, had it not been for his mother's looks. They wrought punctures, however, rather than compunction, fretting not grieving him. He came to think himself ill-used by her, and even then by Fanny. What right had they to dash with bitters his loving cup! Foolish fellow! This very dash gave "tonic" to the draught which got its sparkle from the bride's bright eyes.

It was a cheerful wedding, spite of dear Fan's absence; spite of the presence also of sorrow on his mother's face. Little Miss Davenant noted that, and even spoke of it to Keane.

"'Tis often the successful rival keeps the grudge the longest. Isabella won your father from me, but seems as if she couldn't quite forgive me now. I do believe she's vexed and out of sorts to see you marry a niece of mine, I do."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE first year of his marriage, and other speculations, was very prosperous for Keane. Sophy was, after all, the wife to suit him. In the mould of her character were none of those deep places which want more of the metal of strong affection to run into them and fill up what else would be dismal holes, than such husbands as he keep molten in their hearts' crucible. She shared his liking of small personal pleasures, and in surrounding herself with such, contrived to minister them in delightful abundance to him. She had withal sufficient spirit and sense of the importance of her own contributions to the elegance and luxury of the household not to spoil Keane in petting him as his mother had at last sunk into doing. She disciplined him into a gradual sense that pleasantness is easiest secured by being pleasant. Everyone allowed that Sophy Davenant had 'done wonders for that young man.' She thus put upon him a polish of popularity which was the only thing hitherto wanting to his position in Freshet. Magnified, of course by common report, her own wealth appeared to justify what otherwise might have been thought extravagant, the purchase and handsome fitting of a new house before the year was out. Not the most close-fisted or close-minded client of "Burkitt and Goring" intimated that the young couple were launching out imprudently. If anything, such as the costly knicknacks of young Mrs. Burkitt's new drawing-rooms seemed to denote a lavish disregard of expense, were not these things the

doings of Miss Davenant of Lanercost? Two portly jars of almost priceless crockery sat swelling with continual affirmation of the exculpatory truth. Indeed it was very much to young Burkitt's credit that neither the smiles of such a pretty wife as Sophy, nor the cushioned chairs of such a luxurious home, could seduce him from assiduous attendance at his office. It got about, of course, likewise, that Lord Royston's affairs were in his hands entirely. And Lord Royston was "not one of your scatter-brain young nobles, sir, but a man of increasing weight and authority, sir; a man of whose confidence any firm of solicitors might be proud, sir; a man whose connexion might come to have political importance one day for young Burkitt, sir; whom we shouldn't be surprised to find nominated for Cawsley some of these fine mornings, sir. Snug little borough Cawsley, sir; spared by the Reform Bill; completely under Rookenhams influence, my dear sir."

Keane's business, therefore, increased; more, indeed, than they knew that brought it to him. For the good folks of Freshet knew nothing of his increasing association with the business of his friends the Sherbrookes. With them, also, he stood, or rather kept on climbing higher and higher in the scale of esteem. He was not only successful, but deserved success, "for his happy audacity," said Walter; "for his wise caution," said Walter's father. The Sherbrooke girls had frowned at first a little on his marriage; for people have a way of floating on en-

chanted rivers, or treading on enchanted grounds, which betrays them fairy-struck, to Ninas and Isabellas. Nevertheless, they, too, like good-natured girls as they were, came round to the charitable interpretation that Keane, after all, had only been paying due devoirs, by proxy, under the stately trees of Hampton and among the flowery tents of Chiswick. "Only remember, Nina, should any such nonsense take place with one of us, you know, it will be better, to prevent misunderstandings, that the queen regnant hold her own drawing-room, and courtesies be proffered to the sovereign alone in person."

Keane's countenance, the first time they saw him after the event itself, betrayed no embarrassment; so when, the next time, he brought up Sophy with him to Twickenham, and they saw the prosperous sunshine on her pretty face as well, they could no longer, in reason, think it treachery to Fanny, whom they loved rather the better, to shower congratulations and cousinly kindnesses upon her sister.

With his Aunt Lucy, Keane could lose nothing by reason of his conduct towards the elder of the Davenants. Mrs. Locksley was utterly ignorant of any such episode in his career. She was not unobservant, however, of the estrangement which circumstances seemed to be working gradually between his mother and himself. The working was subtle; but, perhaps, all the more unavoidable. Keane was, apparently, not in fault. He certainly had not said it in so many words; but he had given her to understand that it was entirely by her own choice that Mrs. Burkitt, senior, remained in the old house, when Mr. and young Mrs. Burkitt removed into the new. Though the younger lady's bearing towards the elder was unimpeachable, as all Freshet admitted, one could always understand that two mistresses make the easiest of households difficult. And, though age and widowhood had wonderfully softened her sister-in-law, Lucy could remember when there had been an imperious element in her character. Indeed, her brother himself—if her memory did not do injustice to Isabella—had hinted at an excess of that ingredient in it occasionally. Doubtless, all things considered, it was as

well that mother and daughter-in-law should be spared all possibility of domestic collision. Yet, little by little, the conviction grew that Keane in his new house, not twice five hundred yards from his old home on the Marine-parade, lived farther from his mother than did her own dear Ned from her across those thousand weary leagues of land and sea. She was ashamed to think how often her mind would turn to such a thought, and speculate upon the truth or falsehood of it, and upon the causes of the fact, if fact it were. There may be sometimes lurking malice of a very venomous kind in studying the comparative anatomy of our blessings and those of others. An exultation born of envy rather than of true thankfulness creeps over us.

Yet there was a consolation which seemed to distil kindly from the contrast, with no need of any fire of envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness, to quicken its production. However it might be between her nephew and his mother, she need not hide from her own eyes what might have been between herself and her own son.

Supposing Lady Constance had returned his love. Supposing she had been a few years younger, or he a few years older than the case had been. Supposing that no difference of rank or wealth had parted them.

What then? They would have gone out, hand-in-hand, into a world which was not hers. Or else, absorbed in love for one another, they might have rounded out a life for their own selves, which might, like other round things, have touched hers at some one point alone.

Whereas, whatever tenderness was in her son's heart, it nestled down in her. The manner of his ripening into manhood now was such as made him, after truer child-like sort than ever, still her child. Who goes from home may keep it heart's home more heartily than even he who stays.

Lady Cransdale also came to sense of this. In her delicate nobleness she determined to let Lucy read her thought and feeling if she would. Not thrusting her own heart's book agape under the soul's eyes of her friend, as a less graceful generosity might do; but letting the leaves flutter open in the soft breath of motherly talk.

Phil was doing well in the Guards. Very popular, very gay; not so very reckless of expense, though just a little extravagant. She heard from the Colonel of his battalion,—for he himself didn't tell her much of his military matters,—that there were many youngsters of his standing as ready as he to shirk tedious duties; not that he was considered a model young officer by martinet adjutants. She couldn't make out that he read anything except a few sporting novels, though he drew a good deal and had some talent, rather a dangerous one, for caricature. She had heard something of a flirtation with a Lady Maude Cassilis; but not from Phil himself, who was discreet, if desultory, in such little affairs. Not that she thought there was anything serious in it. The Cassilis people were not of her own intimates. Constance, who met them oftener, was not much taken with her.

"Prickly plants of disappointment spring up in so many shapes! Yet some have flowers of sweet after-scent. So sweet, one is content to lay them in one's bosom, thorns and all."

Lucy caught her meaning and was not ungrateful.

"Tell me something about Lady Constance, I can't quite frame to call her Lady Royston yet."

For Lucy knew that the mother's heart had not a word to speak on that score, but such as welled up in overflow of perfect trust and love.

"Dear Con is well and happy. Do you know I sometimes feel," said Lady Cransdale, with an effort, "as if I had to crave your pardon Lucy, still, for the delight that marriage gives me; but, indeed"——

"Indeed, dear Lady Cransdale, it reproaches me deservedly to hear you say so. It was to make and snatch an opportunity that I brought in your dear daughter's name."

"An opportunity for what?"

"Redeeming a promise which there should have been no need to make; which made, should have been long since redeemed."

"Riddles, my dear, dark riddles!"

"You shall read them. Do you remember that bright sunshiny day, now nearly two years gone, when you came in there, at that very window, bringing in for me the prickly bough? You understand me?"

She nodded.

"The thorns pricked as I took it. At the smart I turned upon you; rebelling, indeed, against another than *this* dear hand."

She took her old friend's into hers, as they sat on the same sofa there, and raised it to her lips.

"I was unjust, abrupt, and rude; but, before you went, I made a promise to beg your pardon some time more explicitly. And I have failed to do so, till to-day. Will you forgive me?"

"Hardly; for having spoken thus." Claspings the hand which held hers.

"Well, then, I demand a pledge. Ill-disciplined hearts like mine are often unbelievers."

"Whatever pledge you please, dear Lucy."

"This, then; that henceforward you speak as freely to me of your daughter as your son. I have noticed a constraint—which showed your kindness—but also my little deserving it."

For her rebellion against that other gracious Hand, Lucy, long since, had humbled her own soul in secret. After this open confession, she seemed to be returned in truth into her own true self. She was again meek-hearted Lucy, perhaps more truly than before. She thus regained the blessing of the meek-spirited, of whom it is written, that "they shall possess the earth." It was a repossession of it once more to think, to speak, to feel, to act, heart to heart with her old friend again. The space between the Lodge and Cransdale House shrunk back into some hundred yards of daisy dight green lawn. The sandy waste which had been intervening disappeared, and, happily, before the bones of loving memories lay bleaching on it.

Towards the end of that same year Robert Locksley had a sharp fit of illness, not such as put his life in any danger; but such as, happening just when it did, might have wrought much confusion in the accounts of the estate and some delay in necessary business. His nephew was at hand, however, and could be trusted, as no stranger could, to act by his directions and in his stead. Ned, out in India, felt something like self-reproach when news reached him that his father needed help of such sort; but he consoled himself by thinking, how

much more fit his cousin must be to supply it—by virtue of his calling—than he could have been himself even had he been following a university career. He wrote to Keane a letter of hearty thankfulness, expressing a hope that not only he but his bride, would play son and daughter's part by the dear ones whom he had left, as it were, childless.

Lucy, notwithstanding, could not and did not, invest Keane's wife with the same favourable prejudice as himself. Though she knew nothing of her sister-in-law's disappointment, she shared it after a fashion. Fanny Davenant was much more to her mind than Sophy. In virtue of the new connexion between their families she cultivated more intimate acquaintance with her, persuading her, nothing loath, to spend some months at Cransdale. Strange power even of unconscious sympathy stored in true gracious hearts! The Countess took to Fanny, as her friend Lucy, did. From these two women, over whose daily lives the thorny sprigs laid in their bosoms shed such sweet perfume, she seemed to learn insensibly the secret of disembittered resignation. For resignation, also, has varieties. The quality of Fanny Davenant's might have been imperilled, at the first, even by one who felt for her so heartily as did Keane's mother. Benevolence is sometimes selfish, no less than indifference. Compassion may overflow to ease the compassionate rather than the sufferer. Wounds will not always bear the balm of pity. Its first drops, especially, require the spare dropping of a sensitive hand. There is an inflammation of resentful pride soon heated by their smart. Mrs. Burkitt's schooling in the craft of charity was not yet deep enough to make her know this well. Else she would not have said, one day, after Keane and his wife had but just left her drawing-room:

"I thought it had been you, dear Fanny, not your sister. I still think it should have been. I am so sorry for you."

Happily these words were spoken after, not before, that soothing time at Cransdale. The flush, indeed, could not but glow upon the poor girl's cheek, the tears but tremble on her eyelashes. Yet she found the rare grace, even whilst wincing at

the pain, to pardon the ignorant cruelty of her would-be comforter. That rare grace gifted her likewise with a singular spirit of discernment. She divined what manner of hope had drawn the widow's heart towards herself. She divined how the travail of that heart had been in vain. Keane's wife was to it as a still-born daughter. Divining this, she learnt to pity her own pitier, and bent her mind with subtle delicacy, to minister some consolation. Noble task ever: and sweet task at the last! Yet often difficult, often tedious, sometimes repugnant, sometimes almost desperate. Bodily life is precious and ministering to it often costly. Spiritual life is priceless and ministering by so much costlier. Whoso shall reckon acts of spiritual mercy cheaper to be done than bodily, shall most times grievously misreckon the true cost of either.

Robert Locksley was hale and active again before the passing months brought the birthday of an heir to Rookenhams. It was an event for the whole countryside, and the christening was a grand affair. Keane and Sophy, herself not long after to become a mother, received and accepted an invitation to the festivities. Fanny, though pressed by Mrs. Locksley to come on the great occasion to Cransdale, refused, and spent the time chiefly in company with Keane's lonely mother. It was just then that, to her surprise she received and, without hesitation, refused, a very different invitation. Far greater would that surprise have been, had she known that Walter Sherbrooke's offer had been instigated by Keane himself. For Miss Davenant, of Lanercost, had long since duly executed her last will and testament: and Keane's hint to his friend, that his sister-in-law, "a charming girl, as I need not tell you, my good fellow," was down in it for so many thousands, was not thrown away upon the speculative young stock-broker. Who knows but what Keane Burkitt thought he was making honourable reparation? Unless, indeed, he simply wished to have it under her own hand in the parish register, that her score against him was even in court of conscience cancelled. Men have the queerest notions of a satisfactory schedule for exhibition to that inward court. The

satisfaction, such as it might have been, was denied. Amidst these vicissitudes, the most even tenor of life beyond a doubt, was his who for adventure and enterprise had become an exile. Ned's letters were uniform, and to any but a mother almost monotonous. In all those months one only incident, by no means an exciting one, had marked them. He had repaid, by draft upon his regimental agent, the five hundred pounds his father had sent him after his

gambling freak at Chatterham. But a change was nigh at hand, and a life-stage opening out before him, so long and so full of varied event that even a more formal life-story than this might be compelled to furnish only such indications of its character as fragments of the man's own correspondence may reveal. If even these be tedious, skip but one chapter, impatient reader, they shall fill no more.

BUCKLE AND MONTALEMBERT.

It is, of course, purely accidental that Count de Montalembert and Mr. Buckle should both produce a new volume at the same time. It is not accidental, however, but another instance of the known laws of action and reaction, that the two minds are not only opposed to each other, but also complementary. They are typical men, and represent two opposite tendencies. Like the statue of Janus, which stood in the Forum, with one face looking down one street, and the other face down the other, Count Montalembert looks fondly back on the past, Mr. Buckle forward into the future. The one would revive the ages of faith, and cause the dial of time to go backward ten degrees for the ten centuries which have rolled by since monkery arose; and the other, casting one look of scorn behind to the time past, which was the pastime of fools, looks forward with the spirit so well portrayed by the Laureate—

“But in her forehead sits a fire;
She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.”

It is only the France of the nineteenth century which could have produced such a man as Count Montalembert, and such a book as the “Monks of the West.” His intense mediævalism, the crusading spirit with which he rides out to meet the Saracens of the age, his enthusiasm

for the Rome of the Popes, unequalled since the wild hurrah of the knights when they first caught sight of Jerusalem—

“Ecco da mille voce unitamente,
Ecco aditar Gerusalemme ei sente!”

All this is thoroughly French; nothing but the Revolution and Napoleonism in high places could have produced such a fervid reaction as that which he represents. It is only a noble nature which could go so hopelessly wrong as Count Montalembert. We confess admiration for enthusiasm like his. Like Cervantes, who, because he was a true poet, instead of making knight-errantry ridiculous, ennobled it; so with Montalembert. Even in riding down windmills and raving about his Dulcinea, there is much that is generous, and noble, and good, and we should pity the Protestant who did not feel respect for such a generous though a mistaken faith.

Montalembert hates the Revolution, and yet he is the child of 1789. Like the revival preacher who sung the other day, at Exeter Hall, one of Wesley's hymns to the tune of the “King of the Cannibal Islands,” so Montalembert sets the Gregorian chant to the key of the “Marseillaise.” His very *furor* for the past is revolutionary. A more cautious mind would not have got drunk with the new wine of enthusiasm in the old bottles of authority. It is only a

layman, thoroughly honest, and thoroughly in earnest himself about religion, who could swallow the fiction of ten centuries of incorrupt doctrine and practice. Guileless himself, Montalembert believes that the Monks of the West were all Montalemberts; all as chivalrous, all as eloquent, all as single-minded. We cannot say more than that this is a book which no irreligious man could write, and which no religious man will read without amazement. The book is a portent, as if to teach us that there is no region so sickly that the spiritual life cannot sustain itself in it. Like the fever-stricken inhabitant of the Campagna, who keeps down the ague by draughts of quinine, which would intoxicate the brain anywhere else, so Montalembert lives on, poison-proof, in a poison-laden atmosphere, with the miasma of Atheism around him, his eye preternaturally bright, and his pulse beating with feverish quickness, tells only too plainly that one disease is superinduced to expel another. It is a generous effort to fight the demon of the marsh in his own stronghold, but the effort exhausts nature.

Let us turn the other way, and look at the other side of our *Janus bifrons*. Mr. Buckle is Count Montalembert's complement. The two are ideally opposite, but actually inseparable. A world of Buckles would be as unendurable as Montalembert's world of monks and nuns; and a world of Montalemberts would drive us to distraction as much as a world peopled only by Positive Philosophers like Mr. Buckle. *Suum cuique*, we wish to give each his due place. Mr. Buckle is young, and arrogant of his own opinion to a degree often offensive. When he grows older and wiser, as we hope he may, he will heartily tire of a world of notaries and accountants, and turn a wistful look round to the superstitious side of human nature, of which, in the pride of intellect, he thinks such scorn now. We can have no ill wish for a young man of such singular promise—as generous and as wrong-headed as Count Montalembert in the other extreme; but if we could be spiteful for his hard hits at Churchmen, it would be to wish him turned into stone with a Janus' face everlastingly fixed at material pro-

gress. He does not yet know (and may he never know by bitter experience) the misery of a petrified heart—the misery of the paralysis of the nerves of feeling, but not of the nerves of motion. To understand, to explore, to tabulate, but not to feel the mystery of the universe—to be a Newton in his closet, always calculating the laws of force and matter, and never a Newton on his knees in the adjoining chapel of Trinity, would be a misery, like the gift to Tithonus, of a perpetual life without perpetual youth. Even Comte sickened of this before he died. Having blotted out the idea of God, he found, as Voltaire said, that he was obliged to invent one, and the Goddess Humanity made her Avatar to him in the person of Mademoiselle Clotilde de Vaud.

At present Mr. Buckle knows only one name for religion; it is invariably superstition, whether in Protestant Scotland or in Roman Catholic Spain. His odium anti-theologicum carries us back a hundred years. There is nothing like it since the French Encyclopedists. Their excuse was this, that they knew no other Christianity than that of Cardinal Dubois and Madame Du Barry. The most Christian king kept a *parc aux cerfs* where lewdness had thrown aside her mask, and vice scarcely deigned to pay the homage of hypocrisy to virtue. The Christian commonwealth seemed rotten to the heart's core, and the religious life of France had departed with the Protestant refugees. In those days infidelity was earnest, for nothing else was. Against a non-militant Church unbelief became militant. The hideous immorality of the age roused those who were moralists only into a more than philosophic vehemence against the vices of the clergy. It was as if the spirit of John the Baptist had passed for once into Lucretius. The fine invective against religion,

“*Quæ non religio potuit suadere malorum,*”

was rolled out with greater force than ever when the ecclesiastics of the eighteenth century had become, like the priests of Judea, a generation of vipers. It is an ominous state of things when an Attila can assume the title of the Scourge of God, or

when an irreligious and otherwise flippant philosophy wears the stern air of the Avenger. This, however, was but a temporary outburst of earnestness. Since then religion has become real, and scepticism has relapsed into its wonted captious, caviling mood; its commanding air and threatening front are of the past.

As we read Mr. Buckle, we ask ourselves with wonder, has the eighteenth century come back again? What Rip Van Winkle dream is this? The lip and scorn of Voltaire for the superstition, not of Paganized Paris, but of Calvinist Scotland. What can it mean? Mr. Buckle has mistaken his prey. Like many a fine young fellow in India, who rides out to stick a pig, and rouses a Bengal tiger, he has met more than his match; and if he bears the mark of those Calvinist claws all his life, it will teach him a lesson of caution, and cure him of that habit of lumping all religions together as alike superstitious, from Spain to Scotland, from the zero of ignorance at Cadiz, to the temperate point of an educated and reasoning faith at Edinburgh.

We need not fight the battle of the Scotch against Mr. Buckle. We are more afraid for him than for them. And as Jupiter sent down a mist to carry off Mars from the fray, when he was getting the worst of it, so we hope Mr. Buckle will be only moderately punished for his presumption in treating the Church of Robertson, Chalmers, and Guthrie, in the ruck of religions, no better than Mumbo-Jumbo. The audacity of the charge is too amusing to be very offensive. We cannot speak for Scotchmen. Probably they have more *amour propre* than we, and are a little sensitive about the five points of Calvinism, on which English Churchmen have greater liberty of judgment. But for all that, were we of the communion of Guthrie and Dr. M'Cosh, of Caird and Norman Macleod, we should no more resent Mr. Buckle's impertinent attack, than Harry Hotspur did the popinjay whose light talk about villainous saltpetre amused rather than irritated the man of action. It would be a waste of strength to take up the cudgels for those who are well able to fight their own battles. The dark superstition of Scotland—the morose Mumbo-Jumbo of Mr. Buckle's fancy,

has, curious as it may seem to him and his school, trained up so acute and intelligent a people, that the majority of Scotchmen will smile at Mr. Buckle's prejudice. The artifice is almost childish, to collect a heap of quotations from some pious, but not over-wise preachers of the seventeenth century, as specimens of what Scotch Calvinism is to this day. Mr. Buckle mentions the name of Robertson only once, and that slightly. He never tells us that Reid was a Presbyterian minister; the names of Brown, Blair, Erskine, Maclaurin, Fraser, not to speak of Chalmers, Thompson, and Buchanan, all of whom were preachers, and yet marched abreast of the age in science and discovery, are not so much as mentioned. For aught we are told, these clergymen, some of whom were professors, and all distinguished alumni of the Scotch universities, might have been so many Salamanca doctors pledged to teach—as when Blanco White graduated there, scarce a half century ago—that water rose in a suck-pump because nature abhorred a vacuum.

Mr. Buckle can see no difference between Scotch and Spanish superstition; as green and red are the same to the colour-blind, so with eyes bedimmed by prejudice, the creed of orthodox Protestants is to him as anti-rational as that of Romanists. He has never read Dr. Campbell on Miracles, or Chalmers' attempt to reconcile Genesis and Geology, and the thousand and one works with which the Scotch press teems, in which religion and science are brought together as friends. The excuse will not serve him that these attempts at reconciliation are academic only, and that the multitude are left in savage ignorance and superstition still. A Sir William Hamilton may be the Admirable Crichton of his age, and yet his fame may not pierce the mists of vulgar ignorance. But what of Chalmers' astronomical discourses preached to the multitude of Glasgow? What of Dr. Dick, the useful popularizer of these concordances of religion and science? What of Hugh Miller, the editor of the *Witness*—the stone-mason who raised himself to the rank of the most popular lay-preacher of Sermons on Stones? The truth is, Mr. Buckle has caught up the note of two or three Scotch-

from the north would have been four and twenty hours late, I came away at once on hearing of it."

"Wise Walter! You couldn't have done better. I told you, Mr. Burkitt, he was a promising lad on 'Change. Allow me, though: Mr. Keane Burkitt, my son Walter. Odd enough; I was saying after dinner that I thought you would get on together, and as Mr. Burkitt was anxious for a little insight into some of the ways of stock-broking, that you were the man to give it him."

They did get on very well together after all the ladies had fluttered out of the conservatory, either home or up stairs to bed.

"Smoke's excellent for aphides," Walter observed, as he nestled down upon one of those delicious snuggeries among the flowers. "Wherefore even our woman folk tolerate my weeds here. Have one? They're Havannah direct, through one of that Spanish bondholding lot who are clients of ours."

"Couldn't put me in the way of getting a dozen boxes such?" quoth Keane, after a time, breaking an interval of balmy silence.

"Not over easy in the way of business, exactly; but I could introduce you to the man himself, who is rather a swell in a small way, and likes to be treated as such. If you've a talent for deferential tact, you might get some out of him as a favour. When do you leave town?"

Circumstances had altered since 11.30, A.M., on that same day, when he had spoken to Sherbrooke senior about the pressure even of provincial business. Hadn't he gathered that the Sherbrookes—and Fanny Davenant—would not be leaving for the Lakes till after that Spanish affair was over? Mr. Goring was equal to any call that Freshet was likely to make on the firm just then. Mr. Goring was rather fond of acting on his own responsibility. There were still some things to be done in town on Lord Royston's account. The tin boxes were safe at the Under-Secretary's own house. His mother always liked to hear of his enjoying himself. Some insight into stock-broking was very useful to a man in his position. Such Havannahs were not obtainable from ordinary tobacco-nists. He had

never seen Fanny look so well. He was pretty sure she was glad as well as astonished to see him; and in short:

"I had intended to run down home to-morrow or next day, but I've no sort of call to hurry. Shouldn't wonder if I were in town yet for a week or so."

"Look in on us in the City one day, then, and we'll pay our respects to Parkinson Mendez and Co. It's Master Adolphus, 'Dolly Parkinson' they call him, that's my cigar man."

The next morning was lovely. Late as the season was, the summer, which had kept a sullen reserve in its own calendar months that year, seemed to bequeath to advancing autumn its warmth without oppressiveness, its radiance without glare. The film of moisture which the river had sent out at evening to hang over the flower beds and about the bushes, was not so thick but what its chilliness vanished, together with its apparent texture, in the earliest sunbeams after dawn. Keane was afoot betimes, and wandering down a shrubby path already parqued with golden lozenges of sunshine among the shadows of the leaves, came upon a little green sward at the bottom where there was a fantastic boat-house with pagoda roof. A slight rattling of chains was heard through its open door, and pleasant voices making fun of some disappointment.

Nina and Fanny Davenant had not expected that help was so nigh. They had fed the swans with sweet biscuit, until their sated statelinesses had paddled up-stream away. The bright ripple among the sedges tempted them to venture in pursuit; but the key was rusted in the padlock of the chain which held the boat, and they could not unfasten it. Keane could; and vaunted his own skill as steersman. So he took the rudder-strings, and each laughing girl an oar, and they rowed a losing stern-wager, as watermen say, after the swans.

"Isabelle is not up, I shouldn't wonder," cried Nina, looking at her watch, as they landed again by-and-by; "and I'm certain Walter isn't, after his long journey. It wants half-an-hour to breakfast yet."

There was talk at it, of course, about their boating adventure.

"I haven't seen the water so glassy

pure for months," said Nina. "'Tis soft and warm as milk. I let my fingers dabble all the way back. It wanted no paddling to bring us downstream."

"The day's intensely lovely," said sister Isabelle, who had certainly made her toilette in some haste after the half-hour bell had rung. "We've not had a regular boating party once this year. Why shouldn't we go to Hampton Court?"

"You'll blister your fingers if you're out of practice with your oars," quoth Walter.

"But we don't mean to row you lazy gentlemen," retorted Nina; "you may blister *your* hands, for of course *you* are to pull."

"Pull, indeed! We've something else to do than picknicking at Hampton Court. I'm going into the City with the governor; so are you, are you not, Mr. Burkitt?"

"It's very cross of you, then, to spoil our pleasure. You know you never meant to be home for business this four or five days yet; so what *can* it signify? Don't you think they might stay with us now, Fanny?"

Keane held his breath, and busied himself with truant crumbs upon the tablecloth. Not daring to be all eye, he was all ear.

"It is a very lovely day," said Fanny Davenant, evasively.

"And you have never seen Hampton Court, have you?"

"Never."

"But you should like to?"

"I think I should."

"Hear that!" cried Nina, "and crawl an inch towards the City if you dare."

"We'll send and ask the Perrys to come too. They've cousins with them who were here last night, Emily Bell and another; and they've a capital boat."

"Oh dear, then I'm in for it, I suppose," sighed Walter. "Emily Bell is nice-looking, isn't she?"

"You know she is," said Nina.

"Can we persuade you, Burkitt?" asked his new acquaintance.

"I want no persuasion," said he, venturing a look at last in one direction.

"What's all this about?" papa broke in, laying down his newspaper; "Nina promotes idleness, as usual, and interferes with her brother's

industry. You'll take a bed to-night here then again, Mr. Burkitt."

"I am ashamed of such intrusion, really"——

"Intrusion! my dear sir, how can you say so? Walter, see the trap brought round."

All clustered in the portico to see him off, but before the groom let the horses have their heads, a thought struck Walter.

"Oh, by the way, sir, if you should see that Gurkenheim to-day, Gurkenheim and Humpel; you know the man I mean; you had better say we'll have those hundred and odd Lahn-Mosel shares. They are the agents for the Frankfort house, I think."

The girls accompanied mamma back into the house again. There was no interest for them in this. Keane stayed; he was much interested. The elder Sherbrooke pursed his mouth and shook his head.

"I don't half like it, Walter."

"Depend upon it, sir, it's all right about them. I only wish I could afford the risk entirely upon my own account. They'll be at thirty per cent. premium before Christmas; mark my words."

Still Paterfamilias shook his head. His dutiful son chafed at his incredulity.

"He won't dispose of them in two lots, or I would ask you to take half of them for me myself, I would."

Thirty per cent. by Christmas! Keane couldn't resist it. In his excitement he grew suddenly familiar.

"I say, Walter, my boy, let me go shares with you."

"You're a trump!" said Walter. "You make the best bargain with Gurkenheim you can, sir, and buy the lot for us. All right, Tim!"

Tim gave the nags their heads. Neat steppers they were. Paterfamilias was many hundred yards upon his way to the great money market before Keane's foot was back on fairy ground again. Fairy ground! The ground on which the sunbeams of soft eyes are falling. Good ground, so those soft eyes be pure, to be trodden, once a life, even by the feet of young stockbrokers or young country solicitors. All day long the charmed light was beaming where Fanny went and Keane went with her. It was an enchanted river up which the twinkling

oars propelled a magic boat. Those saucy swans, whom they did overtake at last, might have had rings and chains of fairy gold about the down of their white curving necks for all that he knew to the contrary. The trim walks and pleached alleys of the royal garden were kept, undoubtedly, by fairy gardeners; fairy cooks alone could have given such flavour of ambrosia to cold chicken and lobster salad; fairy butlers only such sparkle of nectar to the solitary tumbler of pink champagne.

Yet, after all, it was a social party. Grouped together almost the live-long day, there was but little of that separation by twos, not uncommon on occasions such as these. Not three significant sentences passed between her and him.

A pair of gloves of hers, however, lay on the seat near to the rowlock of Keane's oar, as they were dropping down-stream with the tide again that evening. It seemed an awkward rowlock, somehow, and out of order; for Keane slipped his oar once or twice. Perhaps it was in fixing it, that he contrived so quietly to launch one of the little gloves overboard unperceived. She had forgotten them altogether in stepping out of the boat on the little green sward at the villa, when they reached home; and turning back to look for them, as the others went up the shrubbery-walk,

found Keane fastening that rusty padlock once again.

Oh! was that her glove? Then the other, which he had seen swirling in a little eddy by the willow-bank on the eyot, must have been its fellow. He *had* seen it, but did not like to interrupt that glee just then.

Well, never mind; let her have the other.

"The other, indeed! Of what possible use could that be to you now?"

"There is no knowing. I may have a corresponding odd one somewhere. I always wear that colour, and the same shade of it."

"Indeed! Well let me carry it at least up to the house, Miss Davenant."

He did, and, after all, forgot to return it there. She, too, forgot to claim it, although they met again, two days after, by a singular coincidence, at the last horticultural fête for the season, in the grounds at Chiswick; although Keane dined, another evening, down at Twickenham; although he was there with Walter Sherbrooke—they seemed to get on famously together—to see the party start at last *en route* for the English lakes. What could Keane Burkitt have meant by whispering to her at breakfast, that morning of the start—

"We shall be counting the days at Freshet, Miss Davenant, till that wearisome tour is over?"

CHAPTER XX.

THERE were more of them to count than they had reckoned on. The elder Sherbrooke found his holiday so pleasant, and heard from Walter that the money-market was so dull, that he prolonged it beyond the promised time. Then Nina caught a chill, and was so unwell, that on their second visit to Windermere, facing homewards, they had to wait a fortnight. Fanny Davenant was not quite well herself when they got back to Twickenham; and the city was so brisk again, that neither Mr. Sherbrooke nor his son could readily spare time to escort her home just yet. The journey to Freshet was too long to undertake alone; and the ladies' maid had staid at home with Sister Sophy. Christmas came, and Fanny was still at Twickenham. Lord and

Lady Royston were to spend it at Cransdale, and the earl himself would be at home on leave, after his first tedious campaign at the Tower. Mrs. Locksley once more accepted, not unwillingly, an invitation from her sister-in-law.

It was a sad disappointment to poor Mrs. Burkitt that her favourite Fanny should not be present at the little entertainments given and returned in honour of Lucy's presence. She felt so for her son, too, whose regret was visible, though he confided none of it to her yearning sympathies. He was anxious also about that venture in Lahn-Mosel scrip, which had not yet realized the bright hopes of Walter Sherbrooke, the prime minister for the Grand Duchy of Nassau being at odds with the Prussian Ca-

binet about the terms of concession to the Company. He had not burdened his mother's mind, however, with participation in this cause for apprehension, so that his wistfulness admitted, in her eyes, but of a single interpretation.

Miss Davenant of Lanercost observed it as well, and she, too, must needs interpret; for she was in Freshet, at her brother's, partaking with relish of its Christmas festivities. Her renewed acquaintance with "Lucy Burkitt that was," as she persisted in calling her, gave her considerable satisfaction. Reflection did but sanction and confirm the bequest of porcelain. She took the greatest interest, likewise, in Mrs. Locksley's intelligence from India; and having convinced herself, by close inspection of half-a-dozen Atlases, that Bombay lay comparatively near the Persian Gulf, entreated her to secure Ned's powerful and opportune co-operation in the procuring of a couple of purebred Persian cats.

"I dare say, dear, there's china to be picked up, rare and cheap, out there, as well; for I once knew the captain of an East Indiaman who put in at Calcutta regularly, on his way home from Canton."

"But my Ned's at Bombay, you know, Miss Davenant, which is out of the track of the China ships entirely."

"To be sure it is; but the mail steamers bring the China mails that way, so why not porcelain? Not that I want Mr. Edward Locksley to buy china for me there: young men don't understand that sort of thing, my dear; but they are very particular about their breeds of dogs, I know, which may teach them something about cats in that way. Besides, a cat is a sort of tiger; and I've always understood young Indian officers are very fond of tiger hunting."

Lucy laughed, as well she might, at such cogent reasoning; nevertheless she wrote Ned word about the cats, having indeed, herself, a lurking love of pussies. She stipulated for at least a kitten, should Miss Davenant secure, through Ned's exertions, the coveted pair.

The December "overland" had brought his answer, by return of post, to her announcement that Lady Constance was wanted indeed. She ga-

thered from it that he had not swerved from his determination to accept, with resignation and with thankfulness, the definite closing of that one long chapter in his life; she was more certain of it when Lady Royston sent on to her a letter brought by the same Indian mail, containing these few lines:—

"DEAR LADY ROYSTON,

"God bless you, by the new name as by the old! I add, in honesty, the same prayer for him from whom you have the new. I thankfully accept the offer your last words made; and am, till death and after,

"Your true brother,

"NED.

"My love to Lady Cransdale and to Phil."

"Of course I had told Royston all, and showed him this. He is profoundly touched by it, and says that if he dared, he would himself write back to Ned, and claim share in the brotherhood." So wrote the bride to Lucy.

The Christmas week was over. Miss Davenant was to return to Lanercost; but she had solved the enigma, for certain, at which she had been guessing, upon the countenance of her favourite, Keane Burkitt. He received a summons to wait upon her one evening at her brother's. Mr. and Mrs. Davenant and Sophy were gone to a party, whither she had refused to accompany them.

"Ah! my dear, doubtless I am depriving you of a pleasure. You would have been at the Thompsons' this evening, but for my fetching you here."

Keane said he should have been at home, or at his office, for he had two or three heavy bits of business on hand.

"No, no, my dear; don't tell me that. I am an old lady, yet I have kept a young heart."

Keane stared, but could not venture on any contradiction of the statement.

"The fact is, I have found you out."

"Found me out! In what, Miss Davenant?"

The little lady laughed like a parakeet, and shook her head from side to side, with a ludicrous affectation of superior cunning.

"Found out the secret of your woe-begone looks."

"Wonderful old woman!" thought he; "she must have got wind of that Lahn-Mosel business. Singular, too; but she has always dabbled in shares of some sort." All he said was: "I am sure, Miss Davenant, I had no notion my face told tales."

"It tells *me* tales; but I can offer consolation."

"Consolation, indeed!" He kept the thought to himself, however. There was little of that to get out of Gurkenheim and Humpel, hitherto.

"Now tell the truth. You know you are hit?"

"Hard, I fear," cried Keane, startled into candour. "How on earth came you to?"

"Never mind; I know it; but I doubt if she does."

"How should she?"

"How, indeed, unless you pluck up heart and tell her?"

"Tell whom?"

"My niece, to be sure."

"Tell her what?"

"Why, tell her that you have fairly lost"——

"My Lahn-Mosels?"

"Lahn-Mosels, sir! Is that what young men call their affections now-a-days? What can the boy be thinking of? No! tell her you have lost your heart to her."

With what countenance Keane fell from one wondertrap into another it were hard to say.

"Really, Miss Davenant, I could not presume"——

"Why not? Faint heart never won fair lady. I have made up my mind to the match; and if it takes place, I shall make a settlement on her at once. It will make my will plain sailing. First and last she shall have the two-thirds; her sister the other. There, that's all I have to say to you to-night. You know you ought to have been my son; at all events you shall be my nephew. Don't you like my niece?"

"Indeed, since you demand confession, I do with all my heart."

"Then why so bashful, such a smart young man as you are? Tell her so at once."

"At once!"

"Yes, what's the use of beating about the bush?"

"I'll write this evening, then."

"Write! fiddlesticks!"

"What else then? Shall I go"——

"Go! To be sure, go to the Thompsons' dance, and tell her what you have to tell."

"To the Thompsons' dance, Miss Davenant?"

"To be sure. Didn't you know Sophy was gone there with her father and mother to-night?"

One generous, impulsive, outcry might have set all right, and saved him from the temptation which should follow. But his lips were locked. A meaner caution laid upon them the icy finger of that one sentence, "it will make my will plain sailing." As he balanced the probabilities of being able to persuade her to put one sister's name for the other, she proceeded to speak words which weighted the scale of wrong.

"It was only that primogeniture which ever made me hesitate. I always inclined to Sophy, and was glad to find that you did. She shall have the two-thirds as I said. Now, sir, be off to the Thompsons', and make yourself agreeable."

"The truth is, Miss Davenant, I am afraid of intruding. I don't know the Thompsons well; and on so delicate an errand one would wish"——

"Faint heart, I see; but the fair lady must be won. I have made my mind up to that, I tell you. Come here to-morrow morning, you shall have opportunity; I'll draw off mamma. So now, good night."

"Good night, Miss Davenant; but I can hardly say"——

"No need to! Keep your say for Sophy, sir, to-morrow morning."

Faint heart, indeed; but not faint with the faintness which modest self-distrust or generous exaggeration of another's worth makes amiable. Heart faint of purpose, because weakened by the merest and the meanest selfishness. Did he like Fanny so much more than Sophy as to make it worth his while to risk loss of the richer dower?

Such was, as near as possible, the shape in which his thoughts framed the definite issue for debate.

Fairyland is enchanting no less than enchanted ground. Why disenchant oneself? But fairy lore, as well as other, has its moral. He had always seen the sound sense of the warning against taking bribes of fairy gold. It turns to gorse blossoms or golden chain buds in the pocket of too trustful

wights. With Fanny, and such sweets of Fanny's love, as fancy promised, he might get nothing else. What if Miss Davenant, offended, should cross her name out of the will altogether? Mere passion should be controlled by prudence; that is unquestionable moral, for fairy tale or tale "founded on fact."

Now, the old aunt's golden guineas were sterling coins, every one of them, not furze bush blossoms.

If a bird in hand be worth two in the bush, what should one say of two birds held in hand as against a solitary fairy warbler in the prickly bush of an eccentric old lady's prejudices?

Sophy's certain two-thirds against Fanny's possible none! Yet he did like Fanny, and there was her third possible, nay, probable still. Well, he would sleep on it.

And he slept, untroubled, whatever other conflict wrought within him, by one generous kindly thought of what effect his decision might have on Fanny Davenant's rest. When he woke, he woke to some kind of sorrow that he should have to choose between his softer and his sterner inclination. He could not even now decide on sacrificing what was dear to him, scarce thinking of what might be due to her.

The post brought him good news—news which, all things considered, might have brought influence to bear in Fanny's favour. There is always adventure in marriage; and a young man's heart, so readily venturesome, will be braced to further venture by success of any wager he has made against that chance which its thoughtlessness is too apt to worship as disposer of the coming years.

Keane's news was that the Prussian Cabinet had given way. The Nassau conditions were accepted. The Lahn-Mosel concession was complete. Gurkenheim and Humpel had themselves offered to repurchase from the younger Sherbrook, at an enormous advance, the old unpromising scrip which they had sold him. It was actually quoted on the Frankfort exchange at thirty-two, and seven-eighths premium, and was rising still!

He was radiant at breakfast. All that his mother could elicit was that he had heard from the Sherbrookes; but joy stirred in her heart at hearing it. She knew but of one subject of

correspondence with that family which might thus brighten the features of her son.

Presently Keane fell again into perplexity—not distressing, but such as leaves among the very wrinkles on the puckered forehead tokens that the doubts to solve are pleasing.

Thirty-two and seven-eighths! Should he realize or should he not? That was the question. Sherbrooke hadn't started it; but it called evidently for consideration. Thirty-two and seven-eighths, and rising still! Yes, rising still; and that at Frankfort! Could the Frankfort Rothschild be in it? Was their London house taking it up? Should that be so, there was no knowing what a figure it might touch. That offer to repurchase! Were Gurkenheim and Humpel operating on their own account, or were there bigger men behind!

"Oh dear! I wish I could run up to town."

He spoke, unconsciously, aloud, his mother heard him and rejoined—

"I wish you could, my dear; why shouldn't you?"

"Why shouldn't I what, mother?"

"Run up to town. I thought I heard you say you wished to. Do you want to pay the Sherbrookes a visit again?"

Keane smiled, amused at her true conjecture. His mood being such, she ventured for the first time—

"May I guess the attraction, Keane!"

But he was muttering, "Near upon thirty-three, by George!"

"Nonsense, Keane! She's hardly one-and-twenty."

"What, mother, who?"

"Why Fanny, to be sure, dear—Fanny Davenant."

"Nonsense!" he cried, half-startled by the word, which recalled him from his calculations. He looked at his watch; the morning was creeping on towards noon. He felt that the little impatient aunt would be fretting at his non-arrival. What on earth should he do? He had not made up his mind, his thirty-two and seven-eighths had so excited him. But he must be moving; so, without further communication to his mother, he went out and made for Mr. Davenant's. There, he was shown up into the front drawing-room, where little Miss

Davenant was alone, holding up to the light, and narrowly scrutinizing the quality of some tiny china cups brought from a curiosity shop for her approval.

"At last! What a laggard, to be sure! But I don't let grass grow under *my* feet, Master Keane. I have spoken to Brother George, and he is well pleased it should be so. What's more, I've spoken to Sophy."

This was confounding. However, he made shift to say: "Did you, Miss Davenant? I am afraid your niece must have been surprised."

"Yes, she was, at first, a little. She said she had always thought you preferred her Sister Fanny."

He had almost let the word escape his lips, which should have done right and truth. But the greed of gold shifted suddenly the thought of his first success into the other scale again. Had not Miss Davenant said something of an immediate settlement upon Sophy? With such means in hand, in the present state of the share-market, what might not be done? He was silent, Miss Davenant chirruped on.

"I set that right, my dear, and told her how the truth stood. I said if ever you had showed her sister little attentions, it must have been for her sake. That you had kept your secret close; but that my little keen eyes had read it."

"May I venture to ask how Miss Sophy Davenant received your intimation?"

"Here, ask for yourself;" and the brisk little woman opened a folding door into the inner drawing-room.

Sophy Davenant was there, looking puzzled, but very pretty. That circumstance itself was a fresh bait to such a nature as Keane's. "Well," he bethought him, "she was always the better-looking of the two."

"Here, Sophy," said her aunt, "here's Mr. Burkitt wants to make you understand that he never did like your Sister Fanny half as well as you, you know. But that kind of explanation is given best in private."

She closed the folding door upon them, and went back to look for cracks in her china cups again.

When Keane Burkitt left the house, he had sacrificed Fanny Davenant and sold himself. Time was not given him to repent or draw back when the

deed was done. Exulting in her own acumen, and in its easy securing of the happiness of her two favourites, Miss Davenant hurried matters on. Her brother and his wife, amazed to find how much she had it in her power to do for both their daughters, submitted with becoming meekness to her impatient dictation.

"I had rather thought it had been Fan, my dear," said Davenant one day to Mamma, intent upon the trousseau.

"Well, he was always very good friends with Sophy," she answered, which indeed had so much truth in it as almost to justify her failure of perception in the time bygone. In fairness also to Sophy, Fanny herself allowed that she had kept a closer reserve than is sometimes kept between sisters. Neither now did her wounded and indignant heart give sign. A return of the indisposition she had already experienced in the autumn, pleaded her excuse for not coming home at once; and Sophy's protestations that she would not be married till dear Fan would be well enough to take her place among the bridesmaids, gave way before the peremptory temper of her aunt. That eager little orderer of nuptial rites had no farther reason to complain of apathy on Keane's part. Once the plunge taken he swam with vigorous strokes. Legal delays were by his legal knowledge forced within their most restricted limits. What fortune Sophy was to receive from her own parents they, not unreasonably, tied up tightly for herself; but they could not with good grace, had they been so disposed, interfere in that sense with arrangements which depended upon the sole good pleasure of her aunt. Keane, by her kind confidence, would have his elbows free, and was impatient for the hour when he might strike out for the share market. His Lahn-Mosels were gone up to forty-five! But Sophy had no fairer ground of complaint against his attentiveness than her aunt against his expedition. If he had no depth of devotion to offer to any bride elect, of his own or another's election, he was wishful, for his own ease and pleasure then and thereafter, to win from her what devotion to himself he might. He did what he could to make her fond of him, and in so doing made himself, after a

sort, fond of her. He had a knack of shelving unpleasant subjects of thought and feeling; and would have been comfortably rid altogether of any compunctions about Fanny, had it not been for his mother's looks. They wrought punctures, however, rather than compunction, fretting not grieving him. He came to think himself ill-used by her, and even then by Fanny. What right had they to dash with bitters his loving cup! Foolish fellow! This very dash gave "tonic" to the draught which got its sparkle from the bride's bright eyes.

It was a cheerful wedding, spite of dear Fan's absence; spite of the presence also of sorrow on his mother's face. Little Miss Davenant noted that, and even spoke of it to Keane.

"'Tis often the successful rival keeps the grudge the longest. Isabella won your father from me, but seems as if she couldn't quite forgive me now. I do believe she's vexed and out of sorts to see you marry a niece of mine, I do."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE first year of his marriage, and other speculations, was very prosperous for Keane. Sophy was, after all, the wife to suit him. In the mould of her character were none of those deep places which want more of the metal of strong affection to run into them and fill up what else would be dismal holes, than such husbands as he keep molten in their hearts' crucible. She shared his liking of small personal pleasures, and in surrounding herself with such, contrived to minister them in delightful abundance to him. She had withal sufficient spirit and sense of the importance of her own contributions to the elegance and luxury of the household not to spoil Keane in petting him as his mother had at last sunk into doing. She disciplined him into a gradual sense that pleasantness is easiest secured by being pleasant. Everyone allowed that Sophy Davenant had 'done wonders for that young man.' She thus put upon him a polish of popularity which was the only thing hitherto wanting to his position in Freshet. Magnified, of course by common report, her own wealth appeared to justify what otherwise might have been thought extravagant, the purchase and handsome fitting of a new house before the year was out. Not the most close-fisted or close-minded client of "Burkitt and Goring" intimated that the young couple were launching out imprudently. If anything, such as the costly knicknacks of young Mrs. Burkitt's new drawing-rooms seemed to denote a lavish disregard of expense, were not these things the

doings of Miss Davenant of Lanercost? Two portly jars of almost priceless crockery sat swelling with continual affirmation of the exculpatory truth. Indeed it was very much to young Burkitt's credit that neither the smiles of such a pretty wife as Sophy, nor the cushioned chairs of such a luxurious home, could seduce him from assiduous attendance at his office. It got about, of course, likewise, that Lord Royston's affairs were in his hands entirely. And Lord Royston was "not one of your scatter-brain young nobles, sir, but a man of increasing weight and authority, sir; a man of whose confidence any firm of solicitors might be proud, sir; a man whose connexion might come to have political importance one day for young Burkitt, sir; whom we shouldn't be surprised to find nominated for Cawsley some of these fine mornings, sir. Snug little borough Cawsley, sir; spared by the Reform Bill; completely under Rookenhams influence, my dear sir."

Keane's business, therefore, increased; more, indeed, than they knew that brought it to him. For the good folks of Freshet knew nothing of his increasing association with the business of his friends the Sherbrookes. With them, also, he stood, or rather kept on climbing higher and higher in the scale of esteem. He was not only successful, but deserved success, "for his happy audacity," said Walter; "for his wise caution," said Walter's father. The Sherbrooke girls had frowned at first a little on his marriage; for people have a way of floating on en-

chanted rivers, or treading on enchanted grounds, which betrays them fairy-struck, to Ninas and Isabellas. Nevertheless, they, too, like good-natured girls as they were, came round to the charitable interpretation that Keane, after all, had only been paying due devoirs, by proxy, under the stately trees of Hampton and among the flowery tents of Chiswick. "Only remember, Nina, should any such nonsense take place with one of us, you know, it will be better, to prevent misunderstandings, that the queen regnant hold her own drawing-room, and courtesies be proffered to the sovereign alone in person."

Keane's countenance, the first time they saw him after the event itself, betrayed no embarrassment; so when, the next time, he brought up Sophy with him to Twickenham, and they saw the prosperous sunshine on her pretty face as well, they could no longer, in reason, think it treachery to Fanny, whom they loved rather the better, to shower congratulations and cousinly kindnesses upon her sister.

With his Aunt Lucy, Keane could lose nothing by reason of his conduct towards the elder of the Davenants. Mrs. Locksley was utterly ignorant of any such episode in his career. She was not unobservant, however, of the estrangement which circumstances seemed to be working gradually between his mother and himself. The working was subtle; but, perhaps, all the more unavoidable. Keane was, apparently, not in fault. He certainly had not said it in so many words; but he had given her to understand that it was entirely by her own choice that Mrs. Burkitt, senior, remained in the old house, when Mr. and young Mrs. Burkitt removed into the new. Though the younger lady's bearing towards the elder was unimpeachable, as all Freshet admitted, one could always understand that two mistresses make the easiest of households difficult. And, though age and widowhood had wonderfully softened her sister-in-law, Lucy could remember when there had been an imperious element in her character. Indeed, her brother himself—if her memory did not do injustice to Isabella—had hinted at an excess of that ingredient in it occasionally. Doubtless, all things considered, it was as

well that mother and daughter-in-law should be spared all possibility of domestic collision. Yet, little by little, the conviction grew that Keane in his new house, not twice five hundred yards from his old home on the Marine-parade, lived farther from his mother than did her own dear Ned from her across those thousand weary leagues of land and sea. She was ashamed to think how often her mind would turn to such a thought, and speculate upon the truth or falsehood of it, and upon the causes of the fact, if fact it were. There may be sometimes lurking malice of a very venomous kind in studying the comparative anatomy of our blessings and those of others. An exultation born of envy rather than of true thankfulness creeps over us.

Yet there was a consolation which seemed to distil kindly from the contrast, with no need of any fire of envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness, to quicken its production. However it might be between her nephew and his mother, she need not hide from her own eyes what might have been between herself and her own son.

Supposing Lady Constance had returned his love. Supposing she had been a few years younger, or he a few years older than the case had been. Supposing that no difference of rank or wealth had parted them.

What then? They would have gone out, hand-in-hand, into a world which was not hers. Or else, absorbed in love for one another, they might have rounded out a life for their own selves, which might, like other round things, have touched hers at some one point alone.

Whereas, whatever tenderness was in her son's heart, it nestled down in her. The manner of his ripening into manhood now was such as made him, after truer child-like sort than ever, still her child. Who goes from home may keep it heart's home more heartily than even he who stays.

Lady Cransdale also came to sense of this. In her delicate nobleness she determined to let Lucy read her thought and feeling if she would. Not thrusting her own heart's book agape under the soul's eyes of her friend, as a less graceful generosity might do; but letting the leaves flutter open in the soft breath of motherly talk.

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"You'll blister your fingers if you're out of practice with your oars," quoth Walter.

"But we don't mean to row you lazy gentlemen," retorted Nina; "you may blister *your* hands, for of course *you* are to pull."

"Pull, indeed! We've something else to do than picknicking at Hampton Court. I'm going into the City with the governor; so are you, are you not, Mr. Burkitt?"

"It's very cross of you, then, to spoil our pleasure. You know you never meant to be home for business this four or five days yet; so what *can* it signify? Don't you think they might stay with us now, Fanny?"

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"Never."

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"You know she is," said Nina.

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"Intrusion! my dear sir, how can you say so! Walter, see the trap brought round."

All clustered in the portico to see him off, but before the groom let the horses have their heads, a thought struck Walter.

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The girls accompanied mamma back into the house again. There was no interest for them in this. Keane stayed; he was much interested. The elder Sherbrooke pursed his mouth and shook his head.

"I don't half like it, Walter."

"Depend upon it, sir, it's all right about them. I only wish I could afford the risk entirely upon my own account. They'll be at thirty per cent. premium before Christmas; mark my words."

Still Paterfamilias shook his head. His dutiful son chafed at his incredulity.

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"You're a trump!" said Walter. "You make the best bargain with Gurkenheim you can, sir, and buy the lot for us. All right, Tim!"

Tim gave the nags their heads. Neat steppers they were. Paterfamilias was many hundred yards upon his way to the great money market before Keane's foot was back on fairy ground again. Fairy ground! The ground on which the sunbeams of soft eyes are falling. Good ground, so those soft eyes be pure, to be trodden, once a life, even by the feet of young stockbrokers or young country solicitors. All day long the charmed light was beaming where Fanny went and Keane went with her. It was an enchanted river up which the twinkling

much more fit his cousin must be to supply it—by virtue of his calling—than he could have been himself even had he been following a university career. He wrote to Keane a letter of hearty thankfulness, expressing a hope that not only he but his bride, would play son and daughter's part by the dear ones whom he had left, as it were, childless.

Lucy, notwithstanding, could not and did not, invest Keane's wife with the same favourable prejudice as himself. Though she knew nothing of her sister-in-law's disappointment, she shared it after a fashion. Fanny Davenant was much more to her mind than Sophy. In virtue of the new connexion between their families she cultivated more intimate acquaintance with her, persuading her, nothing loath, to spend some months at Cransdale. Strange power even of unconscious sympathy stored in true gracious hearts! The Countess took to Fanny, as her friend Lucy, did. From these two women, over whose daily lives the thorny sprigs laid in their bosoms shed such sweet perfume, she seemed to learn insensibly the secret of disembittered resignation. For resignation, also, has varieties. The quality of Fanny Davenant's might have been imperilled, at the first, even by one who felt for her so heartily as did Keane's mother. Benevolence is sometimes selfish, no less than indifference. Compassion may overflow to ease the compassionate rather than the sufferer. Wounds will not always bear the balm of pity. Its first drops, especially, require the spare dropping of a sensitive hand. There is an inflammation of resentful pride soon heated by their smart. Mrs. Burkitt's schooling in the craft of charity was not yet deep enough to make her know this well. Else she would not have said, one day, after Keane and his wife had but just left her drawing-room:

"I thought it had been you, dear Fanny, not your sister. I still think it should have been. I am so sorry for you."

Happily these words were spoken after, not before, that soothing time at Cransdale. The flush, indeed, could not but glow upon the poor girl's cheek, the tears but tremble on her eyelashes. Yet she found the rare grace, even whilst wincing at

the pain, to pardon the ignorant cruelty of her would-be comforter. That rare grace gifted her likewise with a singular spirit of discernment. She divined what manner of hope had drawn the widow's heart towards herself. She divined how the travail of that heart had been in vain. Keane's wife was to it as a still-born daughter. Divining this, she learnt to pity her own pitier, and bent her mind with subtle delicacy, to minister some consolation. Noble task ever: and sweet task at the last! Yet often difficult, often tedious, sometimes repugnant, sometimes almost desperate. Bodily life is precious and ministering to it often costly. Spiritual life is priceless and ministering by so much costlier. Whoso shall reckon acts of spiritual mercy cheaper to be done than bodily, shall most times grievously misreckon the true cost of either.

Robert Locksley was hale and active again before the passing months brought the birthday of an heir to Rookenhams. It was an event for the whole countryside, and the christening was a grand affair. Keane and Sophy, herself not long after to become a mother, received and accepted an invitation to the festivities. Fanny, though pressed by Mrs. Locksley to come on the great occasion to Cransdale, refused, and spent the time chiefly in company with Keane's lonely mother. It was just then that, to her surprise she received and, without hesitation, refused, a very different invitation. Far greater would that surprise have been, had she known that Walter Sherbrooke's offer had been instigated by Keane himself. For Miss Davenant, of Lanercost, had long since duly executed her last will and testament: and Keane's hint to his friend, that his sister-in-law, "a charming girl, as I need not tell you, my good fellow," was down in it for so many thousands, was not thrown away upon the speculative young stock-broker. Who knows but what Keane Burkitt thought he was making honourable reparation? Unless, indeed, he simply wished to have it under her own hand in the parish register, that her score against him was even in court of conscience cancelled. Men have the queerest notions of a satisfactory schedule for exhibition to that inward court. The

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layman, thoroughly honest, and thoroughly in earnest himself about religion, who could swallow the fiction of ten centuries of incorrupt doctrine and practice. Guileless himself, Montalembert believes that the Monks of the West were all Montalemberts; all as chivalrous, all as eloquent, all as single-minded. We cannot say more than that this is a book which no irreligious man could write, and which no religious man will read without amazement. The book is a portent, as if to teach us that there is no region so sickly that the spiritual life cannot sustain itself in it. Like the fever-stricken inhabitant of the Campagna, who keeps down the ague by draughts of quinine, which would intoxicate the brain anywhere else, so Montalembert lives on, poison-proof, in a poison-laden atmosphere, with the miasma of Atheism around him, his eye preternaturally bright, and his pulse beating with feverish quickness, tells only too plainly that one disease is superinduced to expel another. It is a generous effort to fight the demon of the marsh in his own stronghold, but the effort exhausts nature.

Let us turn the other way, and look at the other side of our *Janus bifrons*. Mr. Buckle is Count Montalembert's complement. The two are ideally opposite, but actually inseparable. A world of Buckles would be as unendurable as Montalembert's world of monks and nuns; and a world of Montalemberts would drive us to distraction as much as a world peopled only by Positive Philosophers like Mr. Buckle. *Suum cuique*, we wish to give each his due place. Mr. Buckle is young, and arrogant of his own opinion to a degree often offensive. When he grows older and wiser, as we hope he may, he will heartily tire of a world of notaries and accountants, and turn a wistful look round to the superstitious side of human nature, of which, in the pride of intellect, he thinks such scorn now. We can have no ill wish for a young man of such singular promise—as generous and as wrong-headed as Count Montalembert in the other extreme; but if we could be spiteful for his hard hits at Churchmen, it would be to wish him urned into stone with a Janus' face verlastingly fixed at material pro-

gress. He does not yet know (and may he never know by bitter experience) the misery of a petrified heart—the misery of the paralysis of the nerves of feeling, but not of the nerves of motion. To understand, to explore, to tabulate, but not to feel the mystery of the universe—to be a Newton in his closet, always calculating the laws of force and matter, and never a Newton on his knees in the adjoining chapel of Trinity, would be a misery, like the gift to Tithonus, of a perpetual life without perpetual youth. Even Comte sickened of this before he died. Having blotted out the idea of God, he found, as Voltaire said, that he was obliged to invent one, and the Goddess Humanity made her Avatar to him in the person of Mademoiselle Clotilde de Vaud.

At present Mr. Buckle knows only one name for religion; it is invariably superstition, whether in Protestant Scotland or in Roman Catholic Spain. His odium anti-theologicum carries us back a hundred years. There is nothing like it since the French Encyclopedists. Their excuse was this, that they knew no other Christianity than that of Cardinal Dubois and Madame Du Barry. The most Christian king kept a *parc aux cerfs* where lewdness had thrown aside her mask, and vice scarcely deigned to pay the homage of hypocrisy to virtue. The Christian commonwealth seemed rotten to the heart's core, and the religious life of France had departed with the Protestant refugees. In those days infidelity was earnest, for nothing else was. Against a non-militant Church unbelief became militant. The hideous immorality of the age roused those who were moralists only into a more than philosophic vehemence against the vices of the clergy. It was as if the spirit of John the Baptist had passed for once into Lucretius. The fine invective against religion,

“*Quæ non religio potuit suadere malorum,*”

was rolled out with greater force than ever when the ecclesiastics of the eighteenth century had become, like the priests of Judea, a generation of vipers. It is an ominous state of things when an Attila can assume the title of the Scourge of God, or

binet about the terms of concession to the Company. He had not burdened his mother's mind, however, with participation in this cause for apprehension, so that his wistfulness admitted, in her eyes, but of a single interpretation.

Miss Davenant of Lanercost observed it as well, and she, too, must needs interpret; for she was in Freshet, at her brother's, partaking with relish of its Christmas festivities. Her renewed acquaintance with "Lucy Burkitt that was," as she persisted in calling her, gave her considerable satisfaction. Reflection did but sanction and confirm the bequest of porcelain. She took the greatest interest, likewise, in Mrs. Locksley's intelligence from India; and having convinced herself, by close inspection of half-a-dozen Atlases, that Bombay lay comparatively near the Persian Gulf, entreated her to secure Ned's powerful and opportune co-operation in the procuring of a couple of pure-bred Persian cats.

"I dare say, dear, there's china to be picked up, rare and cheap, out there, as well; for I once knew the captain of an East Indiaman who put in at Calcutta regularly, on his way home from Canton."

"But my Ned's at Bombay, you know, Miss Davenant, which is out of the track of the China ships entirely."

"To be sure it is; but the mail steamers bring the China mails that way, so why not porcelain? Not that I want Mr. Edward Locksley to buy china for me there: young men don't understand that sort of thing, my dear; but they are very particular about their breeds of dogs, I know, which may teach them something about cats in that way. Besides, a cat is a sort of tiger; and I've always understood young Indian officers are very fond of tiger hunting."

Lucy laughed, as well she might, at such cogent reasoning; nevertheless she wrote Ned word about the cats, having indeed, herself, a lurking love of pussies. She stipulated for at least a kitten, should Miss Davenant secure, through Ned's exertions, the coveted pair.

The December "overland" had brought his answer, by return of post, to her announcement that Lady Constance was wanted indeed. She ga-

thered from it that he had not swerved from his determination to accept, with resignation and with thankfulness, the definite closing of that one long chapter in his life; she was more certain of it when Lady Royston sent on to her a letter brought by the same Indian mail, containing these few lines:—

"DEAR LADY ROYSTON,

"God bless you, by the new name as by the old! I add, in honesty, the same prayer for him from whom you have the new. I thankfully accept the offer your last words made; and am, till death and after,

"Your true brother,

"NED.

"My love to Lady Cransdale and to Phil."

"Of course I had told Royston all, and showed him this. He is profoundly touched by it, and says that if he dared, he would himself write back to Ned, and claim share in the brotherhood." So wrote the bride to Lucy.

The Christmas week was over. Miss Davenant was to return to Lanercost; but she had solved the enigma, for certain, at which she had been guessing, upon the countenance of her favourite, Keane Burkitt. He received a summons to wait upon her one evening at her brother's. Mr. and Mrs. Davenant and Sophy were gone to a party, whither she had refused to accompany them.

"Ah! my dear, doubtless I am depriving you of a pleasure. You would have been at the Thompsons' this evening, but for my fetching you here."

Keane said he should have been at home, or at his office, for he had two or three heavy bits of business on hand.

"No, no, my dear; don't tell me that. I am an old lady, yet I have kept a young heart."

Keane stared, but could not venture on any contradiction of the statement.

"The fact is, I have found you out."

"Found me out! In what, Miss Davenant?"

The little lady laughed like a parakeet, and shook her head from side to side, with a ludicrous affectation of superior cunning.

"Found out the secret of your woe-begone looks."

men who have had a religious quarrel with their countrymen, and therefore are untrustworthy witnesses on the religion of Scotland. The Turks enlisted their famous Janissaries among the children of renegade Christians, who were filled from their childhood with horror of Frank morals, and contempt of the wretched Rayahs around them. As steel is tempered by being steeped in vinegar, so their zeal for the Koran was whetted by their hatred of the faith of their forefathers. Between them and it an impassable barrier was raised up. They showed no mercy, as they expected none. The late George Combe, the phrenologist, was a Scotchman of this kind. Messrs. Chambers and John Stuart Mill are Scotchmen by birth and lineage, but by adoption and choice Janissaries of the Positive school. As all Franks are Christians, and all Christians Giaours to a true Turk, so all Scotchmen are Calvinists, and all Calvinists superstitious, to a smart disciple of the new school. It is the easiest *reductio ad absurdum* of the religious controversy. It saves argument, by begging the question.

But Mr. Buckle has tied a knot which strangles himself. He tells us that the same people who, till about a century ago, were sunk in a base and stupid superstition, no better than that of Spain—more sublime, but not more cruel, than the devil-worship of Africa—produced, as it were by spontaneous generation, such sophists as Hume, such thinkers as Adam Smith, such philosophers as Black, such discoverers as Watt. "I had rather believe all the fables of the Alcoran and Talmud, than that the china plate I see in the possession of the King of Dahomey was manufactured there," a traveller from Africa has said. Is it less absurd to suppose that a people sunk and grovelling in such a superstition as Mr. Buckle describes Scotch religion to be, could train up a generation of Reids and Robertsons, in manses where the

"Deity was worshipped, not as a beneficent being, but a cruel and remorseless tyrant; where, looking into their own hearts, the Scotch clergy found the picture of their God. According to them, He was a God of terror, instead of a God of love. To Him they imputed

the worst passions of their own peevish and irritable nature. They ascribed to Him revenge, cunning, and a constant disposition to inflict pain. While they declared that nearly all mankind were sinners beyond the chance of redemption, and were, indeed, predestined to eternal ruin, they did not scruple to accuse the Deity of resorting to artifice against these unhappy victims, lying in wait for them, that He might catch them unawares. The Scotch clergy taught their hearers that the Almighty was so sanguinary and so prone to anger, that He raged even against walls, and houses, and senseless creatures, wreaking His fury more than ever, and scattering desolation on every side. Sooner than miss His malignant purpose, He would, they said, let loose malignant angels, to fall upon men and upon their families."

When the followers of Siva the destroyer develop into a sect of humane Theophilanthropists—when the worshippers of Black Cali forswear Thuggee, and produce a progeny of Howards, Frys, and Clarksons—we will accept Mr. Buckle's version of Scotch superstition developing into Scotch philosophy. How hard-headed and metaphysical Scotland could have come out of the shell of a base and addled superstition is more than we can see. The birth of the Gemini from a swan's egg was not a greater portent, and we beg leave to consider the one as fabulous as the other.

This leads us to track out the error which underlies Mr. Buckle's whole theory of civilization, and which makes his prodigious industry and unrivalled grasp of details almost useless. He who would build high must dig deep, said Burke; but it is at the foundations that Mr. Buckle's building will be condemned as unsound. On what does European civilization rest? Is it on piles, or on a rock? If the former it will sink back like Venice—

"Lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of triumph done,
Sinks like a seaweed into whence she rose."

This is the history of all ancient civilizations. They sank to their rest as the spire of Chichester Cathedral subsided, not because they had lived their time—which is only a weak metaphor from the life of a man to the life of a state—but because their foundations failed. Ancient Rome had exhausted its stock of public virtue; its lamp went out because her vestals had no

wights. With Fanny, and such sweets of Fanny's love, as fancy promised, he might get nothing else. What if Miss Davenant, offended, should cross her name out of the will altogether? Mere passion should be controlled by prudence; that is unquestionable moral, for fairy tale or tale "founded on fact."

Now, the old aunt's golden guineas were sterling coins, every one of them, not furze bush blossoms.

If a bird in hand be worth two in the bush, what should one say of two birds held in hand as against a solitary fairy warbler in the prickly bush of an eccentric old lady's prejudices?

Sophy's certain two-thirds against Fanny's possible none! Yet he did like Fanny, and there was her third possible, nay, probable still. Well, he would sleep on it.

And he slept, untroubled, whatever other conflict wrought within him, by one generous kindly thought of what effect his decision might have on Fanny Davenant's rest. When he woke, he woke to some kind of sorrow that he should have to choose between his softer and his sterner inclination. He could not even now decide on sacrificing what was dear to him, scarce thinking of what might be due to her.

The post brought him good news—news which, all things considered, might have brought influence to bear in Fanny's favour. There is always adventure in marriage; and a young man's heart, so readily venturesome, will be braced to further venture by success of any wager he has made against that chance which its thoughtlessness is too apt to worship as disposer of the coming years.

Keane's news was that the Prussian Cabinet had given way. The Nassau conditions were accepted. The Lahn-Mosel concession was complete. Gurkenheim and Humpel had themselves offered to repurchase from the younger Sherbrook, at an enormous advance, the old unpromising scrip which they had sold him. It was actually quoted on the Frankfort exchange at thirty-two, and seven-eighths premium, and was rising still!

He was radiant at breakfast. All that his mother could elicit was that he had heard from the Sherbrookes; but joy stirred in her heart at hearing it. She knew but of one subject of

correspondence with that family which might thus brighten the features of her son.

Presently Keane fell again into perplexity—not distressing, but such as leaves among the very wrinkles on the puckered forehead tokens that the doubts to solve are pleasing.

Thirty-two and seven-eighths! Should he realize or should he not? That was the question. Sherbrooke hadn't started it; but it called evidently for consideration. Thirty-two and seven-eighths, and rising still! Yes, rising still; and that at Frankfort! Could the Frankfort Rothschild be in it? Was their London house taking it up? Should that be so, there was no knowing what a figure it might touch. That offer to repurchase! Were Gurkenheim and Humpel operating on their own account, or were there bigger men behind!

"Oh dear! I wish I could run up to town."

He spoke, unconsciously, aloud, his mother heard him and rejoined—

"I wish you could, my dear; why shouldn't you?"

"Why shouldn't I what, mother?"

"Run up to town. I thought I heard you say you wished to. Do you want to pay the Sherbrookes a visit again?"

Keane smiled, amused at her true conjecture. His mood being such, she ventured for the first time—

"May I guess the attraction, Keane!"

But he was muttering, "Near upon thirty-three, by George!"

"Nonsense, Keane! She's hardly one-and-twenty."

"What, mother, who?"

"Why Fanny, to be sure, dear—Fanny Davenant."

"Nonsense!" he cried, half-startled by the word, which recalled him from his calculations. He looked at his watch; the morning was creeping on towards noon. He felt that the little impatient aunt would be fretting at his non-arrival. What on earth should he do? He had not made up his mind, his thirty-two and seven-eighths had so excited him. But he must be moving; so, without further communication to his mother, he went out and made for Mr. Davenant's. There, he was shown up into the front drawing-room, where little Miss

though in a somewhat different connexion; but as it serves our purpose, we set out with it, and insist on the existence of two factors, a sacerdotal and a secular, in all civilization which is worthy of the name; the former is the earliest, and having done its work, must give way to the latter. In India and China we have examples of abortive civilizations, the one entirely sacerdotal and not at all secular, the other secular and not at all sacerdotal. In India, hierarchy has reigned uncontrolled; in China, secularism: in the one the experiment of the Jesuits of Paraguay has been tried on a large scale, and spread over centuries; in the other the scheme of Comte, Owen, and the anti-Christian socialists, has been tried on a vast population, undisturbed by the deep speculative questions which Hebrew theology and Greek philosophy have let loose on the West. Yet what has been the result of an unbroken reign of sacerdotalism in India, and secularism in China? No civilization has grown up in either country possessing the elements of a lasting society. In the one country society has been fed on pure gluten, in the other on pure starch, and it has sickened and died under the experiment; for the aliment of the spiritual as of the natural body, is made up not of one element but of many.

In the West there has been no such separation of the factors of national life. They have followed in their right order. It is to tell a twice-told tale to mention the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons by Augustine, of the Franks by Martin, of the Scotch and Irish by Columba and Patrick. All nations in Europe have chosen their patron saint from the missionary who first came among them, and by Christianizing them began to civilize them. The monks were the first agriculturists—where they came they brought the plough with them. Where the bishop founded his see, there the city arose, and to this day the strict definition of a city is the seat of a bishop's see. The only national life in Europe was religious. The cathedral was at once a place of worship, a town hall, a merchant's exchange, a tribunal of canon law. These long naves and aisles, which we find so little use of now, were thronged with busy crowds intent on

secular business. Paul's Walk was the lounge of London, at once the Mall and the Row. At Paul's Cross sermons were delivered which, to that generation, were the same organs of opinion which the *Times* is to us.

For ten centuries at least of English history sacerdotal influences moulded our civilization more than any other. The time arrived, however, when sacerdotal of necessity gave way to secular, and at this point Mr. Buckle takes up his narrative. The clergy, who were the first civilizers, naturally rise to power. They become the barons of the king, they are called to parliament as such, and wear their mitres more proudly than the proudest peer his coronet. They possess broad lands, the whole country is in danger of passing into their hands, as their power increases and the superstitious spirit remains unchecked. Statutes against mortmain, bills of premunire, and declarations of the king's supremacy, are the notes of alarm sounded by the national legislature. The country awakes to its danger. It finds that the descendants of the men to whom they owe their national life, have corrupted their message, have become selfish and secular. Old Chaucer expressed this common-sense view of the case:

“And then this proverb he would add thereto,

That if gold rusts what must iron do;
And if a priest be foul in whom we trust,
How fares it with a man of lewed lust.”

This is the signal for the downfall of sacerdotalism. It has done its work. It has quickened the national life, watched over its birth, and carried it through its years of infancy. A growing nation now wants other guides than the clergy. These excellent men must now wear black cloth, not purple, and consider the pulpit their only throne.

It is at this stage that the conflict begins. Sacerdotalism does not willingly relax its hold, and the secular party are not willing to excuse its pertinacious grasp of power, on account of its past services to the State. Here we change sides and transfer our sympathies from the sacerdotalists to the secularists. We are more just to Mr. Buckle's friends than he is to ours. We give them their due. He will not notice Montalembert's heroes, the Monks of the West. There is preju-

sort, fond of her. He had a knack of shelving unpleasant subjects of thought and feeling; and would have been comfortably rid altogether of any compunctions about Fanny, had it not been for his mother's looks. They wrought punctures, however, rather than compunction, fretting not grieving him. He came to think himself ill-used by her, and even then by Fanny. What right had they to dash with bitters his loving cup! Foolish fellow! This very dash gave "tonic" to the draught which got its sparkle from the bride's bright eyes.

It was a cheerful wedding, spite of dear Fan's absence; spite of the presence also of sorrow on his mother's face. Little Miss Davenant noted that, and even spoke of it to Keane.

"'Tis often the successful rival keeps the grudge the longest. Isabella won your father from me, but seems as if she couldn't quite forgive me now. I do believe she's vexed and out of sorts to see you marry a niece of mine, I do."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE first year of his marriage, and other speculations, was very prosperous for Keane. Sophy was, after all, the wife to suit him. In the mould of her character were none of those deep places which want more of the metal of strong affection to run into them and fill up what else would be dismal holes, than such husbands as he keep molten in their hearts' crucible. She shared his liking of small personal pleasures, and in surrounding herself with such, contrived to minister them in delightful abundance to him. She had withal sufficient spirit and sense of the importance of her own contributions to the elegance and luxury of the household not to spoil Keane in petting him as his mother had at last sunk into doing. She disciplined him into a gradual sense that pleasantness is easiest secured by being pleasant. Everyone allowed that Sophy Davenant had 'done wonders for that young man.' She thus put upon him a polish of popularity which was the only thing hitherto wanting to his position in Freshet. Magnified, of course by common report, her own wealth appeared to justify what otherwise might have been thought extravagant, the purchase and handsome fitting of a new house before the year was out. Not the most close-fisted or close-minded client of "Burkitt and Goring" intimated that the young couple were launching out imprudently. If anything, such as the costly knicknacks of young Mrs. Burkitt's new drawing-rooms seemed to denote a lavish disregard of expense, were not these things the

doings of Miss Davenant of Lanercost? Two portly jars of almost priceless crockery sat swelling with continual affirmation of the exculpatory truth. Indeed it was very much to young Burkitt's credit that neither the smiles of such a pretty wife as Sophy, nor the cushioned chairs of such a luxurious home, could seduce him from assiduous attendance at his office. It got about, of course, likewise, that Lord Royston's affairs were in his hands entirely. And Lord Royston was "not one of your scatter-brain young nobles, sir, but a man of increasing weight and authority, sir; a man of whose confidence any firm of solicitors might be proud, sir; a man whose connexion might come to have political importance one day for young Burkitt, sir; whom we shouldn't be surprised to find nominated for Cawsley some of these fine mornings, sir. Snug little borough Cawsley, sir; spared by the Reform Bill; completely under Rookenhams influence, my dear sir."

Keane's business, therefore, increased; more, indeed, than they knew that brought it to him. For the good folks of Freshet knew nothing of his increasing association with the business of his friends the Sherbrookes. With them, also, he stood, or rather kept on climbing higher and higher in the scale of esteem. He was not only successful, but deserved success, "for his happy audacity," said Walter; "for his wise caution," said Walter's father. The Sherbrooke girls had frowned at first a little on his marriage; for people have a way of floating on en-

chanted rivers, or treading on enchanted grounds, which betrays them fairy-struck, to Ninas and Isabellas. Nevertheless, they, too, like good-natured girls as they were, came round to the charitable interpretation that Keane, after all, had only been paying due devoirs, by proxy, under the stately trees of Hampton and among the flowery tents of Chiswick. "Only remember, Nina, should any such nonsense take place with one of us, you know, it will be better, to prevent misunderstandings, that the queen regnant hold her own drawing-room, and courtesies be proffered to the sovereign alone in person."

Keane's countenance, the first time they saw him after the event itself, betrayed no embarrassment; so when, the next time, he brought up Sophy with him to Twickenham, and they saw the prosperous sunshine on her pretty face as well, they could no longer, in reason, think it treachery to Fanny, whom they loved rather the better, to shower congratulations and cousinly kindnesses upon her sister.

With his Aunt Lucy, Keane could lose nothing by reason of his conduct towards the elder of the Davenants. Mrs. Locksley was utterly ignorant of any such episode in his career. She was not unobservant, however, of the estrangement which circumstances seemed to be working gradually between his mother and himself. The working was subtle; but, perhaps, all the more unavoidable. Keane was, apparently, not in fault. He certainly had not said it in so many words; but he had given her to understand that it was entirely by her own choice that Mrs. Burkitt, senior, remained in the old house, when Mr. and young Mrs. Burkitt removed into the new. Though the younger lady's bearing towards the elder was unimpeachable, as all Freshet admitted, one could always understand that two mistresses make the easiest of households difficult. And, though age and widowhood had wonderfully softened her sister-in-law, Lucy could remember when there had been an imperious element in her character. Indeed, her brother himself—if her memory did not do injustice to Isabella—had hinted at an excess of that ingredient in it occasionally. Doubtless, all things considered, it was as

well that mother and daughter-in-law should be spared all possibility of domestic collision. Yet, little by little, the conviction grew that Keane in his new house, not twice five hundred yards from his old home on the Marine-parade, lived farther from his mother than did her own dear Ned from her across those thousand weary leagues of land and sea. She was ashamed to think how often her mind would turn to such a thought, and speculate upon the truth or falsehood of it, and upon the causes of the fact, if fact it were. There may be sometimes lurking malice of a very venomous kind in studying the comparative anatomy of our blessings and those of others. An exultation born of envy rather than of true thankfulness creeps over us.

Yet there was a consolation which seemed to distil kindly from the contrast, with no need of any fire of envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness, to quicken its production. However it might be between her nephew and his mother, she need not hide from her own eyes what might have been between herself and her own son.

Supposing Lady Constance had returned his love. Supposing she had been a few years younger, or he a few years older than the case had been. Supposing that no difference of rank or wealth had parted them.

What then? They would have gone out, hand-in-hand, into a world which was not hers. Or else, absorbed in love for one another, they might have rounded out a life for their own selves, which might, like other round things, have touched hers at some one point alone.

Whereas, whatever tenderness was in her son's heart, it nestled down in her. The manner of his ripening into manhood now was such as made him, after truer child-like sort than ever, still her child. Who goes from home may keep it heart's home more heartily than even he who stays.

Lady Cransdale also came to sense of this. In her delicate nobleness she determined to let Lucy read her thought and feeling if she would. Not thrusting her own heart's book agape under the soul's eyes of her friend, as a less graceful generosity might do; but letting the leaves flutter open in the soft breath of motherly talk.

Phil was doing well in the Guards. Very popular, very gay; not so very reckless of expense, though just a little extravagant. She heard from the Colonel of his battalion,—for he himself didn't tell her much of his military matters,—that there were many youngsters of his standing as ready as he to shirk tedious duties; not that he was considered a model young officer by martinet adjutants. She couldn't make out that he read anything except a few sporting novels, though he drew a good deal and had some talent, rather a dangerous one, for caricature. She had heard something of a flirtation with a Lady Maude Cassilis; but not from Phil himself, who was discreet, if desultory, in such little affairs. Not that she thought there was anything serious in it. The Cassilis people were not of her own intimates. Constance, who met them oftener, was not much taken with her.

"Prickly plants of disappointment spring up in so many shapes! Yet some have flowers of sweet after-scent. So sweet, one is content to lay them in one's bosom, thorns and all."

Lucy caught her meaning and was not ungrateful.

"Tell me something about Lady Constance, I can't quite frame to call her Lady Royston yet."

For Lucy knew that the mother's heart had not a word to speak on that score, but such as welled up in overflow of perfect trust and love.

"Dear Con is well and happy. Do you know I sometimes feel," said Lady Cransdale, with an effort, "as if I had to crave your pardon Lucy, still, for the delight that marriage gives me; but, indeed"—

"Indeed, dear Lady Cransdale, it reproaches me deservedly to hear you say so. It was to make and snatch an opportunity that I brought in your dear daughter's name."

"An opportunity for what?"

"Redeeming a promise which there should have been no need to make; which made, should have been long since redeemed."

"Riddles, my dear, dark riddles!"

"You shall read them. Do you remember that bright sunshiny day, now nearly two years gone, when you came in there, at that very window, bringing in for me the prickly bough? You understand me?"

She nodded.

"The thorns pricked as I took it. At the smart I turned upon you; rebelling, indeed, against another than *this* dear hand."

She took her old friend's into hers, as they sat on the same sofa there, and raised it to her lips.

"I was unjust, abrupt, and rude; but, before you went, I made a promise to beg your pardon some time more explicitly. And I have failed to do so, till to-day. Will you forgive me?"

"Hardly; for having spoken thus." Claspings the hand which held hers.

"Well, then, I demand a pledge. Ill-disciplined hearts like mine are often unbelievers."

"Whatever pledge you please, dear Lucy."

"This, then; that henceforward you speak as freely to me of your daughter as your son. I have noticed a constraint—which showed your kindness—but also my little deserving it."

For her rebellion against that other gracious Hand, Lucy, long since, had humbled her own soul in secret. After this open confession, she seemed to be returned in truth into her own true self. She was again meek-hearted Lucy, perhaps more truly than before. She thus regained the blessing of the meek-spirited, of whom it is written, that "they shall possess the earth." It was a repossession of it once more to think, to speak, to feel, to act, heart to heart with her old friend again. The space between the Lodge and Cransdale House shrunk back into some hundred yards of daisy-dight green lawn. The sandy waste which had been intervening disappeared, and, happily, before the bones of loving memories lay bleaching on it.

Towards the end of that same year Robert Locksley had a sharp fit of illness, not such as put his life in any danger; but such as, happening just when it did, might have wrought much confusion in the accounts of the estate and some delay in necessary business. His nephew was at hand, however, and could be trusted, as no stranger could, to act by his directions and in his stead. Ned, out in India, felt something like self-reproach when news reached him that his father needed help of such sort; but he consoled himself by thinking, how

much more fit his cousin must be to supply it—by virtue of his calling—than he could have been himself even had he been following a university career. He wrote to Keane a letter of hearty thankfulness, expressing a hope that not only he but his bride, would play son and daughter's part by the dear ones whom he had left, as it were, childless.

Lucy, notwithstanding, could not and did not, invest Keane's wife with the same favourable prejudice as himself. Though she knew nothing of her sister-in-law's disappointment, she shared it after a fashion. Fanny Davenant was much more to her mind than Sophy. In virtue of the new connexion between their families she cultivated more intimate acquaintance with her, persuading her, nothing loath, to spend some months at Cransdale. Strange power even of unconscious sympathy stored in true gracious hearts! The Countess took to Fanny, as her friend Lucy, did. From these two women, over whose daily lives the thorny sprigs laid in their bosoms shed such sweet perfume, she seemed to learn insensibly the secret of disembittered resignation. For resignation, also, has varieties. The quality of Fanny Davenant's might have been imperilled, at the first, even by one who felt for her so heartily as did Keane's mother. Benevolence is sometimes selfish, no less than indifference. Compassion may overflow to ease the compassionate rather than the sufferer. Wounds will not always bear the balm of pity. Its first drops, especially, require the spare dropping of a sensitive hand. There is an inflammation of resentful pride soon heated by their smart. Mrs. Burkitt's schooling in the craft of charity was not yet deep enough to make her know this well. Else she would not have said, one day, after Keane and his wife had but just left her drawing-room:

"I thought it had been you, dear Fanny, not your sister. I still think it should have been. I am so sorry for you."

Happily these words were spoken after, not before, that soothing time at Cransdale. The flush, indeed, could not but glow upon the poor girl's cheek, the tears but tremble on her eyelashes. Yet she found the rare grace, even whilst wincing at

the pain, to pardon the ignorant cruelty of her would-be comforter. That rare grace gifted her likewise with a singular spirit of discernment. She divined what manner of hope had drawn the widow's heart towards herself. She divined how the travail of that heart had been in vain. Keane's wife was to it as a still-born daughter. Divining this, she learnt to pity her own pitier, and bent her mind with subtle delicacy, to minister some consolation. Noble task ever: and sweet task at the last! Yet often difficult, often tedious, sometimes repugnant, sometimes almost desperate. Bodily life is precious and ministering to it often costly. Spiritual life is priceless and ministering by so much costlier. Whoso shall reckon acts of spiritual mercy cheaper to be done than bodily, shall most times grievously misreckon the true cost of either.

Robert Locksley was hale and active again before the passing months brought the birthday of an heir to Rookenhams. It was an event for the whole countryside, and the christening was a grand affair. Keane and Sophy, herself not long after to become a mother, received and accepted an invitation to the festivities. Fanny, though pressed by Mrs. Locksley to come on the great occasion to Cransdale, refused, and spent the time chiefly in company with Keane's lonely mother. It was just then that, to her surprise she received and, without hesitation, refused, a very different invitation. Far greater would that surprise have been, had she known that Walter Sherbrooke's offer had been instigated by Keane himself. For Miss Davenant, of Lanercost, had long since duly executed her last will and testament: and Keane's hint to his friend, that his sister-in-law, "a charming girl, as I need not tell you, my good fellow," was down in it for so many thousands, was not thrown away upon the speculative young stock-broker. Who knows but what Keane Burkitt thought he was making honourable reparation? Unless, indeed, he simply wished to have it under her own hand in the parish register, that her score against him was even in court of conscience cancelled. Men have the queerest notions of a satisfactory schedule for exhibition to that inward court. The

satisfaction, such as it might have been, was denied. Amidst these vicissitudes, the most even tenor of life beyond a doubt, was his who for adventure and enterprise had become an exile. Ned's letters were uniform, and to any but a mother almost monotonous. In all those months one only incident, by no means an exciting one, had marked them. He had repaid, by draft upon his regimental agent, the five hundred pounds his father had sent him after his

gambling freak at Chatterham. But a change was nigh at hand, and a life-stage opening out before him, so long and so full of varied event that even a more formal life-story than this might be compelled to furnish only such indications of its character as fragments of the man's own correspondence may reveal. If even these be tedious, skip but one chapter, impatient reader, they shall fill no more.

BUCKLE AND MONTALEMBERT.

It is, of course, purely accidental that Count de Montalembert and Mr. Buckle should both produce a new volume at the same time. It is not accidental, however, but another instance of the known laws of action and reaction, that the two minds are not only opposed to each other, but also complementary. They are typical men, and represent two opposite tendencies. Like the statue of Janus, which stood in the Forum, with one face looking down one street, and the other face down the other, Count Montalembert looks fondly back on the past, Mr. Buckle forward into the future. The one would revive the ages of faith, and cause the dial of time to go backward ten degrees for the ten centuries which have rolled by since monkery arose; and the other, casting one look of scorn behind to the time past, which was the pastime of fools, looks forward with the spirit so well portrayed by the Laureate—

"But in her forehead sits a fire;
She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire."

It is only the France of the nineteenth century which could have produced such a man as Count Montalembert, and such a book as the "Monks of the West." His intense mediævalism, the crusading spirit with which he rides out to meet the Saracens of the age, his enthusiasm

for the Rome of the Popes, unequalled since the wild hurrah of the knights when they first caught sight of Jerusalem—

"Ecco da mille voce unitamente,
Ecco aditar Gerusalemme ei sente!"

All this is thoroughly French; nothing but the Revolution and Napoleonism in high places could have produced such a fervid reaction as that which he represents. It is only a noble nature which could go so hopelessly wrong as Count Montalembert. We confess admiration for enthusiasm like his. Like Cervantes, who, because he was a true poet, instead of making knight-errantry ridiculous, ennobled it; so with Montalembert. Even in riding down windmills and raving about his Dulcinea, there is much that is generous, and noble, and good, and we should pity the Protestant who did not feel respect for such a generous though a mistaken faith.

Montalembert hates the Revolution, and yet he is the child of 1789. Like the revival preacher who sung the other day, at Exeter Hall, one of Wesley's hymns to the tune of the "King of the Cannibal Islands," so Montalembert sets the Gregorian chant to the key of the "Marseillaise." His very *furor* for the past is revolutionary. A more cautious mind would not have got drunk with the new wine of enthusiasm in the old bottles of authority. It is only a

layman, thoroughly honest, and thoroughly in earnest himself about religion, who could swallow the fiction of ten centuries of incorrupt doctrine and practice. Guileless himself, Montalembert believes that the Monks of the West were all Montalemberts; all as chivalrous, all as eloquent, all as single-minded. We cannot say more than that this is a book which no irreligious man could write, and which no religious man will read without amazement. The book is a portent, as if to teach us that there is no region so sickly that the spiritual life cannot sustain itself in it. Like the fever-stricken inhabitant of the Campagna, who keeps down the ague by draughts of quinine, which would intoxicate the brain anywhere else, so Montalembert lives on, poison-proof, in a poison-laden atmosphere, with the miasma of Atheism around him, his eye preternaturally bright, and his pulse beating with feverish quickness, tells only too plainly that one disease is superinduced to expel another. It is a generous effort to fight the demon of the marsh in his own stronghold, but the effort exhausts nature.

Let us turn the other way, and look at the other side of our *Janus bifrons*. Mr. Buckle is Count Montalembert's complement. The two are ideally opposite, but actually inseparable. A world of Buckles would be as unendurable as Montalembert's world of monks and nuns; and a world of Montalemberts would drive us to distraction as much as a world peopled only by Positive Philosophers like Mr. Buckle. *Suum cuique*, we wish to give each his due place. Mr. Buckle is young, and arrogant of his own opinion to a degree often offensive. When he grows older and wiser, as we hope he may, he will heartily tire of a world of notaries and accountants, and turn a wistful look round to the superstitious side of human nature, of which, in the pride of intellect, he thinks such scorn now. We can have no ill wish for a young man of such singular promise—as generous and as wrong-headed as Count Montalembert in the other extreme; but if we could be spiteful for his hard hits at Churchmen, it would be to wish him turned into stone with a Janus' face everlastingly fixed at material pro-

gress. He does not yet know (and may he never know by bitter experience) the misery of a petrified heart—the misery of the paralysis of the nerves of feeling, but not of the nerves of motion. To understand, to explore, to tabulate, but not to feel the mystery of the universe—to be a Newton in his closet, always calculating the laws of force and matter, and never a Newton on his knees in the adjoining chapel of Trinity, would be a misery, like the gift to Tithonus, of a perpetual life without perpetual youth. Even Comte sickened of this before he died. Having blotted out the idea of God, he found, as Voltaire said, that he was obliged to invent one, and the Goddess Humanity made her Avatar to him in the person of Mademoiselle Clotilde de Vaud.

At present Mr. Buckle knows only one name for religion; it is invariably superstition, whether in Protestant Scotland or in Roman Catholic Spain. His odium anti-theologicum carries us back a hundred years. There is nothing like it since the French Encyclopedists. Their excuse was this, that they knew no other Christianity than that of Cardinal Dubois and Madame Du Barry. The most Christian king kept a *parc aux cerfs* where lewdness had thrown aside her mask, and vice scarcely deigned to pay the homage of hypocrisy to virtue. The Christian commonwealth seemed rotten to the heart's core, and the religious life of France had departed with the Protestant refugees. In those days infidelity was earnest, for nothing else was. Against a non-militant Church unbelief became militant. The hideous immorality of the age roused those who were moralists only into a more than philosophic vehemence against the vices of the clergy. It was as if the spirit of John the Baptist had passed for once into Lucretius. The fine invective against religion,

“*Quæ non religio potuit suadere malorum,*”

was rolled out with greater force than ever when the ecclesiastics of the eighteenth century had become, like the priests of Judea, a generation of vipers. It is an ominous state of things when an Attila can assume the title of the Scourge of God, or

when an irreligious and otherwise flippant philosophy wears the stern air of the Avenger. This, however, was but a temporary outburst of earnestness. Since then religion has become real, and scepticism has relapsed into its wonted captious, caviling mood; its commanding air and threatening front are of the past.

As we read Mr. Buckle, we ask ourselves with wonder, has the eighteenth century come back again? What Rip Van Winkle dream is this? The lip and scorn of Voltaire for the superstition, not of Paganized Paris, but of Calvinist Scotland. What can it mean? Mr. Buckle has mistaken his prey. Like many a fine young fellow in India, who rides out to stick a pig, and rouses a Bengal tiger, he has met more than his match; and if he bears the mark of those Calvinist claws all his life, it will teach him a lesson of caution, and cure him of that habit of lumping all religions together as alike superstitious, from Spain to Scotland, from the zero of ignorance at Cadiz, to the temperate point of an educated and reasoning faith at Edinburgh.

We need not fight the battle of the Scotch against Mr. Buckle. We are more afraid for him than for them. And as Jupiter sent down a mist to carry off Mars from the fray, when he was getting the worst of it, so we hope Mr. Buckle will be only moderately punished for his presumption in treating the Church of Robertson, Chalmers, and Guthrie, in the ruck of religions, no better than Mumbo-Jumbo. The audacity of the charge is too amusing to be very offensive. We cannot speak for Scotchmen. Probably they have more *amour propre* than we, and are a little sensitive about the five points of Calvinism, on which English Churchmen have greater liberty of judgment. But for all that, were we of the communion of Guthrie and Dr. M'Cosh, of Caird and Norman Macleod, we should no more resent Mr. Buckle's impertinent attack, than Harry Hotspur did the popinjay whose light talk about villainous saltpetre amused rather than irritated the man of action. It would be a waste of strength to take up the cudgels for those who are well able to fight their own battles. The dark superstition of Scotland—the morose Mumbo-Jumbo of Mr. Buckle's fancy,

has, curious as it may seem to him and his school, trained up so acute and intelligent a people, that the majority of Scotchmen will smile at Mr. Buckle's prejudice. The artifice is almost childish, to collect a heap of quotations from some pious, but not over-wise preachers of the seventeenth century, as specimens of what Scotch Calvinism is to this day. Mr. Buckle mentions the name of Robertson only once, and that slightly. He never tells us that Reid was a Presbyterian minister; the names of Brown, Blair, Erskine, Maclaurin, Fraser, not to speak of Chalmers, Thompson, and Buchanan, all of whom were preachers, and yet marched abreast of the age in science and discovery, are not so much as mentioned. For aught we are told, these clergymen, some of whom were professors, and all distinguished alumni of the Scotch universities, might have been so many Salamanca doctors pledged to teach—as when Blanco White graduated there, scarce a half century ago—that water rose in a suck-pump because nature abhorred a vacuum.

Mr. Buckle can see no difference between Scotch and Spanish superstition; as green and red are the same to the colour-blind, so with eyes bedimmed by prejudice, the creed of orthodox Protestants is to him as anti-rational as that of Romanists. He has never read Dr. Campbell on Miracles, or Chalmers' attempt to reconcile Genesis and Geology, and the thousand and one works with which the Scotch press teems, in which religion and science are brought together as friends. The excuse will not serve him that these attempts at reconciliation are academic only, and that the multitude are left in savage ignorance and superstition still. A Sir William Hamilton may be the Admirable Crichton of his age, and yet his fame may not pierce the mists of vulgar ignorance. But what of Chalmers' astronomical discourses preached to the multitude of Glasgow? What of Dr. Dick, the useful popularizer of these concordances of religion and science? What of Hugh Miller, the editor of the *Witness*—the stone-mason who raised himself to the rank of the most popular lay-preacher of Sermons on Stones? The truth is, Mr. Buckle has caught up the note of two or three Scotch-

men who have had a religious quarrel with their countrymen, and therefore are untrustworthy witnesses on the religion of Scotland. The Turks enlisted their famous Janissaries among the children of renegade Christians, who were filled from their childhood with horror of Frank morals, and contempt of the wretched Rayahs around them. As steel is tempered by being steeped in vinegar, so their zeal for the Koran was whetted by their hatred of the faith of their forefathers. Between them and it an impassable barrier was raised up. They showed no mercy, as they expected none. The late George Combe, the phrenologist, was a Scotchman of this kind. Messrs. Chambers and John Stuart Mill are Scotchmen by birth and lineage, but by adoption and choice Janissaries of the Positive school. As all Franks are Christians, and all Christians Giaours to a true Turk, so all Scotchmen are Calvinists, and all Calvinists superstitious, to a smart disciple of the new school. It is the easiest *reductio ad absurdum* of the religious controversy. It saves argument, by begging the question.

But Mr. Buckle has tied a knot which strangles himself. He tells us that the same people who, till about a century ago, were sunk in a base and stupid superstition, no better than that of Spain—more sublime, but not more cruel, than the devil-worship of Africa—produced, as it were by spontaneous generation, such sophists as Hume, such thinkers as Adam Smith, such philosophers as Black, such discoverers as Watt. "I had rather believe all the fables of the Alcoran and Talmud, than that the china plate I see in the possession of the King of Dahomey was manufactured there," a traveller from Africa has said. Is it less absurd to suppose that a people sunk and grovelling in such a superstition as Mr. Buckle describes Scotch religion to be, could train up a generation of Reids and Robertsons, in manes where the

"Deity was worshipped, not as a beneficent being, but a cruel and remorseless tyrant; where, looking into their own hearts, the Scotch clergy found the picture of their God. According to them, He was a God of terror, instead of a God of love. To Him they imputed

the worst passions of their own peevish and irritable nature. They ascribed to Him revenge, cunning, and a constant disposition to inflict pain. While they declared that nearly all mankind were sinners beyond the chance of redemption, and were, indeed, predestined to eternal ruin, they did not scruple to accuse the Deity of resorting to artifice against these unhappy victims, lying in wait for them, that He might catch them unawares. The Scotch clergy taught their hearers that the Almighty was so sanguinary and so prone to anger, that He raged even against walls, and houses, and senseless creatures, wreaking His fury more than ever, and scattering desolation on every side. Sooner than miss His malignant purpose, He would, they said, let loose malignant angels, to fall upon men and upon their families."

When the followers of Siva the destroyer develop into a sect of humane Theophilanthropists—when the worshippers of Black Cali forswear Thuggee, and produce a progeny of Howards, Frys, and Clarksons—we will accept Mr. Buckle's version of Scotch superstition developing into Scotch philosophy. How hard-headed and metaphysical Scotland could have come out of the shell of a base and addled superstition is more than we can see. The birth of the Gemini from a swan's egg was not a greater portent, and we beg leave to consider the one as fabulous as the other.

This leads us to track out the error which underlies Mr. Buckle's whole theory of civilization, and which makes his prodigious industry and unrivalled grasp of details almost useless. He who would build high must dig deep, said Burke; but it is at the foundations that Mr. Buckle's building will be condemned as unsound. On what does European civilization rest? Is it on piles, or on a rock? If the former it will sink back like Venice—

"Lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of triumph done,
Sinks like a seaweed into whence she rose."

This is the history of all ancient civilizations. They sank to their rest as the spire of Chichester Cathedral subsided, not because they had lived their time—which is only a weak metaphor from the life of a man to the life of a state—but because their foundations failed. Ancient Rome had exhausted its stock of public virtue; its lamp went out because her vestals had no

oil in their vessels. Luxury corrupted her citizens, not because silk hangings and gold and silver goblets, precious stones and ivory, rare wines and sweet unguents, in themselves demoralize and effeminate, but because there were no corresponding virtues of self-restraint in the Roman character. The beastly vice of gluttony, which refinement, not to say religion, has made us ashamed of, were indulged in without restraint by the masters of the world. The Romans were little better than banditti, who had become suddenly rich by the plunder of the world, and who squandered their riches as robbers always do. The foundations of a lasting society were not laid either in Athens or in Rome. No society can be lasting which practises polygamy and rests on slavery. In Turkey we see the decline of one kind of mock civilization—in America of another. It was to no purpose that Sultan Mahmoud began to Europeanize Turkey, the civilization was but a thin varnish laid on the surface. So with America. The drop of black blood in her veins has poisoned the whole body. She tolerated an unsocial institution, and it has corrupted her. The Union is dying prematurely, to the wonder and sorrow of her best citizens. They cannot or will not see that the Union is one thing, and Young America another; that the Union is doomed because of slavery, and that the Anglo-Saxon race in America will then renew their youth, and start afresh in the race of progress under better auspices, and with every prospect of a long and prosperous career.

Such being the true nature of states, it is extremely shallow to shut out of view, as Mr. Buckle does, those moral elements of greatness which underlie every other, and spring from faith in the unseen and spiritual.

Mr. Buckle takes up the history of civilization exactly half way down the stream, and either says nothing of its fountain-head, or puts us off with the plea that it is not worth exploring. It is as if a geographer were to describe the Nile as far as the first or second cataract, and then break off, saying, that as he knew no more of its course, its rise in the Mountains of the Moon was all fabulous. No one had ever been up so high to report upon it, and therefore, it was more rational to take for granted that the

Nile rose out of the earth at Syene, or thereabouts. This is not the way that more cautious thinkers look at the question of the origin of modern civilization. Mr. Mill is not such a Baconian as to imply that till the Inductive Method began all nations were at the same dead-lock of superstitious barbarism. He shows, on the contrary, that the Jews were a progressive, not a stationary people like the Hindoos, and he traces it to the rise of an order of teachers who would not allow the nation to settle down on its lees, and to practise wickedness. This order of men were the prophets, so that though the Jews had sacerdotal institutions as strict as those of the Hindoos, they never fell under the dominion of a sacerdotal class, or allowed a caste to tyrannize. Mr. Mill, therefore, justly remarks that the Jews, in consequence, became the starting point from which modern civilization rightly begins.

Such an illiberal want of appreciation as Mr. Buckle, throughout, shows of the religious element in modern civilization, was excusable in the French professor, who sat down to calculate the progress of mind and the revolutions of history, as he would a table of logarithms. The musician, constructing a world of harmony, and the mathematician sounding the problems of free will by a calculating machine, like that of Babbage, are both instances of misapplied talent. But the English disciple is less excusable than his French master. He is a professed historian. His ambition is to trace out the course of modern civilization, particularly in its highest type, as it is found in England, and yet he brushes by the ten centuries which preceded the foundation of the Royal Society; as if before 1662 the earth was a chaos, and the relics of early English history as useless to us as the flints in the drift, supposed to betray a race of pre-Adamic men.

We wish to be more candid to Mr. Buckle than he is to us, and to give to his view of the origin of civilization that justice which he denies to ours. Civilization we believe is of religious birth, but brought up under secular influences, like Moses, the child of Hebrew parents, but educated at Pharaoh's court. The illustration is an old one, and Bacon has applied it,

though in a somewhat different connexion; but as it serves our purpose, we set out with it, and insist on the existence of two factors, a sacerdotal and a secular, in all civilization which is worthy of the name; the former is the earliest, and having done its work, must give way to the latter. In India and China we have examples of abortive civilizations, the one entirely sacerdotal and not at all secular, the other secular and not at all sacerdotal. In India, hierarchy has reigned uncontrolled; in China, secularism: in the one the experiment of the Jesuits of Paraguay has been tried on a large scale, and spread over centuries; in the other the scheme of Comte, Owen, and the anti-Christian socialists, has been tried on a vast population, undisturbed by the deep speculative questions which Hebrew theology and Greek philosophy have let loose on the West. Yet what has been the result of an unbroken reign of sacerdotalism in India, and secularism in China? No civilization has grown up in either country possessing the elements of a lasting society. In the one country society has been fed on pure gluten, in the other on pure starch, and it has sickened and died under the experiment; for the aliment of the spiritual as of the natural body, is made up not of one element but of many.

In the West there has been no such separation of the factors of national life. They have followed in their right order. It is to tell a twice-told tale to mention the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons by Augustine, of the Franks by Martin, of the Scotch and Irish by Columba and Patrick. All nations in Europe have chosen their patron saint from the missionary who first came among them, and by Christianizing them began to civilize them. The monks were the first agriculturists—where they came they brought the plough with them. Where the bishop founded his see, there the city arose, and to this day the strict definition of a city is the seat of a bishop's see. The only national life in Europe was religious. The cathedral was at once a place of worship, a town hall, a merchant's exchange, a tribunal of canon law. These long naves and aisles, which we find so little use of now, were thronged with busy crowds intent on

secular business. Paul's Walk was the lounge of London, at once the Mall and the Row. At Paul's Cross sermons were delivered which, to that generation, were the same organs of opinion which the *Times* is to us.

For ten centuries at least of English history sacerdotal influences moulded our civilization more than any other. The time arrived, however, when sacerdotal of necessity gave way to secular, and at this point Mr. Buckle takes up his narrative. The clergy, who were the first civilizers, naturally rise to power. They become the barons of the king, they are called to parliament as such, and wear their mitres more proudly than the proudest peer his coronet. They possess broad lands, the whole country is in danger of passing into their hands, as their power increases and the superstitious spirit remains unchecked. Statutes against mortmain, bills of premunire, and declarations of the king's supremacy, are the notes of alarm sounded by the national legislature. The country awakes to its danger. It finds that the descendants of the men to whom they owe their national life, have corrupted their message, have become selfish and secular. Old Chaucer expressed this common-sense view of the case:

“And then this proverb he would add thereto,

That if gold rusts what must iron do;
And if a priest be foul in whom we trust,
How fares it with a man of lewed lust.”

This is the signal for the downfall of sacerdotalism. It has done its work. It has quickened the national life, watched over its birth, and carried it through its years of infancy. A growing nation now wants other guides than the clergy. These excellent men must now wear black cloth, not purple, and consider the pulpit their only throne.

It is at this stage that the conflict begins. Sacerdotalism does not willingly relax its hold, and the secular party are not willing to excuse its pertinacious grasp of power, on account of its past services to the State. Here we change sides and transfer our sympathies from the sacerdotalists to the secularists. We are more just to Mr. Buckle's friends than he is to ours. We give them their due. He will not notice Montalembert's heroes, the Monks of the West. There is preju-

dice often on both sides. Montalembert sees only cause for sorrowful regret in the decay of sacerdotalism. He laments "that he has been denied admission at the gate of the Chartreuse of Seville, by a Belgian vandal, who had built there a china manufactory. He has found swine installed by German Lutherans in the cells of North Gottes and by French Catholics, under the admirable sculptures of the cloister of Cadouin." Mr. Buckle, on the other hand, sees in sacerdotalism only a repressive agency from the very first. His horror of superstition is itself a kind of superstition; it haunts him like a nightmare of the soul. If he were some sister Agatha, escaped from a convent in Austria, and dreading a clerical detective in every black gown, he could not cast such glances of fear behind him, he could not dread the sight of a priest more. In this land of Habeas Corpus and Liberation societies, and the utmost freedom for every opinion from Mormonism to the Agapemone, it is amusing to read the serious invectives against Scotch intolerance, and the sufferings of free thinkers in North Britain. Mr. Buckle's attack on Sir John Coleridge is not forgotten. He seems possessed with the idea that all orthodox people are longing to inflict on him the fate of Giordano Bruno. If we could have our way, Mr. Buckle is sure that he and his book would burn at the same stake. He hates superstition the more because she affects the toleration which she does not really desire. If Scotland could come out in her real colours he would almost forgive her. Spain is consistently bigoted. For want of *autos da fe* she keeps up bull-fights, and imprisons Matamoros for daring to read the Scriptures to his countrymen. Here there is no affectation of toleration; but Scotland affects to be tolerant of all opinions, and so is inexcusable. But Mr. Buckle does not do the Scotch justice even in this respect. The most superstitious people in Europe are also among the most democratic. Their turbulence was, as he admits, always remarkable. Hardly any of the Stuart kings died in their beds. If we cut off the head of one Stuart, and banished another, we are only in this respect treating this unfortunate family as they had been treated by

their own countrymen for generations. The truth is, that the same people who were ignorantly religious at one period, have become intelligently religious, and so have turned their attention to secular improvement as they once were given up to religious turbulence.

Mr. Buckle separates Scotch religion and Scotch civilization, as unfriendly and opposite tendencies; we unite them as cause and effect. The Covenanters of one age are the ship-builders and bankers of another. There are a thousand instances of this, but let Scotland suffice. The age of polemical theology of the Kirk and Covenant has passed away; it is right it should. But it has left behind a deposit, which is the soil out of which those great industrial advances of Scotland spring. Would that Ireland or France had its age of the Covenanters and Puritan Fathers: we would endure all that the Roundheads and Ranters could, would, should, or might have done among us, for the fine manly virtues which they would have implanted among their descendants.

Still, we are ready to admit that there comes a time when a nation must drop polemic theology, and have done with wrangling about Kirk and Covenant. The eighteenth century was the return to common sense, after the enthusiasm of the seventeenth. The much-abused Moderates of Scotland and the Latitudinarians of England were the connecting links between the old orthodoxy and the new schools of social progress. They let the nation down easy from the high level of theocratic ideas to the low level of modern liberalism. We wish to do justice to these men who are Mr. Buckle's favourites, not for what they retained of the past age, but what they paved the way for in the future. Civilization is thus not a circle, but an ellipse; it has two centres, not one, and the conjugate foci around which it is described are the sacerdotal principles of the past and the secular of the present.

Russia is even a better example of this than Scotland: its two capitals represent the past and the present, the theological and the positive age of Russian enlightenment. The two great inlets into Russia are by the Black Sea and the Baltic. By the one, religion entered in the tenth cen-

tury, by the other modern science entered during the eighteenth. The one established its seat in Moscow, which is still holy Moscow, the religious capital of Russia; the other at St. Petersburg, which is nothing else than a creation of the Czar Peter; the emporium which he set up on the Neva for the importation of the secular ideas of the West into Russia. It is easy to see that the civilization of Russia was religious first, and only afterwards secular. The Czar Peter would have been impossible in the tenth century. From Constantinople came the preachers of the Gospel to Vladimir, about the time of our Edward the Confessor, and as was usual in those times, the King and his Court were baptized, and so the natives put away their false gods and accepted Christianity in a body. From that time forth, for eight centuries, every advance made by the native from barbarism to civilization was sacerdotal exclusively. Not only did the Russians adopt the Greek alphabet as a recognition that the missionaries who had taught them their letters were Greeks, but also painting, architecture, and every art which distinguishes between the savage and the semi-civilized state, owed all their advances to ecclesiastical influences, and to those only. Blot out church history from Russia down to the age of the Czar Peter, and they would have been no better than their Scythian ancestors, who drank mare's milk, dressed in skins, and fed on the flesh of wild beasts killed by their arrows in the chase. What is more remarkable still, the great reformer who prepared the way for the Czar Peter was the Patriarch Nikon, the cotemporary of Laud, but the leader of a liberal tendency in the Russian church, the opposite to that of Laud. Nikon failed, because the old Russian party was too strong for him; but it is singular to notice that the very efforts to shake off sacerdotalism came from an ecclesiastic. So entirely was the mind of Russia then under church influence, that a churchman must head the movement or it would fail, as all mere attempts by violence to shake off an oppressive yoke always do. Nikon was before his age, and failed for this reason as Wiclif failed in England, or the Reformers before the Reformation failed in Germany.

But though he failed he made it possible for the Czar Peter in the next generation to carry through those reforms which he had attempted in vain. Nikon shook the pillars of sacerdotalism; Peter cleared away the rubbish, and erected a new and secular empire on the ruins of holy Russia.

To this day the sects in Russia (for dissent in Russia is reactionary, not democratic as with us) look back with fondness to the days when the Czar ruled from the holy city with the Patriarch by his side. The booted and spurred aide-de-camp of the Emperor, who sits as moderator at the council of religious affairs which has superseded the rule of the Patriarch in Russia, is to them a proof that the Church is in captivity—the iron has entered into their soul.

The work of the second or secular stage of progress is not to undo the work of the first or sacerdotal stage. It is rather to call out and set free tendencies which the first did not repress, but passed by in utter oblivion of their existence. There occurs during the transition from the one to the other a struggle between the two tendencies. It is a libel on the Church of Chalmers and Guthrie to fasten on them the reproach of sacerdotalism. The Bourbon clergy of Naples and the Pope's militia in Ireland, are reactionary, if you please. They feel that their day of supremacy is nearly over. They would not cut out the tongue of knowledge, but they would allow it to speak only one language, that of Church authority. As the new rector of the Catholic University of Ireland was installed on his knees before Archbishop Cullen the other day, and recited the Creed of Pope Pius V., so in this significant way they would show that the light in the lamps of knowledge should only flow from the olive tree of the Church through the conduits of dogmatic authority, and that all thinking which is not *permissu superiorum* must lead to evil. But even if the clergy wished it, it is certain that the laity in Scotland and England have no mind for this kind of ecclesiastical direction. Mr. Buckle has lived so much among books, and so little among men, that he forgets that the tendency of the age is quite the other way, and that so far from the clergy having the upper hand of the

people, it is with us very nearly what it is quite in America, that the people think what they please, and set up acceptable preachers to translate their thinking into flowing English once a week from the pulpit. To talk of ecclesiastical oppression, or even the remains of it, is as nonsensical as to conjure up the danger of being set on by wolves in the New Forest. The animal is only found in Zoological Gardens, with a label classifying the genus and species for the use of the student in natural history. So if Mr. Buckle wants to see a live specimen of a caged Covenanter as tame as starvation and the Voluntary principle can make him let him step into the first Ebenezer or Bethel he passes by.

We have said so much of our differences with Mr. Buckle, that it would be ungenerous to conclude without admitting how much we have learned from him, and which, if we could forget the irreconcilable antagonism between his and our view of the Christian "superstition," would call for admiration on our part. As we read his masterly analysis of the achievements of the Scotch intellect during the eighteenth century, and particularly his profound and original survey of Adam Smith's philosophy, we could not help regretting that such abilities should be marred by such prejudices. "*Qualis cum sis utinam noster esses*," was our constant reflection. Mr. Buckle dedicated his first volume to his mother. He inscribes the second to her memory. We presume that she has passed away during the interval. Here at least is a touch of nature. Cicero mourning for his daughter, and feeling what cold comfort he got from his own philosophy, which was to him nothing else than the doctrine of averages, we wish to think would have listened with respect to a religion which pointed to a reunion.

If this superstition could show proof that it was no superstition at all, but a religion highly rational, a revelation without extravagance or imposture of any kind, as unlike in

character to all pretended revelations as Christ is to Mahomet, or Paul to Apollonius of Tyana, this would probably have induced Cicero to pause, and perhaps, with God's blessing, to embrace the only class of opinions which ever dried a mourner's eye.

We have no wish for Mr. Buckle but this, that he may some day come to reconsider his views, and to revise his lists of superstitions. He may, perhaps, see reason to alter his present contemptuous estimate of Christianity. He has, perhaps, only seen it on the outside, as Julian and Voltaire saw it. We confess that we like him the better because he is a hearty hater. He is as passionate as Shelley against the Christianity of professors, which is all that he knows about. We heartily wish him a longer life than Shelley, who might have been cured of his boyish infidelity as Coleridge and Southey were, when he had cut his wisdom teeth. Mr. Buckle is honest at least, and outspoken. He has not concealed his opinion of us; we will not conceal our opinion of him. His is evidently a mind of great compass, and filled to overflowing with vast stores of well-digested reading. We do not care to pick holes in his learning, and to use his own references against him, which some celebrated critics have done. We give him credit for real scholarship, particularly in the physical sciences. His special training, if any, we should say has been medical, and we remember the proverb, "*Ubi tres medici ibi duo athei*." But for all his scholarship, there is the want of that which is more ethical than logical, and, therefore, we call it wisdom as contrasted with knowledge. Now knowledge may be irreligious, but wisdom is religious. Of knowledge our only great living poet has said—

"But she is earthly of the mind,
But wisdom heavenly of the soul,
Oh friend, who camest to thy goal,
So early leaving me behind.

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and charity."

THE COUNT DE MONTEMOLIN.

THE melancholy particulars of the recent death of His Royal Highness the Count de Montemolin will be within the reader's recollection. The intelligence, it may be remembered, came with startling abruptness. It was *the* news of the day on which it arrived. "Sudden death of the Count *and* Countess de Montemolin"—those were the terms in which the telegram announced it. And every one instinctively and upon the instant jumped to one only conclusion—a conclusion not at all unnatural, it must be admitted, under the circumstances—namely, that the tidings carried about them at any rate the "appearance" of foul play; that they "seemed," upon the first blush, to hint darkly at something very like a political assassination.

"What means this, my lord?" asks Ophelia.

"Marry," cries young Hamlet, "this is miching malecho, it means mischief!"

Yet upon a little further inquiry, that apparently mysterious and almost inexplicable double death—that most suspicious demise within but a very few hours of each other, of the Count and Countess de Montemolin—admitted after all, as events showed, of the very easiest explanation. The all but simultaneous decease of husband and wife turned out to be a casualty or a coincidence very lamentable in itself, it is true; but still no more *than* a casualty or a coincidence. Tender younglings of that ancient race were lying ill of a contagious malady; sick unto death of a fever breathing the fatalest infection. Thither, it proved, their royal highnesses had hastened, had rapidly caught the disease, had suddenly perished. The incident in itself is unhappily not so *very* rare—it was only rendered unusually conspicuous in the peculiar instance referred to by reason of the illustrious rank and mournful fortunes of the Conde de Montemolin.

His unlooked-for disappearance from the world was all the more surprising, moreover, at the particular moment when it occurred, from the fact,

that this ill-fated prince had but so very recently emerged from a disastrous enterprise, with his royal honour blurred, and his historic escutcheon tarnished, his kingly crest broken, so to speak, and dragged in the dust, his knightly spur shorn from the heel, and cast ignominiously into the mire. It is still, of course, vividly in the popular remembrance—that adventure signalized, not alone by failure the most complete, but by abjection the most deplorable and overwhelming. Scarcely had Europe awakened to the knowledge that the Carlist banner was again unfurled in the Iberian peninsula; that the Count de Montemolin, accompanied by the younger of his two brothers, had himself gone thither to claim the allegiance of the Spaniards; that an armed expedition was advancing from the frontier towards the capital, to wrest the sceptre from the hand of Isabella and the marshal's baton from the grasp of O'Donnell—when, lo! the bubble had burst! The little band of royalist desperadoes had been scattered! The general leading them on had been taken prisoner, had been hastily tried for high treason, had been summarily executed! And the hue-and-cry, the stand and yield, the *qui va la*, were audibly in quest of that unfortunate descendant of Philip V—so variously designated by friends and by foes—how shall his name here be most accurately indicated?—Don Carlos the younger, King, Pretender, His Royal Highness, His Majesty, the unhappy Count de Montemolin! Hardly was that regal hunt well a-foot, however, when the royal Stag-of-Ten was seen driven to bay with an almost pitiable facility. Captured like any ordinary renegade—his place of concealment having been adroitly surrounded by a *cordon* of *gens d'armes*—this high-souled aspirant to the Crown of the Spanish Bourbons was next beheld purchasing his release from captivity by the voluntary and total abdication of his own individual claims, and of the claims of his then yet possible descendants, to the glorious rights of sovereignty. Released forthwith from

duration vile upon this total abnegation of all his dynastic hopes and lifelong yearnings—as if in wanton evidence that there was still left to him a possible descent to one yet lower grade of self-abasement—barely had his royal highness reached a safe distance from the scene of his captivity, that haughty land of his aspirations, when—[it is wonderful to remember it even now! one still feels almost a tingling blush of sympathetic shame at the mere recollection!]
—the very prince who had but just been restored to liberty upon his plighted word, immediately on finding himself sheltered once more under the ægis of exile, cancelled his solemn pledge, coolly and deliberately renouncing his renunciation.

A calamitous death befalling the unfortunate Count de Montemolin so very speedily after what was (for his fair fame, at least), that still more calamitous degradation, appears to have imparted the last touch of sadness to a history replete with scarcely aught but mournful incidents and most melancholy associations. The Spaniards' younger Don Carlos, unlike our own far younger Prince Charlie, had never once the consolation, in defeat, of knowing that the kingly sword, so to speak, had been dashed out of his hand by the thunderbolt of a Culloden. Neither, in fact, of the two last claimants to the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella—the throne which, in defiance of the Salic law, regulating the order of succession in Spain since the Treaty of Utrecht, was imperiously willed by the last degenerate Ferdinand (that is, Ferdinand VII.), to his infant daughter Isabella (that is, the reigning sovereign)—neither father nor son, neither Don Carlos the elder, nor Don Carlos the younger, though advancing claims to that grand old diadem of the Spanish Bourbons, could advance any single claim whatever to the glory of direct participation in this chivalrous contest for it. A struggle it was, throughout, of the heroism of which they could alone, in a manner, partake vicariously. For the elder fought the dauntless guerrilla chieftain, Zumalacarregui; for the younger, that dare-devil Don Ramon Cabrera, whose valiant heart yet beats under a bosom cicatrice with countless wounds, a great cap-

tain among those mountain warriors, only comparable in his otherwise matchless audacity to our own glorious Viking, Thomas Cochrane, lately surviving amongst us as the venerable tenth Earl of Dundonald. Leaving the brunt of conflict to devoted adherents like Cabrera and Zumalacarregui, the successive princes—claiming that crown of the Spanish Bourbons for which those resolute leaders and their half-disciplined followers so often and always so vainly contended—mediated vaguely in exile the hypothetical policy under colour of which the reign of each in turn was in the fullness of time to have been inaugurated. Eventually, however, when under the incitement of a tardy, and as it may only too aptly be described, a profoundly despondent desperation, his royal highness the Count de Montemolin at length determined upon adventuring himself, in person, upon the scene of action—the result, as might have been anticipated, proved to be very—and that moreover in the extremest sense of the words—discreditable and disastrous. On quitting Spain at the close of that deplorable expedition—after signing the terms of his ignominious, and doubly ignominious because actually volunteered abdication—the discomfited prince, unhappier in his fate than the defeated Boabdil, stooped under far lowlier caudine forks than those which, more than three centuries previously, had failed to bend the haughty neck of the last of the Abencerages, at the tearful pass into the Alpuxarras! It is related in history in reference to that last-mentioned place of departure, that the rocky cleft where Boabdil paused and wept, as he gazed back upon the towering pinnacles of his lost Granada, was thenceforth called in memory of his grief, and is even to this day designated, *El ultimo suspiro del Moro!* Not thus, however, ought the last foot-hold from which the later and weaker Boabdil gazed back wistfully upon the kingdom over which he once aspired to rule—not thus, indeed, should be distinguished any one especial point upon the boundary line of Spain—but rather let us say thus: It is the ignoble spot of earth, whereon he asserted the shameless cancelling of his own solemn renunciation of his kingly rights, and should hence-

forth be designated, with a more bitter significance, *El ultimo suspiro de Montemolin!*

It was, nevertheless, not always thus with the Count de Montemolin. His intellect, without being kindled by one spark of genius, was warmed by sedulous cultivation and illumined by many accomplishments. His heart, untouched by the divine fire of heroism, could yet thrill upon occasion through all its fibres to the noblest impulses, could yet glow at times with sentiments the most elevated and chivalrous. Campbell has sung in an immortal couplet—

“The sunset of life has a mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.”

And in the duplex thought expressed through that poetic distich it may surely be recognised how far the incongruity of a life and death like that of Montemolin may, in a great measure, be explained away—how that seeming contradiction may for the most part be reconciled. It is not only, observe, according to that exquisite imagery of the Dreamer, that, upon the approach of death, otherwise in the “sunset of life,” a clearer vision, “a mystical lore,” as he expresses it, is, in rare instances, imparted. He adds—in words that have long since come to be “household words,” in a line that has become part and parcel of the national language—how, occasionally, in between those divine glints and prophetic glimpses of light, of the light beyond the grave, the light ineffable, there descends a darkening influence upon the soul nearing its dissolution—

“And coming events cast their shadows before.”

From within one of those malefic shadows, it must assuredly have been, that this heir to one of the haughtiest races that ever wielded the sceptre of sovereignty, penned, in an interval of profound hallucination, that deplorable document in which (simply to the end that he might escape from captivity) he renounced his claims to the crown of Spain: only that from within another shadow yet more malefic he might immediately after

his release retract those sacredly asseverated words of abdication! “And”—may we not say of him, as Edgar Poe sings of the lover overshadowed by that wonderful Raven, the type, he himself tells us, of “mournful and everlasting remembrance,” may we not sigh here, too, over the memory of Montemolin!—

“And his soul from out that shadow

Shall be lifted—nevermore!”

Yet, thirteen years have scarcely elapsed, even now, since I myself enjoyed ample opportunity of recognising and appreciating the lofty aspirations and ennobling thoughts that found a home in the heart of this young prince, recently deceased, almost unnoticed, and by many almost despised as the defeated and, it might even, alas, be added, the self-abased Conde de Montemolin.

Although so long an interval has elapsed since the date here referred to, since the period when my intercourse with the eldest of the three sons of Don Carlos, of the three nephews of King Ferdinand VII., commenced, I hold the minutest incidents of that intercourse as vividly as events but of yesterday “in my mind’s eye, Horatio,” in my soul’s remembrance. Let me recall one interview—a single, though protracted conversation.

It is Tuesday, the 20th of June, in the year 1848—the year of revolutions! The identical day, as it happens—though, of course, unconsciously to every one then—the identical day when M. Leon Faucher, quite unwittingly, gave the signal for that tremendous Battle of June in the streets of Paris, that terrific conflict which, lasting four days, “cost France”—it is the Historian of Europe* who asserts it!—“more lives than any of the battles of the empire; the number of generals who perished in it, or from the wounds they had received,” the annalist yet further observes, “exceeding even those cut off at Borodino and Waterloo.” It is, in fact, that same Tuesday, the 20th of June, 1848, when M. Leon Faucher reported to the National Assembly, speaking

* History of Europe: Continuation from the Fall of Napoleon the Great to the Accession of Napoleon III. By Sir Archibald Alison. Vol. viii., ch. 50, § 94.

on behalf of the Committee appointed to investigate the difficulty, that although 120,000 workmen were already employed and paid at the Ateliers Nationaux by order of the Provisional Government, 50,000 more were clamouring for admittance. Supposing which latter army of the unemployed were to be admitted, it became evident at a glance that a dreadful necessity arose upon the instant for a loan of 150,000,000 francs additional; diametrically opposed to which supplementary loan, by the way, was the finance minister, M. Goudchoux. Imperatively demanding it, upon the other hand, with insurrectionary threats, were the Socialists or the Red-ultra Democrats. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Alas! tears that were soon alone to be but tears of blood, pouring forth abundantly at 3,888 barricades distributed throughout a populous city, where two armies, each from 40,000 to 50,000 strong, contended, fighting desperately *à l'outrance!* But a very few days later, in effect, and the appalling storm then brooding over Paris and there slowly gathering up its stupendous artillery had burst forth in a cataract of flame and thunder, only to close at last with the sublime self-sacrifice of Archbishop Affre yielding up his life as a peace-offering for the people, the cross in his hand, and upon his lips the divine words, "*Bonus pastor dat animam suam pro ovibus suis.*" However, at the particular date here referred to, trembling though the Parisians were upon the very verge of that astounding catastrophe, they could not as yet apply to themselves, as they had only too much reason for doing upon the morrow, that horrid epitome, by Voltaire, of the clang of battle, in which one absolutely seems to hear the din and to breathe the stench of its detonations:—

"On entendait gronder ces bombes effroyables,
Des troubles de la Flandre enfants abominables:

Dans ces globes d'airain le salpêtre enflammé

Vole avec la prison qui le tient renfermé;
Il la brise, et la mort en sort avec furie!"

—*La Henriade*, chant vi., v. 199.

All Paris, then vibrating half consciously with the dread portents—now

audible, now visible—of this approaching earthquake; London, then in the height of its season, almost appeared to justify that horrible accusation directed against it by Victor Hugo on the 10th of that same month, speaking from the tribune of the National Assembly—"When Paris is in agony, London rejoices."* The latter capital, it should be remembered, had but very little more than one calendar month previously, viz., on the memorable 10th of April, secured for the cause of Order throughout the United Kingdom a magnificent reassurance. The popular phalanx of the special constables—among whom, it is yet borne in recollection, there was numbered the future Imperial Majesty of France, the reigning Emperor Napoleon III.—had started forth upon the first momentary summons: not unworthy or inappropriate precursors of the Rifle Volunteers! The British Islands were thenceforth, to the recognition of all, the solitary beacon-tower, from the elevation of which the turmoil of the revolutionary deluge then surging over the whole length and breadth of the European Continent could be observed with any appearance even of equanimity. Recalling to mind the darkness that had elsewhere settled down upon those European dominions, lit up here and there only by the lurid glare of insurrection, and remembering the vigilant note then systematically taken of the progress of events abroad by our insular journalism, but one earnest demand seemed to be alone audible here at intervals—"Watchman! what of the night?" Reverting to my own particular memory of that time, as associated with a day that events showed to have been a crisis in the destinies of Europe, a veritable turning-point in the onward march of many separate nationalities, I would at length briefly commemorate one little incident of the 20th of June, 1848, in London—the incident, namely, of my personal interview with the Count de Montemolin.

It is the afternoon of that Tuesday, and there, punctual to the hour fixed upon, I am at the place of rendezvous. H.M., as my introducer dubs the exiled prince—H.R.H., as the Count is to

* *Moniteur*, June 21, 1848.

me—has himself appointed to receive me. The hour, two o'clock; the place, a house in one of the fashionable streets turning out of Cavendish-square, one of the north-eastern boundaries of Mayfair—aristocratic receptacle of the choicest skimmings of the *crème de la crème*.

At a quarter after two, in the back drawing-room, upon the first floor of this mansion, I am introduced to the Conde de Montemolin—call him which you will, H.M. or H.R.H.—by one of his loyal—subjects, shall I say, or adherents?—a Spanish gentleman of rare accomplishments, himself a distinguished Progressista.

Darkened though the room is to a sort of half twilight, at the moment of my reception, I have his royal highness before me at the first glance, nevertheless, with his every trait indelibly stamped upon the retina of my memory by one vivid recognition. Slightly above the middle height, his face serious in its general aspect, almost saddened, or even it might be said, soured by misfortunes; his form moderately proportioned; his bearing indicative, as it appeared to me, of habitual, one could even have imagined it, constitutional depression. After the first greetings are over, after my friend the Progressista has, so to speak, left us to ourselves, by retiring to the other end of the apartment—seated upon a sofa by the side of the Count de Montemolin, I remain there fully one hour with him in earnest conversation.

It was during this lengthened conversation—I may remark, a conversation chiefly relating to political affairs, with especial reference, above all, to his own individual aspirations and intentions in respect to the possible future of the Spanish government—it was while we were talking thus together upon themes affecting his whole nature the most profoundly, that I had occasion to note what appeared to me at the time, and still appears in retrospect, the singular contradictions of his temperament, the bewildering—almost impossible—certainly the wholly irreconcilable incongruities of his idiosyncrasy. Frankness itself in the avowal of his opinions, he was so, nevertheless, with an ineradicable air of reservation. With a readiness to articulate his sentiments at almost any length, whenever the whim prompted

or the occasion seemed to require some more elaborate explanation, he yet bore about him an appearance of inscrutable taciturnity. Fluent—almost voluble—in his delivery, he nevertheless interrupted his remarks with frequent hesitations. Gracious—even cordial—in his address, there was still an expression of gloom almost forbidding diffused over his countenance. The one word applicable to his “look” was—downcast. And that downward glance—from eyes that when raised at intervals appeared to have something like what is called “a cast” in them, a fluctuating obliquity, attributable possibly to one of the orbs being either faulty or faltering—imparted to the prince an ineffaceable “seeming” of dejection. Even the nervous trick he had while engaged in conversation, of trifling with the ends of his moustache, but principally of dragging downward the long brown point of his lugubrious imperial, appeared somehow to impart the last quaint touch to the prevailing tokens of his despondency.

At the exquisitely critical period of our interview, a juncture momentous only, however, to Spain and the Spaniards, in common with almost all the rest of the states and peoples of Christendom, the favourite dream of the hour for the Iberian Peninsula was the formation of a new political party, to be called the National Party—a coalition or combination of all the more rational and patriotic members of the various conflicting parties already in existence. It was thought by the more sanguine aspirants for the political regeneration of the Spanish people, the rehabilitation of the Spanish government, and the reconstruction, or it should be said more correctly, perhaps, the simple revival or restoration of the Spanish constitution, might be readily enough effected, if only *la Nacion*, that is the cause so typified, would absorb within itself *los partidos*. Especially if it would but bring together and harmoniously combine in feeling and ambition all that was best and wisest among the Moderados and the Progressistas. An illustrious champion of the noblest interests alike of the Spanish monarchy and of the Spanish multitude, had apparently given the signal for this new movement among all parties by a single phrase uttered

by him in the Cortes at Madrid upon the 24th of the preceding November. Escosura had there and then, so to speak, unfurled the banner for the New Party—the party of the coalition; he had in a manner inscribed upon it in one happy and effective sentence its symbolical rallying-cry, when urging equally upon the Progressistas and the Moderados the necessity which he frankly declared to be incumbent upon them, that they should group themselves about one common centre: *que debieran agruparse en un centro!* It was argued, and not without reason, that besides being eminently feasible, the merging of all parties in one thus suggested by the authoritative voice of Escosura, afforded about the only reasonable hope for the permanent establishment upon the soil of the peninsula of a really constitutional administration. To this end it was ingeniously insisted—and this, let it be particularly remembered, not merely by Carlist partisans, but by independent liberals, who were still numbered then among the ranks of the Progressistas—that it was the ancient law of Spain, rather than the new law (*la nueva ley*), then beginning to be regarded with excessive jealousy, which was directly compatible with true liberty, the liberty of a strictly balanced and constitutional government. And, in maintaining this somewhat remarkable thesis, it must not be supposed that those who were thus yearning to participate in the wonderfully difficult and responsible enterprise of calling this new political combination into existence under the auspices of the National Party were mere superficial adventurers. They were no idle visionaries—they searched deeply into the past—they looked keenly to the future; and the principal conclusion arrived at by them, as the result of their meditations, was summed up by one of the ablest amongst them in the avowal that it was imperatively requisite to reconstitute the whole fabric upon a foundation, not only more solid, but more analogous in every way to the character of the age and to its necessities, *que es necesario reconstituirla en un base mas selida y mas análoga al carácter y necesida de los tiempos.* Aspirations and arguments like those were of course all the more welcome to the judgment and the heart of

H.R.H. the Conde de Montemolin, the Prince Charles Louis de Bourbon, claiming by hereditary right the title of H.M. King Charles VI. of Spain—remembering that the advocates of the National Party insisted throughout that nothing permanently advantageous to the country could be anticipated even in this new direction, unless the hand that was to raise anew the Spanish gonfalon, were, it was said significantly, the hand of a prince of courage, of intellect, and of patriotism, one uncompromised by previous political adventures—one, it was further added, who could secure to himself the loyalty and admiration of his fellow-countrymen by the consistency of his career and by the guarantee of a glorious and liberal constitution.

That constitution, the Count de Montemolin—while explaining to me, at considerable length, his views at once in regard to the ancient laws of the Spanish monarchy, and in reference to the inalienable political rights appertaining to the Spanish multitude—that thoroughly liberal constitution the Count de Montemolin gave me ample, and to my own mind conclusive reason for believing then, and believing still, he himself most earnestly ambitioned to establish. Of his sincerity in all this, of the genuine loyalty of his intentions, I have the most perfect conviction.

I am to the last persuaded that the resolutions avowed to me by his royal highness were—and for one good reason immediately to be specified—worthy of being, I will venture to say, implicitly relied upon. Wherefore, is it asked? Wherefore, this extravagant reliance? Simply and solely because the exiled prince had come at length to recognise, not merely with a Machiavellian cunning in the recognition, but with the calm deliberation of a genuine enlightenment—that it was to the interests no less of the king than of the people, that the basis of the government should be broad, that its very genius should in the fullest sense of the word be liberal, that its whole character should throughout its entire framework, from summit to foundation, from centre to circumference, be strictly and essentially constitutional. Not in vain had he lived here amongst us, not in vain had he breathed our English atmosphere. In arguing the

whole weighty problem with the Count de Montemolin, I gave credence to his candid statement of his convictions for the self-same reason that lent importance to the words of the Moor Alfaqui, in the *Romance Muy Doloroso*.

"Because he answered and because
He spake exceeding well of laws—
Y como el otro de leyes
De leyes tambien hablava."

Enough, however: the day-dreams and aspirations, the lofty designs and the heart-earnest resolutions have alike faded out, together with the vanished life of Montemolin. I kiss his hand, as we part, in homage to his misfortunes, the Progressista who has introduced me, bending his knee in loyal recognition of one whom he (Spaniard as he is) deems in spite of those misfortunes to be his sovereign. As we are proceeding down the Quadrant immediately afterwards, I am startled by apparently meeting

the very man from whom we have but a few moments before just parted. A second glance, however, shows me I am mistaken. The countenance is younger, the features less saturnine, the step more elastic. It is the second of the three sons of Don Carlos, of those three, heretofore, but ill-starred nephews of King Ferdinand VII. It is Don Juan—newly risen hope now, in his turn, of the, even as yet, not all extinct party of the old Spanish Legitimists! Leader of those who were the Carlists of yesterday—Carlists now no longer, but Juanists—looking still with a half despairing trust to one whose hand has already had determination enough to raise anew the ancient, tattered, blood-stained, bullet-riddled banner of the cause and of the dynasty—to raise it anew from the degradation into which it had fallen by the side of an almost dishonoured tomb, dropped there in the dust from the saddened grasp of the Montemolinists.

THE RIVALS OF KRISHNAPORE.

"Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?"

Troilus and Cressida.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

TAKING ADVICE.

THOSE who are accustomed to associate the idea of November weather with damp and gloom; with overcast skies and dismantled trees; walks strewn with sodden leaves, and the immediate distance obscured by curtains of mist, must exercise their imaginations to conceive a very different scene in the same month on the plains of North-west India.

The annual rains conclude in September, and, after a period of often malarious evaporation, the beginning of November presents a sky blue to almost Italian intensity, and an air singularly elastic and salubrious; whilst those who love to study the effects of light, behold down natural colonnades, or in chambers opening into each other by arches, such mellow gleams and delicious shades and obscurities as the paler suns of Britain seldom produce. The temperature is agreeable. The absence of either heat

or cold gives a sensuous quality to the air, corresponding with flavour in the viand, or perfume in the herb; and the natives, in calling this season "rose-water weather," happily enough indicate that such rich equability differs from ordinary temperatures as the distillation of flowers from simple water.

In the time of year indicated, and a year or two before the Mutiny, when homes were happy and safe, and when the confidence existing between the natives and their European rulers was as yet unbroken, our story occurs.

Krishnapore was a small English island, so to speak, in a Mahratta sea.

The town and cantonments, with a border of territory a mile in breadth, belonged to the British; but the district in which they were situated owned the sway of the house of Scindiah. So near, however, was the place to our boundary, that neither in the

natural features of the country, nor in the character of the inhabitants, could any material difference be detected from the scenery and population of the Gangetic valley.

There were stationed at Krishnapore a regiment of cavalry and a troop of horse artillery. Colonel Forester, commanding the cavalry, being the senior officer, commanded also the cantonments, and was Governor of the town.

About five o'clock on a November evening, the verandah of a neatly whitewashed and trimly thatched bungalow was occupied by two persons in conversation. This verandah, placed on the garden side of the house, looked into an expanse of ground almost exclusively devoted to vegetables. This piece was enclosed by a hedge of that *Lawsonia*, from whose leaves Indian ladies obtain the orange henna with which they stain their finger nails and the soles of their feet. The garden differed in little from an English kitchen-garden; for, indeed, the vegetables were mostly English, and peas and scarlet runners, cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, radishes, and tomatoes, seemed to promise by Christmas time all the plenty of our summer at home. There were no flowers; but the eye was compensated for their absence by the beautiful colours of various shrubs here and there planted in the enclosures, amongst which were particularly noticeable, the red pomegranate, the pink, white and yellow oleanders, and Poinciana the Fairest, whose long scarlet stamens, drooping below its orange petals, have gained for it, with the Persians, the name of the Tasset flower.

There was a great difference of age between the two who were conversing together. One was at least fifty years old, and his bronzed complexion, and hair and beard, unduly gray for his apparent age, told of a long residence in the East; the other, a young man of perhaps three-and-twenty, well-grown and shapely, on whom the *nimum propinquus Sol* had, as yet, marked no traces. He was dressed in the becoming uniform of a regular cavalry regiment—French gray and silver, with a tasty touch of orange in cuff and collar; a uniform too tarnished, alas! now, we fear, to be ever introduced again, but long to be remembered by those who saw it in its palmy

days, as one of the handsomest military costumes ever invented. His spruce appearance formed a contrast to that of his companion who was negligently attired in a loose suit of shepherd's plaid, and whose old smoking cap—

“Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,”

retained few traces of its original pattern. The elder is Dr. Twisleton, Surgeon of the regiment, familiarly called old Toozle Toon, that being the fashion after which the native servants pronounce his name. These nicknames and other social jests, of only moderate calibre, are not unfrequent in India, where the public wit prevalent in England does not reach, or if it reaches, does so, much damaged by the journey. The younger is Lieutenant Henry Sherwood, Interpreter and Quartermaster of his regiment. The two are chums, and occupy the bungalow between them.

The old Doctor had got a meerschau pipe in his mouth, and was very slowly and deliberately puffing away; but although gazing steadily into the garden, he did not appear to lose a word of what his companion was saying.

“You see, Doctor,” said Sherwood, “my fix is this. I tell you every thing, old fellow, and so you must not mind my being egotistical, and talking rather conceitedly.”

“Go on,” said the Doctor, blowing a ring of smoke, and watching it as it rose in the air.

“I believe,” continued Sherwood, “that Helen really likes me, and all that sort of thing, and if she knew more of me, something might come of it, and we might be happy; but then I get on so slowly. I am a bad hand at small talk, and, besides, I want to explain to her that I really see her good qualities, and esteem her for *them*, and not only because she's such a pretty girl. So you see, I should like to make love, as they call it, a little longer, only I am so afraid of Fitzgerald coming forward, and then I am not sure whether Helen would have the firmness to refuse him, particularly, you know, as the Colonel and her mother might think that Fitzgerald, being adjutant, and a smart officer, would not be so bad a match.”

Here Sherwood paused and looked

towards the Doctor, but the countenance of the latter betrayed no sign.

"Come, do say something, Doctor," urged Sherwood.

This appeal was answered by the removal of the meerscham—then a pause—then the following question puffed out, as it were :

"Are you sure she *has* any good qualities?"

"Oh! my good fellow," cried the other, "of course she has. I can't think how any one could see her and not find them out. She is a little thoughtless, and so on, but then, all Indian girls are; it's their bringing up. No, Doctor, she has got a thoroughly good disposition—what I call a sound heart at bottom. I am so certain how she will turn out, that I think it would be much wiser in me to propose at once—to-night, I mean, at the ball; and if I can get her to consent, I am certain I shall be able to make her like me much more afterwards. She only knows half of me; there is lots more to find out here," he added, laughing, and striking his chest on the side where the conventional seat of the affections is situated. "And I could almost swear," he continued, "if I don't propose to-night, Fitzgerald will."

Here the meerscham again gave place to a sentence, and the oracular Doctor delivered himself as follows :

"Suppose you test her good qualities."

"How do you mean, Doctor?"

"Let Fitzgerald propose, and if she refuses a man she does not love it will tell rather for her good qualities than the contrary."

"Well, I must say, I can't think, Doctor, it would be sensible or indeed right to subject a girl to temptation, so to speak, if one can prevent it. Of course, if I do not tell Helen the state of my feelings I cannot expect her to be acquainted with it; and if she considers herself perfectly free and unpledged, why she might give more weight to her parents' views than she would otherwise do." Then speaking in a louder tone, he continued, "of course, if I was less certain of my girl"—

"Or more," interrupted the Doctor.

"No," said the other, "*less* certain, it would be prudent to do as you advise, but you see I *am* so sure of her; I *know* she will turn out so well,

and all those little frivolities and flippancies which you, old people, take exception at, will vanish like the little parti-coloured clouds in the morning when the sun has once fairly begun his journey, and"—

Whatever was coming was cut short by a loud direction, in Hindoostanee, on the part of the Doctor to his gardener, who was seen advancing up one of the paths.

He immediately afterwards, however, turned to Sherwood, and said—

"I beg you a thousand pardons, my dear fellow, but these French beans must have longer sticks."

"May'st thou be hung," responded the other, "from thy longest stick, poisoned by thy potatoes, and bastinadoed for thy love of garlic."

Those who have been favoured with the confidence of young men who were in love will, we dare say, have detected in their conversation a tendency to repetition. This, added to a certain lack of novelty in the subject-matter itself, renders such monologues unfit for detailed reproduction. Few readers will be surprised to learn that the particular conversation in question, portions of which we have set down, ended very much where it commenced.

Age,—checking, hindering, suspecting, suggesting, warning, modifying, misunderstanding. Youth,—confident, omniscient, perspicacious, passionate, romantic, headstrong, obstinate. This is a very old story. Youth consoles itself with the reflection that you cannot put young hearts into old bosoms; and Age with the remembrance that you cannot put old heads on young shoulders, and so the contest is generally a drawn one.

Perhaps half an hour after the delivery of the last word Sherwood's chestnut Arab was brought round to the garden side, the horse-keeper supposing that his master had forgotten his evening duty.

"I shall be late," cried Sherwood. "I have got to meet the Colonel at the lines. Good-by, dear old Doctor. I am so glad you advise me to propose to-night, because I am certain you are right."

Then, with a bound, he sprung to the back of "Red Comyn," and galloped out of the enclosure, horse-keeper after him with horse-cloth and bridle-rope over his shoulder.

"But I DIDN'T advise you," shouted the Doctor, in a voice which did not reach Sherwood, but brought the old gardener up to see whether it implied any fresh orders about French beans.

The regiment of which Sherwood was interpreter and quartermaster was, on the whole, a very fair one. Most societies, or portions of society, in any way separated off into an independent body, whether held together by a common lot or by common interests, whether crept into by nepotism or climbed into by merit, will be found in the long run to consist of a few good, a few bad, and the rest of that middling sort which forms the great staple of the human race. It is the middling majority which, without prominent talents, prominent traits, or prominent failings, does almost every thing that is done in the world; most of the work, most of the eating, most of the reading, most of the receiving of opinions, and from the fact of whose general even tenors, and undistinguishable advent, progress, and extinction, it becomes possible that one or two sometimes turn out famous, and one or two sometimes infamous.

In a very small community the whole scale is reduced; the good are not very good, the bad not very bad; but still the microcosm, if carefully examined, will be pretty sure to give evidence of the seldom failing rule. In Sherwood's regiment only himself and Fitzgerald possessed any influence—these two alone were active, indicative; the rest, though all varying in many respects, might be lumped together in this, that they were passive, subjunctive.

The Colonel, a fine old good-natured fellow, though peremptory in manner, was in reality quite in the hands of his staff. The captains were comfortable and lazy: one fond of prophecy and its collateral, zoology; one of chemistry, and making odd aimless mixtures with indifferent odours; a third, crazy about a new kind of horse-shoe, which the veterinary surgeon would not allow him to introduce into

the regiment. Amongst the younger officers there were no prominent characters, and so Fitzgerald and Sherwood reigned. Sherwood's tastes and feelings were in favour of manly, healthy habits, and manly sports; but decidedly opposed to gambling, drinking, and profligacy in general. He was not unpopular, because no one who was so good a rider, and so fond of rat-killing and duck-hunting, and so strong a swimmer, could be so with the young; but his star paled before that of the accomplished Fitzgerald, who possessed all these endowments, and, in addition, what is so strangely called knowledge of the world. This knowledge implied a knack of obtaining very expensive cigars on credit; a familiarity, not always fairly displayed, with billiards, and a distant acquaintance with certain noted sharpers. Sherwood was the son of a clergyman, and had really seen, for his years, a great deal of life under particular aspects. He had visited much amongst the poor and the working classes; had seen men in sickness, and been with them in their last moments; had witnessed exhibitions of great pain, of great anger and resentment; and exhibitions, on the other hand, of unsophisticated joy and happiness. With country lasses, too, he had had many a jolly laugh, free talk, and frolic dance, without entertaining any design except harmless enjoyment. But all this counted for nothing; this was not seeing the world; there was no "life" amongst such people.

The influence, then, of Fitzgerald was greater with the younger ones, but, perhaps, with the captains, at present, Sherwood prevailed.

The ball, to which Sherwood made allusion in his conversation with the Doctor, was to be given that night by Colonel Forester to the whole station. The occasion was the Mahomedan Festival of the Mohurram, and the Colonel, with good feeling, if not altogether with good judgment, wished to have something in common with the men, by marking the day also.

So he gave a party.

CHAPTER II.

HURREE PUNT.

It was the same evening, and about the hour when Sherwood mounted "Red Comyn" at the Doctor's door, that a party of farmers was assembled at the common hall of Seeta Tulao, a small village about ten miles from the station of Krishnapore. The building to which this somewhat dignified name is given, exists in most villages in that part of India, and sometimes is represented by merely a rude mud verandah; at other times, by a more ambitious edifice of brick or stone; but, under whatever form, is used for the public business of the farmers, as also for conversation and gossip in leisure hours. The particular hall in question—an oblong chamber built of brick, with a flat roof, open on one side only—was faced with slabs of sandstone, and pierced by three arches of that pretty kind, Saracenic in origin, which is called scalloped, the outline being indented with semicircles. As the pillars of the arches were of neatly chiselled stone, the general effect was pleasing. Some of the farmers were old, white-headed men: one was quite blind, but treated by the others with great respect, and referred to as a reliable authority on agricultural matters: others, again, were young and strong-limbed men. All were seated, chatting away, in a ring, with a large hookah in the midst, which was pushed round. One or two lads beside them played at a game something like backgammon, on a board extemporized on the smooth-beaten mud floor by cross lines drawn with a stick. The village hall was situated on the banks of the Tulao or tank, from which the village took its name—a square piece of water whose sides were faced with brick masonry, and provided with brick steps leading down to the water's edge. This masonry was old, blackened, and discoloured; and in some places large masses, still firmly coagulated, had slipped: here, a whole row of steps had separated from the side, and there, the facing itself had given way, and the water had got between it and the bank.

Signs of the advancing evening

were evident: the cattle were being driven slowly in from the jungle lands to the immediate skirt of the village—the parroquets shrieked about the roofs of the huts—a large flight of pigeons made its last excursion in the high air, preparatory to settling down for the night on the *peepul* hard by—the monkeys were chasing each other, with growls and gibbering, from branch to branch of a huge banyan tree which overshadowed half the tank, whilst on the opposite bank the ringing of a bell and the blowing of a cow's horn betokened the performance of the customary rites at the picturesque pyramidal temple, whose reflection in the fading sunlight was lengthened across the water.

All seemed motionless and calm as the bright, clear sky above, when suddenly there was a rush home of the women who were drawing water at the large well outside the village; boys, too, were seen driving some of the cattle along the tank-side away from the direction from whence the women had run in; the lean dogs of the village rose from their distempered sleep, and shaking off the dust, ran forward to bark, whilst the monkeys, ceasing from their quarrels, crowded together on a worn branch of the giant fig-tree, and peered eagerly down. At the village hall, the young men started to their feet, and grasped their bamboo staves, whilst their elders eagerly inquired what had occurred. There was no long suspense, for immediately almost was heard the near tramping of horses, and the more distant sound of an elephant's bell, ringing with measured swing as the animal moved forwards. And now the heads of the cavalcade began to appear on the margin of the tank. A motley crew indeed they were! Some were dressed in green and some in yellow cotton dresses, comfortably padded enough, but patched in many places, and torn in still more. Most of them had turbans formed of a very long narrow strip of red cloth, coiled round their heads like rope, and jauntily cocked on one side. Many had their faces tied up, as if they were suffer-

ing from the tooth-ache, and all were dusty and dirty, and ragged and untidy to the last degree. Some had wooden spears of a great length—others shorter ones, surmounted by three-cornered coloured flags. Arms there were of various descriptions—swords and daggers and knives, plenty of matchlocks, and a few Maghyr guns, single-barrelled and with flint locks. One old gentleman had a brass blunderbuss, and another a mighty sword, nearly a foot in breadth. Almost all were provided with the small, picturesque, round shield, made of black leather, and strengthened and ornamented with brass bosses. The greater number were mounted on horseback, but there were a few camels, and two of them were provided with the half-pounder piece called *zumbooruk*. As each knot of riders came up, they spread themselves round the tank, so that two sides of it were pretty well filled by the time that the elephant bell was heard close at hand, accompanied, as the sound now was, by that of a pair of drums, slung like panniers over the shoulders of a camel, and beaten by its rider immediately in advance of the approaching great man. At length the elephant swung round the corner, and disclosed itself surmounted by a gay howdah, covered with bright paper and tinsel. The elephant driver seemed aware of the great importance of the charge he was conveying, and waved his yak-tail fly-flap upon his master's face, in a manner at once dignified and graceful. A few of the horsemen who accompanied the elephant, gently curveting by its side, were better dressed and mounted than their peers. The master himself, who was seated cross-legged in the howdah, appeared rather a tall man, though when he alighted shortly afterwards, the extreme shortness of his legs reduced his stature even below average height. His figure was slight, but the shoulders were broad and his arms noticeably long. His face was not unpleasing, though the large black eyes, being near together, gave it a wily look. His hair was cut so short that it assumed the appearance of a black skull-cap under his large white turban, which he wore in the Mahratta fashion. His nose was aquiline, whilst his thick black moustache, the only

hair he wore on his face, partially concealed a large and sensual mouth. He was entirely unarmed, and dressed in simple white muslin, with a garland of the large-flowered jasmine round his neck, the sacred thread worn across one shoulder proclaiming his Brahminical rank. This was Hurree Punt, formerly a large landed proprietor, holding his estates under the Mahratta Prince, but whom recent circumstances had turned into a marauder and an outlaw. Long before the accession of the present Scindiah, Hurree Punt had been known as the most stubborn and dilatory of taxpayers. From his mud fort in the jungles, on the walls of which were mounted several old honeycombed guns of portentous calibre, he sent evasive and not always polite answers to the authorized revenue collectors almost as regularly as the season for realizing government dues came round. If the affairs of the State became at all involved or unsettled, he escaped paying altogether; if the revenue collector was, on other occasions, disposed to be friendly, a compromise was entered into, and Hurree Punt paid half what was due from him. Sometimes, when the government was strong and unembarrassed with other matters, a small expedition would be fitted out against him; and then, by the time it had reached within five miles of his fort, he would pay up all his arrears. It so happened a year or two after the beginning of the present Maharaja's reign, that Hurree Punt had got very much behind-hand with his tax, unusually so even for him, and the young Prince sent him so peremptory a message, that he took offence and flatly refused to pay at all, adding, moreover, an insolent sneer, that if the money was wanted, it had better be fetched. In an evil moment, indeed! for the Maharaja marched down upon his fort at the beginning of the next cold weather, and, after a month's siege, in which hardly any one was hurt—except some of Hurree Punt's followers by the explosion of two of the old guns—the rebel zemindar found himself out of powder, and obliged to fly by night, leaving his jungle home to the Prince, who forthwith levelled it with the ground and confiscated the whole of its owner's estates. Thus terminated

VII.

In the walls are deep'ning reaches,
 Where symmetrically niches
 Awne over some marble wrought figures—when Hesper
 Sheds his last glow—while the screeches
 Of cormorants herald their homeward-bound vesper.

VIII.

The chill and oozing dew-damp
 Of an overspreading yew stamp
 On those statues a shade of cold charnel impress ;
 With lurid light, a blue lamp
 Of dark lazuli swings from each green leafy tress.

IX.

And thus by waning skylight
 Of a dusky-gleaming twilight,
 The O'Dougherty spectres of chieftain and vassal
 Loom on the sailors' eye-sight,
 Who are clansmen of wardens spell-bound in that castle.

X.

A day shall yet dissever
 From thrall those shapes for ever,
 And from bondage that clouded their primitive glory :
 When waked again, they never
 Must die till their deeds be recorded in story.

XI.

But night has come ! and ocean's
 Phosphoric commotions
 Beat round the seamen, and the rising blast seizes
 Those hallucinating notions
 That depart with the sweep of the freshning breezes.

XII.

And the swelling billow washes
 The prow with bursting plashes,
 As the fisher nears shore, with his Gaelic orison ;
 'Till in sheltered cove he lashes
 The hooker, that sped o'er the wat'ry horizon.*

LAGENTIENSIS.

* Some sailors of the O'Dougherty family being overtaken by a violent tempest, when far out on the Atlantic, endeavoured, but in vain, to reach the mainland of Donegal. The storm increased and the waves rose in mountains; their frail bark was speedily overwhelmed in the waters of the ocean. At the moment when the mariners gave themselves up for lost, their enchanted island appeared to emerge from the waters, and they were cast on shore, by the violence of the tempest. The first object, which appeared to their view, was the enchanted castle with its spell-bound tenants. The sailors attempted to draw a sword from the sheath of the most conspicuous image, when this figure motioned them away, saying, at the same time, the day had not yet arrived when that sword was to be drawn. By a strange tissue of circumstances, the adventurers were enabled to gain their homes on the coast of Donegal, where they afterwards related this wild and romantic story.

that a few minutes afterwards, Tej Singh—such was the young man's name—was seated with a single attendant on a fast camel, and salaaming to his chief, made off, full pace, in the direction of Krishnapore.

After a time, the Brahmin cook had exhausted the resources of his art in dealing with the somewhat limited articles at his disposal; but what with choicely prepared wheaten cakes, rice delicately boiled, and enriched with various stimulating condiments, and plentiful supplies of clarified water, Hurree Punt managed at any rate to make a sufficiently ample meal. The pangs of hunger being fully satisfied, and the fragrant hookah inducing a comfortable condition of mind, the chieftain bethought him he should like to see a *nauch*. So the zemindars were sent for on the subject. But alas! their homely village could supply no such refinements as dancing girls, and all hope of gratifying the taste of their visitor seemed out of the question, when one of the younger ones remembered that there were gipsies encamped some little distance from the village, and forthwith a messenger was dispatched to inform them that a dancing exhibition was required.

The messenger found the gipsy party seated around a fire in front of their own reed tents, their donkeys tethered close at hand, and one or two wild-looking dogs lying in the warm glare and barking. Only too eager at the chance of gain, they forthwith sent back, in company with the messenger, two of their men duly provided with musical instruments, and a young girl, about sixteen, who had been brought up to dancing and athletics. The wandering tribe of Nuts is found in all districts of North India. They mingle with pilfering habits small trades such as mat-making, but are almost always trained, both men and women, to tumbling and feats of activity; the girls, also, adding skill in a rude sort of dancing, whose somewhat Ionian movements are not considered in any way to lessen its attractions.

No sooner was the news of the approaching dance spread about than the wild adherents of the chief began to collect around the place where he was sitting, with that eagerness for the simplest amusements which

marks their race; but with a certain tendency to order, which is another characteristic feature, they ranged themselves in rows, leaving a large space in the middle. This space, by a happy thought of one of the zemindars, was covered in with a canopy, supported on four poles, such as is generally used at marriages. Then the barbers were sent for to supply torches, and by the time the gipsy girl had arrived, a very fair dancing saloon had been extemporarily rigged up and illuminated; and from the opposite bank of the water, the sitting crowd, the graceful canopy, the pretty front of the village hall, distinct and bright in the strong glare, and set, as it were, in a frame of ebon night (for the torches made darkness of the surrounding moonlight), all these presented a beautiful whole, though no single detail would have borne examination. And now the girl arrived: she was a pretty, wild, young creature, tawdrily embellished with glass-bead necklace, pinchbeck ear and nose rings, and with tinsel and talc ornamental patches attached to her dress. Very bold effects had been ventured upon—the seams of her hair were coloured red. She had good features, but her shining white teeth, and her shining black eyes, which flashed with a scarcely civilized expression, gave her rather the appearance of some strange, untamed animal. One of her companions played on a kind of viol, and the other on two small drums, which, secured round his neck by a string, were tucked into his waistband, where they rested handily enough, as their music was elicited with the palms of the hands. The girl advanced and retreated, as the manner of the Indian dance is, but with wilder and more wanton gestures than the regular professed dancers usually exhibit; and sometimes she broke out in song, strangely ornamented with quavers and fantastic roulades; song in which the ear could detect, even through the uncouth jargon in which they were shrouded, the wearisome reiterations which are never wanting in that species of Indian composition.

The following doggrel lines may give some notion of the burden, though not in any way of the versification, of what was performed:—

Beautiful is Radhika
Going to the well :
Beautiful is Radhika
Going to the well :
Look you ! how her bosoms swell !
Listen to her anklets' bell !
Beautiful is Radhika
Going to the well.

Beautiful is Radhika
Sitting 'neath the tree :
Beautiful is Radhika
Sitting 'neath the tree :
Sings not the cuckoo* with such glee,
Breathes not a jasmine sweet as she.
Beautiful is Radhika
Sitting 'neath the tree.

Ever and anon the music ceased—the dancer sat down to rest, and then the hum of voices broke out, and the gurgle of the hookah was heard ; but whilst the performance was going on every face was grave, and the chieftain himself looked on with an expression which would have suited him better had he been listening to an exposition of the hidden meaning of the shastras.

At length a sound was heard in the village street. Tej Singh had returned on his camel. He was brought in and set down by his leader. "Well," cried Hurree Punt, "and what were they doing?"

Tej Singh, mysterious, and not to be emptied of all his intelligence at once, replied with a single word, "Mohurrum."

"Oh ! they are celebrating the Mohurrum, are they?"

"Yes ; and they will be up all night, and the whole place will be light, like day."

"And the sahibs?" asked Hurree Punt.

"The sahibs," replied Tej Singh, laughing, "they are doing as you are doing. They are having a *nauch*.

They are drinking wine together, and presently their women will be brought into dance before them. I saw the Colonel Sahib's house all lighted up."

"And to-morrow?"

"To-morrow they bury the Tazees in the forenoon."

"And at night?"

"The Mussulmen will sleep off their devotion, and the sahibs their wine."

"Then business to-morrow night, and pleasure to-night," cried Hurree Punt.

This was the signal for a carousal, for the undisciplined outlaws were not averse to intoxicating drinks, and the zemindars had in their village a supply of liquor distilled from the flowers of the broad-leaved Bassia, a large earthen jar of which was forthwith produced, and the wine served round in saucers of red pottery. The Punt himself did not partake, but directed his servant to prepare for him a beverage formed from macerated hemp, for which he had a particular fondness.

But before indulging, he called Tej Singh aside, and asked him what news he had brought of the treasure chest.

"It is full," said the other ; "they had a remittance last week, and the troops have not been paid yet."

The wily eyes of the Mahratta glowed with delight.

And deep into the night resounded the sounds of the viol and the drums ; and the poor gipsy girl exerted herself with waning powers, languidly repeating the same gestures, and falteringly reiterating the praises of Radhika, till the audience were, many of them, nodding with sleep and wine, and their leader far away in the dreamland of Hasheesh.

CHAPTER III.

THE EVENTS OF AN EVENING.

By the time Sherwood had returned from the lines the first bugle had sounded for mess. The old Doctor had attired himself in full dress, in which, as he stooped a good deal, he looked particularly uncomfortable, but "it was

too great a nuisance" he said, "to come home and struggle with your clothes on a full stomach." Sherwood was not going to give the last touches till afterwards, and so slipped on a shell jacket. They drove together

* One of the Indian cuckoos—I believe, *Cuculus oxylophus*—has the finest notes I ever heard in feathered song.

in the Doctor's buggy to the mess-house.

Silence had been a golden gift to old Twistleton ; for, from leading a bachelor life, and from being averse to female society, he had acquired many selfish habits ; was especially fidgety about his food, particular about his drink, and fond of his own way in trifles. But silence concealed all this, and it was only his intimates who could detect, by the haggard eye and the twitching mouth, the conflict which was raging within when the soup was cold or the beer hot.

The collar of the full-dress jacket was irritating the Doctor's chin ; the sleeves were too long, concealing the cuffs of his shirt and encumbering his hands. Wrath was at fever-heat within, but, except his slightly severe treatment of the buggy horse, noticeable, indeed, to Sherwood, but which would not have been so to others, no outward sign of the internal condition was exhibited.

As soon as dinner was over at mess, the party broke up ; for those who were fond of dancing returned home to adorn themselves, whilst those who had less reason to care about their personal appearance rode or drove down into the town to see the Mohurram. Sherwood, though he was not ready for the ball, had promised the men he would come and witness the illuminations ; so he persuaded the Doctor to accompany him, the latter consenting on condition they went in the buggy, and that Sherwood drove. The worthy surgeon being under the impression that brandy and water the last thing would entirely divest him of the smell of tobacco, was easy about taking a number one cheroot, and as he had eaten an excellent dinner, he was reconciled to his dress jacket ; indeed, after dinner, with a cheroot in his mouth, he would have been quite happy in a strait waistcoat.

As they approached the lines, the hum of voices and the light in the sky denoted the progress of the festival.

The "Whig Titian," whose broad sweeps of colour often tinge the minor details in his pictures with hues which are not their own, has mentioned the Mohurram in one of these inimitable Indian Essays, where sheer talent has

informed with beauty and interest subjects which, in other hands, have almost always failed to attract or to entertain. Artistic necessity has there invested the festival with solemnity and pathos.

"After the lapse," he writes, "of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosom of the devout Moslem of India."

But there is really nothing solemn or touching about the celebration, in the northern parts of the country, at any rate. The population being almost entirely Soonee, there is little sectarian bitterness to intensify the grief.

In point of spirituality the whole affair may take rank with the feast of Godiva, which is, or was held at Coventry. The reader is doubtless aware that the occasion commemorated is that of the martyrdom of the Hoossein, the two sons of Ali. One of the principal features of the festival is the *taboots* or *tazees*, which are frameworks of bamboo, in the shape of a mausoleum, intended to represent that of Hosein on the plain of Kerbela, though some confusion exists, as it is the custom to place inside this mausoleum two little miniature tombs, one of which is understood to stand for that of Hassan, though *he* was buried at Medina.

These *tazees* are carried about in procession on the last public night of the celebration (the one we are describing), and this is called Shubgusht, or the nocturnal perambulation.

Though the sorrow is mainly theatrical, much real excitement prevails, and woe to the misguided Sheea who shall audibly curse the three companions, or the fool-hardy Brahmin who shall blow his *sunkh* or sacred shell, as the procession passes his temple-gate. Without doubt shall their crowns be cracked.

There were one or two very handsome *tazees* standing out on the grass, near the men's huts, and surrounded with ropes to keep off the pressure of the crowd. They were as gaily lighted as a Christmas fire. The effect was not displeasing ; the materials were simply paper and cane, but the paper being chiefly green, and profusely ornamented with tinsel, looked very bright and showy in the glare of the

coloured talc lanterns, and the many tiny earthen lamps which were employed for the illumination.

Around these constructions were seen the tall and active forms of the soldiers, their linen dresses affording play for the easy grace of their gestures. Among the many swarthy, handsome faces turned toward the light, not one looked with distrust or disrespect on the European officers. That was all in the dark future. At present smiles and good nature sat on every brow, and the buggy, in which Sherwood was driving, was surrounded as soon as it stopped, by native officers, veteran troopers, and young recruits, eager, one and all, to attract the attention of the popular Quartermaster. After a pause to examine and commend the *tazeas*, the drive was continued to the town, and on arrival at the police office, the occupants of the buggy alighted and were conducted to the flat roof of the house by the principal municipal authority, whom, not to encumber our page with oriental names, we may call the Head Borough. The police were under the superintendence of Sherwood, who had limited magisterial powers, and adjusted the broken gates, and so on, of the town, preparing only the record of more heinous offences for a judicial authority, some miles off, in one of the British districts. As the Adjutant had charge of the Treasure chest, Fitzgerald and Sherwood, between them, transacted all the public business of the little station.

The view from the roof of the police office was very pretty. Oriental towns are, generally speaking, too dirty, too slovenly, and essentially mean, to please western eyes in the sober beams of day; but by torch and lamp light, flaunting in coloured rays and gilt paper, and enlivened by crowds, whose vivid costumes and effective complexion* peculiarly suit them for a scene; these strange abodes of tawdry, uncomfortable wealth, and helpless, greasy, and fly-blown poverty, attract and gratify even those who are familiar with the beautiful streets and piazzas of civilized Europe. From

where Sherwood and the Doctor sat, the residence of a rich merchant was in sight, a lofty building, very prettily faced with carved stone, and having a double row of hanging balconies formed of the same material.

As there were many torches amongst the crowd below, the strong light, thrown on the front of this house brought out the elaborate work of the mason very pleasingly; nor was the actual illumination, caused by the torches, more effective than the obscurity thus produced in the street beyond, where the irregularities of the houses, the light wooden galleries jutting out before windows of different heights, and the outline of the cupolas of a mosque, which stood a little back, all softly developed in the gloom, would have furnished a painter with materials for a night-piece.

The procession of the *tazeas* now commenced; as is the custom, each Mussulman craft produced its own *tazea*, which was carried along by those hereditary brothers of the guild who annually perform that office. There was that of the dyers, that of the butchers, that of the weavers, and so on. These *tazeas* were accompanied by various standards; some being three-cornered flags, green for Hassan and red for Hosein, and others, symbolical shapes in wood or metal, such as a hand, a horseshoe, whose meaning it would be tedious now to inquire. These latter had, occasionally, scarfs of purple and yellow embroidered silk suspended from the poles which supported them, and making, as may be imagined, a very gay show. Nor were effigies wanting here and there of the *Boorák*, or fabled horse of the Prophet, with a human head and the wings and tail of a peacock, which was especially brought down by the Angel Gabriel, to convey his holiness to the celestial realms.

As each pageant advanced, drums were beaten with unflagging fervour and fury, and the air was filled with cries of Ya Allee! Ya Allee! Shah Hassan! Shah Hosein!

Every now and then the progress

* It betrays imperfect observation to call the Indians "niggers." A black man is quite the exception. Their hue generally ranges from wheat-colour to nut-brown.

of the tazeeas was arrested, and a ring formed amongst the crowd. Within this, perhaps, was performed a match at single-stick by two athletes, armed with cane-handed sticks and miniature shields, in which were exhibited many active gestures and far more leaping and turning than are usual, as the exercise is played with us. To these combatants would succeed a single *brave*, who, encumbered with a sword of undue length, would, nevertheless, so swing and twirl it in every direction, round his head, over his shoulders, under his feet, behind his back, that the dexterity with which he twisted his body, so as to elude the blade, could not but attract almost painful attention. And now an unarmed exhibitor struggled into the arena, who carried a stick by its middle, both ends of which having been first swathed in tow, were then dipped in oil. When these ends were lighted, the performer twisted the stick round with extraordinary velocity, as so to keep himself, unscathed, in a perpetual hoop of fire.

Although the festival was strictly Mohammedan, there were numbers of Hindoos in the crowd, for notwithstanding their ample pantheon, they are never averse to partially joining in religious ceremonies which do not belong to them. They cast their tribute of flowers on the shrines of Mohammedan saints, and, in one instance, at least, have been known to honour, with their own symbolical rites, the tomb of an English philanthropist. But though there were many religious cries, many fearfully warlike gestures, and much of that crazy excitement, partially hysterical, which characterizes Islam, perfect order reigned, and the idolaters, whom the faithful are especially instructed to smite and exterminate, looked quietly on at the show.

But time passed, and Sherwood and the Doctor had to return; so bidding adieu to the Head Borough, a burly follower of the Prophet, with a beard as red as henna could make it, who accompanied them with profound salutations into the street, they drove off home, meeting, as they passed out of the town, the regimental tazeeas which were being brought down with great pomp and a gorgeous procession from the lines.

The Doctor had scarcely spoken a

word the whole evening, but just as they were entering their own gate, he took his cheroot from his mouth, and said, slowly, "I think you are right, lad, to make your proposition" (so the good old man called it), "to-night; but do it with tact, and mind, if you think she's going to say 'No,' you tell her you would rather have a final answer another day."

Sherwood could not help laughing, but he pressed the old fellow's hand, without speaking, and jumped out to accomplish his toilet. Whilst this was going on, the Doctor ordered his brandy and water, and throwing the cheroot away, sat in the verandah, imbibing it with certain noises which are generally restricted to the occasion of using a gargle, but which, there is reason to believe, he really considered to render the lustration quite complete.

At length Sherwood came out; and truly a well-looking young fellow he was. His height was rather above the average, and he was athletically and powerfully made. His face, though not, perhaps, strictly handsome, had an especially manly and cheerful expression, and beneath the clear healthy skin the blood readily mantled, or as readily, for a moment, died away; while the steel-blue eye, and the light flowing hair spoke him the true Saxon. The handsome gray and silver uniform added all that costume could add to the original bounty of Nature. So they started together.

The drive from the gate of the enclosure in which the Colonel's house was situated was lighted with earthen lamps placed on stakes, so that from some distance intelligence might be gathered of the coming festivity. As they passed in, a camel was rapidly urged close by them. It did indeed attract Sherwood's eye; but supposing its riders to be some of the townspeople attracted by the illumination, he thought no more of it at the time. The house, when it was reached, was found also to be lighted up, and prettily hung in front with festoons of flowers. No exertion had been spared to make the party a pleasant one. The dining-room and drawing-room, which opened into each other by folding doors, were devoted to dancing. White cloth had been very tightly stretched over the druggets to facilitate the motions of the many twink-

ling feet. A large bed-room, communicating by a couple of doors with the drawing-room, had been cleared out, and was set apart for chess and the accommodation of those who did not dance. The verandah on the garden side was lighted up the whole length of the house, the reed blinds were let down so as to enclose it, and a long table was placed there, covered with choice viands for supper, prettily interspersed with vases of flowers. At one end of the verandah another table was set crosswise, covered with a white cloth, on which stood sundry bottles and bowls and glasses, and behind which, as behind a counter, waited two native servants, ready to supply such as desired it with punch à la romain, port or sherry negus in little custard glasses, or iced soda water. The company had almost all arrived by the time Sherwood and the Doctor came in. There were in all eight dancing ladies, which, considering the station, was a pretty good number. The Artillery major who commanded the troop contributed a niece, a good-tempered, little, faded-looking girl, without colour in her hair, or eyes, or face, or lips, and giving you the general impression of being "washed out." Then the Artillery doctor had two well-grown, blowsy, red-faced daughters, with very marked black eyebrows. They were what is called country-bred, talked with the strange accent which is picked up by a residence during youth in India, and were dressed in very bright colours and after patterns obtained from Calcutta. Four married ladies were pretty, light, and young enough to polk and waltz; and these, with Helen, made up the number stated. But one or two other elderly ladies joined in the more solemn movements, to whom must be added Miss Slater, the prophetic captain's daughter, who wore spectacles, who did not dance the "fast dances," but who performed her steps with great agility when the celebration of a quadrille came round, in its due course. All the gentlemen were dressed in full regimentals, except one. This solitary exception was of course the more conspicuous from the fact of being an exception. He was a tall, slightly-made, but active-looking man, with a dark complexion and dark hair. The pale, marble face

displayed no hair except on the upper lip. His eyes were decidedly fine, but they wore a sinister and discontented expression, and the lines about the small, delicate mouth curved downwards, and gave it a haughty and sarcastic look. He was dressed with scrupulous care in plain black clothes.

"Is not Fitzgerald a cool hand to come in muftee?" said one of the sub-alterns to Sherwood. "I was here when he first entered; he went straight up to the Colonel, and asked him if he minded, and said so politely he would change in two minutes if he did, that the old fellow was hurried into replying he was glad to see him in any dress, and hoped he would stop just as he was."

Colonel Forester, who was amazingly military as far as appearance went, towered slowly about the room, speaking to everybody in his bass voice, and with his assumed brusque manner, very probably not at all conjecturing how good-humoured and ductile he was in reality.

"Well, Sherwood, my boy," said he, "what makes you so late? How do, Doctor? You have been, dare say, to see the show. I went down myself for a few minutes, and I took the opportunity to caution the fellows, and I said to them, 'I have no objection to your processions and your tazeeas, and your this, that, and the other, but, if you kick up a row in the town, I will be down upon you;' and, well they know if I do trounce them, they won't forget it in a hurry."

Sherwood, of course, acquiesced that the consequences would be very serious if the Colonel was once roused. But at this point Mrs. Forester swept into sight. She was a very comely dame, attired in a figured green silk dress and a black lace scarf; she had a handsome face, and the plaits of her own gray hair were suitable and nice; but it cannot be denied the expression of the countenance was somewhat foolish. Her volubility of tongue, too, was truly astonishing. "What, so late! Mr. Sherwood. Well, I am sure I do not know what the young ladies will say. However, better late than never. We must take the young men now when we can get them. Take me whilst I am in the humour. Eh? Ha! ha! ha! It

was not so when *I* was young. We were queens then, I can tell you. We just had to pout and flounce a bit, and the young fellows were wretched—miserable!” Then, in a confidential whisper, “You must manage and get a dance at once with Helen. She likes your dancing so much. You have such a nice ear for music, and keep the time so well.”

Oh! you deceitful mamma; your words are very sweet and comfortable, but you know you said the same thing, in precisely the same phrase, half an hour ago, to Fitzgerald. The words are not without their effect, however, on the last person to whom they were addressed. He joins in the *melée*, and very soon succeeds in obtaining Helen’s hand; indeed, she had got his name down on her little card for the fourth dance, which is the *Redowa*. He dances with a good ear and a firm step, and evidently enjoys it as three-and-twenty only can; but Fitzgerald has the advantage of him in grace. The latter, indeed, just now, is not exerting himself to be very graceful, for he is dancing with one of the Miss Biddles, the Artillery doctor’s daughters. The Christian names of those two young ladies are well known in the station, and the military youths are undisciplined enough to use them familiarly. One is called Sarah Jane, and the other Eliza Ann.

If you were to ask that tall young cornet which was which, he would tell you that the one with moustache was Sarah Jane, and the one with the game eye was Eliza Ann. These would be, however, only exaggerated expressions, which he has picked up, for Eliza Ann has only a slight cast, and the lip of Sarah Jane as yet exhibits nothing but a faint streak of down; but sharp young men say sharp things, and stupid young men imitate what sharp young men say, and so unkind words gain currency.

They are, however, very good natured girls, and will, doubtless, end in making excellent wives and tender mothers.

It is Sarah Jane who is now dancing with Fitzgerald. The *Redowa* should be played slowly by right, but Fitzgerald has been privately to the band, which is stationed in a side verandah, and asked them to play it very fast; and so Miss Sarah spins

round at an amazing pace in her bright yellow *barège*, and the pink flowers and streamers in her hair float on the breeze, and she is swung, breathless, at last, to a corner, when, looking at her companion with mixed admiration and reproach, she says—

“Oh, Mr. Fitzgerald, now for what reason you must dance so quick—I do not know how I shall fetch out my breath.”

The dancers have hard work of it, for there are not more than ten of the officers who dance; however, they keep on with great spirit, and exchange partners as much as the number of ladies will permit.

The prettiest thing of the evening occurred in the sixth dance. It was a polka. Fitzgerald danced with Helen. By previous concert, they introduced some of these figures which are seldom seen off the stage, but which, in reality, constitute the only claim to beauty the dance possesses. Helen looked remarkably well. She was dressed in a simple blue *tarlatan*, with white roses in her deep chestnut hair; she was excessively fair, and the beautiful roundness of her alabaster arms could not but attract every eye. Her own dark gray ones flashed with innocent pleasure as she felt the admiration she was creating, for the others fell aside, and she and her partner danced for a few minutes almost alone. A station party is so nearly a family party that the little display was quite pardonable, and was enjoyed by all.

The young men who did not dance beguiled themselves, as well as they could, with the prospect of an arena about midnight, in which they would feel more at home. One would say to another, “well, how you getting on, old fellow?” and the other would answer, “all serene, sir;” and then the two would look at each other with meaning glances, and it would end in their retiring together to the table in the verandah, and having a friendly glass.

The old Doctor found a companionable fish, equally out of water, in Mr. Coles, the veterinary surgeon, a farmer-looking sort of man, with a strong provincial accent, and they two sat on a sofa and made their remarks on the spectacle. The Doctor, however, who was a great favourite, was occasionally carried off by some of the younger

sort, who, with a "come along, old Toozle," conveyed him to the refreshment corner, where he, nothing loath, was invigorated for the further duties of the evening by their friendly hands, with a small supply of romain punch. Sherwood was not unmindful of the central project of his evening, but the dancing was too brisk and the spectators too numerous and watchful, to admit any hope of a private interview at present. He clearly saw that Helen could never be got aside, at any rate till after supper. But there would be no harm in looking out for a suitable place. He found it with little difficulty. A charming verandah just opposite the one occupied by the band. And the windows opening on it in the ball-room were closed,—could any thing be better! You had to step into the front verandah, and turn the corner, and then, there you were, moonlight, and solitude, and seclusion, and every thing. There were two ayahs, with their tawny faces pressed against the glass windows, peering in, when Sherwood first explored the place, but he put them to flight. They were wondering, doubtless, how so pure and good a girl as they knew their young mistress to be, could be allowed to do such an indescribably indecorous an action as dance with a young gentleman!

It was just midnight. Mrs. Forester had been to the Doctor to tell him there would be a little delay about the supper, as the jellies would not congeal, but he must not mind. She

knew his weakness. Sherwood was planning what he would say in the verandah by-and-by, and was dancing so carelessly with Eliza Biddle that she recalled him to attention by saying, "a penny for your thoughts, now;" when suddenly one of the servants beckoned him out.

There was a fire in the Bazaar; nothing could extinguish it, thousands of poor people would be ruined. Without the Sahib nothing could be done.

He knew all this was exaggeration; still there could be no doubt about the fire; he could see the red sky from where he stood at the door.

It was a great disappointment, but duty called; and he had habituated himself to obey her voice.

He went to the Colonel and announced his departure. The Colonel said, "Oh, never mind, man, let the police put out the fire; what are they paid for?"

But Sherwood replied it was clearly his place to go. The Colonel, who always followed up with an order when he got a suggestion of the right course, said, "Yes, I think I must get you to go, Sherwood, and just tell the fellows, if it has occurred through their infernal carelessness, I will have a parade every day for the next two months, at four o'clock in the morning."

Sherwood cast a lingering look at the ball-room, and went sorrowfully away.

LEGEND LAYS OF IRELAND.

NO. VI.—A LEGEND OF DONEGAL.

I.

With ev'ning shades descending,
 A hooker's sail was bending
 The mast to those white cots that stood by clear fountains,
 Whilst ocean's mists were blending
 Their vaporous hues o'er the Donegal mountains.

II.

The sunset shadows hover
 The rereward ocean over,
 Whilst on shore might be seen the fisherman's daughter,
 Scanning the sail-spread rover,
 Careering along the horizon of water.

III.

Those hardy sailors crowding
 On spars their canvas shrouding,
 Were sons of the soil of their lov'd Inishowen,
 Constant as skies overclouding
 They clung to their hills like the wild native rowan.

IV.

Lo! 'twixt the bark and highland,
 Their own enchanted island,
 Its green shore extends to the kisses of ocean,
 Becalmed mid the sky and
 The light azure wave with its tremulous motion.

V.

Above the verdant bowers
 Arise embrasured towers,*
 Relieved by dark shades of the far mountain broom;
 Whilst fragrant shrubs and flowers
 Shed o'er the wild waves their fresh evening perfume.

VI.

'Twas the islet castle haunted
 By spirit forms enchanted,
 That roamed after death through bowers of bent willow;—
 Its view never granted
 To a race, save the one, that now sailed on the billow.

* The enchanted castle of the O'Doughertys has a fabled existence off the coast of Donegal, and far out on the Atlantic Ocean. It is invisible to all, except those bearing the name of the former chiefs and clansmen of Inishowen. The description of its appearance on the Ocean Island corresponds with that attempted in the legend. Tradition holds, that the marble statues to be seen with girded swords and ranged within the walls are those of chieftains and warriors of the renowned race of the O'Doughertys, who, by some strange enchantment, were metamorphosed into stone, at a period long remote. When those spells shall be broken, the statues are to resume their former shape and condition, to draw their swords, and recover possession of a lost inheritance.

VII.

In the walls are deep'ning reaches,
Where symmetrically niches
Awne over some marble wrought figures—when Hesper
Sheds his last glow—while the screeches
Of cormorants herald their homeward-bound vesper.

VIII.

The chill and oozing dew-damp
Of an overspreading yew stamp
On those statues a shade of cold charnel impress ;
With lurid light, a blue lamp
Of dark lazuli swings from each green leafy tree.

IX.

And thus by waning skylight
Of a dusky-gleaming twilight,
The O'Dougherty spectres of chieftain and vassal
Loom on the sailors' eye-sight,
Who are clansmen of wardens spell-bound in that castle.

X.

A day shall yet dissever
From thrall those shapes for ever,
And from bondage that clouded their primitive glory :
When waked again, they never
Must die till their deeds be recorded in story.

XI.

But night has come ! and ocean's
Phosphoric commotions
Beat round the seamen, and the rising blast seizes
Those hallucinating notions
That depart with the sweep of the freshning breezes.

XII.

And the swelling billow washes
The prow with bursting plashes,
As the fisher nears shore, with his Gaelic orison ;
'Till in sheltered cove he lashes
The hooker, that sped o'er the wat'ry horizon.*

LAGENTIERIS.

* Some sailors of the O'Dougherty family being overtaken by a violent tempest, when far out on the Atlantic, endeavoured, but in vain, to reach the mainland of Donegal. The storm increased and the waves rose in mountains ; their frail bark was speedily overwhelmed in the waters of the ocean. At the moment when the mariners gave themselves up for lost, their enchanted island appeared to emerge from the waters, and they were cast on shore, by the violence of the tempest. The first object, which appeared to their view, was the enchanted castle with its spell-bound tenants. The sailors attempted to draw a sword from the sheath of the most conspicuous image, when this figure motioned them away, saying, at the same time, the day had not yet arrived when that sword was to be drawn. By a strange tissue of circumstances, the adventurers were enabled to gain their homes on the coast of Donegal, where they afterwards related this wild and romantic story.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

"With eye uprais'd, his master's looks to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man,
The rich man's guardian and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end."—ANON.

WE confess ourselves, with Pierre, "a friend to dogs," yea, even to an extreme point, founded on much close intimacy with and long experience of their noble qualities; but we demur to the exclusive tenor of the last line of our motto. If a canine adherent is the "only creature" whose fidelity endures to death—creature being taken in its extended sense—what becomes of the love of wives, parents, children, and friends, of whose devotedness so many imperishable examples are recorded? We need not enumerate all the trite illustrations which rise up in a legion as the thought presents itself. Our own experience tells us that poets, however agreeable as solacing companions, are not to be trusted as moral casuists. Lord Byron, again, says of a deceased Newfoundland dog, that he was the only friend he had ever known—a mere ebullition of affected cynicism. He knew better, and felt better; but a pungent line is a temptation under which even St. Anthony would have succumbed had he been accessible to the rhyming *estro*.

Instinct and reason are the terms usually employed to mark the distinguishing attributes of animals and men. Where does the one faculty end and the other begin? Can we distinguish and divide them by any specific barrier? Are they separated as by a high wall or deep trench, or do they glide into and rise imperceptibly from each other, after the whimsical system of cosmogony invented by Maillet, enlarged by Lamarck, and advocated by some modern transcendentalists, who persuade themselves that they believe in progressive development or *transmutation*—as Dr. Buckland designated the theory—which, being fairly interpreted, means that fishes, birds, reptiles, mammals,

and monkeys, grow successively from one inferior organism until the monkey at last merges into a man?

The boundary between instinct and reason becomes extremely perplexing to those who have associated much with the canine race. Sir Walter Scott declared that he could believe any thing of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiosyncrasies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories of their unaccountable habits. Once, he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favourite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend Daniel Terry the actor, then on a visit at Abbotsford, and who, for the nonce, voted himself a sportsman, on a sporting excursion. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed, up sprang a numerous covey; Terry, bent on slaughter, fired both barrels together, aiming in the centre of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Terry full in the face, but, after a little pause, shook himself again, and went to his work as before. A second steady point, a second fusilade, and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at his leisure, leaving the discomfited venator to find for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir Walter was fond of repeating the anecdote, and always declared that it was literally true, while Terry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."

Ancient and modern history abound in incidents* which prove the strong claim of dogs to be enrolled amongst

* Mr. Jesse's volume is a most interesting summary. We have carefully avoided his anecdotes, as also those of other writers. The subject is far from being exhausted.

rational and thinking beings. A great authority, Dr. Johnson, it must be admitted, asperses their intellectual pretensions. He maintains that they have not the faculty of comparison, because, if offered two pieces of meat of different sizes, they will seize the small as readily as the large one. We have tried the experiment on the faith of his assertion with a singularly sagacious quadruped, and having looked at both, he selected the largest piece. He did more. He concealed it under his paw until he had secured the other. It is vain to call this mere greediness of appetite—it was deliberate calculation. But this insulated case may not establish a rule. Let the objection stand for its value; still, it is far from conclusive.

Show a water-dog a leap he is accustomed to take from a rock when the tide is in, and off he springs immediately. Suggest it to him from the same point when the tide is out and he can see the jagged stones at the bottom,—he draws back, hangs his ears and tail, crouches at your feet, and cannot be induced to venture either by threats or by the blandishment of throwing in a stick or a piece of his favourite viand. If this is not an exercise of the faculty of comparison what is it? Not mere instinct in the abstract but instinct specially applied.

Dr. Beattie, author of the “Minstrel” and of various works in prose, in his “Moral and Critical Dissertations,” published in 1783, relates the following well-authenticated anecdote:—“A gentleman was walking across the Dee, near Aberdeen, when it was frozen; the ice gave way in the middle of the river, and down he sank, but kept himself from being carried away in the current by grasping his gun, which had fallen athwart the opening. A dog who attended him, after many fruitless attempts to rescue his master, ran to a neighbouring village and seized the skirt of the coat of the first person he met. The man was alarmed and would have disengaged himself, but the dog regarded him with a look so imploring and so significant, and endeavoured to pull him along with so much gentle violence, that he began to think there might be something extraordinary in the case, and suffered himself to be conducted by the animal, who brought him to his master in time to save his

life. The person thus preserved, whose name was Irvine, died about the year 1778. His story was long a theme of conversation in the neighbourhood.” Dr. Beattie says, “I give it as it was told by himself to a relation of his, a gentleman of honour and learning, and my particular friend, from whom I had it, and who read and approved of this account before it went to press.”

Were there not here both memory and calculation, guided by experience and by what in a human creature we should not scruple to call good sense? Dr. Beattie at once decides to the contrary. “Rather let us say,” he observes, “that here was an interposition of Heaven, who having thought fit to employ the animal as an instrument of this deliverance, was pleased to qualify him for it by a supernatural impulse. The event was certainly so uncommon that, from the known qualities of a dog, no person would have expected it; and I know not whether this particular animal ever gave proof of extraordinary sagacity in any other instance.” The premises and assumed deduction are somewhat vague. Nothing can be said in opposition to the “Minstrel’s” hypothesis, although we can scarcely feel the soundness of the logic by which the argument is thus closed.

The writer of this notice, many years ago, possessed a noble Labrador dog called “Tiger,” immaculate in breed and unmatched in endowments. We could tell stories of him—and vouch for them, too—which would have made Pyrrho himself cease to doubt. He ran by the side of a stage-coach from Newcastle to Edinburgh—120 miles—and when taken up about half-way by the Jehu, out of compassion, jumped down again in disdain, and alternately chased the birds through the fields, and leaped with untiring pertinacity at the horses’ noses. On another occasion he swam across the Queensferry after the mail-boat, in which it was impossible to confine him, and in the dead of night, and overtook the coach with a triumphant yell of delight after it had got ahead of him by several miles. But these were mere physical feats. Let us cite a case of his intellectual qualities. When at Newcastle-on-Tyne a gentleman of the name of Huntly, a friend and visitor of his master’s, once set a

bull-terrier on him. Tiger was valiant, but no match for his trained opponent, and came off second best. But he stomached his defeat and bided his time. Some months after he removed with his master to Edinburgh. One day when he was lying under the table, as was his wont, Huntly came in, who had just arrived, to pay a visit. Tiger at once recognised him, rushed out, ruffled up his back, growled, showed his teeth, and stood defiant, until rebuked and ordered down by his master. In a few days Huntly came again and said—"Your dog alarms me. Every morning when I go out I find him standing opposite my steps, he growls significantly, and goes away slowly, looking at me over his shoulder. I think he means mischief." A week more elapsed, when one morning the writer, being busily engaged in correcting some printer's proofs, heard suddenly a noise upon the stairs outside the door of his sitting-room followed by a growl, a short struggle, and a shriek. He ran hastily to open the door, when Tiger sneaked in and scuttled under the sofa, his usual place of retreat when he had offended; Huntly followed, pale and terrified, with his trowsers torn and blood flowing from a fleshy part of his person. The dog had seized him suddenly and taken his revenge. He was dragged out and severely punished, which he bore with the silent philosophy of a stoic. But from that moment, his honour being satisfied and his debt paid off, he ever received Huntly with a wag of the tail and a disposition to lick his hand.

It is generally believed that dogs dream—unquestionably a process or exercise of faculty that involves ratiocination and memory. The theory dates back to Aristotle. Lucretius dwells on the imperfect attempts they make at barking and running in their sleep. He says the animal then imagines himself pursuing his prey or attacking an enemy. Those who have witnessed these canine contortions would find it difficult to think otherwise. Infants of a month old smile in slumber, but this must, assuredly, be mechanical, as it cannot be imagined that a babe should have visions or dreams before it has ideas.

The extreme attachment which the fair sex have sometimes shown to

domestic animals has seldom produced a more strange advertisement than the following, copied verbatim from the *Daily Advertiser* of the 13th of November, 1744:—"Wanted, an *exceeding small* lap spaniel. If any one has such a one to dispose of, either male or female, and of any colour or colours, that is very, *very* small, with a very short, round, snub nose, and good ears, if they will bring it to Mrs. Smith, at a coach-maker's over against the Golden Head, in Great Queen-street, near Lincoln's-Inn Fields, they may (if approved) have a very good purchaser. And to prevent any farther trouble, if it is not *exceeding small*, and has any thing of a longish, peaked nose, it will not do at all. And, nevertheless, after this advertisement is published no more, if any person should have a little creature that answers the character of the said advertisement, if they will please to remember the direction and bring it to Mrs. Smith, she is not so provided but that such a one will still at any time be hereafter purchased."

A beautiful little "barbette" (poodle), being very ill-treated by a large cat, the following epigram, by way of warning, was made extempore by a relation to the owner of both:—

"Notre chatte ! qu'il vous souvienn
Que si vous battez not' chienne,
Vous serez bientôt le manchon,
De notre petite *Funchon*."

"Mark my words, grimalkin gruff,
Leave that little dog at peace,
Or else your skin shall make a muff
To adorn my little niece."

Dogs that have been stolen, and conveyed to a great distance, have sometimes found their way home, in a manner little short of miraculous. Dr. Gall mentions a dog that was taken from Vienna to England; that it escaped to Dover, got on board a vessel, landed at Calais, and after accompanying a strange gentleman to Mentz, made its way alone from thence to the Austrian capital.

An old hunting ballad, now nearly two hundred and fifty years old, gives the following names (some of them still popular), belonging to a celebrated pack of hounds of that day:—

"Juno and Jupiter, Tinker and Troller,
Singwell and Merryboy, Captain and
Crier,
Gaugwell and Ginglebell, Fairmaid and
Fryer,

Beauty and Bonnylass, Tanner and Trouncer,
Foamer and Forester, Bonner and Bouncer,
Gander and Gundamore, Jowler and Jumper,
Tarquin and Tamberlane, Thunder and Thumper."

Out of all these appellations only two seem to commemorate the party disputes of the age. "Bonner" may refer to Queen Mary's persecuting bishop, and "Gundamore" certainly means the renowned Spanish diplomatist, Gondamar, who hoodwinked our British Solomon. In a play by Mrs. Behn, we find a Whig knight calling his house-dog "Tory."

The following singular instance of spontaneous affection between a lion and a dog was related in 1796, sixty-five years ago, in a magazine of repute, the *Monthly Mirror*, and is even there spoken of as an old, well-known story. We have never met with it elsewhere, and know not whether it has been repeated since.

It was customary in those days for people who were unable to pay the usual toll of sixpence for a sight of the wild beasts in the Tower, to bring a small dog or a cat as an oblation to the animals, in lieu of money to the keeper. Amongst others, a rude fellow had caught up a pretty black spaniel in the streets, which was accordingly thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little victim, as if conscious of its danger, trembled, and shivered, and crouched, and threw itself on its back, and put forth its tongue, and held up its paws in supplicating attitudes, as an acknowledgment of superior power, and as if praying for mercy. In the meantime the lordly brute, instead of devouring, looked on it with an air of philosophic inspection. He turned it over with one huge paw, and then back again with the other, and snuffed at it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner; but the lion held aloof and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him, as it were, to be his taster. At length the little creature's fears being somewhat abated, and its appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, it approached slowly, and still trembling, ventured to taste. The lion then advanced gently, began to

partake also, and they finished the meal very lovingly together. From that day the strictest friendship commenced between them—a friendship combining all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and the utmost confidence and boldness on that of the dog; insomuch, that he would lay himself down to sleep within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

A gentleman, who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to reclaim his dog. "You see, sir," said the keeper, "how fond they are of each other; it would be a great pity to part such loving friends. However, if you insist upon your property, you must even be pleased to take him yourself; it is a task that I would not engage in for 500 guineas." The gentleman became furious, but finally calmed down, and chose to acquiesce in the loss of his dog, rather than run the risk of a personal dispute with the lion.

The sequel of this extraordinary story is tragical in the extreme. In something more than twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, leaving his companion the most desolate of creatures. For a time the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favourite was asleep. He would continue to smell to him, and then stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paw; but finding that all his efforts to awaken him were vain, he began to traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace; then he stopped and looked down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard, and again lifted his head on high, opened his horrible throat, and prolonged a roar, as of distant thunder, for several minutes.

They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcase from him; he watched it perpetually, and would suffer no person to touch it. The keeper then endeavoured to tempt him with variety of food, but he turned from all that was offered with loathing. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he immediately tore piecemeal, but left their members on the floor. His passions being thus inflamed, he would dart his fangs into the boards, pluck

away large splinters, and again grapple at the bars of his cage, as if enraged at his restraint from tearing the world to pieces. Again, as if quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, gather him in with his paws, and put him to his bosom, and then utter roars of such terrible melancholy as seemed to threaten all around, for the loss of his little play-fellow—the only friend, the only companion he had ever had. For many days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance or admitting any comfort, until one morning he was found dead, with his enormous head lovingly reclined on the carcase of his small friend. They were interred together, and their grave plentifully watered with the tears of the keeper and his loudly-lamenting family.

The poodle was long considered eminently sagacious and faithful. He was a great favourite in his day, but his day is passing over, and the breed, like the Red Indians, gradually wearing out. Washington Irving's description of a pet of this species is worth repeating:—"A little, old, gray-muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turned up, his mouth drawn into wrinkles so as to show his teeth;—in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from the ground. This wretch is called *Beauty*."

With all our avowed respect and love for the canine species, we must exclude the genus *lap-dog* in all its varieties. They are, and ever were, with rare exceptions, unmitigated inflictions, from "Chowder," immortalized in "Humphrey Clinker," down to the modern breed of pseudo King Charleses, Blenheims, Skye Terriers, and Cuban nondescripts inclusive. Great praises are bestowed upon the Japanese household pets, but we have not yet made their personal acquaintance. A prairie dog is an anomalous curiosity, scarcely as large as a common rat. Formerly, if we are to believe George Colman, one of the principal duties of a domiciled tutor was to comb the lap-dogs. The pugs, seldom seen now, were the most objectionable of all in temper and ugliness. They snarled and

bit at everybody, including their mistresses. They were full of cunning and spite too, and would pretend that you trod on them, though you were several yards off. Not long ago we heard a lady in one of the fashionable squares violently objurgating a butcher's boy, for having, as she supposed, kicked a sort of hybrid deformity, who was trying to waddle after her with an intense effort at locomotion, and who suddenly set up a grievous howl. The urchin denied the charge stoutly. "He were only a making believe, marm," said he, "to get me into an obble. I didn't touch 'im. The malice of them ere little beastisses is hinconceivable."

Many a good servant has been discharged for giving umbrage to Pompey the Little. The following instance may be relied on as authentic. The *wing* of a chicken was ordered to be given to a valetudinary Italian greyhound, swathed up in body-clothes to prevent his catching cold. Thomas, the footman, insulted him with a *leg*. The imposition was discovered, and the offending Thomas instantly discharged by his mistress, with this accompanying homily—"Have I not repeatedly warned you never to presume to give any thing but the tenderest white meat to my delicate idol? Have you not frequently heard me say that gross food created flatulencies in his dear little stomach? You know not the sufferings your audacity may have brought upon the poor angel! Prepare this moment for your departure from my house. I would not keep such a monster for the universe; and, to teach you more humanity for the future, this circumstance shall not be suppressed, should I be applied to for your character."

Some ladies have even put on sables for the loss of a lap-dog, and for a time have been inconsolable. The corpse has been retained in the house for at least a week before interment, during which time no visits were received or paid, and the undertaker made all the necessary preparations for a sumptuous funeral. It sometimes happened, too, that the body was laid out in state in a room hung with solemn trappings, prepared for the purpose. The late Duchess of York, having no children, and seeing nothing of her husband, concentrated her affections on dogs, great and small, from the

lordly mastiff down to the unsightly turnspit and "cur of low degree." There was a cemetery provided for them at Oatlands, where they had monuments and inscriptions most elaborately executed. Lord Byron's favourite, Boatswain, who died mad, is buried in consecrated ground within the ruined aisle of the old church at Newstead Abbey, and with an obelisk to his memory, mounted on a huge pedestal, imposing enough for a prime minister.

Affection for animals is not always confined to dogs, cats, horses, or monkeys, parrots or macaws. It extends to reptiles and fishes. We have heard of a lady who went into society with a pet snake entwined in her hair. It is recorded of Licinius Crassus, that he so intensely doted upon a lamprey, which he kept in a pond, that when it died he wept profusely. Domitius, his fellow-prætor, being scandalized at this unseemly grief, demanded of him spitefully—"Are you not ashamed to shed so many tears for the loss of a thing between a fish and a worm?" "And you," retorted Licinius, "are you not more ashamed, who have buried three wives without shedding *one* tear?"

Sir Walter Scott, in "Woodstock," draws a splendid type of a hound, Bevis, the attached companion of his old cavalier, Sir Henry Lee. He says in a note that the portrait is not altogether imaginary. "It may interest some readers to know that Bevis, one of the handsomest and most active of the ancient highland deer-hounds, had his prototype in a dog called Maida, the gift of the late chief of Glengarry to the author. A beautiful sketch of him was made by Edwin Landseer, and afterwards engraved. The painting is at Blair-Adam." The adventures of the Bevis and Sir Henry Lee of the novel are imaginary; but Sir Walter may have known or remembered that at Ditchley, in the county of Oxford, formerly belonging to Lee, Earl of Lichfield, but subsequently the seat of the Dillons, there is, or was, a portrait of an earlier Sir Henry Lee, and an earlier and veritable dog, to whom his master was indebted for his life. Mr. Jesse gives the story at full length.

Another extraordinary attribute peculiar to dogs is, that they not only adopt their master's habits and

manners, but grow to resemble them in temper, disposition, and physical appearance. A singular instance came under the writer's own knowledge in his youth, in the case of an officer in the same battalion with himself, who had a large, rough terrier, called "Pincher," so completely his double in every look, gesture, and turn of mind, that it became a regimental joke to call him indiscriminately by the captain's name and his own, to either of which he answered with equal readiness. Pincher and his master were both killed at New Orleans on the unlucky 9th of January, 1815. They were buried in the same hastily-dug grave, and some said the mutual resemblance in death was still to be observed.

A wooden horse proved the destruction of Troy: a *live dog* rescued Drury-lane Theatre from bankruptcy in 1803. A splendid specimen of the Newfoundland breed, hight "Carlo," appeared in an aquatic spectacle written expressly for the display of his abilities, called, "The Caravan, or the Driver and his Dog," a stupid affair, which would not be endured now. A large tank of real water, with two liquid cascades tumbling into it, was exhibited on the stage. Into this a boy—a stuffed figure, of course—was thrown from an overhanging precipice. Carlo plunged from the rock, seized the supposed boy by the waist-band, and swam with him on shore. Never did Betterton, Garrick, or Kemble: no not even *Master Betty*, obtain louder plaudits, or attract greater audiences. About ten years later another dog, at Covent Garden, far eclipsed Carlo in a celebrated spectacle called "The Forest of Bondy, or Dog of Montargis," founded on a well-known historical fact, recorded by Montfauçon as having occurred in France during the reign of Charles V., but referred by some authorities to the time of Charlemagne. This story of the murder of Aubri de Montdidier by the Chevalier Macaire, and the discovery of the crime by means of the victim's dog, with the judicial combat, in which the quadruped proved victorious, has been too often told to bear repetition. The melodrama was one of the most successful ever produced, and is still on the acting list; but it proved a source of ruin, amongst many others, to Frede-

rick Jones, patentee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Crow-street, Dublin, who had engaged the four-legged star; but having a quarrel with his owner, substituted another performance on the night of a Viceregal command, by Lord Whitworth, and had his house sacked in consequence. The fact was, the "star" had not been paid for several nights, and thought that a good opportunity of striking for increased wages. This "untoward event," which occurred on the 16th of December, 1814, is celebrated in Dublin histrionic annals as "The Dog Row."

But since those days, dogs have disdained to appear singly; they form companies, and act entire plays. Not long since, in Paris, a *troupe* of sapient retrievers gave "Romeo and Juliet" in its integrity; and both on the London and Dublin boards we have seen steeple-chases nobly contested by large French poodles, bestridden by diminutive monkeys, who whipped and spurred with frantic energy and emulation.

At the commencement of the action which took place in 1803 between the *Nymphe* and *Cleopatre*, there was a large Newfoundland dog on board the English vessel, who, the moment the fire began, ran from below deck, in spite of the efforts of the men to keep him down, and climbing up into the main-chains, there kept up a continual barking, and exhibited the most violent rage during the whole of the engagement. When the *Cleopatre* struck, he was amongst the foremost to board her, and then walked up and down the decks, seemingly conscious of the victory that had been gained.

In the "History and Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris" there is the following relation of a *talking dog*, near Zeitz, in Misnia. Leibnitz corroborates the fact:—

"It is a countryman's dog, of a very common shape, and of a moderate size. A young lad heard it utter some sounds, which he thought resembled German words, and upon this, took it into his head to teach him to speak. The master, who had nothing better to do, spared neither time nor pains, and luckily the pupil had such dispositions as it would be difficult to find again in any other. At length, after some years, the dog could pronounce about *thirty* words.

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Of this number were, *tea, coffee, chocolate, assembly, &c.*, words that are current in all modern languages, without much variety. It is to be observed, that the dog was three years old when he was put to school. He talks only by echo, that is to say, after his master has pronounced a word; and he seems to repeat it by constraint, and against his inclination, although not coerced by being beaten. It must likewise be observed, that Mr. Leibnitz saw and heard him."

The earliest and the oldest dog of antiquity of whom we have any account is, "Argus," of Ithaca, immortalized by Homer in the "Odyssey." He recognised Ulysses, in rags, after twenty years of foreign travel, wagged his tail, licked his master's hand, and died of joy and fidelity. Lord Byron, with inconsistency of opinion, which, at another time, he contradicts (but he was a mass of contradiction), thinks dogs less stanch in the present age, and says, that after five years' absence, a modern Argus would hand himself over to a new patron, and bite his old one "by the breeches."

"Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands."

Plutarch thinks more charitably. He loved and respected dogs, and omits no opportunity of speaking in their favour. When relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon their city in the time of Themistocles and the Persian invasion, he breaks the thread of his history to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the domestic dogs they are constrained to leave behind. He mentions one that swam after his master, Xantippus, across the sea, to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb, at the public expense, by the citizens, who gave the name of the "Dog's Grave" to that part of the island where he was buried.

The same historian again tells us that the dead body of a soldier killed in a private quarrel was carefully watched by his dog, who would not permit any person to touch the remains of his departed master. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, happening to pass that way, took notice of the unusual spectacle, and inquired into the circumstances of the case. On being informed that the man had been slain

three days before, and that the dog had neither stirred from the body nor taken any food since, the King ordered the corpse to be interred, and the dog to be taken care of and brought to him. The creature soon grew fond of Pyrrhus, who shortly after directing his forces to be marshalled, the whole army passed before him in review. During this ceremony the dog, for some time, lay quietly at his feet, until seeing the soldiers pass by who had murdered his late owner, he sprang at them with such rage and fierceness, and turned himself towards Pyrrhus with such meaning in his looks and gestures, that the men were sent to prison on suspicion of having committed the crime with which the dog had charged them. Being strictly examined, they confessed their guilt, and were executed in due course. It seems not improbable that Sir Walter Scott may have derived from this historical incident the attack made by "Roswal," the Scottish knight's deerhound (in the "Talisman"), upon Conrade of Montferrat, who had transfixed him with his lance when guarding the English banner.

An anecdote told by Maxwell, in his "Victories of Wellington and the British Armies," forms, in some leading points, a modern pendant to this ancient tale—

"After the Battle of Barrosa (5th March, 1811), the wounded of both nations were, from the want of means of transport, necessarily left upon the field during the whole night and part of the following day. General Rousseau, commander of a French brigade, was of the number. His dog, a large white poodle, which had been left in quarters upon the advance of the French force, finding that the General returned not with those who escaped from the battle, set out in search of him, found him at night in his dreary resting-place, and expressed his affliction by moans, and by licking the hands and feet of his dying master. When the fatal crisis took place, some hours after, he seemed fully aware of the change, attached himself closely to the body, and for three days refused the sustenance that was offered to him. Arrangements having been made for the interment of the dead, the body of the General was, with the rest, committed to its honourable grave. The dog lay down upon the earth which covered the beloved remains, and evinced by silence and deep dejection his continual sorrow

for the loss he had sustained. The English commander, General Graham, whose fine feelings had prompted him to superintend the last duties due to the gallant slain, observed the four-footed mourner, drew him, now no longer resisting, from the spot, and gave him his protection, which he continued until the dog died, many years after, at the General's residence, Balgowan, in Perthshire."

Many who have closely studied the distinctive attributes of dogs, in all their varied races, divide the palm for intelligence and affection between the poodle and the terrier. Others prefer the shepherd's colley. The Newfoundland dog ranks lower in the scale than he did formerly. Hounds seldom form individual attachments to men, unless they are domesticated in early life, and brought up singly. The Danish or Dalmatian carriage-dog is a creature of locality. He devotes himself to the stable of his companion horses. During King Charles the First's troubles, a discourse arose one day as to what sort of dogs deserved preeminence; and it being, on all hands, agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion in favour of the greyhound, "because," he said, "he has all the good-nature of the other, without his fawning." The story is told by Pope, who said it was related to him by Sir William Trumbull, who had it from one that was present.

In "Camden's Britannia" we find a curious paragraph stating, that in the year 1299, at Genelon Castle, in Burgundy, there was a battle, or rather fight of dogs, wherein every one killed another, being in number 3,000. One dog alone survived. Dogs bay at the moon, either from pleasure or disturbance. Who can tell which? They also howl on the approaching death of a member of the family to which they belong. If they do this from intelligence or sympathy, or presentiment, it increases their claims on the attention of men. All legends, too, unite in saying that dogs (and horses also) are susceptible of superstitious terror. There have been few instances of prudence and shrewdness more remarkable than the fact of a little dog, who being attacked by a much more powerful animal, brought another abler than himself from a distance of 100 miles to revenge his

wrong, and then returned home with his protector, after the latter had chastised the aggressor, gaily frisking his tail in token of satisfaction. And what can surpass the reminiscent acumen of the spaniel who, having had a damaged leg cured, brought a companion to the same doctor, to be relieved from a similar casualty?

We cannot do better, to wind up this short notice, than copy a letter of Sir John Harrington (included in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*) to Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., concerning the extraordinary qualities of his celebrated dog, "Bungey."

"May it please your Highness to accept in as goode sorte what I now offer, as hath been done afore time, and I may say, *I pede fausto*; but havinge goode reason to think your Highness hath goode will and likinge to read what others have told of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and strange feats; and herein will I not plaie the curre myselfe, but in good soothe relate what is no more than bare veritie. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, Bucephalus, I will match my dogge against him for goode carriage; for, if he do not bear a great prince on his backe, I am bolde to say he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater princesse, Queene Elizabeth, on his necke.

"I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his actinge was, wherewith he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the Courte there such matters as were intrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and came safe backe to the Bathe, or to my house here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such nobilitie as were pleased to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our Ladye Queene that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his high trust, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten, as how he once was sente with two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my house, by my man, Combe; and on his way the cordage did slacken; but my trustie bearer did now beare himselfe so wisely as covertly to hide one flasket in the rushes and take the other in his teethe to the house, after whiche he wente forthe againe and returned with the other parte of his burden to dinner. Hereat your Highnesse may perchance marvel and doubt, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes and espied his worke, and now live

to tell they did much longe to plaie the dogge, and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did repaire and watchede the passage of this whole businesse.

"I need not say how muche I did once grieve at missinge this dogge; from my journie towards Londonne, some idle pastimers did divert themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed Bungey to the Spanish Ambassador's, where, in a happie houre, after six weeks, I did heare of him; but such was the courte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the householde listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogge's own proofes, and made him perform suche feats before the nobles assembled as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirthe; but muche more when he returned at my commandement to the table and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accepte it, and came homewardest. I could dwelle more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*; I will now saie in what manner my poor dogge died. As we travelled towardes the Bathe, he leapede on my horse's necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for some time backe; and after my chidinge his disturblinge my passage forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but, alas! he crept suddenly into a thorny brake and died in a short time.

"Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as maie suggeste much more to your Highnesse's thoughte of this dogge. But having said so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat, too, in verse, as you may find hereafter at the close of this historie. Now, let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobit be led by that dogge whose name doth not appear; yet could I say such things of my Bungey as might shame them bothe, either for faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to say no more than I have already said, of his bearing letters to Londonne and Greenwich, more than 100 miles. As I doubt not your Highnesse would love my dogge, if not myselfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie; and again saie, that of all the dogges near the Kinge, your father's Courte, not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or lesse pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone would

content my servant when some expects
much greater matters, or will knavishly
find out a bone of contention.

"I now reſte your Highneſſe's friend,
on all ſervice that may ſuite him,

"JOHN HARRINGTON.

"P.S.—The verſes above ſpoken of are
in my booke of Epigrammes* in praiſe of
my dogge Bungey to Momus. And I
have an excellent picture, curiouſly
limned, to remain in my poſteritie.

"Kelſtone, June 14, 1603."

ON A ROMAN SCARF.

THAT faded Roman ſcarf, juſt found
crumpled up in the corner of a drawer
—familiar bars of ſoft blues and pinks,
and ſofter yellows—with a lawleſs
traſtaverereliſh and wild gipsy flavour
over all, has ſent me whirling away to
Paris; thence, downwards, through
all the wine Stations (where the at-
moſphere is heady and ſuggestive of
a wine vault) in twenty-two weary
Express hours to the brighteſt, gayeſt,
moſt ſparkling port in the world;
thence, at a ſunny noon, has put me
on board the ſteam Argosies of the
noble company of Imperial Deſpatch-
ers, and for three days has unwound
for me a deep, ſhining, cobalt ribbon
of coaſt, glittering like feldſpar, and
ſtudded with blue and ſilver pyra-
midal towns. Has then made us drop
anchor off old chocolate forts and dun-
coloured moles, where white bunting
flutters, croſſed with yellow keys,
and where we "debark," doing fierce
battle with the unclean miſcellany of
the little old town, Civita Vecchia—
has placed a railway ticket in our
hand, lettered profanely and prac-
tically with a name that makes us
ſtart "A ROMA!" thence, has ſent
us forward at a decent, reſpectable
pace, and finally diſcharged us in
a new deal ſtation, ſcented like a
packing-caſe, where omnibuses are
waiting drawn up, and whence are to
be ſeen, of this ſultry Sunday's even-
ing, the gaunt ſtone pines, familiar in
picture corners, and a yellow Italian
houſe, with the ſhallow, tiled roof—
all quite correct, as was to be expect-
ed—with a rolling ſwell and dip in the
ground, and copper-coloured peaſants,
ſlightly dirty but picturesque, and a
long file of black-robed prieſts, in
panſhaped hats, coming home to
college after the quiet evening's

walk; where, too, at the back of all,
is to be noted dull, hazy, miſtery
among the dark hills, with an indis-
tinct ſpire or dome haſtily preſumed
to be the great dome, but all aſtray
in that notion; and where we know
an "Eternal City" is lying. Scents
and colours are reckoned to have ne-
cromantic power, and raiſe the dead.
As I ſmooth out the faded Roman
ſcarf, from its crumpled folds, come
pouring ſcenes, houſes, churches, bro-
ken columns, gold, ſilver, incenſe and
proceſſions, a more bewildering miſ-
cellany than ever conjuror ſhook out
of his wonderful handkerchief. It be-
comes for me the carpet of the fairy
tales, on which I ſtep lightly and
wiſh, and am preſently borne away
through the air and ſet down rubbing
my eyes—where I wiſhed to be ſet
down.

Here, in the long yellow "courſe,"
or Corſo, with the huge Newgate
palaces and the bird-cage windows
and the ſcowling eyebrows of cornices,
and the lounging, faded gentility, with
the ſide-ſcene flavour—and the ſad
princeſſes trundling it along in their
heavy barouches—and the police Pon-
tiffical clinking time to their ſtately
march in their mourning cloaks. Here,
again, flashes upon me bright Con-
duit-ſtreet—Roman Conduit-ſtreet.
Where is the Engliſh Pale, ſparkling
with jewellery and ſtupendous brown
photographs, and the burnt, toaſt-
coloured ſteps that cloſe it in at the
end, with the Church of Two Towers
perched on top: with the melodra-
matic beggars (lent from "Fra Dia-
volo") and the little imp that perſe-
cutes with violets. And here, too, is
the bearded cabman, Pantaloon-on-
the-box—ſo many antics does he play
—who will take us away, furioſly,

* Lib. iv., Epigr. 21. See alſo the original title-page to Sir J. Harrington's
"Translation of Ariosto," and Notes to Book xii. of the Orlando Furioso.

and with oaths, to the newly-opened tomb on the Appian Road, a dark cellar with odd niches, and little pots in the niches; or, up to San Pietro, where is the Funzione; or, to this or that prince's gallery, where, for an hour or more, the head shall be curved back sorely after the manner of those who gaze on high pictures; or that Church, *fuori le mure*, outside the walls; or, in short, to any of the thousand-and-one humours which make up the Roman night's entertainment.

As one sits by the fire, balancing the familiar poker meditatively, and looking at crumbling castles, and ruins, and grotesque faces, so the folds and creases of this polychrome scarf become, for me, faces, figures, buildings, and all manner of soft Roman scenery and effects.

I think, in the first instance (giving a fresh crush to my Roman scarf), of the bright, yellow burst which flashes of a freshening Roman morning from the Place of Spain, where the ochre hostelries of Europe and of London keep cheerful company together, and where clean and healthy English lounge and congregate, calling to each other with lusty voices. Commend me to brilliant Spanish Place and its spick and span yellows. Viewed, indeed, strictly, in reference to its capacities as a Grand Place, its appointments and decorations, it may be taken to be no more than a feeble, well-meaning effort—perhaps, a break down. But for that bright stare of a morning—that jocund encouragement to step into its bosom and be gay and riotous and insanely joyful, without apparent pretence—I say, advisedly, it is unsurpassed.

It has a heady flavour, this pet Spanish Place, and I come round to it by circuitous paths at least twenty times in the day. I think with affection of the damp hydropathic man, with the rusted, honeycombed skin, who goes through his moist exercise leaning on his elbow. For me have charms the circulating libraries—conducted on purely English principles—though their stock is slender, and of a date verging on the preAdamite era. Not unpleasing the memories of that fragmentary English, macadamized on the premises by the proprietor, nor that protracted deferring of hope, making both heart and temper sick—that waiting until the elderly gentle-

man shall have quite finished with the *Times* of yesterday fortnight.

I love every stone in our pet Place, though they are attuned to an unmusical clatter.

Looking closely into the caverns and creases of the coloured scarf, I can by no means make out that traditional, rusted miscellany of gray pillars, tumbled pediments, and heaps of scattered rubbish which presents itself when an Eternal City is put in the stereoscope. Snug at home, we lay out with enthusiasm—having stumbled down the library ladder groaning under that huge in-folio of Piranesi's Plates—a pilgrimage over the seas, and dream that ere long we shall be groping among the ruins of this Palmyra, and city of noble fragments. I make out no such universal dilapidation in the striped scarf. The mouldiness of decay does not exhale from its folds. I travel up and down its streets, and see lines of bright houses and heavy palaces in sound preservation, and blinds and jealousies and abundance of clean paint. We are very bright—that is, parts of our Eternal City. To say the truth, we do not so much plume ourselves upon the Antiquity business; it is well enough for the strangers. Those venerable relics are put away by themselves, like the older paupers in a wing of the workhouse, and are to be found in a quarter all to themselves, like the Jews.

Then, I look again curiously into the scarf and see bright ceremonial mornings—mornings of Holy Week—with sun out and soft breezes abroad, and the yellow faces of houses shining brightly. There is general hum and flutter, and breakfast is hurried through with an indecent haste. We are all out in the streets under the sun, riding and walking all one way, and converging to the one focus. The highways are blackened with marching men and women, peasants, soldiers, priests, and the bold English, and there is a ceaseless metallic clatter from spinning-wheels. The Spanish ladies seem to flutter here in thousands from Spain, and shoot by us at every second. Dazzling, black-veiled senoras, glittering with gold, sitting three and four together in their carriages. They flash by us these beauties. Then, presently, we have come to the great yellow circus at the gate

of St. Paul's eldest sister, all darkened with Liliputian figures—creeping beetles as it were—and Cinderella, coaching, crossing, and re-crossing! How the sun strikes down fiercely, and the grand fountains tumble and cascade boisterously, and the little, dark beetles—from the town, from the suburbs, from the far-off country—glistening in their holiday scales, crowd in at the great door as into a hive. And inside! I have only to run my eyes along this little tunnel of a fold and I am actually looking down that grand aisle, stretching away in a rolling prairie of heads and figures, down to that cloud of duski-ness far off, with dim lights and tiny, glistening figures, silver, gold, and purple, seen sparkling through!

Processions flitting by for hours, palms yellow as gold, fluttering, ravishing music pouring from golden grates. Ah, these are festivals to dream over—to look back to with a wistful longing. In a dull, prosaic corner of the earth, absorbed in the old humdrum round, busy with hard, gritty actualities, we lift our heads and wish we could rub our Aladdin's lamp again!

There has been a white-cloaked horseman—a dragoon monastic—asking for us below at the hostelry gate, bearing official despatches from Court—from the Vatican Palace—and a pleased flutter pervades the expectant mind. The white-robed horseman is so persistent, and exhibits such a lingering anxiety as to the safety of these important documents, that he can only be prevailed on to return to his quarters under the seduction of a golden sequin. The expectant mind, breaking the seals with some perturbation, finds itself recreated with no more than the common form of presentation, a bald ticket of admission to Court Ecclesiastical.

Comes round now another sunshiny morning, when we are trundling through the bright, yellow streets, going up to pay homage to Pontifex Maximus. Resplendent in the regulation garb of the drawing-room we are set down at the base of that huge yellow rock—that beetling crag of a palace called Vatican, where behind those three little windows, somewhere near to the clouds, Pontifex Maximus overlooks his own Eternal City, and has the most superb view in the world.

Very stately and magnificent are those flights of blue-veined, marble steps, with a sorrowful Swiss, striped all yellow and red, leaning pensively on his pike, at the head of every flight, and watching you toiling up. Now, when these tall folding-doors have been flung open with clatter, and our steps are echoing faintly in this Great Hall, whose bluish walls are alive with fighting fresco figures, and tossing arms, and flying drapery, beside which we are mere pigmies, we know that we are drawing near the presence, and that Pontifex Maximus is not many chambers away.

Far off, near to the fire-place, crimson-jerkined retainers—standing up—sitting in high-back chairs—are grouped like the burghers of Louis Haghe. Familiars in purple gowns, bound round with scarlet sashes, flit round, and send us forward into small chambers panelled in richest scarlet damask, and carpeted with the finest green cloth, where we wait. Such a blaze of window—such a dazzling greenhouse effect—such an eyrie to look down from on the low-lying roofs and projecting church-tops fading off into the bluish green mist of the Campagna. We seem to be perched aloft, looking dizzily from the car of a balloon.

Presently, purpled familiar has come gliding in, and whispered that it is time, and has tripped on before, and dived into a little adjoining chamber, and has beckoned mysteriously.

Then, entering, we see the purpled familiar prostrate on his knee, and there, at a plain, little, wooden table, in a white robe, with a little cape and a white skull-cap, a large, gentle, placid face beaming with goodness, yet very sad, is sitting Pontifex Maximus.

The white figure speaks words of graciousness and welcome; but in a voice a little tremulous, for couriers arrive every day with evil tidings, and his fair provinces are being rent away, one by one.

So he fades out, with his crimson background and purpled familiars, and the walls where the busy fight is going on by day and night, and the jerkined burghers of Louis Haghe, who have now stripped all the poesy off themselves; for they stand afar off, looking wistfully towards the de-

parting strangers *chinking moneys* musically and suggestively in their pockets. A silver hint from eleemosynary lacqueydom.

Rustling again those silken folds, I can make out distinctly—by the clock of our Roman scarf—that it is long past noon, and strictly speaking, past lunching time. O, Spillman, incomparable artist! bravest of restorers—whether *ainè* or *frères* (for between the two there rages an unholy fratricidal competition), who shall sufficiently glorify you? The sons of men—allusion being made more particularly to the son of Albion—exasperated by miserable failure in Roman flesh-pots, which maketh other organization besides the heart sick, are soothed by the utterance of that potent name, and check themselves in their maledictions. They think fondly of the sound food, the wholesome meats, the best, the primest; the beef, real, genuine, streaked with golden fats and crimson leans—of the strict abnegation in the matter of oils—of the universal traveller Bass, in fine order, with a wine helmet and silver collar about his neck like patrician champagne flasks. These memories come fast and thick upon them, and they are gentle and childlike.

We may rave of the “sights” of an Eternal City—of your Colosseums and arches of Constantine, and columns, and basilicas; but men have gone down with yet a finer relish into the savoury catacombs excavated under a broad pasty of Spillmans, and reported greater wonders than were ever dreamt of in the tombs of the early Christians. There are legends of pilgrims who have journeyed from afar solely to sit in the tent of Spillman.

By-and-by we, popularly spoken of as the noble *forestieri*, shall lounge round tranquilly—for the day is very sultry—and look in upon a studio or two in a sort of passive, drowsy way, and see genius moulding its moist clay lovingly, and chipping its marbles into life. So down this street of the *diminutive fountain*, Via della Fontanella, which, were spades called spades should be a stable lane—a simple stable lane. But it shall presently—on the sound of cabalistic “open sesame”—fall away like the set piece of a pantomime, disclosing great halls

and snow figures, and nymphs, and graces, and odalisques, and goddesses, and cupids, with the king-sculptor—most airy and exquisite of English artists—sitting grim and iron gray, with hands clasped about his knee, regarding his beauties thoughtfully. A refreshing austerity about him positively loveable—a curt aridness in his periods—a cold, sapless Huguenot of a sculptor—a Covenanter of the mallet. But, then, see this fresh, blooming Pandora, radiant with colour and tenderness, and a perfect glow of life, glittering with rich gold and ivory and mundane decoration. Something so new and startling as to set us wondering what manner of work this may be. Is it pure sculpture, or a calling down of a divine fire into common clay! Ah! your true Huguenot would fly at this tender figure frantically, and dash it into pieces! Delightful his dry, chipping aphorisms,—that quaint burr—the little unconscious egotisms—and that recurring jar between the rough, iron gray outside and the delicate graces and poetic fancies within.

Hark to the scene-shifter's whistle, resulting in a roomy sort of coach-house, where there is such a strong army of dusty millers—whitened navvies of the marble business—all chipping, hammering, filing, like men in earnest; and where the short, grizzled French sergeant, *en retraite*, comes forward with a bow and does the honours of his tabernacle. What patient showmen are these brave artistic hearts: how ready always to fling down mallet and chisel and submit to the question at the hands of every idler. With what a sweet good-humour do they sing their song—which they must be well weary of—over and over again. Grizzled French sergeant has a shrewd twinkle in his eye and a rich Scottish breadth in his voice. Then he takes me away to introduce me to his Venus—that graceful snowy lady yonder—clad according to the airy canons which regulate the dress of all goddesses. Coloured, too, after the preachment of the exquisite English sculptor; but in a pale, faint, grudging fashion. Is it not the inevitable lot of all children of the mallet to have this fairy vision of a Venus dancing before their eyes, craving importunately to be put into appreciable

shape—a pet dream, for which is laid by and cherished many a dainty hint, and which there is a fond faith and confidence will transcend every Venus hitherto born of Carrara marbles, from her of the Capitol down to the tinted daughter of the iron gray Englishman.

Away, at a right angle, towards the Byzantine mosque of Santa Maria the greater—where at the gate of a modest tenement are drawn up many carriages. It must be a Sunday if we would enter, for it is of that day only that the monastic painter—our living Fra Bartolomeo—will see company. Here are large chocolate-coloured chambers overflowing with ladies and gentlemen walking round; and here, too, is Fra Bartolomeo himself—ascetic Overbeck—the most curious mediæval figure—pale, lantern-jawed, white-haired, with locks falling straight and lank about his cheeks, who steps forward, and with a solemn grimace doffs his morone velvet cap. He is in a long spare dressing-gown, or monk's gown; but there is a strangely spiritual fire in his eye, which speaks of the devotion that wastes and consumes. I can put faith in the legends of his telling over his beads with those white, wasted fingers, before taking up his pencil. And so he goes on in front, and the company rustle after him and admire, as he chants in a Polyglot fashion—now in French, now in German—a commentary on his strange works. We must be spiritual ourselves to relish these enormous cartoons of white paper, twenty and thirty feet square, pencilled all over with faint meagre outlines, bald figures, and flowery borders, cold abstractions, unrelieved by shading. Here is the Last Judgment and the Seven Sacraments—a crowd of figures, but dead, ghostly, unsubstantial figures. Here are the Foolish Virgins, with their lamps, relieved by a faint wash of sepia. But as we stand and look, and come back, and look again, a sense of the divinity of pure form begins to grow upon us. The bald outlines live with a spiritual life; the exquisite shapes, the flowing lines, the inexhaustible fancies, that flow round each picture in rills of arabesque—the combination of fruit and flowers, and boys, and scrollwork, every square inch of which is worth an hour's study; the beauty, the fancy, and rich

imagination, all fermenting under the cold shrunken outside of Fra Bartolomeo, standing there beside us in his morone velvet cap and monk's cloak. As I look back, I see the thin, spare figure, and lank, white locks, the clear eye, and the velvet gown, and hear his low voice chanting and describing his groups:—"C'est le Pere! a coté gauche, La Vierge," &c. And so he fades out—Fra Bartholomeo Overbeck.

Forward now, mounting into a light bounding curricule, with a cheerful murillo boy for coachman, away through by-lanes and back streets and alleys, and draw up suddenly at this bleak-looking white-walled miscellany of church and monastery. Not to-day, good ancient brother, who hobbles out from a cold corner to show the lions of this old church, the crypt and Fourth Century mosaic work and treasures recently excavated. These things we have seen and have been shown. Let us cross the church rather, and dive into these cool and airy cloisters with the curious paintings on the wall, and the abundance of whitewash, and find our own way to the cell of the excellent prior, Father Doolin, from the old country. The convent hath vineyards and a special wine of its own, and Father Doolin is prior of the convent which hath the special wine, and he is not churlish of the same. And here at the end of this gallery, last of a line of doors, is the door of our prior's cell, with a Latin inscription in uncial characters to the effect that Albertus Edvardus, Prince of Wales had, not so very long back crossed the threshold. And I hear the cheerful voice of prior calling from within, and bidding us enter.

A right merry, cheerful, and most amiable priest, giving heartiest welcome, and loving to hear little scraps and details of that far-off island which he hath not known since his youth. English still among his Roman monks, dwelling with a justifiable pride on that liking which royal Albertus Edvardus was pleased to show for his society. Now for beakers (*bicchieri*) of that special grape, brought in by a shaven brother in brown, and let us admire how strong, how fierce, how warming it is! Here are little antiquities and treasures, which make up our prior's small museum; not of very

much worth or rarity, being no more than a coin or so, and a few Etruscan pitchers, but shown and expounded by him with an innocent pride. Then we go our way, shaking his hand and wishing him well, through the white-washed galleries again, back to expectant *cocchiere*.

When that business of dinner is happily concluded, and Englishman has met Englishman at what is called the "host's table" of the Hotel of London, and the Hotel of Europe, and the Hotel of England, and that pagan hostelry which is at the sign of *Pallas Minerva*, but which is, nevertheless, the Hotel Sacerdotal, and have had their growl at the soup, at the fish, and at the little straw-coated flasks of Italian wine, then we go forth upon the streets, and see how an Eternal City looks under clouds of night. It is surprising how the shadows have fallen since the din and battle of dinner, and the tall May-pole lamps are twinkling in long file down the Corso. The great Newgate palaces, dark, sightless, without a glimmer in their long lines of windows, lour down in huge black masses. The streets have filled, and men are pushing by, briskly making for the cafés and the opera. They are as hurried as the commercial men in the city. The shops are lighted up. Those reflecting lamps which hang outside jewellers' windows, have positively reached an Eternal City, and glorify the mosaic work and yellow gold wares of Achille Rey and his brethren. There are quaint establishments, which in broad daylight display long ribbons of paper, on which are ingeniously projected all the uniforms of the Papal household—soldiers, monks, Swiss, and what not; but which at night seem to have burst into tabernacles for lamp shades, which, while shielding the readers' eyes from the glare, ingeniously display after the manner of transparencies, prospects of St. Peter's illuminated, of the various stock arches and pillars, and especially the *Colosseum* by moonlight. *Paralumi*, I think, these pleasing effects are styled.

Now I look in at the café doors as I go by, and see confined chambers filled with black figures, crowded and packed together tightly, even to inconvenience and utter confounding of that traditional taking one's ease

in one's café. They are at dominos, at café latte, at cognacs, at liqueurs, and at cheap cigars, to a prodigious extent. And out of the black mass rises a great white bust of Pio IX., Pont. Max., conspicuously raised by the head and shoulders, and looking down smilingly and complacently, as though he were of the company. A loyal café this.

It gets further on into the night, and now closed carriages heavily built and flashing back the lamplight from their new varnish, with a glimpse of a white opera cloak and a wreath from within, rumble by hollowly. Evening receptions are setting in. Huge archways yawn dusky and sepulchral, with a dim lamp swinging overhead, and the solitary Swiss retainer leans on his tambour major's bâton; for madame the princess, or the duchess or countess, holds melancholy festival to-night, and "receives" her friends. Sad and solemn ceremonials those Wednesdays, or Thursdays, or Mondays, as the case may be, where the guests enter dismally, are welcomed dismally, sit round dismally, and are regaled with the slender funeral collation of luscious waters and airy bonbons. We shiver up the Grand Wenham Lake refrigerator of a chamber with the pillars, and the pictures, and the muffled furniture, and the ghostly hangings, and are sent away in a few minutes perfectly iced. Ducal Grammont has his Wednesdays. Many crowd to receive the accolade of that exquisite courtier. Huge Argosies of cardinals' coaches come jingling and creaking into the Place of the Holy Apostles, where is the embassy of the eldest son of the Church. Skilful persons convert those guileless Wednesdays into a barometer political, and graduate their mercury by the falling or rising of the cardinals—when there is a gush of those scarlet princes it is reckoned to be set fair.

We have engagements, too, of these nights, and have found on that compendious board in our hostelry hall, where we are represented by a number, a key, and a little clip containing such cards as may have dropped in during the day, a communication to the effect that an "illustrissima donna" will be at home for us at the Palazzo Negroni; and we too are presently flying through the night, and rolling in

through a hollow-sounding archway, and toiling up a great stone staircase, to where two little folding doors fly open backwards, and a stage servant with moustache is seen bowing profoundly; thence into little Pompeian chambers, with painted ceilings and dull Indian red pillars, and nymphs with Etruscan urns standing with not too much elbow-room between the pillars, and pretty arching semicircles thrown out at each end of the room, which just holds the tea-table and her who infuses the tea. There are other Indian red chambers beyond, and in the furthest there is some one at the piano, and a white lady singing. There is a crowd of different ranks, strange countries, and curious contrasts, in respect of dress, and a little picturesque Pompeian Tower of Babel in the matter of confusion of tongues. There are the dark-robed scarlet-limbed cardinals, priests, monsignores, jumbled with ladies in bright pink silks and wreaths. There are English, French, German, and Italian, and the air is filled with a curious polyglot.

There, too, I see the English clergyman, incumbent of a kind of vagabond congregation—which shifts and changes every Sunday—with his finger on the little red button of a bishop. Into the Hotel de L'Europe—as we may call the Eternal City—are imported none of what are called, by a pleasing euphemism, “our religious differences.” Indeed when we have got on our travelling suit, and have fallen into good company in a far-off city, do we feel to every man as a brother. We are school-boys out for a holiday. Wretched indeed, petty, seen our little home intrigues, which we look at now from far, far off, through the small end of a telescope.

In the streets again, but an hour later, when the darkness is intensified and the air blows colder. Hark to that mournful drawing nearer and nearer, and standing here at the corner of this open Place, where is the elephant with the obelisk on his back, we shall see a long procession of brown monks, with cords about them, and rusted beards and shaven polls, cross

the Place diagonally in the moonlight. They are half-singing, half-muttering their rosary or office with the most unearthly effect; and when passed out of sight their chant lingers behind them. We think for some minutes it must be the famous monk scene from the *Huguenots*. Now into the lone Corso once more, all but deserted. The dogs are already sleeping across the pathway, and we meet scores of these slumbering creatures stretched across our passage, and have to step lightly over their long bodies. They are sudden and fierce of quarrel, these brutes, if disturbed.

Hark! what is this rude tintamarre disturbing the reverent repose of an Eternal City? The shrill winding of a bugle march and the brisk emphasis of the cheerful drum. Are we in garrison at Boulogne or Chalons? Here they trot past us in their light swinging step—the three little buglers blasting their instruments, and the three little drummers, all red-limbed. They will disturb the ghosts of the emperors with their obstreperous music.

Later still, and the streets are deserted, save by the opera-goers coming home from the parterre arm-in-arm, and singing; save also by the funeral patrol in the long cloaks sweeping the ground, pacing by mournfully three abreast; save, too, by those few ill-looking loungers, who we see in those ill-lighted dingy little dens, where a fellow—more ill-looking still—sits behind his counter, and gives out tickets and writes—the Lottery Office.

By midnight an Eternal City has gone to its rest. And here now is the lamp gone down and wanting winding sadly; and here is the familiar room, and the desk and furniture of plain British prosaic make; and the Law Reports, in their calf, looking down from the shelf opposite; and a genuine steady flavour of the old monotonous business round. And here, on the desk of British make, lies the rusted Aladdin's lamp that I have been rubbing; the crumpled Roman scarf, in whose folds I have been seeing the Eternal City! Well—to bed—bed of British make. Heigh ho!

THE NORTHMAN'S FORAY.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

It is bleak and misty even
By the Norlands' surfy sea,
Over rock and piny mountain night is widening gloomily.

From the reefs the storm bird's screaming
Mingled with the water's roar,
Shrills across the sandy ridges and the salt grass of the shore.

Keen the grey ground wind is blowing
Through the thistles and the heath ;
O'er the snarling billows scudding, blowing in their foamy teeth.

Blackness roofs the dreary inland
Closing down the pallid glare :
Silently the gaunt-winged crane is poising in the sullen air.

While across the flats of sand
The stealthy spring-tide laps the shores,
Whilst along the rocky deeps the billows burst in stormy roars.

All is darkness for a space
Until from out the foggy south
Slowly comes the great white moon, as from a mighty cavern's mouth.

Slow through bars of brassy cloud
Her icy splendours broadening roll,
Brightening in her shroud she rises, like a purgatorial soul.

Lo ! beneath a shadowed headland,
Stretching heavily to sea,
In a gusty creek a barge swings o'er her anchor restlessly.

Blackly flutter the dim sails,
And, streaming through the cabin glass,
Falls the smoky flame upon the curling billows as they pass.

On a mound that views the inland
Move a group of Figures slow :
Windy crest and ironed stature looming in the moonlight low.

Yonder skirting the pine forest,
In the blackness of the land,
Rises the old Palace Castle, with its turret blazing brand.

On the dim flats intervening
Scarcely meeting the dusk sight,
Lie vague lengths of dismal waters, glossy in the night.

And the shifting wind is rising,
And the barge's canvas fills,
And the marshy inland brightens, and the moon has topped the hills.

Restless grow the figures,
Like a group of dawn-a-startled corpses,
Hark ! their pricking ears are listening to the galloping of horses.

Hark ! a distant trumpet's blasting,
And the palace starts awake,
Every window flaming as 'twere peopled from the burning lake.

O'er the moor roll sounds of fury,
Heavy trampling, misty splashing,
Foes are flying, foes pursuing, amid torch and sabre flashing.

Now the foremost come, their steeds
Outflinging in a gallop span—
Haunch a-backward staggered stop they, and to earth off springs each man.

And the leader of the foray,
Scorched and blooded, points his mace
Seaward—wolfish murder gleaming from the lines of his grey face.

All are weighed with gold and booty,
As they downward tramp the steep ;
All arrived a jutting crag, spring deckward in a flinging leap.

By the prow the dripping anchor
Sudden swings, and swells the sail,
Like a vast and angry pinion matching with the wintry gale.

With the wintry gale that from
The roaring forests inland, soon
Whitens the long foamy ridges toward the horizontal moon.

Headland after headland passes
As they norward shape their course :
Sidclong to the sea the vessel scuds before the tempest's force.

And the moon gets high and clouded,
And the ice-star shines forlorn
O'er the towns wherein the watch at midnight winds a lonely horn.

Where before the castle's fire,
The bearded princes speed the feast,
Where the sullen grave-mound covers white bones pointed to the east.

Then, as o'er the black night ocean,
In the storm wind strong and loud,
Onward flew the torch-lit vessel, rapid as a fiery cloud.

While the snow-flaw gusting smote
The fur-clad helmsman as it passed,
While from hand to hand the mead cup circled round the straining mast,
One, an ironed champion rising trolled their day deeds to the blast,

Singing of the white lands norward,
And the sports that wait them there,
Spearing the blub sleeky walrus, hunting down the fangy bear—

Then, as from the rock the signal
Pacted with the sulphry ore
Calls the weary fog-sea whalers with their oily wealth to shore,

They will have a riot-rouse,
Long as the long Iceland night,
Then the deeds of this wild day will make the memory lamp burn bright.

Singing by the roaring log-fire
Nightly in the snowy grange,
Living an exultant life beneath the crowns of their revenge.

LIFE AND TIMES OF DR. DOYLE—J.K.L.

THE *Life and Times of Dr. Doyle*, viewed in different aspects, might be made the subject of several useful lectures to young men. He might be regarded as a politician, as a divine, as an ecclesiastical reformer, as an orator, as an author, or simply, as a man who had risen to the highest eminence by his own unaided exertions. For the treatment of the subject in any of these aspects, Mr. Fitzpatrick's volumes would furnish the most ample materials, which a skilful literary artist could work up so as to produce a powerful effect. Each would open a large field for interesting discussion, which, rightly conducted, could not fail to be instructive and stimulating to inquiring minds. The last view would, undoubtedly, be the most interesting. Had Mr. Fitzpatrick accompanied Dr. Doyle, his intimate associate for years, as Boswell accompanied Dr. Johnson, we should have had from his pencil a picture almost as valuable as Boswell's incomparable work. Coming a generation after his hero, our Irish Boswell laboured under great disadvantage. But whatever could be done by diligent inquiry, pursued with untiring industry, to overcome this disadvantage, has been accomplished by the author, who has succeeded so well that the names of Johnson and Boswell are not more indissolubly united than the names of Doyle and Fitzpatrick will be henceforth.

Dr. Doyle had a great intellect, he was a great worker, and he worked with great success. He had to do with great questions; he agitated and controlled great masses of men; he was a political oracle, consulted alike by statesmen and demagogues—a power which they equally feared. The man who occupied this position, and maintained it with increasing ascendancy to his death, was a poor orphan, the son of a small farmer, born after his father's death, and his widowed mother was obliged to support herself and her family by teaching a small country school. Let us separate as far as possible his "*Life*"

from his "*Times*," and look as exclusively as we can at his personal career, apart from politics and religion—regarding him merely as a man that had risen by his own merit—and what an interesting study is he for the youth of our country, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics. This is the view of Dr. Doyle's life which it shall be our object to develop.

The DoYLES, an ancient Irish sept, trace the origin of their name to Dubhghaill, King of Ulster, in the tenth century. They were distinguished by their hostility to the Danes. As a proof of their social consideration, it is stated that the first bridge erected in Dublin was called "Doyle's Bridge." In later times they were associated with the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles of Wicklow, in their attacks on the English settlers of the Pale. A branch of the family had been located for some centuries in Wexford, where several of them had considerable landed property. The list of attainders in 1642 contains the names of DoYLES, whose estates were forfeited in several counties. Some of them were among the Roman Catholic gentry of Wexford, outlawed in 1691. "Brigadier Doyle" was a guerilla captain who fought against William III.; and in 1707 one of the DoYLES led a band of Irish and Scotch Jacobites, who had landed from a privateer on the Irish coast, full of vengeance, pointing out the houses of the Protestants and their opponents, in order that the former might be plundered and the latter spared. This was the last proof of their "patriotism" that history records.

Such was the race from which this bishop was descended. His father, James Doyle, occupied a farm in the county Wexford, about six miles from Ross, on the Enniscorthy side. He had suffered from speculating in land, and was in reduced circumstances. He is described as a man of eccentric and impulsive tendencies, scrupulously upright, but generally wrong-headed. He was first married to Miss Mary Downes, a member of a

most respectable Roman Catholic family, by whom he had five children, one of whom became a physician, one a sea captain, and one a priest—the Rev. Peter Doyle, P.P. of Tintern, in the county Wexford. She died young. His second wife was Ann Warren, of Longnageera. She had scanty means and little beauty, but she was a young woman of vigorous and almost masculine strength of judgment. She was a Roman Catholic, but had sprung from a family of Quaker extraction. Probably, therefore, Dr. Doyle inherited through his mother, with Saxon blood, the love of order and cleanliness and the spirit of self-reliance for which he was distinguished. The Doyles, it is true, were of Celtic origin, but the people who inhabit that part of Wexford are a people of very mixed blood. The baronies of Forth and Bargo have been inhabited since the time of Strongbow by an English colony, which preserved its distinctive habits and even its dialect almost unchanged till a recent period. At the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, the Rev. Dr. Russell, of Maynooth, read an interesting paper on the inhabitants of this district and the origin of their names. Perhaps there is no county in Ireland that contains so little pure Celtic blood as Wexford, yet it was there that the Rebellion of '98 raged with most violence; and it has been remarked, that no six counties in Ireland have produced as many priests in proportion to the population.

Men are generally indebted to their mothers for the bias of their nature; and it is a trite remark, that most great persons have had mothers remarkable for strong sense and energy of character. Dr. Doyle was no exception. His birth was preceded by an almost heroic act of self-reliance on the part of his mother. The young widow felt that she would require the aid of a doctor. Her husband's half-brother, Dr. Doyle, was a physician in good practice in the neighbouring town of Ross. But she was not able to pay him for coming out six miles to her residence, and she would not be under an obligation even to him. Animated by this spirit of independence, she walked the whole way into town, and took up her lodgings near the doctor's, whose services were soon required. Surgeon James Doyle, our author tells us, was

accustomed in after-life to make those services the subject of some pardonable boasting. But we are inclined to think that more credit was due to the mother's resolution than to the doctor's skill.

When Dr. Doyle was nine years old, an old deaf and dumb woman, who could write, however she learned, wrote with a piece of chalk on a bellows—"You intend that boy for a priest—he never will be one; but that youth yonder (pointing to the future bishop), will become a splendid ornament to the Church," the old woman raising her skinny hands above her head to signify that he would wear a mitre. Mr. Fitzpatrick says that the mysterious visitor was probably "one of those wandering Ulster women so celebrated at that period in Ireland for their prophecies and medical skill." The other boy, however, resented the prediction so strongly, that he pursued her, and ducked her in his mother's mill-pond. Perhaps in both cases the prophecy contributed to its own fulfilment. At all events, young Howlett took to secular pursuits, being first a doctor and then a ship-owner. James Doyle was eleven years old in the Rebellion of '98. He saw New Ross the theatre of one of its bloodiest and most obstinately contested battles, in which, during ten hours in the heat of summer, the rebels fought like tigers, the streets and lanes running with blood. When night came fifty houses were in flames, which, with the thunder of artillery, the clangour of arms, the shouts of the combatants, the groans of the dying, and the shrieks of terrified women and children, produced an impression of horror which left more than one brain crazed for life. Dr. Doyle had a narrow escape on one occasion, when he and a youth named Martin Doyle, rambling on the banks of the Barrow, suddenly found themselves in the midst of a battle between the Royal troops and some of the insurgents. Dr. Doyle many years after referred to this incident. He said to his friend—"The only beating I ever got was from you, while both of us lay concealed in the furze bush." "You deserved it, my lord," was the reply; "nothing would do you but popping up your little black head after every volley, to see if the battle was over. I at last lost all patience, and belaboured you unmercifully with a

hazel switch. You lay pretty quiet after, *Deo Gratias*. For had our hiding-place been observed, we should in all human probability have been piked or bayoneted."

Young Doyle was indebted to his mother for his earlier instruction; but she wisely sent him to a school conducted by Mr. Grace, near Rathnarogue, where both Protestants and Roman Catholics sat side by side. The members of the different Churches had some good-natured jokes at each other's expense, but at the same time they laid the foundation of life-long friendships, for which there are few opportunities in middle-class schools in Ireland at present, in consequence of the prevalence of the exclusive and sectarian spirit.

In the year 1800 Doyle bid adieu for ever to the ink-spattered and well-notched desks of Mr. Grace's school; and as he had by this time sobered down, and evinced marked religious tendencies, his mother sent him to a seminary conducted by the Rev. John Crane, a zealous and active member of the Order of St. Augustine, of which his young pupil was destined to become the brightest ornament that ever it could boast perhaps in any country. Dr. Doyle spent two years at this school. He had a great regard for his teacher, Father Crane. In 1823 he wrote as follows:—"There is no person now living, with the exception of one brother, to whom I have been so long allied by affection and friendship, or to whom I am under more weighty obligations." His mother, to whom he was much attached, died in 1804, and then the orphan student had no home.

He was sixteen years of age when he preferred the monastic life to the condition of the secular clergy, from a natural repugnance to the voluntary system. Many years after, in his "Essay on the Catholic Claims," he referred to his motives for making his choice. "Indeed," he writes, "as a clergyman I feel sensibly the evils which arise from a kind of eleemosynary support; it was one of the motives which disposed me at an early period to prefer a collegiate to a missionary life; and to the present hour it is one which deeply weighs upon my mind; it is one of the many misfortunes of my native land, which often cause me, in silence and solitude,

to wish I were banished from her shores, and restored to that exile in which I spent my youth."

In June, 1805, he entered his novitiate, which always embraces the term of twelve months. It was spent in the Convent of Grantstown, an old thatched edifice, standing near the sea shore, and approached by a long avenue, lined on either side by stately trees. It was selected from its proximity to Clonmines, where there are extensive ruins of a monastery of the Eremites of St. Augustine. There he was often seen reading and meditating in the picturesque ruins, known as the Cowboy's Chapel. In January, 1806, James Doyle made his profession in Grantstown Chapel, and took the vows of the order.

Although, as his biographer tells us, "not a few college gates lay invitingly open at home," Doyle preferred a foreign education for the following reasons:—"I think it is very advantageous to young ecclesiastics to travel abroad. Men's minds are much enlarged, and their feelings improved by residing in foreign countries for some time, and by comparing their institutions with our own. Travelling holds out many advantages which naturally flow into the mind by communication with mankind. There is no class of men who could be possibly employed at home in our church, who would be so much attached to this country and its institutions as those who have lived abroad. I myself never could have loved the British Constitution so much as I do, had I not been acquainted with forms of government which prevail in the countries where I have resided. It is by comparison with other institutions that the excellence of our own is best known."

These opinions were expressed before a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1825. But we must suppose them to have been present to his mind a quarter of a century earlier, when he set sail for Portugal. It should be recollected, that the comparison he made between the constitutions of other countries and our own, had reference to a period when there was no Parliamentary Reform, no Corporate Reform, no Roman Catholic Emancipation, no legal provision for the poor. There was not so great a contrast then between Ire-

land and the worst governed country in Europe, as there is between the Ireland of 1860 and the Ireland of 1806. Yet, there are men in this country now, men, too, who have received a professional education, so ignorant or perverse, as to prefer an Austrian, Roman, or French despotism to the just, free, and equal government they enjoy under the sceptre of Queen Victoria.

Had young Doyle entered Trinity College when he went to Portugal, there is little doubt, from the character of his intellect, and his constitutional temperament, he would have come out a member of the Church of England, like Phelan and O'Sullivan. In that case we cannot suppose that his career would have been less distinguished or successful than the career of Magee or Plunkett. Whether in the church or at the bar, he would have risen to the bench.

We do not believe that Dr. Doyle would have been influenced in his course by the love of wealth. He repeatedly disclaimed the love of money, and his conduct proved that it was far from being the dominating principle of his life. He hinted mysteriously at offers that he rejected in Portugal, and stated in a letter to one of his fair correspondents, that he might have had "ingots of gold" had he chosen to accept them, and remain in that country. But he acknowledges the inordinate power of other principles implanted in his nature.

Coimbra, the ecclesiastical metropolis of Portugal, was a place of learning where a number of distinguished Irishmen had received their education. Dr. Doyle was accompanied by three other Irish students. Arrived at Lisbon, they paid their respects to the prior of the magnificently endowed Augustinian Convent, and received the *graca*, or three days' hospitality, which it is usual to extend on such occasions. They then proceeded to the College De Graça, in Coimbra. This college Dr. Doyle described as a most beautiful building, standing near the river, with a garden of six acres, ascending to the top of a hill which commands a view of the whole city. From his window he could see the grove on the banks of the Mondego, where the beautiful Inez, so celebrated in Camoen's poetry, was murdered. There were twenty colleges

connected with the University which contained 2,200 students. Young James Doyle was received gratuitously by the Friars, and was henceforth to be addressed "*Sen. F'ra. Jay. Doyle, no Collegio de Graça, Coimbra.*" He arrived at the University quite "a rough diamond," but a diamond of the first water, though owing little to the lapidary. He was deficient in science and classics, and for some time not sufficiently advanced to write a thesis. But he worked hard, and soon asserted the superiority of his intellect. He was deemed so talented by the academic heads, that he was admitted to the rare privilege of enjoying the full range of the University gratuitously. At this time Doyle manifested no peculiar devotional feelings. The games of the students were mostly of a sedentary character—backgammon, draughts, and chess. He loved music, and had an ear finely attuned, in after-life, to the melody of language, but, like Pope, Johnson, Byron, and other masters of harmony in style, he could not turn the simplest air himself. There was an Augustinian Convent at Coimbra, which was a splendid and luxurious establishment. The very fragments alone of their daily banquet supported between thirty and forty respectable families, numbering 200 individuals, who, as regularly as clock-work, daily sent for and received their share of the friars' sumptuous repast, the supplies of which were never known to fail.

The infidelity propagated with most marvellous success by Voltaire and Rousseau now swept like a devastating tempest over the Continent.

Mr. Fitzpatrick says:—

"It is not surprising that it should have penetrated the college cloisters and halls of the University of Coimbra. Doyle stood in the midst of a vast concourse of infidels. He breathed contagion, and was smitten. Specially gifted with a reasoning and philosophic mind, full of the metaphysical lore and theories of the day, he probably felt that if a man is furnished by his Maker with a sound, vigorous, and discriminating judgment, he must either exercise that glorious endowment, or abandon himself to mental sloth. He probably gloried in the strength of his own judgment, and reposed too much confidence in its dictates. Those who love the danger shall perish therein; and it can-

not be denied that Doyle was for a time completely staggered by the well-put points of the infidel orators and writers. Fortunately, however, the violence of the temptation did not last long. While he enumerated in detail the arguments on the side of infidelity, and was no doubt fierce and potent, but ere he had summoned to the aid of his tottering conviction one-half of those which constitute the bulwark of the Christian's faith, the tempest had ceased, and all was calm as before."

Dr. Doyle himself, eighteen years after, refers to that critical period of his life in his second letter "On the State of Ireland." He says:—

"I had scarcely finished my classical studies, and had entered college, when I found myself surrounded by the disciples and admirers of D'Alembert, Rousseau, and Voltaire. I frequently traversed in company with them the halls of the Inquisition, and discussed in the area of the Holy Office those arguments or sophisms for the suppression of which this awful tribunal was ostensibly employed. At that time the ardour of youth, the genius of the place, the spirit of the time, as well as the example of my companions, prompted me to inquire into all things, and to deliberate whether I should take my station amongst the infidels or remain attached to Christianity. I recollect, and always with fear and trembling, the danger to which I exposed the gifts of faith and Christian morality which I had received from a bounteous God; and since I became a man, and was enabled to think like a man, I have not ceased to give thanks to the Father of Mercies, who did not deliver me over to the pride and presumption of my own heart. But even then, when all things which could have influence on the youthful mind combined to induce me to shake off the yoke of Christ, I was arrested by the majesty of religion—her innate dignity, her grandeur, and solemnity, as well as her sweet influence upon the heart, filled me with awe and veneration. I found her presiding in every place, glorified by her votaries, and respected or feared by her enemies. I looked into antiquity, and found her worshipped by Moses; and not only by Moses, but that Numa and Plato, though in darkness and error, were amongst the most ardent of her votaries. I read attentively the history of the ancient philosophers, as well as lawgivers, and discovered that all of them paid their homage to her as to the best emanation of the one supreme, invisible, and omnipotent God. I concluded that religion sprung from the Author of our being, and that it con-

ducted man to his last end. I examined the systems of religion prevailing in the East; I read the Koran with attention; I perused the Jewish history and the history of Christ, of his disciples, and of his church, with an intense interest; and I did not hesitate to continue attached to the religion of our Redeemer as alone worthy of God; and being a Christian, I could not fail to be a Catholic."—Vol. i., p. 24.

Dr. Doyle did not seem to be aware that the Church of Rome at that time "reaped the whirlwind" because she had "sown the wind." The French Revolution was the revolt of the human mind against spiritual despotism, whose horrid engine, the Inquisition, proved a mine which only required the match from Voltaire to blow up the Rock of St. Peter. Many a powerful intellect went through the same ordeal that so severely tried Dr. Doyle's, but few of them returned to repose implicit faith in the authority of a church which makes doubt a sin, which constitutes a single man, often frail and feeble-minded, the "infallible" organ of an authority which puts the best expositions and defences of truth that ever emanated from the human mind in the *Index Expurgatorius*. These vain attempts to chain thought often drive powerful and independent intellects into the ranks of Infidelity. Many of them are recovered, and find consistent and firm ground for their faith in Protestantism, based solely upon the written revelation contained in the Bible. Few indeed go back like Dr. Doyle to the bosom of a Church with whom liberty of conscience is an execrable heresy. That he became an earnest believer in the dogmas of his Church, that he fully imbibed her spirit, that he laid stress on the most trivial observances that she enjoins, that he believed in the miracles of Prince Hohenloe, and yet proposed a union between the Church of Rome and the Church of England which should not sacrifice principle on either side, are anomalies for which it is difficult to account, though the problems they present are full of interest to the Christian philosopher.

There is no doubt, however, that the battle with the infidels did much to develop and strengthen Dr. Doyle's reasoning faculties, which are never fully expanded while bound under the

by surprise, but the comet was at once tracked out by the one, while the other was rubbing his eyes, and wondering what it was—whether it portended a hot season, or a death in the parish, and other irrelevant gossip quite beside its scientific study of the phenomenon itself.

The French proverb then, about the surprises of history, "*Rien est moins vraisemblable que le vrai*," is too like an epigram to be strictly true. The event—the *fait accompli*—may come on us like a clap of thunder—it may overcome us like a summer-cloud, but this is because we have been such simpletons as not to discern the face of the sky. Surprise at great political convulsions always betrays great political blindness, and, as it is often the acutest politicians who are most surprised, we are compelled to add that this blindness is moral rather than intellectual. If we persistingly deny the existence of a great central fire underneath the earth's crust, we should be taken by surprise at every occurrence of an earthquake; and this is exactly the blindness we complain of. Statesmen do not discern the signs of the times, because, with all their acuteness, they allow too little for those great forces which we call spiritual, and which lie slumbering in the depths of their hearts till a direction is given them, and then, like a wave of fire rushing through a fissure in the earth's crust, they burst forth, and a political earthquake occurs. So it was that the French Revolution took the philosophers and savans of France as much by surprise as the court and king. They were not prepared for such an eruption as this—it had too much the appearance of that very fanaticism which they were bent on suppressing in France. This is why the Encyclopædists soon retired, as disgusted with the Revolution as the nobles and clergy; they soon threw themselves into the arms of the Reaction, in some instances, and were found fraternizing with abbés how to bring back the polite age of France when bishops were philosophers, and the *canaille* knew their place.

Events in America have filled many persons in this country with a mixture of disgust and surprise. It was disappointing that so insignificant a cause as a black man held to bondage

should upset the greatest experiment at political equality the world ever knew.

Till this unfortunate slave question started up, North and South held together so well, there was a community of interest and of race. One half of the Union was agricultural, and the other half commercial; and by a system of strict protection it was hoped to make America a great hive of industry, like China, containing a population as great, and producing within its vast belt of territory every produce, from the temperate to the tropic zone. This was the dream of every American statesman, and it seemed that, for once, dreams were not to go by contraries. Every element was brought into the calculation but one—and that the moral and spiritual. The politicians of the Union could not see, or did not pretend to see, what the poet saw:—

"There is a poor blind Sampson in the land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds
of steel,
Who may in some mad revel raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of our common-
weal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties,
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish
lies."

So the politicians set about establishing compromises, and drawing boundary lines which neither slavery nor emancipation was ever to pass. The project was as notably foolish as the scheme of building a dwarf wall round the little settlement of Free-town, Sierra Leone. The visionaries expected, that as the malaria crept along the ground, so they could blockade it out. The poison was in the air, and they thought they could fight it at their own level; it rose above the boundary line, and began those encroachments on the North, which led to resistance on the part of the Abolitionists, and so the whole Union has been drawn into the strife between slave and free labour. Politicians are still making desperate efforts to disguise the real ground of the quarrel between North and South. Any explanation is acceptable except the true one. To the school of economists it is a war of rival tariffs, of Free Trade against Protection; to the romantic and antiquarian it is the old feud of Puritans and Cavaliers, breaking out in New England two centuries after

bishops-friars—the records of the Propaganda itself proving the eternal squabbles and annoyances resulting from friars when employed in the episcopacy or on foreign missions. Cardinal Antonelli, who was at the head of the Propaganda, concurred with me entirely on this point, and assured me that no friar should in future be appointed to the episcopacy in Ireland.” How, then, was the Friar James Doyle ever to get a mitre, even if the old Adam of ambition whispered within him that he ought to have it, and that no one—not even the Pope, had a right to stand in his way?

But even Popes cannot control the course of events; and the talented Augustinian was soon called from his retirement, in order to occupy a post in which his extraordinary powers became generally known, and were called into play by the exigencies of the Roman Catholic Church and people, in such a manner that no national prejudices or prelatie antipathies could be allowed to interdict his promotion.

A college had been established in Carlow, which, in 1817, was greatly enlarged for the reception of 100 lay students. In the ecclesiastical department there were professors of theology, natural philosophy, moral philosophy, rhetoric, and humanity. One object of the college was to give the Irish priests a better command of their native language. Students for the priesthood went unpolished and unlettered to foreign colleges, where they were educated, St. Omer’s, Douay, or Louvaine, in France; Coimbra, in Portugal; or Salamanca, in Spain. During his long college course abroad the Irish student neglected his native language, and when he returned he could neither speak nor write with correctness or force. His style was diffuse, involved, and inflated. Dr. Doyle was no exception to this. He was conscious of his deficiency, and laboured with giant energy to remove it. He studied various works on rhetoric; and Blair, now so much despised by those who have studied Whately and other modern masters of the art, did him good service. He had been thus earnestly cultivating his own mind, when a Carlow priest, who was acquainted with his talents and attainments, recommended him as a fit person to fill the chair of divinity, which had be-

come suddenly vacant in Carlow College. Commissioned by the president to invite him to come to Carlow, the priest hastened to fulfil his mission, and brought him with him without delay.

There was a loftiness of demeanour about Dr. Doyle—a certain air of dignity in his gait, which often gave the impression that he was haughty. His language did not belie this impression, when, on his first introduction to the president of the college, being asked by him what he could teach, he answered—“Any thing, from A B C to the Third Book of Canon Law.” “Pray, young man,” asked the president, “can you teach and practice humility?” “I trust,” answered the friar, “I have at least humility to feel that the more I read the more I see how ignorant I have been, and how little can at best be known.”

Having obtained permission from his superior, Mr. Doyle was appointed and set to work. His dress was so eccentric that it strongly excited the risibility of the class. A hat originally black reposed upon the back of his classic head. A loose frieze coat was thrown over his shoulders, in the manner of a mantle, covering his black dress, and his feet were encased in brogues. “His hands and feet were long, his person quaint, his neck thin, his shoulders narrow, his countenance austere, and, to those who did know him, repellent.” The students laughed heartily at the new professor. There was a tone of authority in his voice, however, which at once arrested attention, and imposed something like awe. Mr. Fitzgerald, the former professor, returned. Doyle declared his readiness to go back to Ross; but the president insisted on keeping him as the first professor of rhetoric.

The inaugural address of the new professor was a splendid oration. It thrilled the audience, fired the ambition of the students, and not only rendered the professor at once the most popular in the establishment, but rendered the college itself famous throughout Ireland. He also delivered another lecture next day quite distinct in its character, which increased the wonder of the students. “We thought he had exhausted the subject the day before,” one of them said “but we soon found out our mistake; for during the subsequent six years

he frequently addressed us with hardly less learning and eloquence."

The professor's reputation increased daily. Though remarkably youthful in appearance, his presence was imposing. "Erect as a lath," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "grave as a judge, reserved, dignified, and austere, he was feared by some, beloved by those who knew him intimately, and revered by all."

The thorough honesty of Dr. Doyle's nature, and his strong sense of duty made him strict and punctual in every thing. He never kept his class waiting; never was late when he made an appointment.

Dr. Doyle was, like Robert Hall, fond of humiliating conceited young men. The following anecdote we have seen recorded of the Rev. Matthew Wilkes of London. We cannot say who is the author. A student ascended the pulpit with a very self-satisfied air; but he suddenly lost his presence of mind, and was obliged to come down again, wearing a remarkably meek aspect; whereupon the Doctor said, "If you had gone up as you came down, you might have come down as you went up."

On another occasion a student delivered a brilliant discourse amid murmurs of applause. Mr. Doyle was impassive as a statue. "Well," said a priest, "what verdict do you pronounce?" "My verdict is, guilty, sir," replied the Professor. "Guilty!" exclaimed the priest, "of what?" "Of robbery and murder. The whole sermon may be found in Bourdaloue, and it has been murdered in the delivery."

There are abundant evidences throughout these volumes of the kindness of Dr. Doyle's heart, and the warmth of his friendship. In a letter to a friend, in May 1816, he says:—

"This will be given you by Mr. Cullen, a young lad of whom I am very fond, chiefly on account of the simplicity and innocence of his mind, and the good progress he is making in his studies. He has been under my care during the last year, and if he calls on you will, I am certain, get a good dinner, which is sometimes a very acceptable thing to a student. How often in my life, when a scholar, would I consider a good dinner little short of a special favour of Providence!"

He had now nothing to complain of on this score.

One of his crosses soon came, in a bargain which he got from his half-brother, the Rev. Peter Doyle, for whom he had a great regard, and who, up to the death of the aged priest, was the sole depository of his most secret feelings, and his confidential adviser on all his affairs. But it seems that this was considered no good reason why a wealthy P.P., should not get rid of a bad horse at the expense of a poor professor, though a dear friend and brother. The Professor writes:—

"I know not how much time I may spend with you next summer; but whatever it may be, I am glad you have got a car, as I have no horse at present. My bargains with Peter have always been unfortunate. I gave him £20 for a mare, and sold her two days after for £3 8s. 3d., after having been at considerable expense by her. I don't know whether I shall buy another, as I have so many calls for money, and I cannot bear to be in debt."

In the spring of 1819, Dr. Corcoran, titular Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, died. Dr. Doyle was selected by the clergy as his successor.

Doyle was pacing in the college park when some of the priests came forward and "lordshipped" him. It was the first intimation he had got of the decision, and he coloured deeply as congratulations poured in upon him. In due time he received the Pope's confirmation of his selection, and shortly after he met, in Archbishop Murray's waiting room in Dublin, the newly appointed Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Curtis, an old man, who was unacquainted with Dr. Doyle's personal appearance. "They sometimes do strange things at Rome," said the old priest. "Why, yes," said the young bishop, "it occasionally happens so. What last?" "In nominating an old man, with one foot in the grave, and a beardless boy, bishops."

The orphan student, who would often have regarded a good dinner almost as a special favour of Providence—the poor friar—the awkward young man who was an object of ridicule to the Carlow students, had now, by his talents, industry, and force of character, obtained for himself a mitre; and with it a position and a *status*,

which increased a hundredfold his power to do good or evil. He had quickly reached the goal of what he regarded as a holy ambition; and in so doing, he presents to young men in every rank in life a splendid example of the success in any profession which may be attained by the diligent and conscientious employment of superior talent, united with prudence and integrity of character.

The career of Dr. Doyle as a bishop is well known to those acquainted with the history of the social struggles which ended in the passing of the Reform Bill. For ten years he stood forth as the champion of the Roman Catholic cause, which he defended with unrivalled ability. And great need was there for his polished weapons, for the Church of Rome in Ireland at the time was assailed by the most powerful antagonists she ever encountered, from the attempts made to subvert the Protestant Establishment. His first care, however, was to reform the discipline of his diocese, which a succession of old and infirm bishops, for a century, had allowed to fall into a state of utter confusion. The work of reform was Herculean, and required all the energies of a young and determined man.

"Many of the parish priests," observes Mr. Fitzpatrick, "had speculated in farming, and made money by it; others attended races, and not a few hunted. They ejaculated *tally-ho!* as often as *Dominus vobiscum*. Their solemn black cloth and long clerical boots formed an unpleasant contrast to the gay scarlet coats and white tops of their lay companions."

It required a man whose heart was made of stern stuff to break in those wild hunting, racing, gambling, and drinking priests; but though Dr. Doyle's falcon eye could read a man's soul with a glance, and though no man could assume a look so full of scathing reproach and indignation, yet it is said—and his correspondence abundantly proves it—that his heart was as full of natural tenderness, which often so far overcame him that the tears would gush from his eyes. It was customary to have "stations," in his diocese as in others, at the houses of the strong farmers, where, after confessions and mass, the host was expected to have a good dinner, and some of the right stuff to drink. Bishop Doyle thought this

practice lowering to the dignity of the priesthood, and not calculated to edify the laity; and it was accordingly prohibited. It was a pity in one respect, as it was a custom which promoted social feeling among the neighbours; and if the expense was felt to be an infliction in some cases, in others it was accepted as a mark of distinction. The priests were likewise forbidden to attend all places of public entertainment; and the friars were required to lodge at the houses of the secular clergy on their begging expeditions, and not in the houses of the laity, whose hospitality was sometimes more than they could bear with decorum. Our author adds:—

"Dr. Doyle's labours continued unceasing. He had to pull up an overwhelming accumulation of neglected duty, and he laboured more in a few years, than half a dozen prelates of ordinary zeal could accomplish in a lifetime. He said, long afterwards, to a friend: 'You know not what I suffered in mind. My brain was bursting with the myriad dictates of duty which resolved into it.'"

"Spiritual retreats" in the Church of Rome are really protracted "revival meetings," designed to stir up the flagging zeal of the clergy. Dr. Doyle held one of these, which was unprecedented for the numbers who attended and the effects produced. In July, 1820, one thousand priests, and nearly all the prelates in Ireland, assembled at Carlow on his invitation. He conducted the retreat unaided, and preached three times a day for a week. These sermons were of the most impressive character. A priest, who heard them, speaks of them in these extravagant terms:—

"He laboured like a giant, with the zeal of an apostle. There he stood like some commanding archangel, raising and depressing the thousand hearts that hung fondly on his words. I can never forget that tall majestic figure, pointing the way to Heaven, with an arm which seemed as though it could have wielded thunderbolts; nor the lofty serenity of countenance, so eloquent of reproach one minute and so radiant of hope the next. It seemed as if, by an act of his will, a torrent of grace miraculously descended from heaven, and by the same mediating agency was dispensed around. The fruit was of no ephemeral growth or continuance, but celestially enduring."

At the close of one of his impassioned exhortations, he knelt down on a *prie dieu*.

"The vigorous workings of his mind, and the intense earnestness of purpose within, affected even the outward man. Big drops of perspiration stood upon his neck, and his rochet was almost saturated."

Dr. Doyle was exactly fitted in the character and bearing of his mind for the age in which he lived; it was an age of polemics, and he delighted in dialectic exercises, in which he excelled all men who have appeared in his church in this country. In 1817, the Rev. Robert J. M'Gee, having been engaged on a work, entitled "The Bible, the Rights of Conscience, and the Established Church Vindicated," applied to the Professors of "the Popish Colleges of Maynooth and Carlow," for a statement of the Roman Catholic doctrine in regard to the reading of the Scriptures. Dr. Doyle promptly responded to the request, and the statement may be found at page 67 of Dr. M'Ghee's work. Dr. Doyle wrote also a voluminous letter to the same distinguished divine, which appears in the Appendix of the work before us. In giving it to Mr. Fitzpatrick, he remarked, that he had written so often and so strongly against the Church of Rome, it afforded him pleasure to have an opportunity of showing any personal kindness to a Roman Catholic. Dr. M'Ghee regards Bishop Doyle as "the ablest ecclesiastic that the Roman Catholic Church has produced."

The celebrated charge of Archbishop Magee first brought Dr. Doyle prominently before the public as a controversialist. It was delivered at his Primary Visitation in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the 24th of October, 1822. Indulging in his favourite antithetical style, he said:—

"We, my reverend brethren, are placed on a station in which we are hemmed in by two opposite descriptions of professing Christians: the one professing a church without what we can call a religion, the other professing a religion without what we can call a church; the one so blindly enslaved to a supposed infallible ecclesiastical authority as not to seek in the Word of God a reason for the faith they profess; the other so confident in the infallibility of their individual judgment, as to the reasons of their faith, that they deem it their duty to resist all authority in matters of religion. We, my brethren, are to keep clear of

both extremes, and holding the Scriptures as our great charter, whilst we maintain the liberty with which Christ has made us free, we are to submit ourselves to the authority to which he has made us subject. From this spirit of tempered freedom, and qualified submission, sprung the glorious work of the Reformation, by which the church of these countries, having thrown off the slough of a slavish superstition, burst forth into the purified form of Christian reformation."

This antithesis, which was abridged into the formula of "a church without a religion, and a religion without a church," roused against the Archbishop the zeal of the Roman Catholics on the one side, and the Dissenters on the other, and led to a great deal of bitter controversy. Dr. Doyle was the principal champion of the Church of Rome. Writing under the signature of "J. K. L.," (James, Kildare and Leighlin), he attacked the Established Church with great vehemence. Dr. Curtis, Roman Catholic Primate, who owed his appointment to the influence of the British Government, was also provoked by the Archbishop's charge, which he pronounced to be "inflammatory and contumelious." The attack of "J. K. L." on the Established Church called forth numerous antagonists, among whom the late Rev. Dr. Phelan was conspicuous for his ability and learning, writing under the name of "Declan;" and not less so, the late Rev. Dr. Mortimer O'Sullivan. In 1824 Dr. Doyle replied in "A Defence, by 'J. K. L.,' of his vindication of the Civil and Religious Principles of the Irish Catholics." His "Letters on the State of Ireland" followed. There was a force of argument, a masculine energy, an eloquence in these productions, which, as coming from a Roman Catholic prelate, startled by their novelty, and excited unbounded admiration among Roman Catholics. The ascendancy which he had thus acquired, the idolatry of the people, coupled with his stern exercise of discipline, made him a terror to the negligent among his clergy. A priest writes:—

"Everybody quivered at the nod of Dr. Doyle. An announcement of his advent would produce an almost startling effect, and for a fortnight before there would be nothing else spoken of, either by the priest or the people."

Savage-looking men of colossal frames, faction-fighters and Ribbon-men, bowed like bulrushes under his rebuke. Two young men, who had been fighting, were brought before him—one with a black-eye—"Ah," said the Bishop, roughly, raising the boy's chin, "Ere Providence has blessed you with a beard, the Devil has placed his mark on you." Mr. Fitzpatrick tells us that "he made frequent use of his crozier, whenever he wished to render an official rebuke indelibly terrible. An unfortunate female who was one day kneeling for pardon at his feet, fainted away from sheer terror, as the Bishop's crozier smote her neck." It was not thus the Saviour treated penitent sinners. One day, at a visitation, there was a pugilistic encounter in the chapel-yard. The belligerents were brought before the Bishop, while the congregation looked on with awe and terror. To one Dr. Doyle said, "You select the day your Bishop visits you, to afflict and outrage him. And you," said he, turning to another, "Who are you that have dared to——" "One Tim Hoolahan, from there beyant Naas, plaze yer reverence," answered the offender. The effect was irresistibly ludicrous. Solemnity gave place to laughter. Dr. Doyle abruptly closed the exhortation, and turned away.

In 1825, Dr. Doyle went to London to be examined by Parliamentary Committees on the state of Ireland. A very searching theological examination there awaited him, touching the principles of his church, in its dealing with "heretics," and other matters. Sir Henry Parnell offered him the use of his library, and zealous Roman Catholic friends hunted up and arranged authorities for him. His memory being refreshed with draughts of Bellarmine and Delahogue, he answered with astonishing ability. The late A. R. Blake, Chief Remembrancer of Ireland, met Earl Grey coming out of the Committee Rooms, who said, "Blake, I have to congratulate you, as a Catholic and an Irishman, on the marvellous learning, wisdom, and argumentative power which a bishop of your church and a countryman of your own has just manifested while under examination.

He was subsequently examined before the Lords Committee. During his examination the Duke of Welling-

ton left the room for a few minutes, in order to refer to some Parliamentary document. "Duke," asked a peer who met him, "are you examining Dr. Doyle?" "No," replied his Grace, drily, "but Doyle is examining us." In reference to this examination, a peer remarked that Dr. Doyle surpassed O'Connell as much as O'Connell surpassed other men in his evidence. Dr. Doyle, however, did not speak very respectfully of his noble examiners. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "such silly questions as they put, and over and over repeated. I think in all my life I never encountered such a parcel of old fools."

These particulars are illustrative of the state of feeling among the Roman Catholics at the time, and evidence the power wielded by the poor Wexford student, who had to work his own way through the world, and was not able to buy a new hat when he presented himself as a candidate for a professorship before the President of Carlow College, and who had often suffered hardships and sore privations in his pursuit of the knowledge which so well requited his devotion.

The "New Reformation," at Cavan, made much noise in 1827, and there was an extraordinary ferment throughout the country on the subject of religion. Lord Farnham was active in promoting the Protestant cause. One of the Augustinian friars had become a convert, and read his recantation in Dublin, and Dr. Doyle felt impelled by every motive to resist the movement. He devoted all his energies to this object. Meantime, Archbishop Magee had published another charge, which the Rev. Sydney Smith called upon Dr. Doyle to answer in the following characteristic letter:—"My dear lord, have you seen Magee's last pastoral, teeming with poison and polemics, instead of peace and goodwill? If not, get it at once and answer it, for you are the only man in Ireland competent to do so. *There* he will find his match in 'J. K. L.,' and I will immolate the beast in the *Edinburgh Review*."

Lady Holland, the daughter and biographer of Sydney Smith, in a letter to Mr. Fitzpatrick, says that her father had a high respect and admiration for Dr. Doyle, and regarded him as one of the most perfect specimens of a gentlemen at heart that he

had known. Dr. Doyle did reply in a pamphlet of 146 large octavo pages—provoked by Cæsar Otway, who taunted him with preferring the political to the polemical arena. The Bishop of Ferns, the Right Rev. Dr. Elrington, had also entered the lists against “J. K. L.” Referring to his numerous assailants, and the attacks he had to endure, he said—

“I have been accused of wiles and craft, and deep and dark design; I have been likened to all manner of evil things, and called a satyr, and a Jesuit, and a demagogue, a Papist, and a traitor; I have been even called a Vetoist and a Jansenist. But until now, I do not recollect that I have been charged with suffering anger to prevail over my judgment. I have been long exercised in imposing restraint upon my passions, and I hope through the aid of Heaven never to become their slave. But if my wrath be ever kindled and burn, it will, I should suppose, light upon something more substantial than the Lord Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns.”

This arrogant tone must have been assumed for popular effect. The writer must have respected the abilities and learning of Dr. Elrington.

Dr. Doyle wrote much and ably in support of a legal provision for the poor. On this subject he was opposed by Mr. O’Connell and others; but he took the statesmanlike as well as the Christian view of the subject, and his views prevailed. For none of his vast labours, however, did he deserve more credit than for his exertions to promote the cause of popular education, both by his writings and his example. His own personal experience, as well as his generous nature, enabled him to sympathize thoroughly with genius in its struggles with poverty and despondency in the ardent pursuit of knowledge.

National Education and Lord Stanley’s plan met his approval. He would make religion the groundwork of all instruction for children. “Religion,” he said, “shall not be banished like some dangerous infection from our schools. The child shall not be taught to hide the summary of the law of God, to commune with Heaven by stealth, to deceive some petulant inspector, and shield his piety by a lie.” But it was his belief that all that was required for the inculcation of the Roman Catholic religion at

least was quite compatible with the regulations of the National system, which he admitted contained the terms which had been long sought for by repeated applications to Government and by petitions to Parliament, and had at last with much difficulty been obtained. “They are not,” he said, “the very best which could be desired, but they are well suited to the circumstances of this distracted country. They provide for the religious instruction of children by their respective pastors or persons appointed for that purpose by them, as often as those pastors can deem it necessary.” If danger should arise in the administration of the system, he said they had their remedy. Archbishop Cullen and other prelates, in letters to Mr. Fitzpatrick, in which they highly eulogize his work, contend that if Dr. Doyle were now alive he would condemn the National System as having become dangerous by its departure from the principles laid down by its founder; and they affirm that, under the altered circumstances of the country which we now witness, he would repudiate the principle of National Education. On the contrary, we believe that he would have regarded the changes made to be particularly favourable to his own church.

Dr. Doyle had a fine, genial, generous nature. While reserved, austere, stately, and even arrogant and repellent in his manner towards strangers, he could unbend among intimate friends and in small circles, when he delighted every one by the cordiality of his manner, his affability, humour, and good-nature. The dignity of his character, of which every one who knew him spoke with admiration, combined with exquisite delicacy of feeling and almost womanly tenderness of heart and childlike playfulness of manner, excited a perfectly fascinating influence on all ladies who came within the sphere of his influence. He instantly won their confidence, their affectionate admiration and reverence, and retained them for life. The most charming portion of these valuable and interesting volumes consist of the Bishop’s letters to nuns and other ladies. In the midst of politics and polemics, pastorals and visitations, crozier smittings, and excommunications, the rending or burning of soiled vestments and exhorta-

tions to Ribbonmen, attacks on the "Second Reformation," denunciations of the tithe system and Bible societies—like an angel visiting a battlefield, or, when in his merry mood, like Columbine dancing across the stage in the wild turmoil of a pantomime, now and then comes a sweet, affectionate, graceful letter to one of his fair correspondents, ministering consolation to an invalid in the gentlest and most soothing tones, entering with interest into the most childish scruples of conscience, giving parental advice as to the hours of sleep, the quantity and kind of food that should be taken in Lent, and what the lady should do in order to preserve or restore her health. The history of some of these ladies is quite romantic. "Mariana" and her sister "Catherine" were converts from Protestantism—won by Dr. Doyle's bearing and conversation. One of them, at their first meeting, vowed she would never admit another friendship. Her heart was filled with her new idol. When "Catherine" was dying of consumption, she wrote that she had just received a visit from "an angel"—Dr. Doyle. The two sisters had accepted an invitation from the Bishop to spend some time at his house on a visit. The first evening of his acquaintance with Catherine, he said to her sister, "I have lost my wager! Kate's mind is too fine for a woman. What a compound of sanctity, of candour, wit, elegance, and modesty! You are right, child, to have owned her superiority over you, and over any woman I have ever known." While the Bishop was assiduously attending to the comfort of this charming creature, partly from the rather selfish motive of securing an interest in her prayers when she went to heaven, it is very saddening to read what she says about herself at the near approach of death, seeming to imply that she had not received the comfort which springs from a right appreciation of the redemption that is in Christ. Had she known what this text means, "Being justified by faith, we have peace in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ," she would not have written thus in her dying hours: "I care not to be released from suffering, if it can *satisfy the justice of God*, even in a degree."

Dr. Doyle was true to the Church of which he was a prelate, for there was too much honesty in his nature to be otherwise. We cannot but think, however, that there was a spirit within the man that secretly warred with its dogmas. His serious proposal for a union of the Churches of England and Rome was itself a proof that there was not in his mind much inveterate bigotry against the principles of Protestantism, though, as the champion of a Church and a party, he fought vigorously against the Establishment. How far his position, his office, and the feeling of professional honour and fidelity unconsciously influenced his spirit and his conduct it is impossible to say, but we have been struck in reading his life and writings with the fact that he so rarely alludes to the peculiarities of the Church of which he was the brightest ornament. He seldom or never, even in his most religious and confidential communications, alludes to the intercession of the Saints, nor even to the Virgin. There is a book which some of our readers may have seen, "The Morning of Life, a Memoir of Miss A——n." This Miss Anderson was one of two sisters of whom Dr. Doyle was guardian. Both of them became Protestants after discussing with their Right Rev. Guardian point after point of the differences between Protestants and Roman Catholics. To his infinite credit, the fact of their renouncing his Church did not cause Dr. Doyle to break off his intercourse with them, his "apostate" wards; but he refused to see them in his last illness, owing, it was said, to the determination of the priests around him to keep his state of mind a secret. It was rumoured that the great champion of Catholicity had become a Protestant before his death. Mr. Fitzpatrick has discussed this question with great ability, and has, we think, succeeded in proving that Dr. Doyle, as he had lived, died loyal to his Church, having devoutly received her sacraments, and submitted to her forms, just as a devout Jansenist would have done. Yet, in Mr. Fitzpatrick's beautiful and touching record of his last hours, we miss the real tone and spirit of Roman Catholic devotion.

The last letter he ever wrote was to

Mariana, the lady whom he had been the means of converting, and who became the superioress of a convent. There he says that having in a great degree attained all the objects for which God sent him into the world, he had no wish to remain longer in it; and, as his mercy is over all his works, he adds, in reference to his sufferings, "May we not hope that He is chastening my offences before He calls me to judgment—a judgment which no man can stand. These, Dear Mariana, are my hopes. * * * I humbly hope he will take away my sins like a cloud, and perfect the gifts he has conferred upon me from the days of my youth. I feel no kind of attachment to any thing in this world, and the threatened separation from my friends gives me no pain. Strive to wean yourself by degrees from all your friends, living and dead. Pray for us and be content. May God bless you, my dear Mariana; and believe me your faithful and affectionate servant in Christ."

There is nothing in this last letter, addressed to a nun, about the Virgin or the Saints, or praying for the repose of his soul, or purgatory. He trusts in the mercy of God that his sins will be removed as a cloud. What he meant by trusting in God's mercy is explained by a remark to his Vicar-General about this time. He was in the habit of opening and reading all his letters for him. There were six one morning, one from the Secretary of State about a new Bill; one from Sidney Smith asking the expression of his opinion on Church property, which would be treated as a boon by the British Dissenters as well as the Irish Roman Catholics. On these the Bishop remarked, "Othello's occupation is gone." Another letter was signed "Maria," and expressed wonder that so powerful an intellect as his could be oppressed by the trammels of Popery. "Ah," he would say, "what a pity their knowledge is not commensurate with their zeal. If they possessed the true faith, what charity they would have! Dear, dear, how glibly they quote from the sacred volume, covering their own nakedness with shreds and patches. May the Holy Ghost inspire them to find the truth!" The Rev. Mr. Maher proceeded, "She encloses a highflown description of the last moments of a

fair Methodist friend." "Read it," said the Bishop. The priest did so. The account dwelt particularly on the merits of Christ. "Poor creature!" said Dr. Doyle, with a writhe of pain, "*In what else could she trust?*"

In that pregnant question it appears to us there is an ample confession of Protestant faith. On a subsequent day the Bishop said, "About my death or recovery I feel perfectly indifferent. I never knew any one who wished to live longer in order to do a great deal of good, that did not do a great deal of harm. All my hopes are in the mercies of God. Am I not as near them now, as though I were to remain forty years longer on earth?" And on another day he said, "Christ showed mercy to the penitent thief, may I not hope for mercy too?" This is not like the religious experience of a man that had been editing Alan Butler's "Lives of the Saints."

For days before his death his mind was full of the goodness of God, on which he expatiated with wonderful eloquence. When his end was very near, he said, "Take this body of flesh and fling it on the floor." In that position, lying on the bare floor, he received the last Sacrament. He made several attempts to raise and to join his hands in prayer, but the long bony arms fell from sheer debility.

Seeing his servant in tears by his bedside, he asked, "John, why are you crying? My child, where is your faith? Will not the good God continue to take care of you? The hairs of your head are numbered with him." "Humble and mortified to the last," says another priest, "he could not endure the utterance of a word that reminded him of any good he had done. To God alone he gave all the merit, and on God alone were all his ideas fixed."

His last morning on earth was beautiful. "He requested," says his eloquent biographer, "to be carried from his bed and placed opposite an open window. The fresh air was laden with fragrance—the song of the blackbird mingled with the harsher notes of the corncrake—the Bishop's eyes resting on the rich country smiling in the luxuriance of June. To the last his mind was as clear and collected as possible." He gave some last directions, indulged in fervent

ejaculatory prayers, confessed to Dr. Nolan, his successor, and received the last rites of the Church. Thus departed the great Bishop, on the 15th of June, 1834, in the forty-eighth year of his age and the fifteenth of his episcopate. Nearly all the shops in Carlow were closed for several days; the cathedral, college, and convent bells tolled throughout the week; the road from the town to his dwelling, Braganza, which his priests had purchased for him, was crowded with all classes coming to see the remains lying in state. On the day of the funeral, which was attended by a vast multitude, the people obtained permission to draw the hearse to the cathedral, where he was buried in front of the altar. The funeral was

conducted with great pomp, and about 20,000 persons attended to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of a man of whom his country might well be proud. The beautiful cathedral which he erected in Carlow was, he said, the only monument he would leave behind him "in stone." The genius of Hogan has impressed his features upon marble, and now, nearly thirty years after his death, Mr. Fitzpatrick has come forward to rescue nearly all that he wrote and did from perpetual oblivion. We cannot give the able and learned author of these volumes greater praise than to say that he has presented to the world a work every way worthy the memory of "J. K. L."

THE REVOLUTION IN EAST AND WEST.

POLITICAL prophecies, like those on the weather, are seldom entirely false or true. The Zadkiel who would commit himself to such a statement as that on May-day there would be an inch of snow on the ground, or that on Midsummer-night all the church-steeple would be blown down by a hurricane, would lay himself open to detection. Such a prediction might come true, and then Zadkiel might retire from business, and live on his reputation as a prophet for the rest of his life; but the chances are so immensely against it that no prudent prophet would run such a risk. It would be like trying to make a book on a single horse, and staking all on pure luck. Instead of this, the weather prophet utters generally either nugatory or evasive prophecies. Nugatory in the sense that he prophesies what is almost certain to happen from the known course of the weather, or that there will be a gale of wind in March, or some hot weather in August—or evasive, in the sense that if so and so happens, then such and such things will follow—if an eclipse occurs (when it is known that none can happen), an earthquake is sure to follow.

Political prophecies are generally of these two classes. The wise ones shake their heads at the Turkish Empire, and tell us that it is fast

falling to pieces—a nugatory prophecy, for we know it already; or predict that if the French Emperor withdraws his force from Rome the temporal power of the Pope will come to an end—an evasive prophecy, as we want to know not when the effect will follow, but how soon the cause will come into operation. If the prophet would tell us the Emperor's intentions, we should thank him for his second sight; but we thank him for nothing when assuming these intentions as the condition of his prophecy—he looks into the place like a dwarf mounted on the shoulders of a giant—"nearer heaven by the altitude of a chopine," and no more.

But prophecy is one thing—prognostication another. While we shall pronounce nothing as to the situation of affairs a fortnight from this day, we may bring our glass to a focus, so that whatever passes across the field of vision may be instantly detected and intelligently recorded. An event may start up unexpectedly, like the comet seen for the first time on the last day of June. The difference between the observer of the cause of events and the careless reader of the news of the day is the difference between the astronomer and the wonder-struck bumpkin, both of whom saw the same meteor on Sunday evening, a fortnight ago. Both were taken

by surprise, but the comet was at once tracked out by the one, while the other was rubbing his eyes, and wondering what it was—whether it portended a hot season, or a death in the parish, and other irrelevant gossip quite beside its scientific study of the phenomenon itself.

The French proverb then, about the surprises of history, "*Rien est moins vraisemblable que le vrai*," is too like an epigram to be strictly true. The event—the *fait accompli*—may come on us like a clap of thunder—it may overcome us like a summer-cloud, but this is because we have been such simpletons as not to discern the face of the sky. Surprise at great political convulsions always betrays great political blindness, and, as it is often the acutest politicians who are most surprised, we are compelled to add that this blindness is moral rather than intellectual. If we persistingly deny the existence of a great central fire underneath the earth's crust, we should be taken by surprise at every occurrence of an earthquake; and this is exactly the blindness we complain of. Statesmen do not discern the signs of the times, because, with all their acuteness, they allow too little for those great forces which we call spiritual, and which lie slumbering in the depths of their hearts till a direction is given them, and then, like a wave of fire rushing through a fissure in the earth's crust, they burst forth, and a political earthquake occurs. So it was that the French Revolution took the philosophers and savans of France as much by surprise as the court and king. They were not prepared for such an eruption as this—it had too much the appearance of that very fanaticism which they were bent on suppressing in France. This is why the Encyclopædists soon retired, as disgusted with the Revolution as the nobles and clergy; they soon threw themselves into the arms of the Reaction, in some instances, and were found fraternizing with abbés how to bring back the polite age of France when bishops were philosophers, and the *canaille* knew their place.

Events in America have filled many persons in this country with a mixture of disgust and surprise. It was disappointing that so insignificant a cause as a black man held to bondage

should upset the greatest experiment at political equality the world ever knew.

Till this unfortunate slave question started up, North and South held together so well, there was a community of interest and of race. One half of the Union was agricultural, and the other half commercial; and by a system of strict protection it was hoped to make America a great beehive of industry, like China, containing a population as great, and producing within its vast belt of territory every produce, from the temperate to the tropic zone. This was the dream of every American statesman, and it seemed that, for once, dreams were not to go by contraries. Every element was brought into the calculation but one—and that the moral and spiritual. The politicians of the Union could not see, or did not pretend to see, what the poet saw :—

"There is a poor blind Sampson in the land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds
of steel,
Who may in some mad revel raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of our common-
weal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties,
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish
lies."

So the politicians set about establishing compromises, and drawing boundary lines which neither slavery nor emancipation was ever to pass. The project was as notably foolish as the scheme of building a dwarf wall round the little settlement of Free-town, Sierra Leone. The visionaries expected, that as the malaria crept along the ground, so they could blockade it out. The poison was in the air, and they thought they could fight it at their own level; it rose above the boundary line, and began those encroachments on the North, which led to resistance on the part of the Abolitionists, and so the whole Union has been drawn into the strife between slave and free labour. Politicians are still making desperate efforts to disguise the real ground of the quarrel between North and South. Any explanation is acceptable except the true one. To the school of economists it is a war of rival tariffs, of Free Trade against Protection; to the romantic and antiquarian it is the old feud of Puritans and Cavaliers, breaking out in New England two centuries after

its cessation in the old country—the chivalrous South, sprung from the Cavalier party, hates the Yankees, who are the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. A third school pronounce the disruption to be a necessary process in the development of American greatness. As Europe is made up, not of one state but many, so they say it must happen in America—a Confederation of Republics must spring up like the present European system. Thus the Manchester party sets it down to be a free-trade quarrel; the feudal or Young England party describe it as the rising of aristocracy against democracy; while the red-tape politician looks out for a rise of a new balance-of-power theory in America. We should be sorry to add a fourth to the three explanations of the civil war in America—least of all should we think of calling it a religious war. It is no more a religious war than the attempt of John Brown to raise the Negroes at Harper's Ferry last year was the act of a Joshua or a Judas Maccabæus. Still it is a war which could only have arisen on account of the horror of slavery which Christianity inspires. It is the fire kindled on the earth by a Divine hand, though we do not see it fall from heaven, and are not authorized to call it a judgment sent on slaveholders.

But we look beyond this civil war to the purifying process which will arise out of it. For the present, traders are filled with consternation at the loss of their great American market. The cotton trade, which sprung up in a few years, has been cut up by the roots in as many months. The injury of all this is immediate; the good which it will lead to is still in the vista. But already one result is coming about. Fifty-eight places have started up, offering to grow cotton for us, in the room of the Southern States. Our supply of cotton was so admirably arranged to meet the demand—the market was so elastic, so well regulated, and above all, the staple was so fine, that it was said on both sides of the Atlantic that no competition could ever arise elsewhere; that the South had the monopoly, and that we were in their power. This opinion, no doubt, affected our political relations with America. There is a Dutch proverb, that between the buyer and the seller there is always twenty per cent.

difference. The man who holds the purse can be always more indifferent than the man who has only the raw commodity. But in this case the proverb told the other way. The insolence was all on the part of the seller. He was practically a monopolist. We might take or leave it as we pleased; but we had better not offend him, or he would close the market against us, and so starve us into submission. The insolence of the United States to this country invariably sprung out of this persuasion of our dependence on them for the bread of our four million operatives. At last we are delivered from this fear; and though it may be troublesome to look elsewhere, we shall be rewarded in the end if, instead of one source of supply, we open up a dozen or more in as many different parts of the world.

The son of John Brown is now in Upper Canada, trying to cultivate cotton by free labour, and so to avenge his father's memory better than if he commanded a corps at Harper's Ferry. Cotton has been found to grow at very high elevations, and therefore he and other Abolitionists think that even Western Canada is not too far north to cultivate it with profit. Then Jamaica is beginning to lift its head up again. The Ireland of the Antilles has passed through its slough of despond; its rum and molasses lands, after going out of cultivation, like the rack-rented potato fields of our own island, are calling for a new crop; and cotton will be to the Jamaica farmer what turnips are to the Irish. Natal and Queensland both promise us a bale of cotton for every man we send them. The West Africa Missionary Settlements are coming to market with their native produce, the triumphs of industry evoked by the heralds of the cross. But it is to India that we look for the chief supply. There all the conditions meet—soil, labour, and capital. All are there, if we will only use our advantages, and set to work in earnest. We have not a moment to lose in this matter. By the last advices from America we read that the Southern planters have abandoned the cultivation of cotton as unremunerative, and have sowed their fields with corn. Thus, like the generals who burned their ships, the South have cut off all retreat from their present position.

For better or worse, it is now committed to secession—a secession from a political union with the North, and from a commercial union with us. It is a desperate measure on their part, and betrays a weakness almost amounting to madness. But at all events, it has delivered us from complicity with the great evil of slavery. So long as our supply of cotton came from the South, we fear that the national conscience would never have been roused to the evil of even a tacit consent to slavery. Now it is different. We can look the evil in the face, and see how great our escape has been.

As for America, in the end it will be a greater deliverance even to her than to us. What is the loss of a few factories or ports, or some millions of dollars added to their national debt? A young country will recover these burdens in a very few years, if she can only shake off the incubus of slavery. "*Rex eris si recte facis*," the schoolboy adage in Rome, is true all the world over. Moral causes enrich and impoverish rather than material. Let America rid itself of this plague-spot on the national conscience, and very soon she will more than make up all her present losses. She will by-and-by look back to the year 1861 as a season of trial, but also of purification. A general stampede of slaves has begun, which will not end until the South is left with nothing to fight for. It will be like two men fighting for a glass of brandy to which a spark has been applied; before the combat is ended the flame will have licked up the spirits, and so the cause of the quarrel will evaporate in thin air. It is often so in other disputes. By the time the war is over, the two parties have either changed sides or forgotten the original *casus belli* in others. In the case of this civil war of North and South this has been already illustrated. Treason to the Union is now the quarrel of North against South; it was not so six months ago, and what it will be six months hence it is impossible to say.

By the death of the Sultan, Abdul Medjid, the sick man of Turkey has been given another chance of recovery. Like a spendthrift, the late Sultan was running his life against that of the empire. If Turkey had not died under Russian bayonets, it would have

died of financial disorder. Kind death struck down the Sultan first, with dysentery, and so perhaps has saved the empire from a like wasting away. The extravagance of the late Sultan was unbounded. Multiplying wives and palaces on the Bosphorus, and little tribute coming in from oppressive Pachas, the career of Turkey would have been short, indeed. The Jew, Mires, was prowling about the Sublime Porte, as his compatriots do around a barrack-square where a fast regiment is quartered, and do little bills, and accommodate young men with advances to pay their mess accounts, together with jewellery and cigars. All of a sudden the extortioner has been seized; thrown into prison, his frauds exposed, and Turkey given a breathing time to recover herself out of the extortioner's hutch before it is too late. Abdul Aziz has courageously applied the pruning knife to the tree of Imperial luxury. The civil list has been cut down by more than one-half; the eight hundred ladies of the Harem have been liberated and allowed to marry. Even the horses have been sent to the artillery, and no pains spared to give instant proof that the Sultan is a worthy son of Mahmoud, and in earnest in his intentions of righting the balance between receipts and expenditure. Fears were felt by some that the Sultan would not stop short at this, but would carry his reforms so far, as to call out the old spirit of Moslem fanaticism. But this has turned out to be a false alarm. Abdul Aziz, in discarding Frank vices, which was all that his brother had learned from his adoption of Frank manners, appears to understand his age. He knows better than to evoke a spirit he could not again lay, and which would sweep him and his race to destruction, even more swiftly than the extravagance of Abdul Medjid. He appears also to know who are his real friends. To the remonstrance of M. Lavolette about the dismissal of Riza Pacha, the Sultan quietly replied, that this was not an affair for the interference of diplomacy; and on the other hand, he paid marked attention to Sir Henry Bulwer. If it is in the power of any one man to revive the fortunes of Turkey, the new Sultan has now an opportunity such as may never return again. It

may be only an attempt, like that of Julian the Emperor, to galvanize dead Paganism; or it may be an attempt, like that of the Czar Peter, to carry civilization by a *coup d'état*, among a people sunk in sloth and fatalism. Time only can tell the issue of these reforms; but as far as British policy is concerned, we ought to rejoice that the Turkish power is likely to hold together at least for another generation or two. The longer we can keep France and Russia off their prey, the more the nationalities will grow and strengthen, so that when the time comes for the Turk to retire from Constantinople, there will be Christian communities—Latin and Greek—which will have outgrown the patronage of France and Russia now so officiously thrust on them, and able to hold their own as independent states, as Moldavia and Wallachia already appear to do.

The illness and present recovery of the Pope are ominous in more senses than one. The institution is sick as well as the man. The life of the man is threatened by disease, but he may recover; or if he dies, the cardinals may elect a successor. The life of the Papacy, as a political institution, is also threatened; but it may discard the temporal and fall back upon the spiritual. But what if the spiritual power is attacked? From this there is no retreat. Here the Papacy must fight like old Priam, not on the walls, but in the heart of Troy, and in the dead of the night. The assault has been pushed on another stage of late. There are ominous signs that the controversy will not stop with the resignation of royalty. The priesthood must also follow. There is a body of earnest Italians and Frenchmen, who are far from Protestants, and yet who see that the downfall of the whole eclogue of hierarchy is the only condition for the safe enjoyment of political liberty. The history of the English Reformation and Revolution reads us this lesson more than any other. The broad-sheet which was circulated in the streets of Paris two months ago, brought forward the same truth. *Ne touchez pas au Pape*, a Gallican writer says, who is neither Ultramontane nor Protestant. But the *via media* of Bossuet and Fenelon is impossible any longer.

It is evidently the beginning of the

end in Italy. The separation between the temporal and the spiritual power in Italy, which the Pope and his Camarilla will never consent to, is being quietly effected. On the last day of May the procession of the *Corpus Christi* marched through the streets of Florence, deprived of all the paraphernalia with which the civil power has hitherto given splendour and dignity to this consummation of all dogmas. Two days after the national festival of the *Statuto*, which is celebrated now annually on the 2nd June, passed off without any ecclesiastical ceremonial whatever. It was retaliation carried out to the letter. The Church would not grace the State festival, so the State would not acknowledge the Church festival; the priesthood will find they are playing a losing game in thus retaliating on the Government for the slights passed upon them, for the combatants are not evenly matched. It is certain that the priesthood cannot do without the people. The people can live better without the priests' wares than the priests without the people's. It is a case of embargo, like the Berlin decrees of the First Napoleon, when the ports of Europe were closed to England, and England retaliated by closing her ports to the Continent. The loss fell not on us, but on Europe. England held the key of the position in her Colonial produce, which the Continent could not supply itself with from any other quarter so long as we held command of the sea. Sugar, coffee, and calico were articles of prime necessity, while German toys and French silk were articles of luxury which we should have been glad to take in exchange, but which were only of secondary importance. Napoleon abandoned, at last, the blockade, which did little or no damage except to his own subjects. So the Pope will find out that his obstinacy is only injuring his own cause; or, if light will not break on the Vatican from within, the parish priests of Italy will take the matter in their own hands, and compel the Vatican to take off a blockade which is only starving them, and not the State, into submission.

Thus the schism which began between the Church and the State is beginning to cause a breach between the hierarchy and the inferior orders of the clergy. The prelature or order

of dignified clergy born or bred to the purple may resist the popular will, but the bulk of the clergy, regulars as well as seculars, are taken from the people, and will not long hold out against the voice of the people. Either, then, the Vatican must submit, or the tide of national feeling will sweep with it all but the highest and most denationalized ecclesiastics. It was so in our own Reformation three centuries ago. The Gospellers were always unpopular with the bulk of the clergy, and even Henry VIII., absolute as he was, did not dare to declare the independence of the English Church without cautiously winning over the secular clergy, while he spoiled the regulars. Sulkily the parish priests went with the Reformation; they bowed their necks to the declared will of the nation, but they were ready, all through Henry's life-time, to lead a reaction, as the Northern and Western risings clearly proved. What drove them heartily and with a will to embrace the new doctrines was the madness of Pius V. The excommunication of Elizabeth snapped the last cord which tied them to their allegiance to Rome; and from 1568 the Reformation was a *fait accompli* in England. Another Pius appears to be resolved on the same desperate course in Italy. History is not, it is true, like a Devonshire lane, in which the cart wheels must follow one another in the same ruts; and so the course of events in Italy cannot be tracked out by recalling the course which events took in England. But we may be sure at least of this, that human nature is the same there as here, and that secular interests are as dear to the clerical order in Italy as in England. Strikes only last as long as there are union men in employment to support the men on strike; and so it is, when the clerical order quarrel with the community out of which they are taken, their

final submission may be calculated upon to a certainty, though there will be pontifical Potters to encourage resistance to the last, and insist on starvation rather than submission. The great law of society, that the community is stronger than any order of men in it, and that class interests must give way to general, asserts itself in the end; and so, with their pretensions lowered and the prestige for infallibility gone for ever, the clergy will submit at last to the new order of things, and fall in with the ranks of progress with more or less good grace.

As to the hopes of the party of doctrinal reformers, we cannot speak as confidently at present as some do. It is a sign of weakness to reason by your wishes, and to conclude that events lead that way, because your expectations point thither. Italy is not yet ripe for Protestantism, as England, under Elizabeth, was not ripe for Puritanism. But Italy is as tired as England was of the meddling of Ultramontane ecclesiastics with her spiritual and temporal independence. The majority of thinking Italians call for no more, and will be satisfied with no less, than the Court party under Elizabeth. The march of events may seem slow to us, but the motto, *Deus patiens quia eternus*, should reconcile us to wait when we do not see the hands move over the dial of Time. Rome was not built in a day, and therefore she will not be overturned in a day. Enough for us, if, for the first time in Italian history, secular processions march through the streets ungraced by ecclesiastics, and a national festival can pass off without benefit of clergy. It is the beginning of the end, the first overt act of separation, bringing before the people's eyes the proof of independence of Rome, without which no constitutional government can long exist.

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MACAULAY'S LAST VOLUME.

IN the last unfinished chapter of Lord Macaulay's latest and most ambitious work, he describes his pet hero, William III., as grieving, "with a grief such as only noble spirits feel, to think that he must leave his work but half finished." The parallel therein suggested few even of his lordship's unfriendliest critics will be inclined, in its broader meanings, wholly to disallow. With all its faults, none of us, we should think, can help regretting the abrupt close, enforced by the hand of the Great Unseen, to a history which set before readers of the present day such a picture of the last stage in the great English Revolution as only talent of a very high order could, on the whole, have drawn. It is not hard or foolish to believe, that the words in which Macaulay touches on the grief of his dying hero came from a heart already conscious of the end that momentarily awaited a life in its own way as memorable as that of the Dutch prince, to whose glory its latter years had specially been devoted. Both of them were greater than the common run of their day, and both died at an age by no means ripe, in the midst of work which they had once hoped to finish by their own hands. But here the parallel must cease. William's work as important in itself as it was glorious to his adopted land, was carried out to its broadest issues on the fields of Blenheim and Malplaquet. That of Macaulay, in itself almost too great

for a lengthened lifetime, was devised from the first on too large a scale for a life whose full bloom had already passed away, and has stopped short with the development of a marvellous but overdone torso, of which few would likely wish to see, and none be bold enough to attempt the completion, at least according to the original scale.

It is saddening indeed to turn back from the last broken paragraph of the volume published after his death to the measured sentences in which, some years ago, he announced his purpose of writing the history of England from the accession of James the Second down to a period within the memory of persons still living. If the words then uttered were uttered in good faith, how keenly must the dying historian have felt the whole contrast between aims so lofty and results by comparison so very small ! To a man of his large ambition there remained only the poor comfort of feeling that he had done his best, and of knowing that he left behind him a crowd of worshippers too grateful for the feast he had given them, to think of analyzing the bill of fare, or murmuring at any thing but the blow which parted them from so liberal a provider. Whatever might be thought of him by a dispassionate few, the flatteries of the many would doubtless have kept his eyes steadily sealed to the ingrain faultiness of a plan which needed the birth of five

thick octavo volumes to carry out the history of sixteen or seventeen years in the life of a nation two centuries and a half ago. Nor will even the sternest critic refuse to acknowledge the pervading nobleness and picturesque force of a fragment embodying the fullest and fairest tribute ever yet offered by an English pen to the memory of that great silent Dutchman, whom all Englishmen should revere for his public services, even if they cannot bring themselves heartily to love him for his own sake. Beautiful, however, as the fragment thus viewed may be, yet taken as part of the much greater work in hand, it seems to offer us but the few first links of a chain designed after a pattern so intricately massive, that no mortal in these shortlived days would have had the time, even if he had the patience, to forge it out. It stands forth on the field of modern history like one of those huge piers overhanging the Clifton river, which have waited these many years in vain for the superstructure they seem destined never to receive.

As an instalment of a larger history, Macaulay's great work is after all but a splendid failure; a magnified essay written for the *Edinburgh Review*, rather than a grave unvarnished record of the age and country therein brought to sight. It proves, indeed, what any careful reader of his former writings might have foregathered, that nature and the habit that becomes a second nature, alike unfitted the most popular of recent essayists for the place which, with pardonable vanity, he strove to win among modern historians. Not that, on the whole, he has less right to such an eminence than several others who have lately been piling up their many-tomed marvels on the altar of the historic muse. Less wordy, and far more learned than Alison, he has all the terseness without the moral stoop of Thiers; all the sympathetic glow without the mental extravagances of Mr. Froude. His practical good sense saved him from those philosophic quagmires in which Mr. Buckle delights to flounder. He has left behind him nothing so absurd as "The Life and Times of Frederic the Second." But when you come to compare him with Hallam, Milman, Gibbon, or even Hume, you feel at

once the difference between the true historian and the brilliant writer of historical tales. Macaulay set out with a mistaken theory, itself in part begotten of a headlong fancy and a halting judgment. He held, in effect, that history should be written by a partisan, and treated with all the charming minuteness of a biography by Boswell. There was just enough truth in his theory to render his mode of working it the more mischievously unsound. A bias of some kind every man who thinks seriously and feels warmly must have. It showed itself in the largest-hearted of modern preachers, the late Frédéric Robertson. It showed itself in Arnold, when he inveighed against the wickedness of Julius Cæsar; in Lord Brougham, when he denounces the cruelties of Henry V., or blames Pitt for his growing backwardness in the cause of Negro-Emancipation. In Hume it put on the guise of sympathy with the House of Stuart. Visible rather for the worse in many-sided Goethe, it imparts a healthy moral glow to the works of our all-sided Shakspeare. But, especially for the historian, a little bias should go a very long way. It may be right, perhaps, that every one who describes a course of human actions, should betray, directly or indirectly, a due preference for those actions which seem most in harmony with his own views of what is holy, just, and true. It is good sometimes to listen to some high-toned protest against the crimes of an Alexander or a Napoleon, and to follow, step by step, some quiet exposure of the ills resulting from priestly arrogance or popular superstition, from lawless despotism or equally lawless mob-rule. But even the historian's moral judgments should be largely tempered with the forbearance that comes of a clearer insight into the strength and the weakness of human nature. We may smile at Mr. Kingsley's overwrought pictures of English life under the Virgin Queen; but it is purely sickening to follow Mr. Carlyle through his fulsome portraiture of the drunken tyrant, to whom was partly traceable the character as well as the birth of his son, Frederic the Great.

In his moral estimates, alike of friends and foes, of the men he instinctively admires and of those he

instinctively dislikes, the historian is bound above all things to aim at perfect justice. But perfect justice is so hard to approach, and enthusiasm runs so easily into excess. It is not enough to make Cromwell out no hypocrite: we must also worship him as a guileless saint and a self-denying patriot. Mary Queen of Scots must be either a black-hearted murderess or a lovely innocent victim of religious hate and political treachery. Great misfortunes and great successes alike serve to hide a multitude of faults. Sometimes indeed, though not often, successful greatness meets, by way of Nemesis, with a disparagement beyond its due. In tearing the tinsel wreath from the brows of Imperial Cæsar, Arnold has also carried away a little leaf or two of pure gold. In denouncing the blood-begotten glories of one of our national heroes, Brougham himself has made scant allowance for the rude morality of an age that saw no special reason for proclaiming the wickedness or running down the warlike fame of our own Henry of Lancaster.

If there be mischief in a moral bias, how much more will be found in that which depends on religion, politics, or a mere desire to astonish! With Macaulay's religious leanings there is not much fault to find. His Protestantism looks kindly on most forms of theological opinion. It is no merely religious rancour that inspires his portraits of Cranmer, James II., or William Penn. He disliked them for some trait of personal character with which his own had nothing in common, or for some accident of personal connexion with state parties whose principles he specially abhorred. To a man of his temperament there would come the further delight of startling his readers by attempts to annul the verdicts passed on this or that celebrity by the public of former days. With these two sauces—his love of startling and his political prejudices—Macaulay was wont to flavour the bulk of his narrative to a very trying degree. On whatever principles he had professed to write, impartially he could never have written. His party zeal would always have outstripped his judgment, even if he had set himself to follow in the steps of a Mill or a Hallam. He wrote like an advocate, because

he looked at most things with the eye of an advocate many years confirmed. And the unconscious tendency to take a side was deepened by the conscious resolution to treat history as a fair field for the display of personal likings and dislikes. It were no excuse for him to say that he was immoderate chiefly in the expression of moderate views. An historian should be of no party, simply because to no party belongs the whole truth on any one point of debate. If he cannot help showing a certain preference for the Whigs, he is bound at any rate to do full justice to the Tories. If he stands up for Charles I., he has to remember that every cavalier was not a high-souled gentleman, nor every Puritan a rebellious knave. Contempt for the mischievous mistakes of an imperious bigot would never blind him to much of sterling gold in the character of poor old George the Third. He will neither utterly disbelieve in Fox's patriotism, nor charge Pitt with sacrificing his better principles to an overpowering love of place. Instead of asking if any good thing can come out of Nazareth, he has to record faithfully whatever he knows to have come out of Nazareth; to set down all that is worth relating of any man, or set of men, whether it tells against the principles he holds dearest, or lends a touch of interest to the character he most abhors. Here as elsewhere, the truest art is that which hides nothing of real moment, which shades in a crime or a weakness here, and opens out or lights up a virtue amid the darkness yonder; neither unduly extenuating aught, nor setting down aught in sheer malice, but ever working away with the quiet truthfulness that marks off a "Hamlet," or a "Parson Adams," from the crowd of extravagant or vulgar daubs which too many writers are content to offer and their readers to accept as true pictures of human life, whether in the present or the past.

No one, we think, could read many pages of Macaulay's writings without discovering their lack of artistic truthfulness, either in the facts told or the construction put thereon. His one-sided nature comes out in various suggestive ways. His Whiggism leads him to abuse and flout not only the Tories, but the "Malcontent Whigs,"

who opposed the great Whig hero, William the Third. His admiration of the Dutch soldier who freed England from the Stuart yoke imparts to his portrait of that prince an air almost as unreal as that wherein Mr. Froude has steeped his new presentment of our British Bluebeard, Henry the Eighth. Whatever William himself does must be right—whatever he has been charged with doing wrongfully was either a mistake in fact, or demands laying to the account of some one else. Macaulay's delight in marked contrasts renders him no less blind to Marlborough's good points than to the failings of his Dutch master. The fair fame of Sir Elijah Impey lies like a pitch-black shadow at the feet of his glorified patron, Warren Hastings. Mixed colours and nice gradations of light and shade are seldom to be found in the pages of our most popular historian. With him white is always so very white and black so very black. James the Second and William the Third, Lord Somers and the Duke of Marlborough, balance each other to a hair. Like the conjuror he really is, Macaulay will magnify you a grain of truth into a heap of most plausible error, or dissolve a dark mass of hostile facts into the softest of light summer clouds. Perhaps he is most unfair when he sets himself to be most impartial. Half his sternness towards the conqueror of Blenheim sprang, we dare say, from a wish to show the world that Trojan and Tyrian were alike to him. Still more remarkable is his treatment of William Pitt. Too honest to ignore the genius of so great a man, he is urged by his old love for startling antitheses to place in sharp contrast the two halves of Pitt's public career, in the one describing him as a pattern of powerful enlightened statesmanship, in the other as a halting, half-hearted tool of Tory zealots, strong to persecute his own countrymen, but weak to carry on a war whose purport he wholly misunderstood.

The same lack of artistic judgment which turned Macaulay into more or less of a deliberate partisan betrays itself in his mode of working out the other theory on which he started as a historian. Feeling that too much had been said about the dignity of history, and seeing

no reason why the historian should eschew those personal and local details which are found so agreeable in a biography or a romance, he sought to entertain his readers with a close succession of picturesque scenes and well-told anecdotes, admirably suited to the temper of an age that cares little for Shakspeare himself apart from the splendid commentaries furnished by Mr. Charles Kean. That he thus succeeded in making history popular, no one can pretend to deny. His powers of graphic description have in the present day been rivalled only by those of Carlyle and Froude. The famous chapter on English life and manners, in the first volume of his great work, stamped him a finished master of the style, whose budding beauties had revealed themselves many years before to the dazzled readers of "Clive" and "Warren Hastings." It is a style which, often copied, has always been copied for the worse. In the polished purity of his language, the careful clearness of his every statement, the seeming closeness and telling turns of his argument, the sustained strength and brilliance of his narrative, so rife with illustrative touches, striking episodes, and eloquent remarks, he stands without a rival among the many followers whom his great success has tempted to imitate what they can only caricature.

He has made history popular; but, in so doing, he has but turned it into a kind of romantic biography. With him the individual is all in all: to the impersonal and the general he has nothing to say. The same causes that make him a partisan tend also to make him a retailer of personal and petty gossip. He saw that history, to be worth any thing, should treat, not only of things, but of men also—not only of aggregate, but even of single men, in whatever rank or calling—their looks, gestures, habits, and personal affairs. Being himself a man, the historian, he thought, should stoop to take a lively interest in all things touching his kind. But from one extreme he went to the other. It is well to remember that great events do sometimes spring from the most trivial causes; but after all, the history of a nation is something more than a collection of trifles gleaned from the lives of individual men, or the experience of a particular class.

The hunger of a starving mob was but the last and lowest cause of the French Revolution. The seeds of the English Reformation were sown ages before the lover of Anne Boleyn quarrelled with the Church that refused to part him from his wedded queen. The trial of the seven English bishops hastened hardly by an hour the final overthrow of that despotic system wherewith the Stuarts, from first to last, had vainly striven to crush down the growing liberties of a sturdy nation. If, as we hold with Lord Brougham, the historian should regard himself, not as an advocate, but as a judge, still more needful is it that he should use a judge's discretion in the choice and arrangement of his materials. Sternly weeding out all foreign or doubtful matter, he has to lay no more than its proper stress on each of the several items that remain, until the sum of his researches shall have fairly and clearly shaped itself out before the mind's-eye of an intelligent reader. In his case the artistic insight and the judicial sifting power are virtually one—each helping the other to work out the same broad truth. Chained within certain bounds of time and space, he should aim on the one hand to produce a life-like, coherent, well-proportioned picture of human deeds, and refuse on the other to travel out of his record, to work into it a heap of quite paltry, profitless details, or to evolve a chain of never so plausible fancies out of nothing better than a shadowy surmise or a broken tradition.

For lack of that insight and that sifting power, Macaulay's writings betray the excess of those realistic tendencies which have so widely tainted the literature and art of our day. Like the works of our so-called pre-Raphaelite painters, they abound in minute details and brilliant colouring, beautiful enough to hit the popular fancy, but to the eye of sober discernment too often meaningless, out of keeping, or overdone. Nature is sure to avenge herself on those who pry too curiously into the secrets of her inner life. Her truest painters are not the photographists, who can render you with marvellous nicety the most intricate patterns, the softest lights and shades, on the dress of a lovely woman; but only exaggerate the pro-

minent parts of her figure, and utterly strip the bloom from off her face. Nor are they to be found among those morbid realists, who cover their canvas with the loudest hues, bury their central figures under a heap of overdrawn details, and paint the backgrounds of their pictures with a sharp minuteness wholly at variance, not only with conventional usage, but with the teachings of common sense. Among the Raphaels of history Macaulay has no place. Soberness of treatment and just proportion of parts are virtues unknown to his style of workmanship. Writing as an advocate, he must practise the smaller arts by which an advocate succeeds in gaining the popular ear. Forswearing the grand march of Gibbon and the easy grace of Hume, he stoops to gather odd bits of telling gossip from the byways and rubbish-heaps of former literature, and to enliven the duller places of his narrative with highly-finished sketches of personal character, evolved too often by a constructive fancy out of the slenderest kernel of assumed fact. Guesswork is a dangerous amusement for the most impartial historian. Practised by one who rather prides himself on his partiality, it leads to errors and absurdities the more mischievous in proportion to the skill displayed in following it out. Every one has read Macaulay's graphic portraiture of Dundee, but comparatively few have cared to test it by the counter pleadings of Professor Aytoun, or the noble and life-like vision painted by the master hand of Walter Scott. A writer zealous for truth rather than effect would have thought twice before blackening the good name of Sir Elijah Impey or of William Penn, by charges most, if not all, of which either rest on no sure foundation, or have since been circumstantially disproved. In the last volume of his great work we have a striking sample of Macaulay's readiness to make bricks without straw, in his mode of telling what happened to the poor Quaker girl who fell in love with a gay Whig barrister, afterwards the judge, Spencer Cowper, whose grandson, the poet, has kept alive the memory of a name otherwise calling for little notice in these days.

This girl, we are told, had fallen into a state of religious melancholy,

owing to the straitness of her religious training. In proof thereof it seems to be stated that "she sometimes hinted her dislike of the sect to which she belonged;" that she complained of a canting brother who had "held forth against her at a meeting;" that "she threatened to go beyond sea, to throw herself out of window, to drown herself." As we wonder what all this has necessarily to do with religious madness, we find the most natural solution of it in the very next sentence. "To two or three of her associates she owned that she was in love, and on one occasion she plainly said that the man whom she loved was one whom she never could marry." In fact, her madness, if mad she was, sprang from the excess of her love for Spencer Cowper, himself a married man. "He," says Macaulay, "like an honest man, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her." Even when obliged to see her on business, he called late one evening, and, the business done, went away in spite of her efforts to keep him in the house as a guest. The real truth, however, seems to have been that he stayed many hours of that day with her alone, and departed suddenly at a late hour of the night, after a bed had been already prepared for him in the house.* The next morning she was found dead by a mill-dam on the Priory River. Her family, for reasons which the historian deems absurd, accused Cowper of having caused her death. There was absolutely no evidence, he tells us, either of the crime or of any motive for its commission. But the Quakers and the Tories raised an alarming outcry against a suspected criminal, who happened also to be a Whig. The Tories had no objection to hang an innocent man, if the Quakers would but help them to win two seats in Parliament for the town of Hertford! After this it is almost needless to add that Cowper was tried by the dullest and most ignorant of the twelve judges, and that the case against him and his supposed accomplices was conducted with incredible unfairness and malignity. It rested, indeed, we learn, "chiefly on the vulgar error that a human body found,

as this poor girl's body had been found, floating in water, must have been thrown into the water while still alive." If this was the vulgar error of those days, it is curious that the witnesses for the prosecution agreed in asserting that a body found floating so soon after its immersion must have been thrown into the water when already dead. It is amusing, too, to find that the questions asked by the most stupid of judges were questions remarkably to the point. Of course, the medical opinions on the one side were worth nothing, while those on the other, being given by men of known standing and approved politics, were more than enough to outweigh the ocular experience of a few superstitious seamen, who, as Dr. Garth did *not* say, were ready to swear they had known whistling raise the wind.

Enraged at the verdict pronounced in favour of the accused, Cowper's enemies maliciously availed themselves "of the most absurd and odious proceeding known to our old law, the appeal of murder," to attack anew the lives which an impartial jury had spared. This also failing, they worried their prey with a succession of savage libels. But the public, we are told, did Cowper justice. In the course of time he "took his seat, with general applause, on the judicial bench, and there distinguished himself by the humanity which he never failed to show to unhappy men, who stood, as he had once stood, at the bar." Like the postscript to a young lady's letter, the note appended to this touching episode contains, to our thinking, the pith and marrow of the whole performance. It is there pointed out as a curious fact, that while all the poet Cowper's biographers mention the judge, none of them makes the faintest allusion to the Hertford trial, "the most remarkable event in the history of his family;" nor will any allusion to that trial be found, the historian thinks, "in any of the poet's numerous letters." Had the likeliest meaning of such a fact been caught by him who has thus recorded it, perhaps some other tale than this of the poet's grandfather would have been chosen out to help the reader over a

* See *Blackwood's Magazine* for July.

dull interval in the history of those few years of general peace which William of Orange lived to see. With all our readiness to believe in the wildest outbreaks of party spirit, we cannot but smile at the wonderful tissue of truth and falsehood which a clever historian has here woven for our amusement out of the mystery hanging round the death of a poor lovesick girl, whose passion had not been wholly unreturned by the man whom she could never marry.

In history, as in painting, too close an attention to the merest trifles is sure to weaken and confuse the general effect of the work done. In both there are certain rules of perspective and right proportion which the artist will only break to his certain loss. A history is a kind of panorama, or continuous painting, which may require the historian frequently to change his standpoint, but never to change the relative distance between his standpoint and the horizontal line. He should place himself neither too close to his subject, nor yet too far away; should regard it neither from too mean a level, nor too proud a height. Having taken his post with a due eye to salient features and general harmonies, he will proceed to work out as well as he can a fair and intelligent likeness of what he actually sees, not of that which he fancies may be there, or which might be visible if he went a little nearer or a little to one side. His aim should be rather to reproduce the general meaning than to dwell minutely on the smaller items. For him the half will often be greater than the whole. His judicial instincts will teach him the virtue of a wise rejection, as well as the need for comprehensive research. To very few is given in perfection the power of combining largeness of outline with delicacy of finish; but in the power of weighing the comparative worth of seeming trifles, of picking out the important from the merely trifling, lies all the difference in actual worth between artists seemingly most alike in mechanical cleverness. The dignity of history is, after all, no empty phrase, and they who sneer at it have hitherto shown us little reason to hail the progress of a counter-theory which even Macaulay's great talents have failed in practice to recommend.

With artists of the highest class a

single touch will go further than a hundred touches laid on by an ordinary hand. What a world of insight into the character of dear old Parson Adams is opened out to us by that peerless life-painter, Henry Fielding, when he describes Adams as fumbling in his pockets for a sermon against vanity, that he might read it to a friend who had just been declaiming on the evils of a passion from which he himself had once suffered so greatly! In the work of a great master there is no crowding of irrelevant characters, no overdoing of subordinate details; every thing seems to be in the right place, and nothing, you feel, could be added or taken away without weakening the truth and purport of the whole. There is much of this artistic wholeness in Hume, and Robertson, and Milman; little enough of it in Macaulay or in Froude. Had Hume sat down to write a history of the period treated by Lord Macaulay, with all the materials before him of which Macaulay has made use, we are pretty sure that he would have written a better and not less readable work in half the number of pages required by the actual writer. We should have lost some splendid chapters, some fine bursts of manly eloquence, and a whole gallery of finished portraits; but instead thereof, we should have gained a fairer estimate of the leading characters, and a calmer handling of the various questions in church, state, and private morals, which those characters in their several ways helped more or less consciously to puzzle out. Instead of the elaborate sparkling of an Indian banquet-hall, lined with countless bits of many-coloured glass, we should have enjoyed the quiet changes of light and shadow that steal over the mellow-tinted waves of a broad Kentish landscape basking in the smiles of a gently ripening June. For all but genius of the rarest order, there is no small danger in that very wealth of materials which every writer of modern history is bound in these days to explore. Contemporary documents are the most deceitful things in the world. Where one man's eagle glance takes in the whole of a given subject, and with scarcely an effort divides the truthful and essential parts of it from that which is doubtful and redundant, a hundred or a thousand more will

only succeed in making out a jumble more or less absurd, of truths, falsehoods, half-truths, misconceptions, things great, and things exceedingly small, put together without much regard to proportion, fitness, or the rules of historical writing. Trusting in the evidence of State-papers alone, Mr. Froude has struck out a likeness of the Eighth Henry which no man of cool sense would dream of taking for aught but the creature of a distempered fancy. Trusting mainly to documents of a very different sort, Macaulay has represented Marlborough as a monster of selfish greed, and spoken of the bulk of English squires and clergy in terms only applicable to certain Squire Westerns, and a few curates as poor as Parson Adams. The one seems really to have believed that kings can do no wrong; the other to have forgotten that one swallow does not generally make a summer, or one brick a whole dwelling. In a like spirit have other historians tried to show that Cleon was a high-souled patriot, and Robespierre almost an angel; that the Roman Empire was an unmixed blessing to humanity; that the Reformation in Scotland was carried on by the nobles rather than the people; and that France has invariably taken the lead in the march of our modern civilization.

To such a writer as Macaulay a great wealth of materials will always be a fatal snare. His avowed partialities, his lack of historic reticence, his eager fancy, his evident love of popularity and picturesque effects, all combine to render him a doubtful guide on many other questions than those of politics alone. In his writings the pale which parts the historian from the historical novelist is continually broken down. They contain in themselves the strongest answers to the mistaken theory on which they were fashioned. In making much out of the smallest trifles, he builds up a character of Marlborough or William the Third about as true to the sum of ascertained facts as the sayings and doings of Mr. Gradgrind or Miss Aurora Leigh are true to ordinary human nature. A chance word or phrase in some old squib or newspaper suggests to him an entirely new version of some matter that called for no special remark. The valiant Dundee is dragged down

to a level with the worst ruffians on the mere word of one or two half-crazed and wholly reckless Covenanters. He would have us explore the characters of public men, not by the broad light of outward deeds and well-attested documents, but rather by the treacherous flickering of a few bits of one-sided gossip and wild conjecture. In his hands the muse of history is made to doff her flowing robes and fine courtesies in exchange for the undress of a travelling showman and the manners of a village crony. She descends, in fact, from the contemplation of character as displayed in action and open speech to a remorseless search after hidden motives, unsuspected habits of mind or body, and trifling peculiarities of local furniture. Caricature, untruth, self-contradiction, are the natural issues of such a process. You are apt to get mere truth of dialect without truth of spoken thought. You are called away from the public deeds of some great but human William of Orange to a pleasing picture of his deep private love for a queen whose endearments failed to keep him from more endearing but less lawful aims. The smallest trifle picked up from a heap of forgotten libels or mouldering letters becomes a key to the unridling a line of conduct which has been no more affected thereby, than Lord Palmerston's foreign policy would be affected by aught that happened in his own household. Out of the hundred various motives that go to the fathering of even the simplest series of human deeds, one, and that the palest or the least likely, is continually waved before you to the exclusion or disparagement of every other. In reading some parts of Macaulay's History you feel yourself wearied with constant harpings on some pet idea, with ceaseless references to some personal trait that is meant to ticket off the whole of a given character. You are doomed, as it were for ever, to see Carker displaying his teeth, to hear Mark Tapley assuring you he was never more jolly in his life, and to wonder how much oftener the irascible young woman in "Little Dorrit" will be requested to count twenty-five.

Macaulay's last volume seems, like the period therein described, to offer us a quiet change from the noisy brilliance of former scenes. Time has

somewhat mellowed his style, and the altered character of his subject has held out to him fewer temptations to indulge his taste for mental portraiture and biographical odds and ends. For mere beauty of diction, for the clear expression in pure, spirited, flowing English, of the many picturesque ideas suggested by a fruitful theme, no passage in his former writings, and very few in those of living authors, will quite compete with his full, yet for him close woven, narrative of that ill-starred project for colonizing Darien, by which Paterson hoped to make Scotland the richest kingdom in the world, but which ended in shame, ruin, or death to the thousands whom his eloquence had tempted to devote their purses or their own persons to its accomplishment. From sentences like these that follow, who does not catch the fiery reflexion of that sudden madness which set all Scotland revelling in a dream of wealth and glory that never could be fulfilled?

"Of the kingdoms of Europe Scotland was, as yet, the poorest and the least considered. If she would but occupy Darien, if she would but become one great free port, one great warehouse for the wealth which the soil of Darien might produce, and for the still greater wealth which would be poured into Darien from Canton and Siam, from Ceylon and the Moluccas, from the mouths of the Ganges and the Gulf of Cambay, she would at once take her place in the first rank among nations. No rival would be able to contend with her either in the West Indian or the East Indian trade. The beggarly country, as it had been called by the inhabitants of warmer and more fruitful regions, would be the great mart for the choicest luxuries, sugar, rum, coffee, chocolate, tobacco, the tea and porcelain of China, the muslin of Dacca, the shawls of Cashmere, the diamonds of Golconda, the pearls of Karrack, the delicious birds' nests of Nicobar, cinnamon and pepper, ivory and sandal wood. From Scotland would come all the finest jewels and brocade worn by duchesses at the balls of St. James's and Versailles. From Scotland would come all the saltpetre which would furnish the means of war to the fleets and armies of contending potentates; and on all the vast riches which would be constantly passing through the little kingdom a toll would be paid which would remain behind. There would be a prosperity such as might seem fabulous, a prosperity of

which every Scotchman, from the peer to the cadie, would partake. Soon, all along the now desolate shores of the Forth and Clyde, villas and pleasure-grounds would be as thick as along the edges of the Dutch canals. Edinburgh would vie with London and Paris; and the bailie of Glasgow or Dundee would have as stately and well furnished a mansion, and as fine a gallery of pictures, as any burgomaster of Amsterdam."

Here we have an excellent sample of Macaulay's style as it works in harmony with a taking subject. Clear, polished, ornamental, it betrays in every line the artificial graces of a writer who never forgets his audience, and never rises or sinks below himself. Pervaded by a certain strength of purpose and warmth of tone, it combines a show of much point, with a good deal of downright diffuseness, an air of polished elegance, with an ill-concealed effort to astonish all the world. The studied purity of Macaulay's English, and the grammatical clearness of his statements, are sterling merits too often overlooked by those who aim rather at copying the superficial shortness of his sentences, the unvarying smartness of his rhetoric, and the wearisome minuteness whether of his reasoning or his narrative. In other parts of his work the faults of his style come out in stronger relief than the beauties. His illustrations are seldom quite natural, and, like his arguments, generally overdone. Even in the beginning of his Darien episode the mention of Scotland starts a long train of glowing periods that point in finest touches and brightest hues the successive glories of Tyre, Venice, Amsterdam. It is all very beautiful; but might not the comparison have been stated in one line, and the reader allowed to frame his own pictures out of the memories or the curiosities which that line would have set in motion? What mind's digestive powers are likely to be improved by continual feeding on soups and jellies, in the place of coarser but more wholesome mutton and beef? In his zeal to make things easy for the idlest or most ignorant reader, Macaulay has no regard for the patience or the pride of those educated thousands who are best able to appreciate the true ends of all history and the real worth of its expounders. Have we not seen

enough in private life of those well-meaning folk, who are for ever boring their friends with needless explanations of things already known, or long-winded rehearsals of facts that should only have been touched on by the way? There is surely some artistic mean between the allusive darkness of Carlyle's "French Revolution," and the floods of dazzling light that virtually darken our way through Macaulay's "History of England." If the historian must stop to explain every thing, however trivial, as he goes along, the history of such a reign as that of George III. would furnish volumes enough to form of themselves a pretty large library.

Writing down to the supposed capacity of the largest number, Macaulay never misses a chance of showing off his logical and literary acquirements, at the expense too often of æsthetic keeping or philosophic truth. As our popular novelists bring out their tales in monthly parts, each containing its due share of mental stimulant, without much reference to the unity of the whole, so does our popular historian spice each section of his work with pretty nearly the same amount of cordial, little caring whether it helps or weakens his main design. His turn for picturesque writing comes out on the slightest provocation. If he has to record the visit of Peter the Great to England, nine or ten pages must be devoted to a graphic sketch of the imperial savage, and the still barbarous nation of whose future greatness he was already sowing the seeds. If the question of the Spanish succession comes upon the board, Macaulay must prelude it with no end of picturesque flourishes about the different provinces of the great Spanish monarchy, followed by an equal amount of very particular gossip touching the personal habits of the poor crazy prince, whose death at any moment might leave his kingdom a prey to the contending armies of France and Austria. When the times he describes are rather dull, we are enlivened with a strong-flavoured narrative of the trial of Spencer Cowper; or else, by way of change, we are tickled with a page or two of spirited logic and smart illustration, to prove there is nothing strange in the notion that a statesman who loved literature and rewarded literary merit "should have been more

savagely reviled, both in prose and verse, than almost any other politician in our history." A showy parallel also does him seasonable service, even if it goes lame on two or three of its legs. Now and again, too, a very startling paradox becomes the peg for much brilliant rhetoric, as when, for instance, in the life of Pitt, we are gravely assured that his failure as a war minister during the latter half of his long administration, sprang from the very greatness of his peaceful triumphs in the former half.

As a writer, Macaulay looks his best in the "Lays of Ancient Rome," and in the short biographies contributed to the *British Cyclopædia*. The former, if not ranking with the highest flights of ballad poetry, if inferior in poetic power even to the lays of Professor Aytoun, are adorned with every subordinate charm that could cheat us into placing them beside works more thoroughly imbued with the real fire. In the latter, Macaulay was fain to condense his language and prune down his faultier tendencies within certain rational bounds. These shorter pieces are quieter in tone, closer in texture, are worked out with a riper judgment than the Edinburgh essays, which on the whole they surpass, as greatly as the wisdom of fifty surpasses that of raw twenty-five. In these, too, we have more of the excellences which make Macaulay a pleasing biographer, with fewer of the blemishes which disfigure him as a historian. It is pleasant to see how heartily the great Whig partisan can devote his best powers and kindest impulses to the glorification of so fierce a Jacobite, and overbearing a companion as Samuel Johnson, between whom and himself there seemed, but only seemed, to be no other point of fellow-feeling than their common greatness with the pen.

On his redeeming excellences, however, it is not our cue to dwell. There is no fear that the world of living readers will be likely soon to forget, what none who read him can be blind enough to disallow. His varied learning, his unwearied industry, a manifest desire to do justice, a manly hatred of mean and canting ways, a fair acquaintance with the mysteries of human character, much skill in handling his materials and setting forth their likeliest meaning, and

merits which need no special comment in these days. There are portraits of his drawing which almost tempt us to recall some of our previous strictures. His style is thoroughly characteristic of the man. Never rising into the grand organ-roll of numberless passages in Carlyle, seldom surprising you with bits of happy thought expressed in the happiest words, never mastering all your senses with so fearful a piece of word-painting as that which reveals all Paris hurrying under one mighty impulse to help on the great work begun in the Champ de Mars; it still moves steadily on at the same fair level, through a succes-

sion of bright and picturesque scenes whose pervading trimness satisfies all but the most fastidious eye. His most ambitious work will continue for many a year to keep its firm hold on the popular admiration; but whether the New Zealander of some distant future will think of its author, as he stops to gaze on the wrecks of what once was London, is a point we care not to discuss at this early date. It is at least a splendid fragment which Macaulay has bequeathed to the present age; but, for all its beauties, we must still express our belief, that the history of England, even under William III., has yet to be written.

FRENCH VIEWS OF IRISH QUESTIONS.

A REMARKABLE article, lately published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "L'Irlande ses Griefs et sa Nationalité,"—by M. de Lasteyrie, demands notice, since its impartial and reasonable tone is proof how *La Question Irlandaise* is regarded by sensible writers in France. It affords, indeed, additional and important evidence, in conjunction with other common sense ways in which this question has been viewed there, that any notion formed in this country of obtaining even undue sympathy from that quarter is very delusive.

At the commencement of his valuable paper, the author separates the past of Ireland from her present and future; and though showing that the history of that past must excite in her a hostile sentiment against England, he at the same time abhors the temper that would revenge a mixture of real and imaginary past wrongs. When he enters upon the wrongs which are thought to exist, and which, in the eyes of prejudiced persons, constitute the Irish an "oppressed nationality," he proves conclusively that these miseries are not attributable to the government of the country. Of the theory or idea of "nationality," he observes that it is inimical to modern civilization, and particularly to French civilization, since it would divide, as in the middle ages, races inhabiting the same territory. "It falls," says he, "into insignificance, when it covers local or provincial

passions. It is by liberty that one must judge nationality. The world changes: old truths become falsehoods. The oppression of Ireland, perhaps even Irish nationality, is a truth of this sort."

Setting forth, then, that Ireland is free, and how large a measure of liberty she possesses, he remarks that many, who talk of present oppression there, would be astonished, perhaps fearful, if the freedom were given to them that Irishmen enjoy. As to taxation, she is exempt from some imposts that are levied in Great Britain, and in no country, observes he, does society impose on itself greater charges in favour of the poor and suffering classes. Some shrewd remarks follow on the poverty of the country and its causes, with the observation that it is not misery at home which produces emigration, but the wealth of the places whither the emigration tends. Perhaps, however, it would be more just to say that our small farmers, finding year by year the impossibility of subsisting on their holdings, are repelled by this difficulty on the one side, and attracted by better prospects on the other.

Yet though the Irish are politically free, are gradually emerging from the consequences of subdivision of farms, and are, as he observed when among them, appeased, they are, he declares, "neither satisfied nor loyal; or at least, if not disloyal in acts, they are so in words." In this case, we will not

and carried them off. Ascendancy, with all its consequent advantages, is the object. Of these, "Tenant Right," or the right of the occupiers of land, in contradiction to that of the owners, forms the most popular slogan, as our French reviewer remarks, saying that "Irish socialism," which is a traditional idea based on a former state of clan communism, an idea which governs the national feelings, the religious feelings, and does not stop at crime, has for its rallying cry—"*Le droit au fermage*," or in the vernacular, "Tenant Right." He then observes that "all the national and political difficulties are child's play compared with this terrible question, which causes every instant misery and crime, and which is that of ascertaining if Ireland can feed its inhabitants."

In short, the dispute, a deadly one, is, as we have premised, the grand one of food. How, in early ages, the climate was considered unfit for grain, and admirably adapted for grass, we have seen. The crisis our country has been traversing since the failure of the potato—a root which supplied the place of corn—is the displacement of that quantity of inhabitants which cannot obtain subsistence unless potato culture is correspondingly large and successful. The potato disease, therefore, is the primary cause of the distress.* It would take space to show that neither the English Government nor the owners of land are largely responsible for this unhappy distress. Let us here turn to M. de Lasteyrie, who says:—

"Whoever visits Ireland and considers, without political prepossessions, the nature of the soil and climate, will acknowledge that this country is made for a land of pasturage. The summers are damp, the winters mild. The soil is drained naturally. Almost everywhere grass grows in abundance, and in many places it has the property of fattening cattle. If the rains render the getting in of hay difficult, roots grow with extreme vigour, and can supply the place of fodder. The rearing of cattle is therefore the natural industry of Ireland; it is her most profitable industry. With a spring vegetation, under an autumn sky, and inexhaustible fertility, the soil

of Ireland ought to be (it is so nearly), among the most productive in Europe. There, as everywhere else, except in places where they cultivate flax and plants of that kind, hand labour is less productive than ploughing; for rude culture cannot give to those who devote themselves to it the means to pay rent, or even enough to nourish them. By reason of the extraordinary returns of potatoes, and the extreme increase of the population, culture was divided and subdivided to such a point as to create four hundred thousand farms of below two and a-half acres, English. The greater part of the holders were employed in cultivating, with the hand, alimentary provisions. In measure as the population increased, the division of culture was augmented, and the competition for the hire of the land became frightful."

This statement is a faithful explanation of the principal cause of the poverty of small holders. So long as the potato was easily raised, its cultivation admitted of a parcelling of the land into portions so small as to be incapable, when this root failed, of supporting a family. The universal law of population is, that the human race, wherever located, increase according to the means of subsistence. This law is specially observable in our country, where the introduction of the potato augmented the population in nearly an eleven-fold degree within two centuries. When this root did not yield sufficient produce, the deficiency recoiled on the people who trusted to it. The English and French peasantry did not suffer so severely, because they were not so much dependent on the potato; while the Irish, content with an inferior scale of diet, and having multiplied accordingly, incurred the consequences of complete reliance on an uncertain crop.

M. de Lasteyrie proceeds:

"The subdivision of cultures followed the increase of the population; it became impossible for the cultivator to pay his rent. Expulsions were repeated. Secret societies covered Ireland, they possessed tribunals and executioners, and to the arbitration of proprietors they opposed assassination.

"I have, perhaps, a timid disposition, but I consider those very bold who do not hesitate before an impossible situa-

* Small farms, after the potato failure, could offer little security for payment of rent, because the tenant's cattle, which are the chief and best security to the landowner for receipt of rent, had become either few or nil. Hence large farms are almost indispensable, and hence the spread of cattle.

and misery, should assume the right of killing those whom they accuse of having deprived them of the means of existence, is a great moral disorder: but that French writers, quietly seated in their cabinets, should be pleased to make an apology for the crime, is a moral disorder of still greater magnitude. Is it not known that such assassins are the curse of Ireland? Is it not known that they have achieved the work begun by oppression, obliged proprietors to quit their lands, justified severities, driven away capitalists, and increased tenfold the misery of Ireland? Is it not known that, the oftenest, the victim is neither the proprietor, nor the agent, nor the Englishman, nor the Protestant? It is the unfortunate man who takes the farm or the place from which another has been expelled; it is the comrade, the friend, the compatriot."

M. de Lasteyrie then refers to a recent case, which found a public justifier in the person of a French Roman Catholic priest, who, in some comments in a newspaper, accused the landlord of being, by his harsh conduct, the instigator of the murder of one of his servants. With righteous indignation our reviewer reprehends this un-Christian upholding of a violation of God's commandment, and then contrasts such unclerical conduct with that of the native Roman Catholic clergy, who, as he says, "have no such complaisance for crime."

From this state of intestine war our French writer passes to contemplate the recent offer of a sword, in the name of "oppressed Ireland," to Marshal M'Mahon. This phase of national feeling he justly regards as merely a display of sentiment, a menace thrown in the air. We are quite of his opinion, since there is a difference between secret murder, where the assassin is shielded by popular feeling in his favour, and invoking foreign aid in rebellion. The term "oppressed" is considered by him as either a mistake, adopted in ignorance, or as a piece of political fabrication, to serve party purposes, a sort of "bunkum," or blarney, applied to a people who seem to think themselves flattered by being told they are slaves:—

"The expression, 'oppressed Ireland,' is a false political coin, which is no longer current among serious persons in Ireland. An oppressed people who speak, write, and act according to their humour are certainly the citizens of a free country."

Our French friend's view may be very true, yet he should have perceived that it consoles some sort of men to tell them that foreign governmental oppression is the cause of their poverty. At least, possibly, this sort may prefer to be assured that their miseries are not their own fault, since it is easier to revile a Government than to remedy want by work, self-reliance, and self-denial. Any political quack, who promises a speedy cure by the grand and flattering process of transforming the "oppressed" into a flourishing nation, is sure to find listeners.

Of what nationality do we, Irish, claim to have originally been? As for our present state, there is no distinctiveness between our Celtic and Teutonic races, our O'Donoughues, Fitz-Geralds, and Mitchells; and even seven hundred years ago, the country was inhabited by mixed races, Celts, Cimbrians, or Gauls, Scythians, and Scots, with considerable sprinklings of Germans in the interior, and Scandinavians all around the coast. During that lapse of time, the immigration of additional Teutonic people has been so great as that, of the present inhabitants, the Celtic race is, if not inferior in point of numbers, vastly so in possession of property and education. In many counties, the owners of the land are of Teutonic extraction, and the same rule applies to the class of large farmers and traders. What, then, are the Irish people, peculiarly so called, and what is their claim to distinct and independent nationality? Is the Celtic remnant to impose laws on the Teutonic element? If so, why? Not because these Irish excel their countrymen in wealth and intelligence. Is it because they surpass in numbers only? Or because they have the special name of the Irish in Ireland?

If the quarrel rests on a name, let us see what the name implies. The name, Ireland, is half Celtic, half Teutonic, like the origin of the people, its first syllable being derived from *Iar*, the west, as also in use in *Iar*, or West Connaught, and its second is a Teutonic word. Or take a still older designation, *Eire*, and we see it has the same origin, being from *Iar*, west, and *e* or *ei*, the Scandinavian term for an island. An Irishman, therefore, signifies no more than a denizen of

the Western Isle. If he be of Celtic race, there are sufficient reasons for styling him a West Briton; and should he decline to be categorized with the Cimbrians of Wales and the Scots of North Britain, he may be asked what claim has he to higher distinction. We shall examine his pretensions presently; yet cannot forego the declaration that we ourselves are proud of being Irishmen, not yielding to any in ardent desire to see our countrymen contented and prosperous; and we are also proud of the fact, that our country is the right arm of Great Britain, and that it is, under the will of Providence, destined to grow stronger year by year.

Who are the people who, assuming an exclusive right to the title of Irish, pretend to deem themselves superior to the Anglo-Saxon race, and too exalted to be included in the British nation? It will be found, we believe, on the strictest and most impartial inquiry, that the stock whence these supercilious Hibernians derive is no other than British. So that of all the races inhabiting Ireland, this is the very one which may properly be styled West British.

For testimony we cannot do better than cite the honoured name of Dr. O'Donovan, who, in some recent erudite archæologic papers, has produced proofs of the position we take in this nationality question, and to which proofs we could add, if space permitted. The learned Doctor quotes Diodorus, who, writing at the Christian epoch, speaks of "the Britons who inhabit Irin." These men are compared by this writer to the most ferocious Gauls, in the character that some of them had of being cannibals. Whether they were anthropophagi or not is apart from our theme, save to say that, if they were, the reason, which escaped our antiquary's notice, may be found after consideration of some passages he subsequently quotes. Thus another Latin writer of the same epoch, speaks of "Juvēna as having a *climate unfavourable for ripening grain*, but so luxuriant in grasses, that if cattle were allowed to feed too long, they would burst." Solinus, another contemporary, writes of the Hibernians as inhuman, and as regarding right and wrong alike. The women brought up their children to fight. In fact, fighting, and robbing, and, occasionally,

cannibalism, occurred among these original Irish, whenever their corn and cattle failed.

Dr. O'Donovan has, in a previous paper, signified his adhesion to the ethnologic theory that his Celtic countrymen sprang from British immigrants. Of this truth, the close similarity between the dialects spoken in this country and the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, and Brittany, leaves no question. A hundred minor evidences could be adduced, but the analogy of language is amply sufficient to prove a truth, which, if our countrymen are indisposed to admit, namely, that they are of British origin, they must not be offended if East and North Britons are not proud to style them West Britons. At any rate, the name of Irish entitles them to no exclusive ethnologic nationality, merely signifying inhabitants of a western island.

This point being plain, our readers may like to review what another ancient writer noted of the Green Isle.

The venerable Bede writes, in the eighth century, of Ireland, that its climate is milder than that of Britain, so that the snow rarely remains here more than three days; and he remarked, that owing to this temperateness, "no man makes hay for winter provision or builds stables for his cattle." This passage confirms the many entries in our annals which show famine to have been chronic of old here. When a hard winter occurred many cattle perished, and the luxuriant growth of the spring grass occasioned murrain, which sometimes swept off the entire herd of a clan.

After such a loss, it was usual with the bereaved to make a foray on such of their neighbours as had any thing left to eat. The most cursory glance at the broad features of Irish history shows its characteristic to consist in incessant plundering for the sake of subsistence. Our native chronicles describe the Irish as bands of disunited warriors, preying upon each other. The nature of their political institutions, as explained by the author of the "Irish Melodies" and other historians, were such as not to admit of social harmony. Each clan formed an independent nationality: a fact recognised in our records, styling any chieftain, "chief of his nation." Our French friend is alive to this, writing:—

"There never was an Irish nation. At the epoch when the English disembarked Ireland was divided among septs or clans, hereditary enemies one to the other, intermixed with Danish settlers. The Irish kings were chiefs of clans, over whom they had obtained rule, but having no jurisdiction beyond the confines of the clan territory. Scarcely had one of them descended from Tara Hill, after having caused himself to be crowned there, than another ascended, and made himself be crowned in his turn. The title of sovereignty passed rapidly from one to the other, or completely disappeared. The clan alone had life: it maintained itself in its weakness and isolation. Under the nominal authority of the Crown of England the Norman warriors accomplished more than the Danes had done before them."

It might have been added, that the new King of Tara usually ascended the hill over the slain corpse of his predecessor. But in truth, little is known about those kings, because, as it seems, the Danes of Dublin had made Tara untenable before the sixth century, and like their Norman successors, kept the Irish kings under tribute. Nominal was the authority, at any time, of the Crown of England, and nominal the authority of the Crown of Tara: yet there was a vast difference between the power of the absentee and of the native diadem. To feudal subjects the king's name was a tower of strength: and although the monarch was absent in person, his banner was the federal emblem under which his barons rallied. Should a single vassal fail, it was at his peril: and his fief was liable to be seized and thrown as a prey to the most loyal among his peers. No such fear of forfeiture forced an O'Rourke or M'Carthy into the ranks of the last king of Ireland, Roderick O'Connor, when this descendant of the ancient possessors of Tara vainly strove against the serried battalions of feudal power.

Seven centuries back the Irish were too divided, too weak, to form a whole, independent nation; and at the same time were too strong in their fastnesses to be assimilated and merged in one nation with their invaders. They remained distinct, separated by their laws and customs, not by any mental or physical inferiority, but doomed, by the inferiority of their polity, to dwell barbarously, down to Queen Elizabeth's time, in little better

fashion than their forefathers knew in Bede's dark age.

During all that progress of time, the sounder and happier principles of feudal polity enabled the English colonists, not only to triumph over any Irish clan in the field of battle, but to grow comparatively rich in the fields of agriculture and commerce. M. Lasteyrie sees this distinction, and that the Celts of West Britain resembled, in their unimproving disposition, the Chinese. He writes:—

"In Ireland the English spirit represents progress, and the Irish, routine. It is not that the Irish are not lively, witty, prompt at repartee, fond of adventure. They excel in the sciences, arts, and literature. The University of Dublin equals those of Oxford and Cambridge; the bar at Dublin surpasses that of London; the physicians of Dublin do not yield in science to those of any other country; there are good agriculturists and skilful mechanics in the kingdom. (On the other side, the English who come to seek a fortune in Ireland do not all bring with them knowledge or capital; these persons believe that one is born cultivator and mechanic, when one is born English; as, in like manner, it suffices to have been born in France to be able in another country to become dancing-master, cook, or master of the military art. Nevertheless, in spite of exception, the English spirit represents in Ireland progress, and the Irish spirit routine. Every liberal, every man who loves Ireland from love of justice, and not from hatred to England, who wishes to see the poetic country of misfortune come forth from its winding-sheet of misery, should be for the Irish people and for the English spirit in Ireland."

Here our observer separates the present and future from the past, and does well; for who would quarrel and fight over a question of the past? Will Irishmen? We ourselves are, *certes*, Irish enough to feel pugnacious on the antiquarian question they have raised as to "nationality:" though it is a mere taking of sides, as of old, when one faction at Donnybrook cried "pase!" and the other "banes!" But we know well that the "national" war-cry is in reality no other than the old battle for property. When a man shouts "Repeal," we understand him as calling aloud in the same sense that the O'Briens of yore did—when crying *Lann-taidir-ibho!* that is to say, "By the strong hand!"—they invaded some neighbour rich in cattle,

and carried them off. Ascendancy, with all its consequent advantages, is the object. Of these, "Tenant Right," or the right of the occupiers of land, in contradiction to that of the owners, forms the most popular slogan, as our French reviewer remarks, saying that "Irish socialism," which is a traditional idea based on a former state of clan communism, an idea which governs the national feelings, the religious feelings, and does not stop at crime, has for its rallying cry—"Le droit au fermage," or in the vernacular, "Tenant Right." He then observes that "all the national and political difficulties are child's play compared with this terrible question, which causes every instant misery and crime, and which is that of ascertaining if Ireland can feed its inhabitants."

In short, the dispute, a deadly one, is, as we have premised, the grand one of food. How, in early ages, the climate was considered unfit for grain, and admirably adapted for grass, we have seen. The crisis our country has been traversing since the failure of the potato—a root which supplied the place of corn—is the displacement of that quantity of inhabitants which cannot obtain subsistence unless potato culture is correspondingly large and successful. The potato disease, therefore, is the primary cause of the distress.* It would take space to show that neither the English Government nor the owners of land are largely responsible for this unhappy distress. Let us here turn to M. de Lasteyrie, who says:—

"Whoever visits Ireland and considers, without political prepossessions, the nature of the soil and climate, will acknowledge that this country is made for a land of pasturage. The summers are damp, the winters mild. The soil is drained naturally. Almost everywhere grass grows in abundance, and in many places it has the property of fattening cattle. If the rains render the getting in of hay difficult, roots grow with extreme vigour, and can supply the place of fodder. The rearing of cattle is therefore the natural industry of Ireland; it is her most profitable industry. With a spring vegetation, under an autumn sky, and inexhaustible fertility, the soil

of Ireland ought to be (it is so nearly), among the most productive in Europe. There, as everywhere else, except in places where they cultivate flax and plants of that kind, hand labour is less productive than ploughing; for rude culture cannot give to those who devote themselves to it the means to pay rent, or even enough to nourish them. By reason of the extraordinary returns of potatoes, and the extreme increase of the population, culture was divided and subdivided to such a point as to create four hundred thousand farms of below two and a-half acres, English. The greater part of the holders were employed in cultivating, with the hand, alimentary provisions. In measure as the population increased, the division of culture was augmented, and the competition for the hire of the land became frightful."

This statement is a faithful explanation of the principal cause of the poverty of small holders. So long as the potato was easily raised, its cultivation admitted of a parcelling of the land into portions so small as to be incapable, when this root failed, of supporting a family. The universal law of population is, that the human race, wherever located, increase according to the means of subsistence. This law is specially observable in our country, where the introduction of the potato augmented the population in nearly an eleven-fold degree within two centuries. When this root did not yield sufficient produce, the deficiency recoiled on the people who trusted to it. The English and French peasantry did not suffer so severely, because they were not so much dependent on the potato; while the Irish, content with an inferior scale of diet, and having multiplied accordingly, incurred the consequences of complete reliance on an uncertain crop.

M. de Lasteyrie proceeds:

"The subdivision of cultures followed the increase of the population; it became impossible for the cultivator to pay his rent. Expulsions were repeated. Secret societies covered Ireland, they possessed tribunals and executioners, and to the arbitration of proprietors they opposed assassination.

"I have, perhaps, a timid disposition, but I consider those very bold who do not hesitate before an impossible situa-

* Small farms, after the potato failure, could offer little security for payment of rent, because the tenant's cattle, which are the chief and best security to the landowner for receipt of rent, had become either few or nil. Hence large farms are almost indispensable, and hence the spread of cattle.

tion, and say they must either remain unmoved at the side of crime, or trample on suffering without pity. On one side was the proprietor condemned to ruin, and utterly unable to face his engagements towards his creditors: for the poor an utter misery, and not only misery, but hunger. On the other side, inhuman violence, death inflicted on wretches who could scarcely be said to live. The future had been better, the present more horrible. Let those who are happy enough not to be obliged to choose between such alternatives thank Providence, and accuse neither the energetic man who tries to save his goods and those of his children, nor the feeling one who does not wish to overwhelm misery. The famine caused by the potato failure decided: a million Irish died, two millions emigrated."

If, continues this good-hearted writer, persons love hatred and vengeance, the field of Ireland is fertile in these passions; "but the question is not of the past: it is of the present and the future."

Then he recapitulates what was done by Government to alleviate distress during the famine, and passes thence to a view of the legal liberty enjoyed in Ireland, which he considers excels that allowed in France. On a single point, the state of the Roman Catholic church, he declares:—

"The Irish clergy, itself, that clergy whose existence is ignored by the law, would not change its condition with that of the French clergy; *it would not abdicate its independence for protection.* On one point alone, the state of Ireland was the cause of particular inconveniences. In the order which we call English liberty, proprietorship and all the distinctions of mind and character confer the social magistrature, and misfortune wills it that in Ireland the majority of the proprietors should be of the Protestant, and the majority of the people of the Catholic faith. This danger has been remedied by instituting paid magistrates, who see to the impartial application of the law. This system succeeds admirably. If personal security is weak in Ireland, general security is absolute. During the famine two millions out of eight million individuals were employed in the national workshops, and order was not for an instant menaced."

It must, even in reference to the present cry of "oppression," be borne in mind, that the incomes of the Roman Catholic clergy are much dependent on two circumstances, viz.: the retention of Roman Catholics as

occupiers of the land, at easy rents, whence the cry for "Tenant Right;" and increase of the population, whence the outcry against the Poor Laws and emigration.

The enactment of Poor Laws gave the first intermediate check to a pauperizing increase of the population, by rendering owners of land careful not to admit tenants who might become burthensome to the rates. This effect is its most beneficial and beneficent purpose. Let us not be misunderstood, and deemed unthoughtful of the miseries of the poor among our compatriots. The promise is not to him who giveth all his goods to feed the poor, but to him who considereth the poor—that is to say, not to him who blindly gives alms, but to him who thoughtfully endeavours to alleviate the condition of the needy. If, as economic writers are agreed, population is always pressing on the means of subsistence, want and misery form the principal check to over-population. But as these evils, felt in an extreme degree by the Irish, were endured with more buoyancy of spirits than by any other civilized people, the Irish increased to a higher amount of numbers, comparatively with their scale of subsistence, and therefore sank to a lower degree in want and misery.

The existing difficulties in Ireland are seen by our reviewer to be altogether Irish. In this narrow view we do not concur. Our country suffers from her geographical position as respects the larger and wealthier island, which, inevitably her master, also inevitably attracts her richest families, and thereby makes her a loser in several important particulars. He is also mistaken, we conceive, in believing that the hatreds which torment our country are the hatreds "of an Irishman to an Irishman;" for he does not perceive that Tenant Right and Ribandism are concerted methods for preserving the occupancy of the soil for the Irish. Yet his remarks, as follows, are assuredly well founded:—

"The English service is popular in Ireland, the English army quartered in Ireland is popular there. During the time when assassinations were the most frequent, the English officers could travel over every road, whilst Irish proprietors were tracked at every corner

rie's picture of the present state of our country:—

“The sufferings of Ireland may have been exaggerated; this southern misery under a northern sky, this destitution beaten by wind and rain, occupy a distinct place among the woes of humanity; but the famines of the middle ages which afflict Ireland in the nineteenth century, do not rage everywhere and always. Material progress has been great in Ireland during these last years, greater, if we reckon from the same period, than in England or France. Since the famine, land is sold at six, seven, or eight per cent.; at this moment it is selling at five and four per cent. The revenue is rising after having disappeared. Notwithstanding the establishment of two new taxes (the poor-rate and income-tax), the net produce of land has become more certain and generally more considerable. While the proprietors are re-establishing their affairs, the farmers are growing richer and capital appears in the country. The year 1859 was very productive for the large farmers, the year 1860 was not less so. In a country where the greatest part of the land can be used as pasturage, the increasing price of meat and butter, ought, unless circumstances are very unfavourable, to bring about agricultural prosperity. Saving one exception, the cause of which I will indicate later, the situation of Irish peasants has undergone an equal amelioration. The rate of wages has doubled and tripled; it is the same as in the most part of the western counties of England. This is perceivable at first sight. If the hut of the peasant is still miserable, without furniture and sometimes without a bed, the clothing is no longer composed of those rags of every form and colour, the leavings of the whole world, and which Ireland buys from France alone for the amount of fifteen millions. Now the Irish peasant has clothes made for him, and his garments are of a stuff appropriate to the climate. It is almost a maxim that the construction of new, comfortable, and elegant buildings is an incontestable sign of the progress of riches. In Ireland, a very few years ago, nothing could be seen in the country but ruined or abandoned cabins; now one may perceive, by the side of these mud huts, farms rising, built of stone, and habitations which happy countries could not disdain.”

If we may hang a few more comments on our French text, we will quote it as observing that the possessor of a large landed estate is considered by the surrounding tenantry “with an affection which recalls the attachment

of clans for their chiefs.” Every act which shall strengthen this feeling is one of reasonable duty on the part of the landlord, and will produce good fruit here and hereafter. Fulfilment of the best and highest duties of property is that which creates and strengthens this attachment, and the rights of property will be most respected in the person of him who best performs its duties. These are, of course, to be fulfilled, irrespective of their results, whether in the shape of affection or gratitude or other gain. At the same time the momentary profit may fitly be kept in view. Thus, estate management on the English instead of the Irish system would eventually redound to the security and comfort of both owner and occupier. Wherever the former can follow the custom of applying a percentage of his receipts to the permanent improvement of his estate, in building and repairs of farmsteads and labourers' houses, formation and care of fences, drains, gates, &c., he will be performing his natural function. One of the evils of small holdings is that they oppose insuperable difficulties to the adoption of this system. Viewing the greatness of the desideratum that all works of a durable character should be undertaken by the landlord, we have always been averse to the enactment of a statute which should put the tenants in the position of owners in this regard. At the same time, tenancy at will, under the vague and intimidatory character of Irish Tenant Right, leaves both parties so insecure, and the difficulties of introducing English Tenant Right, with its just provisions of security to the tenant, are so insurmountable in the case of small farms, it is well that the right of a tenant to the value of his durable improvements should be capable of definition. This capability will bring landlords and tenants together to consider the question of improvements, which gradually will no longer be left to the inadequate and unsatisfactory solution of granting a lease, or to the still more unsound practice of Irish Tenant Right.

The writer concludes:—

“Ireland was in slavery, and she is now free; she was sunk in misery, and has risen from her distress. If the present is still painful, she has known no

past equal to the future which is preparing for her. The time is come to put down hatred, and to renounce the hope of exterminating whoever is not of one's race or faith."

This pacific advice does not suit some of the "National" newspaper writers who have read it. For instance, John Mitchel declines to listen to it, and declares, in the *Irishman*, that when Repeal has been obtained, no landlord shall turn out human beings to make room for cattle. In this revelation we have a foretaste of the amount of liberty a Repeal Parliament in College-green would vouchsafe. De Lasteyrie, perplexed at the dubious, vague, recondite Brehon-law nature of the Repeal cry, dares to say, that if the great patriots of Ireland (alluding, doubtless, to Grattan and other men of his statesmanlike stamp) were alive now, they would despise an equivocal mysticism which perpetuates misery and propagates crime. They would not, he considers, carry into peace the sentiments of war. Assuredly, large is the difference between those men and the hirelings who now live on their country's sores. It would not suit these latter to be other than mystic, since the raising of "undue hopes and inordinate desires" is part of their craft. Of them it may be truly said, that to earn their bread as agitators, they diminish the livelihood of millions of their countrymen by their system of national intimidation. One year's subjection under French rule would sweep them out of Ireland, if not much further off still. These, our agitators at home, have their liveliest representative abroad, *ex uno disce omnes*, in John Mitchel, the Hibernian ambassador and correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* in Paris, whence he issues his venal attacks on the liberal institutions of the Transatlantic Republic, as well as against the British Government. If he has any real aim beyond writing, it is supposed to be to bring about the invasion of his country by the French. This idea is, however, so foolish, he can only entertain it as a theory, attractive to the misguided and ignorant readers of his inflammatory tirades.

In our view the Irish people have oppressed themselves, by morselling their farms, marrying without sufficient means of support, and being

more inclined to talk than work. If thus they have become an oppressed nationality, these hereditary bondsmen to their own customs and habits have the remedy within themselves. No one compels them to offer high rents, or to subdivide their farms, or to marry early, or to produce a dozen children per couple, or to smoke and "gosther." If they become necessitous, the landowner is taxed to maintain them; their children are educated at the cost of the State: their religion is free: and their agitators enjoy a licence which it is perhaps reprehensible in the Government to permit. But that this seditious liberty is permitted and laughed at, is the strongest proof of our Government's strength. Compare all these freedoms with the state of things in other countries where the nationality question is raised. The quarrel between the Duchy of Schleswick and the Danish Government is grounded upon the allegation that the latter, apparently possessed of the wish to oppress its subjects of German birth, denies them their religious worship and the education of their children in the public schools. The general perturbation as to how to be governed, extending over Europe and among the dis-United States, looks as if a whole crop of small nations had been awaiting this year to spring up again. If all these aspirants were to flourish and blossom, Europe would return to the divisions of the Middle Ages; but we may be sure that most, excepting the Italian olive-tree, will be nipped in the bud. As to the Irish potato, which says it cannot grow under the shade of the British oak: if it sets up for independence, its fruit will be more poisonous than ever, and even its roots become quite rotten, or turn into dust and ashes. The "national rights," of which we hear so much, are no rights, unless there be power to enforce them, since there is no right if there be no remedy. In this legal and self-evident view, English Tenant Right is a practical right, because it can be obtained by law, while the Irish indefinite usage in favour of tenants cannot be enforced even by intimidation, assassination, or any of the arts which make up what the Irish call "the wild justice of revenge." National rights are only so if they cannot be enforced. The Poles of

Posen understand that if they think themselves strong enough to enforce their claims, they may try and take them.

From all the premises, ranging from the venerable Bede's remarks to those of our French friend, it may be concluded that the prosperity and contentment of our country's inhabitants principally await the following advances in civilization :—1st. Either augmentation of the means of subsistence to a level with the reasonable demands of the population, or reduction of the number of the population to a level with the means of subsistence. 2nd. The construction of buildings fit for man and beast, and adequate

to their numbers. The new dwellings provided for labourers should be sufficiently good to raise this worthy class of men to such a scale of comfort as will deter their children from marriages likely to result in want and misery. The new farm-buildings would, by enabling all cattle to be housed in winter, remove Bede's reproach in this particular, a thousand years old, and yet to which many large districts are obnoxious. 3rd. Turnips and mangold-wurzel should be cultivated in lieu of the potato, in order to meet that want of hay which Bede remarked, and was severely felt last year.

AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XXII.

Peernaghur, &c., &c.

DEAREST MOTHER,

You may well ask what hurried me here and launched me thus upon a new and unexpected course. To tell you the truth, it was the resolute kindness of Miss Florence Barrington. Some days before his Excellency made me a formal offer of this appointment I had a conversation with her which equally surprised and moved me. She had read my mind as in an open book. She had understood that the very passport to her uncle's good will, Lord Royston's recommendation, was to me a barrier against its cordial acceptance. She had even penetrated into the secret of the strangely mingled attraction and repulsion, which her own likeness to Lady Constance exercised upon me from the first moment of introduction. It was in the name of Lady Constance that she begged me not to refuse another offer of her uncle's should he make one. You would have been as much struck, I believe, as I was, with her tone and manner in making an apology for mentioning the name which I have been learning to divest of some among the feelings which have clung to it. She said, that "worthy love working in worthy natures, might fulfil other ends than what it had thought its own." She said, that "judging Lady Constance by herself, she was certain

that she would need some consolation for having won what she could not accept and so repay; and that there could be no such consolation as to know that some such worthy end had been fulfilled in me." As she spoke, the voice was not Constance's; but the spirit which thrilled in it was hers, indeed. I will be open with you, mother dear; it flashed across me that it were no treason, scarce a transfer, to surrender to such a counterpart of her own self what it were insult now to call hers. I almost wished I could feel for Florence Barrington what I have felt for Constance Cranleigh, and could dare to say so. Something killed the thought as it arose; partly the likeness to Constance, partly something else, which seemed to frown against it, as if but one degree removed from the wrong of indulging the old affection.

There now, that is my last bit of sentiment, as far as I know, for ever and a day. Forgive it, as I pass on. What she next said was this, that she and her cousin Rosa, hearing that her uncle's government intended to create this post had entreated him to nominate myself. Was ever any thing so kind, yet ever any thing so audacious? The governor, of course, said I was too young in years and service, objections which they met by the most undeserved commendations of

my character and abilities. Only fancy his Excellency beset by such advisers! Well, he offered the appointment to a Mr. Plowden, a civilian of superior attainments and some length of service. He had just obtained long leave home, and could not forego the hard-earned and dear privilege. Then a Captain M., whose name I suppress for reasons, would have been nominated; but something in his regimental accounts would not come out satisfactorily. Delay could not be brooked; so the Governor, I presume in despair—he said, in his official note, on account of my readiness in acquiring native languages—adopted the suggestion of his nieces. I had short warning; bought three horses and a few baggage ponies out of the money which that too generous pappy returned after all my trouble in saving it; and here I am on the north-west bank of the Nerbuddah. That is what brought me here. Where it has brought me, and wherefore, I will expound in some future epistle. There's a row begun about a herd of buffaloes which has been driven from one of my villages; we are considerable cattle-stealers hereabouts you must know; and the righting of such wrongs won't allow dawdling. So good-bye, dear mother, love and duty to my father, kind remembrances to all Cransdale folk.

Your ever loving and dutiful,
NED.

Peernaghur.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

I should think it stranger still if you *could* exactly strike off my whereabouts upon the map. I have heard that they have at Indore an old chart of the province on copper, supposed to have been etched by a Chinese engineer for a Mogul emperor; but it is of doubtful authenticity, and, little as I know of surveying, I believe myself to be the most scientific surveyor the country has seen since the problematical Chinaman. As for the history of the district it is the old one in India. A princely family suffers from plethora of moral vice and dwindles into physical atrophy. Then come adoptions and substitutions of one kind and another. Even such attempts to perpetuate legitimate authority are frustrated by endless intrigues and stained

by repeated assassinations. Unwomanly women, and creatures of crime, whom one can't call men, tyrannize in the name of this or that infant of spurious origin. Whether in league or at feud their unvarying system of government is that of misrule, rapine, and cruelty. A rabble soldiery, Arabs, Pathans, Mekranes, Poorbeas, and what not, overawe the capital; but elsewhere the central government is powerless, except for occasional raids. Every landowner turns his house into a citadel, and runs a rampart of baked mud, loopholed for musketry, round his principal paternal village. Therein he resists the agents of such central authority as may assert itself for a time; and thence he sallies out to plunder weak outliers. This kind of anarchy seethes and scorches for years within the borders, and then overflows, to set on fire pleasanter pasturages outside, owning British rule. Annexation not seeming immediately desirable, that sort of compromise is made, which consists in sending a British Resident to tyrannize beneficently over maleficent tyrants. His duties become at once intricate and overwhelming. Distant dependencies haven't a chance of his care; so the Bombay people send him one Ned Locksley to do the work as assistant on the frontier. Of course I am theoretically the subaltern and slave of Sir Joseph Buckle; but as the distance between us is great and the road a track; as our last mail-bag bearer, but two, was eaten by an alligator, and the last shot with poisoned arrows by the Bheels, I don't receive many orders, and act upon still fewer, being practically independent. Talking of Bheels, I may proceed to say, that though my district is peopled by various races, intermingled in habitation though distinct in blood, that race is in numerical majority. An outcast and down-trodden race, whose unrecorded history stretches back into remotest ages, before the fairer-skinned, stronger-limbed, hardmen from the Himalaya streamed in conquest over Hindostan, before the wild riders of the central Asiatic steppes piled cavalry saddles into Mongol thrones. Poor fellows! Even their Rajpoot tyrants seem to make a grotesque acknowledgment of their original title to the soil. Every new made Rajah submitted, and, for aught

I know, submits to have his forehead smeared with blood drawn from a Bheel's finger and toe, when he assumes the turban of sovereignty. Spite of which, the fiscal officers of these same Rajahs have been allowed to take a Bheel's life at convenience without trial, form, or ceremony. Little wonder if the bolder or more despairing of them, crouching in the jungle or burrowing in caves and clefts, turn thieves, marauders, shedders of man's blood, showing none of that mercy which they never receive! A Bombay missionary told me that he was among them once, and actually received this answer to his invitations:

"Even men drive us from their homes, how should God let us come near?"

Their faces have literally "gathered blackness," and in hue, if not in feature, might justify the term I so dislike of niggers. All are not, however, jungle tribes or hill tribes. Some live in alluvial plains, house in frail villages, practise an imperfect system of irrigation, and till with the rudest of instruments the richest of soils. Oh, dear me! I am writing like a guide-book,—for a limited class of tourists, I fear. Couldn't you send Cousin Keane out to me, since you can't come yourself.

You say, which I don't believe, that he manages things at Rookenhams as well as you can at Cransdale. At all events, then, he could help me with work of which the bare thought confounds. It's not that aforesaid irrigation: only think if you could come to me, the planner of the Cransmere watermeads! It's not so much the agricultural improvement: only think again, I say, if you could come, the President of the St. Ivo's Farming Association! It's the assessment and land-tax work appals me. We call it making a settlement, and a pretty settling I am like to make of it! Sir Joseph is right enough, though. We must both fix and collect the revenue, were it only to cut off all the oppressions upon that score of the ruffianly clique which keep the nominal sovereignty. But at Eton, in my time, none of us knew the multiplication table; and even at home I never came right out at the other end of "Long Measure." Ima-

gine, therefore, what I am likely to do with coins, and weights, and measures, outlandish, and as old as Alexander, maybe Noah.

As by-play, I am creating a police, entirely of cow-stealers, armed with bows and arrows. The inspectors alone, tell Hutchins, have trowsers, and take them off when ordered on duty. How strangely things fit in in a man's life! My crossbow practice, with dear old Phil, under the cedars, tells here, and has conciliated vast respect among the "cowguards black." They had an archery meeting, after a sort, and shot for a pot of ghee, which, to their intense astonishment, I won. But bows and arrows won't serve my turn, nor even matchlock men, nimble and swift marchers, as my barefoot brigade can show themselves. As sure as fate, I must raise a squadron of irregular horse; or the dacoits, professional robbers, to say nothing of contumacious and refractory landowners, with well mounted tenants wielding sharp swords, will be too bold and quick for me. But for this I must have superior authorization. Send me out a two-ounce rifle, with all necessary fittings. Consign to Briggs and Chundurree, Bombay. The tigers have eaten two of my village Bheel woodcutters of late; and though I mean to have a shot at them with the rifle I have by me, I want something heavier and more reliable. Expense no object—so the weapon be first-rate. If you know any rough and ready treatise upon roadmaking, or any book—say, for instance, published in some enterprising colony—which gives receipts for such a manufacture, send it, please; also any book on Egypt or Holland, or both, treating of dikes, embankments, and the like. I have little enough time for reading, as you may guess, just now. But your little Greek Testament never leaves my person, nor does a day pass without a dip into it. I have no notion what may be stirring even in the Indian world, much less the European, our dawks having exceeded of late their usual exemplary irregularity, and left me newspaperless. Remember me to Cransdale in general. Kiss dearest mother for her and your ever dutiful and loving

NED.

Mhawulpore.

DEAREST OF MOTHERS,

You say you are glad I read the New Testament. I have need, too, were it only to qualify my practice of the Old. You may wonder what I mean by that; but the fact is, that besides the identity of many Oriental customs, manners, and modes of thought and speech, the whole tenor of my life, and of those around me, the primitive character of their virtues, and, unhappily, still more of their vices and crimes, together with the kind of attempts I make to encourage the one and check or root out the other, all combine to make me feel as if I were gone back in the flesh as well as in the spirit to the days when there were "Judges in Israel." Last time I was in our hill country I lived for coolness in a cave, and couldn't help thinking of David in Adullam. The description of his sojourn there, in the First Book of Samuel, will give you an account of my mode of life, word for word.

"Every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men."

I don't know whether David had opportunity to punish their misdeeds, as well as in some measure to redress their grievances. I try to do what little I can in both ways. I wish I could do what David tried to do for them, if, indeed, as I read somewhere, it was to that nondescript gathering that he cried, "Come ye children and hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." I cannot, however, well play the missionary among them, though I endeavour to act, and make them see that I do, upon the same principles as a true missionary would preach. I have written, by the way, to Mr. Mavor, a Company's chaplain at Bombay, much interested in such matters, to see what can be done in a formal and regular manner if possible, upon this head.

My mission, however, is clear enough, to preach by deed rather than word, with an occasionally sharp-edged commentary, the astounding doctrines, as they are reckoned hereabouts, that right may pos-

sibly consort with might, a strong ruler be just, and even a just be merciful. Grand preaching that, mother dear, the preaching of a law not other than an introduction to the Gospel—is it not? Pray for your boy, dear, that he may have a wise head, true heart, and—I fear you must add—strong arm, to deliver his sermon.

To-day, however, I am in the Book of Judges, as I said, sitting literally, like Deborah, under a palm tree. Under a clump of them, indeed, a "tope," as we say, clustering trees, under whose shadow my tent is spread. My tent-pitchers, I must tell you, had almost a pitched battle for the site with the monkeya. Had they been Hindoos, reverence might have driven them, the tent-pitchers, into the open, when the sacred grinders showed fight. I should have been prettily grilled. But my poor Bheels will pelt a monkey without compunction, though they will offer a fowl in sacrifice to the demon of tigers; so the apes are expelled, and I am in possession of the tope. It is not often that my cutcherry business offers any thing as interesting as the case I have been at all day. I don't often stuff my writing with Indianisms, but have probably expounded cutcherry work to mean the labour of the magistrate's desk before now. It was a case of cattle stealing, complicated by manslaughter, or murder; it is hard to classify the deed impartially. Nothing unusual, you will say, if you have not forgotten my former letters. Case and complication alike commonplace. True for you, madam; but the curious, unusual, and interesting circumstance was this, that the counsel for the defendant was a woman—his wife; and most acutely did she plead his cause. I should premise that the Bheel women enjoy considerable social liberty, though sharing, as do the women of all savages, a cruel disproportion of household and field labour. They have, however, much influence over their husbands, and not undeservedly. The man upon his trial was one Bikhu, a Bheel from Malwa. The evidence against him pretty clear. My puggees, or trackers, whose skill, or instinct shall I call it, even among these wild tribes, is wonderful, pro-

nounced his name without a moment's hesitation, when the footmarks of the marauder were first come upon. Through jungle and over sandy rock they had followed him with the unerring sagacity of blood-hounds; and, assisted by a detachment of my "cowguards black," had effected his capture, much to the astonishment and rejoicing of the country side. Taxed with the robbery, he admitted it without blushing. I beg leave to say that I have seen the accusing flush even under these dark skins. Like a true Bheel, he was a fatalist, and threw the blame of his malpractices upon the powers above.

"Sahib," said he, "I am Mahadeva's thief. But great is your good fortune. Let me go. I will not rob during your raj, or reign."

I was half inclined to take him at his word: thought indeed of offering to so frank a character an inspectorship in the cowguard. But it appeared, further, that in the scuffle a villager had been killed; and the arrow which stuck in him was found to correspond in length, shape, feathering, and I can't say what other conclusive particulars, with those of Bikhu's quiver. Now cow-stealing, though meritorious, if successful, is admitted on this border to be punishable if detected. Manslaughter is a minor consideration, so far as public justice is concerned.

The punjayets, a sort of jury of five, presided by their patils or headmen—whom I am scrupulous in associating with me whenever circumstances will allow,—don't trouble themselves about avenging bloodshed as a social offence, but leave it, as of old in Israel, to the avenger of blood and private retribution. The slain cow-herd having no relatives, and the chances being against any one's retaliating in juggra or blood-feud-fray, Bikhu thought himself safe, and was painfully candid; went even so far as to express a hope that the arrow would be returned to him, being of superior make and workmanship. This was awkward for me, who, though no patron of cow-stealers, endeavoured without offending popular prejudice, to magnify, as against theirs, the crime of manslayers. I shook my head and muttered of rope. Bikhu seemed, on the whole, resigned. Then uprose and outspoke a woman;

a girl, we should have called her in England. I inquired her age; she was just fourteen, with as beautiful and interesting a countenance as I have seen in India.

"I am Thakali," she said, "the wife of Bikhu. Hear me, Sahib, and do the thing which is just."

"Sahib, those are *your* soldiers," pointing to a brace of sentries with drawn swords outside the tent; "bid them slay Thakali. *You* will have killed her, not they. Bikhu is the slave and soldier of Badaga. When he said 'shoot,' Bikhu shot; but Badaga slew the cow-herd. Do justice, Sahib."

Knowing what I now know of Bheels, I felt that if her facts were correct, her argument was unanswerable. Badaga was a gentleman whose name had reached my ears before, a petty marauding chieftain, whose influence in his own region and over his kindred families was paramount. Clansmen are cousins here, as among the Celtic Highlanders. Change but the name, and Scott wrote of my Bheels—

"Each trained to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,
No law but—*Badaga's*—command."

It seemed certain, upon investigation, that the chief himself had been present at this particular foray; and, so far, Thakali's assertion, that her husband had acted under orders, was borne out. I remembered to have seen it laid down by no less an authority than Sir John Malcolm, that in such phases of Indian barbarism as I must meddle with, it is wisest, safest, and most effective, to punish the chief for the crime of his subordinate. Thakali's plea chimed in with that great oriental statesman's policy.

Wherefore after solemn admonition, Bikhu was reprieved. Even to a fatalist life is sweet. He was certainly pleased; but the poor girl was beside herself with gratitude and joy.

I have sent a message to the chief to say that if he does not come in, make his salaam, and bring back the cows, or pay for them within four days of its receipt, he must reckon with me, and so forth.

Such being the case, Bikhu and Thakali both declare they dare not revisit him, and that they must starve,

unless I take compassion on them. I have told them they may eat my rice till I can otherwise provide; and therewith ended this day's cutcherry.

Whether my gallows bird will make a confidential servant, time will show. I hear he is very fond of horses, having stolen a good many, as most Bheels do: not much of a rider, but having a knack of grooming vicious ones. I dare say my Syces would be delighted to turn Abool Harg; my chestnut Arab, over to him. . . .

Peernaghur.

DEAREST FATHER,

Tommy Wilmot has just killed our man-eater. That is the great news of the day, so I hasten to record it. There's a shouting and yelling and beating of drums and gongs in the village at this moment, which, if it wasn't for the jungle, you could almost hear in Cransdale; but bamboo deadens echoes, where it grows thick.

To begin at the beginning, you may remember that you sent out last year a two-ounce rifle: a first-rater it was and is. But really business grew so fast upon me that live tiger and torn villager were getting to be both drugs in the market. I had killed some five or six brutes my first year, partly for sport, partly from policy, not to say religious enthusiasm.

I see you lift your eyebrows. But the fact is, that Waghia, as they call him, "the lord of the tigers," was the most popular divinity in these parts when I first came; and I couldn't bear to see my poor Bheels bow down to clay caricatures of this bloody monster. There was one rude stone image, at a shrine on the jungle's edge, some three miles distant, which was always richly bedaubed with votive oil and vermilion, and on whose head endless cocoa nuts were broken for offerings. I hated and longed to smash it; but was afraid at first of kindling some fanatical outburst. One evening, however, I became aware that Bheel votaries of Waghia cherish some of that latent contempt for him which makes Neapolitans flog St. Jannarius. For riding slowly near the shrine, a little before sunset, I overheard two villagers, Gopaji and Devaji by name, reviling their idol in round terms. "You fellow!" cried Gopaji, "I gave

you pulse and broth, and a chicken; yet you killed my buffalo!" "Broth and a chicken!" screamed Devaji; "I gave you three chickens and a goat, yet you carried off my child! What more do you want, you rascal!"

This was a great opening. "My good friends," said I, riding up, "men can kill tigers as well as tigers' men. It's a disgrace for a man to worship a savage brute. And what's the good of it? He will fill his belly, sacrifice or no." Up jumped Gopaji and Devaji from their knees, on which they had been making this recriminatory poojah, anglicised worship. They scratched their thinly bearded chins as they gaped on me; but with no polemical anger as it seemed.

"Very fine talk for Sahibs," at length said Gopaji, with that stolid cunning wherewith the world over the true "clod" tries to trip his adversary; "Sahib rides a horse as wicked as Waghia, and almost as great a jumper: poor Bheels walk afoot. Sahib carries sword and gun, such poor Bheels as we, carry clubs and haven't even bows and arrows."

The inference was obvious: if I were in their plight, I should compromise, he meant, with pulse and broth and chickens. You know my readiness to kindle at any spark of defiance.

"I am not afraid of Waghia, my good friend, Gopaji," said I, in answer: "the same only God who made him made me, and made me his master. I have little time for shikar, as you know; but I'll hunt till I kill four tigers in that jungle here, on one condition."

"The Sahib is lord of all, and may make any that pleases him."

"Well, if I kill four tigers, in this neighbourhood, you shall own that Waghia is beaten: and I may have leave to smash this stone."

I kicked it slightly, with contempt, as I put the question.

"Smash him at once, Sahib," cried the time-serving Gopaji. Devaji himself took heart, and spat therewith upon the image of the brute that had eaten his child.

"Not till I have fought him four times on foot alive, and brought him in four times dead."

Wherefore, I went a tiger-hunting with Bikhaji, who is a puggee, a shikaree, and an esprit-fort, as it turns

out, into the bargain. He was an admirable assistant, tracks like a sleuth-hound, and stands as stiff as a well-broken pointer to game. I killed my first four in two months' time, and smashed Waghia with pomp—*coram populo*. I feasted three villages on the occasion; and as I gave a rupee to every Bhât, or wandering priest of the Bheels for ten miles round, no theological objections were started. But I was a good deal away from here for some months after, round by Torân-Mall and the Mhawulpore Hills, a spur of the Vindhya on your maps. Waghia looked up again, and wood-cutters down. Two of them were killed—one a cousin of Gopaji's. My prestige was shaken. A Bhât of some popularity, who was away on a pilgrimage when the rupee went round, and got none, began to mutter the Bheel for "Nemesis." I like the shooting well enough, but had no time on hand, being heart and soul in my drill for the Irregulars, who recruit very fast, I am happy to say. Bikhui is bold, but can't manage the two-ounce. The crisis was pressing. I luckily bethought me of Tommy Wilmot, sergeant by this time, and applied for him to the colonel. It was a dear delight to see a Cransdale face and hear a Cransdale tongue, as you may fancy, in the Trans-Nerbuddah. But better still, I had rightly conjectured Tommy's true vocation. He took to the two-ounce as if he were its father, and to the jungle as if it were his cradle. My fame for shikaree is gone—utterly eclipsed by Tommy's, who slays tiger, leopard, bear, and wolf, with a skill, pluck, and perseverance, beyond all praise. Tell his father he has a bundle of skins of all sorts, but won't send them till he can wrap them round the ivories of a "tusker" elephant. These are rare in the Vindhya near us, and he has not yet had an opportunity. We had a terrible old tiger who had kept out of my way. Our puggees swear it is the same that ate Gopaji's cousin, and Devaji declares he knows by the "pugs" that it is the same that took his child more than a year back. Be that as it may, he will eat man or child no more. Tommy had a squeak for his own life in killing him though; fired my light rifle, which he had in hand, first, and only broke a paw. Had Bikhui bolted, as some gun

bearers will, Tommy's career was ended; but that stout-hearted gallow-bird stood his ground, and handed in the two-ounce in a twinkling. The ball lodged in the brain. Thence Tommy's safety, and Bill Baccy's into the bargain. Thence also the yelling, shouting, drumming, and gong-beating, this blessed night. I should explain that Bheel Bikhui is, in Cransdale parlance, "Bill Baccy"—so says Sergeant Wilmot. My love to Lady Cransdale, and to Lady Royston, if she's at Rookenharn. Remember me to Keane, when you see him. As for darling mother, love's too little for her—for you, too, so far as that goes—from your ever dutiful and affectionate

NED.

Lokselabad.

DEAREST FATHER,

I wonder whether the name whence I date will ever get on to any map or stick on any. Don't think me guilty of the vanity. I called the town that is to be, and fort that nearly is, Yassuffabad, in honour of Sir Joseph, my chief. But neither actual builders, future burghers, nor expectant garrison of Irregulars, would brook it. He was never within two hundred koss of the place, they insisted; but Locksley Sahib stamped, and behold a fort, a town, a canal, and tanks. So, with a little wrench for euphony, they gifted the foundation with our patronymic. I struggled against it, for I was afraid of the Psalmist's reproach, you know—"They think that their houses shall continue for ever; and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generation to another; and call the lands after their own names. Nevertheless, man will not abide in honour; seeing he may be compared to the beasts that perish; this is the way of them. This is their foolishness, and their posterity praise their saying." But remonstrances were in vain; and I am first fortifying, then building, Lockselabad. I had made a big road, as you know, to this extreme point, which some day, I hope—though not, I fear, in mine—may pierce the hills which here come down to the river's bank. But I had no notion of making a road for mere convenience of inroad of freebooters from the hills. Wherefore I planned a fort. But

below it, as the hills trend sharp off, lies a plain, which was half desert simply for want of irrigation. There was an old canal; but the sluices were seized by one of the semi-bandit landowners, of whom I have often written, who, holding in his hands thus the sources of barrenness or plenty, ground down the peasantry at pleasure, till his exactions made them almost all forsake the neighbourhood. Then it was not even worth *his* while to keep the canal in repair. The banks fell in and the channel became a heap of mounds. Under the guns of my fort no landowner, great or small, bandit or other, could play such pranks. So I stamped—that is, offered good wages—got workers with a will, scooped out the old course, and carried it farther inland, across the plain. Please God, next year we shall stand comparison with the Delta of the Nile itself. There are two or three considerable towns across the river, within the Hon. Company's domains, so that a ferry, still under the guns of my precious pet, the fort, will create a commerce, of which Lockselabad will be the active centre. Of course, I shall institute a fair or two—cattle dealing *versus* cattle stealing, which even my Bheels begin to understand as an advantageous exchange. But for all these blessings I shall have to fight with an ineffable scoundrel, Mundry Singh. This fellow is a Bheelalah, that is, of mixed parentage, by a Rajpoot father and a Bheel mother. The bad qualities of both races are marvellously combined in him. Proud, fierce, and debauched, as a Rajpoot, ignorant, shameless, and thieving, as a Bheel, he is as sanguinary as both. He has long been the terror of the surrounding country, and has hitherto set at defiance the forces of both the native states between which his paternal hill-range intrudes. God willing, when my fort is built, I will have a reckoning with him.

I am gathering quite a little army in a small way. My famous cow-guards, as you know, were bow-and-arrow men; but when I went fort-leveelling, as I did last year, preparatory to my fort-building, I was obliged to form a company to the use of fire-arms. Tommy Wilmot is a first-rate light infantry drill, so I have had his somewhat irregular leave on "urgent tiger-killing affairs" commuted to a

sort of permanent non-commissioned commission under me, and he is adjutant to my barefoot Bheels. I have taught him to ride, which he does with pluck, though not much seat or hand. I have a man of men, however, for my irregular horse, who are long since thoroughly organized, equipped, and disciplined. My aide-camp, lieutenant, chief of the staff, riding-master—what shall I call him?—is a glorious old Mussulman trooper, an Arab and a Centaur by birth, a sword-grinder by trade, and a swordsman by long practice. He has a capital beard for an Arab—they not being an hirsute race—once black, now grizzling. He has but one eye, "a piercer though," as we used to say at school. His name is Nusreddeen. He has been in most services in India, where there was good riding and hard fighting, never, however, serving long in any, when quiet times came. His last corps was Stubbs' irregulars, whence he took his discharge on learning, no one knows how, that I was getting a troop together in these regions. It seems he took a fancy to my management of Rosa Barrington's little peppery gray, which he saw me ride in Bombay, and swore "by Mahomed," that when I should ride afield he would be close behind. I have made him Jemadar, and should the corps increase, he shall be Rissaldar, or chief native officer in due course of time. The one-eyed is a wonderful bigot in most things, except, strange to say, in his theoretical horsemanship, and is quite willing to incorporate some of my "cross-country" notions from Cransdale with the oriental tight curb "*haute-école*." We make our sowars hunt hog with as much diligence as drill. I am sorry to say the plain which has fallen out of cultivation, below Lokselabad, is only too fine a field for the sport; the old canals and water-courses making pretty jumps. Any thing lighter, straighter-riding, and more dashing than our little corps is, we flatter ourselves, far to seek. Most of our troopers are young native "swella." Cadets, in some instances, "eldest sons," of good Rajpoot families. They bring their own horses; but as every man must have his hobby, I give or advance them money of my own to improve the remounts, so the "cattle" is wonderful well-bred throughout.

By the way, I have overdrawn by two or three hundred pounds, giving a bill on you, which shall be duly repaid. I have not been gambling this time, nor even breaking my bank with horse-dealing, as you might imagine ; but I have been building a new village or two for some reclaimed Bheels, whose chief, I am sorry to say, I was compelled, after several pardons, to hang. There was no government money available. Those rascals of the durbar or ministry, squandered so much of what we collect, spite of all Sir Joseph can do to check them ; so, lest my wild men should take to the woods again if I delayed my promise to provide for them, I made the clearings and built the villages at my own expense. One of the latter had to be rebuilt again—a “rogue” elephant from the Vindhya having trampled its bamboo edifices into splinters one night. Tommy Wilmot avenged the architect. And now I must conclude. Not, however, it strikes me, without informing you what the one-eyed thinks of my grandfather’s old regulation sword. He went into fits over it. Vowed that “Shums” itself, to wit Damascus, never forged such a blade. He has ground it and set it to such an edge that I could literally shave with it, had I not long since discarded that effeminate custom. He has made a wonderful wooden scabbard for it, soft “shammy” leather within, and red velvet without. But for the handle no man on earth would assign a “regulation” origin to it.

By the way, the shammy leather is of sambur hide, a large kind of deer, which Tommy or Bikhu shoot for venison, and the latter tans and softens as only savages can. So you see I have good men and true with me, of divers nations, tongues, and peoples. I lead a laborious, active, full, and varied life. I should be sorry to leave or change it, though a run home would be like a peep into Paradise. You know where and to whom to distribute loves and remembrances. Tell the Wilmots that Nusreddeen, who is a great iconoclast, discovered that some of the Bheels make clay-figures of their Tommy, in huge yellow moustaches, with a dead tiger at his feet. I am afraid some of the votive offerings formerly made to Waghia, deceased, are actually made to the

image of his slayer. Love of loves to mother.

Your ever dutiful and affectionate

NED.

—
Bheem Kote in the Hills.

DEAREST FATHER,

It must have been six months or more since I intimated to you my desire to square accounts with Mundryp Singh. Plunderer, ravisier, and murderer as he was, my intention had been to wait until I had finished my fort, obtained some reinforcements from Sir Joseph, made alliance with the native state on the other side of his hills, and drawn a cordon round them. Then, I should have sent in to offer him life and liberty, on condition of his coming in, submitting to the durbar, and emigrating to some fixed, distant, and less dangerous quarter. An audacious and atrocious act of his own has precipitated his fate. Naturally enough he viewed with evil eye the building of my fort at Lokselabad ; but the course of its construction, apparently over-awed him. Anyhow he gave no sign, though sinister rumours of his doings on the other slope of his hills would reach us from time to time. It seems, however, that he kept an eye upon our movements. Last week the fort was finished, and I had notice from Sir Joseph that two twelve and four six-pounders, a marvellous park of artillery for this part of the world, had been allotted by the durbar to arm it. The troops from the capital would escort the pieces about two-thirds of the way hither to a small town, called Kallishuhr. There I was to meet them with my squadron, and bring them safe to their destination. I set out on Tuesday, leaving only some half-dozen sowars behind ; but a company of the Bheel infantry, and Tommy Wilmot in command. His presence, known by spies to Mundryp, kept that worthy from venturing within rifle-shot of the walls ; but my absence with the cavalry gave too tempting an opportunity for a raid to be neglected. On the second morning of my march, that was on the Thursday, he and a rabble of mounted robbers, swept down from the hills across our plain, plundering and burning the villages, and committing outrages too dreadful to name. He reckoned to

have gained his fastnesses before intelligence could reach me. But he reckoned without Bikhu, and, above all, without Abool Harg. I had left that vicious but incomparable Arab at home, on account of his propensities to kick and bite at other horses on the march, and pull out picket pegs on bivouac, and trample upon sleeping Syces. But he and Bikhu have an understanding, as I think I have told you before. He is no great rider: but can go on a level. When news came to Wilmot of the mischief raging, he jumped to the wise conclusion that I should have instant news or none. He asked the Bheel whether he could ride the chestnut and overtake me. Bikhu says that he told the horse thereupon what the state of things was. That will seem strange to you; but the horse is a magical creature in the Bheel creed, and rarely have I heard a wild legend round their camp fires in which there did not figure an enchanted steed. Bikhu vows that the Arab understood him, and let himself be saddled like a lamb. Considering the hour at which he and his rider joined us he must have gone like a greyhound when the saddle was on. Before sunrise on Friday we were on our way to pursue the marauder, which I resolved upon at once, sending on a solitary sowar to give news of this diversion to the artillery and its escort. Bikhu was again invaluable. He knew of a jungle path which we could follow in single file, and which led, by a short cut, to the most distant angle of our ravaged plain. We reached it late that evening. We found some of the villagers of its farthest hamlet creeping back to look upon the charred remains of their cottages. That was a rousing sight enough; but will you credit my report—and, crediting, can you conceive my feelings, when these poor people brought me children, with their hands mercileasly severed from their wrists by the swords of those bloodstained ruffians! Mundroop himself had ordered the mutilation: and had said with fiendish laughter that Locksley Sahib was a great “hakeem,” and might sew them on again, perhaps!

Saturday's sunrise saw us once more upon the march. The track was easy enough to follow, and was

such that we could all perceive the truth of Bikhu's assertion that the homeward ride of the robbers was at footpace and in fancied security.

About nine o'clock in the morning it became evident that we were clear upon them. How my blood boiled! I prayed that I might not lose my senses in the excitement, and so fail to bring the matter to righteous and revengeful issue. The bleeding stumps of those poor innocents, whom he had not even Herod's excuse for smiting, seemed to madden me. Presently the Bheel dismounted. He was riding my quieter charger, and was leading the way. I myself rode Abool Harg. Bikhu, motioning to us to halt, laid his ear to the ground. After a long and breathless silence, he declared that he could discern the trample of hoofs a-head. I turned to look upon my troopers: not one but had a grip upon the handle of his sword. We were by this time in a stony ravine, which wound round the base of a hill with a very gradual ascent. One of the peasants, whom the sowars had taken in croup, to act as guides if necessary, assured me that there was open ground almost immediately beyond. On it, then, we should charge the wretches. The wind, which was pretty fresh, was happily whistling down the pass. It carried to them no sound of our approach. When we emerged from it, in utter silence, we were comparatively close upon their heels. At last, one turned and caught sight of us, as we deployed into line, on the edge of the little plateau. Crime upon crime! They had many women with them, dragged from the ruined villages. Some borne before them on their own horses, some upon little hill ponies. Hapless girls! man after man, as he cast his prey loose, cut at the poor creatures savagely with his scimitar. A yell of indignation burst from us as we rode at them like a whirlwind.

I saw Nusseddeen myself ply his sword among the miscreants with ghastly butchery.

Bikhu, who rode manfully beside me, pointed out a man on a magnificent black horse.

“That is Mundroop!” I had neither eyes, nor heart, nor arm, for any other; but went upon him as on a boar in the open. He saw it and put

his horse to its best pace. I knew the breed from the moment I could see his stride. A noble animal, from Kattiwar; but never did Kattiwaree mare drop foal that could get away from a pure Nejd Arab of such rare size, speed, and strength as Abool Harg. I felt we should soon shake off the field, and that Mundroop, at last, must turn and fight me hand to hand, or be ridden down and sabred as a hog is speared. What minutes they were as we stretched out! He at full speed, I keeping my horse in hand, not knowing of what necessity some reserve of wind and power might prove. Fancy settling down to work thus deliberately, in pursuit of the best swordsman on the north bank of the Nerbuddah! The excitement was of that kind which gives back all the calm of which the first agitation robs one. I can remember passing my sword into the bridle hand that I might use the right to pat my charger's neck, leaning forward in the stirrups. I should think we must have ridden a mile before he discovered that Abool Harg was not to be blown. He began to save the Kattiwaree. I did not alter my pace for a second, and of course gained on him now at every stride. He pulled up short, throwing the black almost upon his haunches as he wheeled round to confront me. Perhaps he thought I should rush past before I could rein in, and so expose myself to a back-hander. Man and horse had been too well trained at hog for that. To my surprise he threw up his hands, both weaponless, bringing them together with the peculiar supplicating gesture of an Eastern craving quarter. I lowered my point. Quicker than lightning he snatched a pistol from his shawl belt, fired, and threw it at me, seizing his sword, which was hitched naked at his saddle-bow. Abool Harg saved me. The pistol ball I found afterwards had grazed and stung him. He rose up and plunged with a scream at the Kattiwaree, striking out like a demon with his fore hoofs. Master as he was of horse and sword, Mundroop missed his sweep at me. I thrust at him with whatever force an Indian sun has not dried up out of a cricketer's arm, drawing back the razor-like blade after a cutting fashion, which I had learned from Nusreddeen. The mutilated children and their slaugh-

tered mothers were avenged. He sunk forward on his horse's mane and fell heavily to the ground as the animal shied from Abool Harg's renewed assault. Wretched man! It seemed horrible not to dismount and see if any life were left in him to be staunched with the flowing blood. Yet I dared not attempt it: having to battle with my horse, wild to stretch out in pursuit of the other. Two horsemen were nearing me. Half blind with sand and sweat I could not discern whether friend or foe. So I waited, facing them, the fallen man lying close behind my restive horse's heels. The "empty" Kattiwaree made for them. One caught its bridle, which made me think they must be riders of Mundroop's band. I set my teeth, resolving to drive the spurs in and launch myself at full speed against them; but a few moments showed me the well-known figures of Bikhu and the one-eyed Jemadar. I called to the former to jump off and take my Arab's bridle, leaving the two others to Nusreddeen. Then I dismounted; but found the miserable robber chief stone dead. His sword was tightly clenched in his stiffened fingers. I had much ado to release it. You shall have it, dear father, in exchange for that which slew him. Nusreddeen insisted that we must bring the corpse away with us, else it would never be believed what doom had overtaken him. I fastened it therefore,—it was a sickening task,—upon the Jemadar's own beast, he mounting the captured Kattiwaree. The Bheel then remounted and led the troop horse with the ghastly burden. Nusreddeen and I rode after him, side by side; but at respectful distance from each other, my brute still making vicious manifestations as we went. Two of my sowars are killed, six wounded. Nineteen of the robbers are slain, and many wounded. We have four prisoners. I send this letter by an orderly who carries news of the skirmish to the Resident, and a request for the troops at Kallishuhr to march at once with the two six-pounders upon Mundroop's stronghold in the hills. I mean to join them there and rifle the nest at once, now the kite is killed. Not a moment more to spare. Kiss mother for me. Your ever dutiful and affectionate.

NED.

intimated my disinclination to the vukeel. He was not easy to satisfy, throwing out unambiguous hints of the grief which my refusal would cause his mistress, who, though screened from my observation, was desirous of beholding the features of such a Roostum, such a hero, as the English Sahib who slew Mundroop Singh. The obstinate old ape indeed plied me with so many questions as to my reasons for refusing, that in a sort of exasperation I told him such an entertainment was not according to the law of our Book, nor, if I mistook not, of the Koran itself. The Maharanee, I must tell you, is of a Mussulman house; and I remembered that in Egypt the Almeha, a sort of nautch girls, had been banished, for reformation sake, from the capital, with concurrence of the Moollahs, if not at their suggestion. This rid me of the vukeel, whom I have not set eyes on since. The next morning we resumed our march. During the mid-day halt, a muffled figure, passing quickly by me, slipped into my hand a little scroll of paper. When I could unroll and read it unobserved, I found it to contain two or three Persian sentences, to the effect that as Kadigah's reverence did but increase her affection for the true Prophet, so might the heart which warmed for a warrior esteem a saint. I took this for a polite sneer from the offended Maharanee, yet was not a little astonished at her attempt to open a correspondence. That astonishment grew, when that same evening Thakali, my Bheel's wife, entered upon a conversation, half of inuendo half of remonstrance. She was evidently bursting with some secret, and made the most skilful attempts to draw me into questioning herself, and knitting some negotiation. Her simple arts, I need not say, were in vain; yet it caused me annoyance and anxiety to feel that she was exercising them, and to surmise that some one had been tampering with her as a means of access to myself.

Our marches grew daily shorter, for of course we had to regulate them entirely by the caprices of the royal lady, who seemed bent upon lengthening out this journey beyond the limits of mortal patience. Outlandish dainties of cookery and confectionery found continually their way

to my table; and by-and-by another letter was cleverly thrust into my unexpected and unwilling hand. This was no mere scrap of furtive correspondence, but almost a state paper, a miracle of shamelessness, of craft, and yet of that childish ignorance and fatuity which so often makes the policy of Asiatics inconceivable to the consistent and sober minds of Europeans. It was a direct and open proposal to unite my personal and political destinies with those of the subtle and audacious Ranea. Studded with quotations from amorous Persian poets, and unrestrained avowals of passion, it disclosed the plan of an intrigue for the overthrow of the durbar, the deposition from his nominal authority of her own infant son, and the seizure of supreme power by herself and me. Her talent for managing her own people, with mine for conciliating the half-savage outliers, would come in aid to the resistless force of such "a darling of the sword" as I. My saintliness was such, that I had only to "proclaim the unity" and allow the Prophet, for all Mussulmen to hail me as a Syud or holy chief at once. The Maharanee would be my Zuleika, and I her Yussuf and Roostum in one. Should I accede to this highly practical, if somewhat startling, proposal, I was to signify the gratifying intelligence by mounting Mundroop Singh's black charger instead of the vicious chestnut for two days, wearing a red turban instead of the white folds of muslin which usually protect my head-piece. Means would then be found for closer, more explicit, and delightful communication.

Was the woman mad or mocking?

Two things were certain. I must bestride the chestnut, night, noon, and morning, sending the black Kattiwaree to the farthest rear of the procession, and must forego the luxury of even a clean muslin wrapper round my perplexed and cogitative temples. She would at least interpret these signs as negative.

She did, and was not slow to resent the injury.

It was but yesterday we reached this place. I encamped upon the outskirts of its wide and really beautiful park. Our last march had been rather long and fatiguing. Much as I wished to turn my back for good and all upon her Highness, I could

De Ximenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y"—He swooned
 With the bleeding from his wound.

If he be living still or dead
 I never knew, I ne'er shall know ;
 That night from Spain in haste I fled,
 Years and years ago.

* * * * *

Oft when Autumn eve is closing,
 Pensive, puffing a cigar,
 In my chamber lone reposing,
 Musing half and half a-dozing,
 Comes a vision from afar
 Of that lady of the villa
 In her satin, fringed mantilla,
 And that haughty Caballero
 With his cape and sombrero,
 Vainly in my mind revolving
 That long, jointed, endless name ;—
 'Tis a riddle past my solving
 Who he was, or whence he came.
 Was he that brother home returned ?
 Was he some former lover spurned ?
 Or some family *fiancé*
 That the lady did not fancy ?
 Was he any one of those ?
 Sabe Dios. Ah ! God knows.

Sadly smoking my manilla,
 Much I long to know
 How fares the lady of the villa
 That once charmed me so,
 When I visited Sevilla
 Years and years ago.
 Has she married a Hidalgo ?
 Gone the way that ladies all go
 In those drowsy Spanish cities,
 Wasting life—a thousand pities—
 Waking up for a fiesta
 From an afternoon siesta,
 To "Giralda" now repairing
 Or the Plaza for an airing ;
 At the shaded *reja* flirting.
 At a bull-fight now disporting ;
 Does she walk at evenings ever
 Through the gardens by the river ?
 Guarded by an old duena
 Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
 With her goggles and her fan
 Warning off each rakish man ?
 Is she dead, or is she living,
 Is she for my absence grieving ?
 Is she wretched, is she happy ?
 Widow, wife, or maid ? *Quien sabe ?*

quite finished my despatches for the Resident, and must not dwell much longer upon my personal adventures to yourself.

So Phil has actually his company in the Guards, and with it his Lieutenant-Colonelcy. It will be long before I have any such handle to my name, being only Lieutenant, without the Colonel appended. After all, I have no right to complain: for my career is more anomalous, in soldiering, than his. I haven't set eyes on my regiment, or foot on its parade ground, these years!

You needn't fear any farther freaks of the Maharanee. She has a forgiving disposition when the first fit is off her. Besides which I am far enough out her reach at Lockselabad, and mean to sip my sherbet cautiously for six months at least. Love and duty to father.

Your own son, NED.

Lockselabad.

One only line, dear father, to tell you that the current of my life is once more turned—into the long dreamt of channel this time. I shall learn under a great soldier to be a soldier indeed, of some sort. God grant it be the right. Sir Charles Napier wants irregular cavalry for his coming campaign in Scinde. I am ordered to march for his head-quarters without an hour's unnecessary delay. Some convention of our Government with this semi-independent State allows our services to be at its disposal. Love to mother. No fear of the Maharanee now, you may tell her. If I can find means of despatching letters on the march, I will; but if none come, don't fret, as the possibility is problematical. In haste, your loving and dutiful

NED.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"HECH, sirs, joost speer at him," quoth Sergeant Macpherson, with a significant jerk of his canny head towards a little sand-mound outside the wall of Sukkur, on which the General, with hands folded behind his back, stood in conversation with a tall, thin, elderly officer and a younger aid-de-camp.

"By all reule he suld na be the man to fight yon hawk-nebbed Ballochs, ye ken. 'Kites dinna pike out kites' een', they say; and con-seeder the neb the chief carries him-sel'."

"Shure thin, sargint, I'm thinkin' it's the hoith of a name they do be givin' your counthry folk."

"What name might ye be soog-gestin', Corporal Molony?" said the Scot, after a prickly sort, as if expecting a pluck at the thistle.

"Isn't it Sawnies they do be callin' yez?" inquired the corporal in the most aggravating tone of insinuation.

"Augh'm at a loss to pairceive the fitness o' sic an appellation," retorted Macpherson loftily, yet with rising choler flushing his broad cheek bones.

Corporal Molony raised his voice; it must have reached the sand-heap, as he replied—

"Shure it's none but a Sawny, sargint, wouldn't know the differ atwixt

kites and an aigle. Jist take another look at the Giniral's 'bake' agin, will yez?"

He tapped his own nose, conspicuous for a simous absence of convex curvature, with such inimitable drollery, that even the wrathful Caledonian joined in the guffaw.

The officers could not resist; but turned aside to hide their amusement.

"Did you hear that saucy rascal, Blunt?" asked Sir Charles.

"Oh, hear him! I hear too much of him," answered the Colonel. "He is a corporal of my own light company, and always 'a skrimmaging wid his tongue,' to use his own expression."

"Looks as if he'd skirmish with some other weapon too," said the aid-de-camp.

"True for you," replied the Colonel; "he's a smart enough soldier."

There was not much wind that evening; but what there was blew from the desert. The air was thick with a sandy haze, narrowing the horizon, and rendering objects even at little distance almost as indistinct as in an English fog. This sort of mist was thickened in one direction by a column of rising dust. Out of it, by degrees, emerged the

leading files of a small body of mounted men.

"Well horsed!" observed the General, peering through his spectacles. "Serviceable uniform and equipment. Bless me, what a few baggage ponies! What I like to see! Know the corps?" he asked, impatiently, of the aid-de-camp.

"No, sir."

"Tell the officer in command to halt his men and speak with me."

"What's your name, sir; and what force is that?"

"Locksley, General; Irregulars from the Trans-Nerbuddah."

"Who raised and equipped them?"

"I had that honour, General."

"You seem to have done it well, sir. Is that your usual amount of baggage?"

"I can't easily make it less, sir; but I am particular about it."

"Right, sir—quite right. The things are well slung too. M'Murdo must see these ponies."

"Your voice seems to come back to me, sir," now said the tall thin Colonel. "Did I understand you to say your name was Locksley?"

"Ned Locksley, Colonel, at your service. Can't you mind the Seamews on the Skerry?"

"Good Heavens, my dear boy!" cried the old soldier in ecstasy, seizing one hand in both his own. "The turban and the beard deceived me. He is a chip of a good old block, Sir Charles. You remember Locksley of the Welsh Rangers?"

"Killed at Corunna, poor fellow?"

"The same. This Ned is his grandson. Let me beg your favourable regard for him."

"His baggage ponies have been beforehand with you, Colonel. Your grandfather was a fine soldier, sir, and I am pleased to make your acquaintance. Come and dine with me when you've seen your men to their quarters. Know Captain Annealey? I dare say he'll show you the Quartermaster-General's."

Ned and the aid-de-camp went their way, their elders returning slowly in another direction.

Having filled, so long, a post of duty so remote, Ned would have been a stranger among his comrades, had it not been for this meeting with Colonel Blunt. O'Brien was the only man of his own standing serving with

Napier's small but admirable force. But the old Peninsular was a universal favourite throughout it, known, esteemed, and almost loved by all. His friendship was a passport not only to the chief's acquaintance, but to that of every officer in camp. Ned found himself in double sense at home. At home in the ready brotherhood of his brother officers; at home in the home-memories of the fatherly veteran.

"I was old Ned Locksley's recruit, my boy, and, by George, you are mine. You'd have been a college Don by this time, I believe, but for my listening you at Freshet. You should have taken the Queen's shilling though, you young dog, instead of John Company's."

"You know, Colonel, I said if ever I went soldiering it should be soldiering in earnest."

"Yes, and sarve your impudence right, you've been thief catching and cow-keeping ever since, you see."

Ned laughed. "We shall see soldiering now, sir, I hope, at all events."

"Who'll show it you? One of old Sir John Moore's boys, at last, to say nothing of old Blunt and his Queen's Light Borderers."

"No nobler tutors, Colonel. They can count on an admiring pupil. Is that the Brunswicker's book under your surtout? I think I see the stumpy square outline still."

"By George, boy! So you remember that, do you? Yea, that's my devotional orderly book, as ever. 'Muss oft gelesen seyn.' Eh?"

"I owe you more for that bit of insight, Colonel, into what a soldier's mind might be, than I could make words to tell. I've tried to follow that regulation clause of it myself you see."

Out of the looser folds of his half eastern military tunic he took his little Testament and tendered it to the old officer.

"Thank God for that, Ned!" said he, reverently. "It's better than the Brunswicker, since it is the Word itself. But the Greek beats me. I warn't never no scholar to brag on, and found the Latin tough enough till I got on good terms with it. All right! Come in!"

It was Captain Annealey, to say that the Trans-Nerbuddahs were to parade at daylight.

"He wants to pick a few likely nags and men for some diversion he is brooding. A march into the desert, I believe, or some such hopeful feat. There ain't a vulture there, I'm told, to pick a fellow's bones, even."

"But they bleach nicely," said the Colonel. "I lost a few poor fellows three marches out of Aden once, and know the sort of thing."

"Well, good night, gentlemen. I needn't say the chief's a punctual party, Mr. Locksley."

It was for the march to Emaumghur, that unparalleled act of happy daring, that the great soldier was picking troopers. Two hundred horsemen only were to escort into the waste less than four hundred infantry, mounted for the nonce on camels. Ned's heart bounded within him, as, one by one, the eagle-eyed veteran selected five-and-twenty of his men for service.

"Selection good?" he asked of Locksley when they had formed a line a little in advance of their chafing comrades.

Ned went very carefully down it, only halting at one trooper on a showy looking horse.

"The man's thoroughly good, General; but the horse is not equal to its appearance."

"Pick out a sounder, then."

Ned obeyed. As the proud Rajpoot horseman learnt his rejection, a tear of rage and disappointment rose to his eyes. The General's glance observed it. Master of every chord which thrilled in a soldier's breast, of whatever race or creed, he said to Locksley—

"Make it clear to your sowar that we pass him over for the horse's fault alone. Tell him I know a man when I see one; and he shall be my orderly the first great fight."

The swarthy features were radiant again at once. The Rajpoot drew his sword and kissed it in token of unalterable fidelity.

"We march at sundown for Emaumghur," then said the General, "I make no secret of it; but have sent on to warn and threaten the Ameer."

A heavy march it was, in the dark night and deep sand. An awful march, next day, under the scorching sun. No forage, and scanty water, at the camping ground when night fell. Even two hundred horse were a hun-

dred and fifty more than the desperate adventure would allow. Yet after that second sifting, when two-thirds of the cavalry were sent back, fourteen of the Trans-Nerbuddahs remained, inclusive of the one-eyed Jemadar and exclusive of their leader, Ned. Strange magic of a manly mastermind! Under a Napier that weary march in the howling wilderness was like a martial holiday. When the very camels grew faint for want of such poor prickly herbage as would satisfy their patient hunger, there was an amicable struggle between the horsemen and the undaunted infantry, for the honour of hauling up the sand steep the dragging howitzers. For at one time the sand stood heaped and hardened almost into stone, stretching into table lands or stiffening abruptly into ridges; at another, it swept, with mingled shells and pebbles, as if a rapidly receding tide had left it, round thin streaks of vegetation where the gazelles found covert and the wild boars a lair. Out of one such scrubby mockery of a jungle emerged, one afternoon, to Ned's amusement, the garrulous Molony, holding at arm's length a stick, in the cleft end of which a snake was wriggling.

"Yon's a rare opheedian ye've captured, corporal!" said Macpherson, who had once done hospital-sergeant's duty, and affected scientific phrase.

"O'Fidderan, is it, thin? Sorra the morsel more than Macpherson. The O'Fidderans is no varmint; but dacent folk, near Mallow, mee own cousins, by the mother's side. O'Fidderan, indeed!"

"Augh'm nae desirous o' geevin' offence, corporal; but that's the pheelosophers' name for serpents."

"More's the shame for thim, mis-callin' o' craythurs. Couldn't they spell 'snake,' that they'd write O'Fidderan short for sarpint?"

"Ony rate, yon's a vara curious specimen. Ye'll maybe let the foreign doctor have it?"

"Furrin docthor, indeed! Wid his name Mac something. That's a quare way to back a counthryman, Mither Macpherson!"

"Hoot, man! Maximeelian's the gentleman's name, which is nae name of ony Scottish clan. Augh misdoot he's a Gerrman."

Max Gervinus was, indeed, a thorough Teuton. Blue-eyed and fair-

haired, tall, stout, and handsome, he had in nowise degenerated from such ancestors as Tacitus drew. His mental was in no ridiculous disproportion to his physical stature. He might have been a man of mark in public life, but for his birth, as subject of a petty state, where cumbrous artificial restraints cramped all political activity within boundaries naturally very narrow; where military life offered no prize beyond the command of a small contingent, rarely called into permanent, much less, into active existence; and where commercial enterprise itself could scarcely swell beyond the limits of a larger pedlaring. Too practical to float into the atmosphere of vague metaphysical abstractions, his mind, which yet partook of the speculative German temper, had launched itself upon the sea of physical research and study. Surgeon and physician, he was a chemist, a botanist, and a natural historian. Anxious to enlarge, not in mere theory, his field of view, he had solicited and obtained the post of personal medical attendant to a Serene Highness, of royal German blood, whose spirit, half military and half philosophical, was sending him upon what he himself was pleased to designate a comprehensive-objective politico-material world's-observation-tour. Whatever may have been the genuineness of the philosophical element in his Serenity's composition, there was a fine full dash of Hussar blood in his veins; and the gathering of Napier's force had attracted him irresistibly to Scinde. He had fruitlessly solicited leave to accompany the flying column into the wilderness, though volunteering for the storming party when the stronghold should be reached. But "medicos" being few, and Max covenanting to find his own water, and to

act under orders as might any British assistant-surgeon, he obtained the favour denied to his Serene patron, and was permitted, in the interests of science, to risk his life in that noble fellowship. There were two varieties of land-lizard, he assured Ned Lockley, with five of sand-beetle, to be found in the Scindian desert, the securing of which, or of any of which, would amply repay him for any danger encountered or hardship endured. But his language and bearing made it evident to all that he was no mere crackbrained enthusiastic sciolist. His childlike simplicity took nothing from his vigorous manliness, whilst his intellectual accomplishments graced without overshadowing his transparent amiability. He spoke English very fairly, with so few peculiarities, that the canny Macpherson, while dubbing him the "foreign doctor," showed only characteristic caution in "misdoubting" of his national origin. Ned was charmed with him, with his mingled erudition and acuteness, with his conjectures and questions concerning men or beasts in the remoter hill-tracts and jungles. Long before Emaumghur was reached, they were fast friends. That kite's nest was empty, as all men know, before the eagle's talons could claw the occupants. Nothing remained to do but to make the sticks fly, and take wing backward, as if by scent of water, to the shifting banks of the great Indus flood again. The Trans-Nerbuddahs who had not been selected, those also who were sent back on the desert march, were all somewhat consoled on learning that there had been no fight after all. But Nusreddeen was right to see to the grinding and setting of every sword throughout the squadron. Meeanee was at hand.

PETER BROWN'S BLACK BOX.

I read, the other morning, in the *Times*, amongst the deaths, "Suddenly, at Gibraltar, on the 3rd instant, Peter Brown, Esq." There are not half a dozen in the world that would care a rush for the announcement: it came on me like an electric shock. Not quite a month before I had parted with Peter on the deck of the packet for Holyhead. Peter was counting his traps. "Confound it," said he, "the little black box is left behind. No matter, keep it till my return; here's the key; open it if I die, Jonathan." "I will, Peter, as sure as you live—Good-bye."

Peter was a vagabond in the proper, not the improper, sense of the word—a wanderer, like Cain, without the brand, except it might be the brand you would put on wine of the choicest vintage. A little stiff in the left shoulder and in his manners to strangers; but he thawed before the warmth of friendship till his whole heart melted and flowed out on you. A celibate, a smoker, a shy man, and a humorist, few cared about him, and he returned the compliment.

I went into my study and opened the little black box. It was full of papers, and other articles that I may yet have to refer to—letters tied up in packets and posted, and some manuscripts labelled—"To be published (*quere*)."

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

Carrigbawn, August 20, 1861.

REVELATIONS OF PETER BROWN—POET AND PERIPATETIC.

MAGDALENA.

Near the city of Sevilla,
 Years and years ago—
 Dwelt a lady in a villa
 Years and years ago;—
 And her hair was black as night,
 And her eyes were starry-bright;
 Olives on her brow were blooming,
 Roses red her lips perfuming,
 And her step was light and airy
 As the tripping of a fairy:
 When she spoke, you thought each minute
 'Twas the trilling of a linnet;
 When she sang, you heard a gush
 Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush;
 And she struck from the guitar
 Ringing music, sweeter far

Than the morning breezes make
 Through the lime trees when they shake—
 Than the ocean murmuring o'er
 Pebbles on the foamy shore.
 Orphaned both of sire and mother
 Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
 Absent now her guardian brother
 On a mission from Sevilla.
 Skills it little now the telling
 How I wooed that maiden fair,
 Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
 And obtained an entrance there.
 Ah! that lady of the villa!
 And I loved her so,
 Near the city of Sevilla,
 Years and years ago.

Ay de mi !—Like echoes falling
 Sweet and sad and low,
 Voices come at night, recalling
 Years and years ago.
 Once again I'm sitting near thee,
 Beautiful and bright ;
 Once again I see and hear thee
 In the autumn night :
 Once again I'm whispering to thee
 Faltering words of love ;
 Once again with song I woo thee
 In the orange grove
 Growing near that lonely villa
 Where the waters flow
 Down to the city of Sevilla—
 Years and years ago.

'Twas an autumn eve ; the splendour
 Of the day was gone,
 And the twilight, soft and tender,
 Stole so gently on
 That the eye could scarce discover
 How the shadows, spreading over,
 Like a veil of silver gray,
 Toned the golden clouds, sun-painted,
 Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
 From the face of heaven away ;
 And a dim light rising slowly
 O'er the welkin spread,
 Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
 Gleamed above our head :
 And the thin moon, newly nascent,
 Shone in glory meek and sweet,
 As Murillo paints her crescent
 Underneath Madonna's feet.
 And we sat outside the villa,
 Where the waters flow
 Down to the city of Sevilla—
 Years and years ago.

There we sate—the mighty river
 Wound its serpent course along—
 Silent, dreamy Guadalquiver,
 Famed in many a song.
 Silver gleaming mid the plain,
 Yellow with the golden grain,
 Gliding down through deep rich meadows,
 Where the sated cattle rove,
 Stealing underneath the shadows
 Of the verdant olive grove ;
 With its plenitude of waters
 Ever flowing calm and slow,
 Loved by Andalusia's daughters
 Sung by poets long ago.
 Yet, O River
 Guadalquiver,
 Loved and lauded so of old,
 When thou leav'st Sevilla's city—
 'Tis a truth, tho' 'tis a pity
 That the truth must thus be told—
 Spite of many a Boetian distich
 Of thy beauties eulogistic,

Devious, dingy, dull and dreary,
Seaward thou dost wander weary,
Worthier prose apologetic
Than such native strains poetic.

Seated half within a bower
Where the languid evening breeze
Shook out odours in a shower
From oranges and citron trees,

Sang she from a romancero
How a Moorish chieftain bold
Fought a Spanish caballero
By Sevilla's walls of old.

How they battled for a lady,
Fairest of the maids of Spain—
How the Christian's lance, so steady,
Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased—her black eyes moving,
Flashed, as asked she with a smile,
"Say, are maids as fair and loving—
Men as faithful, in your isle?"

"British maids," I said, "are ever
Counted fairest of the fair;
Like the swans on yonder river
Moving with a stately air.

"Wooded not quickly, won not lightly—
But when won for ever true;
Trial draws the bond more tightly,
Time can ne'er the knot undo.

"And the men—Ah! dearest lady,
Are—quien sabe? who can say?
To make love they're ever ready,
When they can and where they may:
"Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
In a changeful April day—
Como brizas, como rios,
No se sabe, sabe Dios."

"Are they faithful? Ah! quien sabe?
Who can answer that they are?
While we may we should be happy."—
Then I took up her guitar
[Twas the very best that made is
By Juan Padez, famed in Cadiz]
And I sang, in sportive strain,
This song to an old air of Spain.

"QUYEN SABE?"

I.

"The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,
Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume
That you know not the region from which it is come.

the latter almost insulated by mountains, lakes, and remote position. But Wales has only an ideal boundary. Pass a milestone, a gate, or a field, and you are, in five minutes, in the midst of a colony speaking a dialect compounded of consecutive consonants, more difficult to pronounce than Russian or Slavonic, and which, it has been affirmed, no foreigner can articulate intelligibly without a cold in his head.

The subject of this memoir, although the elucidation of Irish antiquities formed the leading object of his studies during a long life, did not entirely confine himself to the one engrossing topic. While a Captain in the 12th Regiment he was stationed for a considerable time in Gibraltar, a situation that presented many subjects for the pencil and the pen; and as he could call forth the powers of both with equal readiness, he made a sketch of that romantic rock and its vicinity, from which a painting was made by Mr. Ashford, an ingenious Irish artist. Soon after his arrival in Ireland Vallancey published a professional work entitled the "Field Engineer." This was followed by a treatise on stone-cutting, and another on tanning. He then commenced a military survey of the kingdom. His Majesty was so well pleased with the outline of this undertaking that the Major was encouraged to follow it up to completion; and in 1782 he had the honour of presenting it to the King. In the course of a few days afterwards he was raised to the rank of Colonel.

On his return, he was solicited by some of his friends to publish an antiquarian map of Ireland, *ad montem historicum Hibernicum*, seculis ix., x., xi., &c., in which the true situation of the Cauci, Coriondi, Darnii, Eblani, Menapii, &c., and several other tribes mentioned by Ptolemy and Besius, were to be laid down. This was an undertaking admirably suited

to the Colonel's tastes and acquirements, but it does not appear that he ever entertained the idea. A few years afterwards a work of this kind was executed by the Rev. William Beauford, A.M., one of the antiquarian heretics of Ireland. It must be confessed there never was a more fanciful map of that, or perhaps of any other country. If Vallancey had been justly censured for flying too far on the wings of etymology, Mr. Beauford absolutely soared out of sight. But he retrieved his error, and in 1792 produced a second highly-finished, accurate, and elegant map, accompanied by a memoir containing more useful matter than any work of the kind that had up to that time appeared in so small a compass. But the man and his labours are now buried in oblivion. Modern erudition is presumptuous and forgetful. It advances with electrical speed and seven-league strides, but it pays too little respect to the early pioneers who opened the rocks which we now traverse on a macadamized level.

General Vallancey lived hospitably, but by dignified economy was enabled to educate and provide for a large family. His library and cabinet of Irish animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, were long celebrated for the taste with which they had been collected.

We have here briefly traced the life of a military man almost entirely devoid of incident or adventure, diversified by no "hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach," no perils by land or sea, but devoted to letters, social intercourse, and archæological inquiry. Unmarked by startling events, his career was one of active employment; and though sometimes misled and bewildered—as what ardent theorist is not—it cannot be said that he delved blindly without a lantern, or that his researches have produced no light.

De Ximenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y"—He swooned
 With the bleeding from his wound.

If he be living still or dead
 I never knew, I ne'er shall know ;
 That night from Spain in haste I fled,
 Years and years ago.

* * * * *

Oft when Autumn eve is closing,
 Pensive, puffing a cigar,
 In my chamber lone reposing,
 Musing half and half a-dozing,
 Comes a vision from afar
 Of that lady of the villa
 In her satin, fringed mantilla,
 And that haughty Caballero
 With his capa and sombrero,
 Vainly in my mind revolving
 That long, jointed, endless name ;—
 'Tis a riddle past my solving
 Who he was, or whence he came.
 Was he that brother home returned ?
 Was he some former lover spurned ?
 Or some family *fiancé*
 That the lady did not fancy ?
 Was he any one of those ?
 Sabe Dios. Ah ! God knows.

Sadly smoking my manilla,
 Much I long to know
 How fares the lady of the villa
 That once charmed me so,
 When I visited Sevilla
 Years and years ago.
 Has she married a Hidalgo ?
 Gone the way that ladies all go
 In those drowsy Spanish cities,
 Wasting life—a thousand pities—
 Waking up for a fiesta
 From an afternoon siesta,
 To "Giralda" now repairing
 Or the Plaza for an airing ;
 At the shaded *reja* flirting,
 At a bull-fight now disporting ;
 Does she walk at evenings ever
 Through the gardens by the river ?
 Guarded by an old duena
 Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
 With her goggles and her fan
 Warning off each rakish man ?
 Is she dead, or is she living,
 Is she for my absence grieving ?
 Is she wretched, is she happy ?
 Widow, wife, or maid ? *Quien sabe ?*

cessful candidate rode in honourable procession through the city.

It happened, as he passed before the palace of the imperial minister, Oee-Ching, that the daughter of that dignitary, a damsel yet unmarried, named Ooen-Keow, sat in her chamber amid wreaths and festoons of flowers. In her head was a little silken ball, which she now and then threw upwards, in hopes of divining the husband for whom she was destined.

At this moment, the newly-created doctor passed under her balcony: in him the daughter of Oee-Ching saw at a glance a man above the common: and when she perceived that he was one of the successful candidates, her heart was filled with joy. Quickly she threw the silken ball—it struck the gauze hat of the doctor, Kwang-Jouy. He heard then with surprise a delightful burst of triumphant music from the palace, and soon a crowd of servants, descending from the balcony, took his horse by the bridle, and gently forced himself to enter the palace, where his destiny was to be accomplished.

The minister came forth from the grand hall, accompanied by his wife: he received the young doctor with affectionate politeness, and prayed him to enter; then, in obedience to fate, bestowed on him the hand of his daughter. Kwang-Jouy bowed himself to the ground; and when all the ceremonies prescribed by the rites were completed, the young man respectfully saluted his new parents by the title of father and mother in law.

A grand banquet was ordered by Oee-Ching, the night was passed in rejoicings, and the bride and bridegroom led by the hand to a perfumed bridal chamber.

Next day, at the fifth watch, the Emperor Tae-Tsong, was seated on his throne in the Palace of the Golden Bells, and the civil and military dignitaries stood around to pay their court. The Emperor desired to know what office could be conveniently bestowed on the new doctor, Kwang-Jouy. The minister replied, "Your servant has observed that the government of Kiang-Chow is the only appointment now vacant; and presumes to ask it for Kwang-Jouy."

Tae-Tsong deigned to grant him this request, and intimated to the new governor that he should depart

for his place of residence without delay, so as to arrive within a stated time. Kwang-Jouy, after having declared his gratitude to the Emperor, returned to the minister's ya-moon, and having concerted with his wife the preparations for his departure, and taken leave of her parents, set out for Kiang-Chow in company with his beloved Ooen-Keow.

As they left the capital and pursued their journey, they felt the gentle influence of the sweet spring-tide. A cool breeze rustled through the willows; a slight shower falling drop by drop, washed the crimson petals of the flowers. Taking advantage of the direction in which he travelled, Kwang-Jouy found an opportunity of returning to pay his respects to his mother, and to present his bride. His mother, Chang-Chee, was filled with joy at beholding her son so happily married, and returned to her after his appointment; she heard with delight the new doctor narrate his triumphs, marriage, and nomination. Kwang-Jouy concluded by expressing his desire that his mother should accompany him; the proposition pleased her, and her arrangements were soon made. Some days after their departure they halted at the hostelry of Ooan-hoa, to take a little repose.

Chang-Chee, becoming suddenly indisposed, said to her son: "I am sick, it is necessary I should remain here two days longer, to recover my health, after that we shall depart." Kwang-Jouy dutifully acceded to the wishes of his mother.

Next day, at early morning, he saw at the gate a man offering for sale a fish of the kind called Ly-yu, of a rich golden colour. The doctor bought it, but as he gave directions to have it roast for his mother, he observed the animal struggle, opening and shutting its eyes. "I have heard it said," thought Kwang-Jouy, in amazement, "that when fish thus roll their eyes, it is a warning one should not neglect:"—immediately he went to ask the fisherman where he had caught it. "At ten *le* (three miles) from here," said the stranger, "in the river Hong-Kiang."

At these words, Kwang-Jouy took the animal, and hastened to replace it in the water; then, having given back its life to this created being, he went

judicious and impartial governor, is one of those political and social anomalies which baffles all argument founded on analogy. But to this day he is spoken of with respect. Clever he was, in an eminent degree, and knew how to trim his boat; and to this adroitness, rather than to a conscientious feeling of right and wrong, we must attribute his two years of vice-regal popularity.

Major Vallancey commenced his purpose of improvement by a minute personal investigation of the provinces of Munster and Connaught. He laid aside preconceived notions imbibed in England, and rode along, not expecting to see at every mile stately mansions, cultivated farms, and convenient cottages. He looked on the nakedness of the land with no inflated optics; but he was pleased to find that though the ploughshare was a little rusty, such was the natural richness of the soil, that the mountains were covered with perpetual verdure, their wombs teeming with useful metals, and that the plains were fertile in varied produce. Encouragement was the great lever required to set all in motion, and this he strongly represented in a series of memoranda to the Dublin Society, which were warmly welcomed, and many of his hints adopted. He next applied himself to a task which younger men might have shrunk from as hopeless. He determined, at fifty, to make himself thoroughly master of the Irish language, then almost as obscure as a Sinaitic inscription, and presenting slender guides compared to those which recent learning has rendered available. The case is not without parallel. More aged men have gone to school. Socrates, we are told, took lessons in dancing after he had passed his grand climacteric; Lord Chancellor Thurlow began Greek at sixty-five; and General Skerrett (father of the defender of Tarifa, who fell at Bergen-op-Zoom, in 1814), when sent to Sicily in command of a brigade, in 1813, commenced Italian at seventy-seven. The latter fact came under the writer's own observation, as he was taught by the same master.

The acute mind of Major Vallancey readily discovered that Ireland was a rich and unworked mine of antiquity. Her native writers had mingled the truth with fiction so inge-

niously and liberally, that it was almost impossible to separate the one from the other. These annalists, in the bitterness of their hearts, complained of the misrepresentations of foreign pens. Even Camden was included in the sweeping censure, as appears from the epigram addressed to him by O'Flaherty, the author of *Ogygia*:—

"Perlustras Anglos oculis Camdene duobus,
Uno oculo Scotos,—cæcus Hiberni genus."

"You examine the English, O Camden, with both your eyes, the Scotch with one—but to the Irish race you are blind."

The point of the epigram was unjust. The writer should have recollected that Camden, in his "*Britannia*," page 680, fol., had said of the Irish people:

"Bellicosi sunt, ingeniosi, corporum lineamentis conspicui, mirifici carnis mollitie, et propter musculorum ténertudinem agilitate incredibili."

"They are warlike and shrewd, conspicuous in the lineaments of the body, and of wonderful delicacy in their flesh; and, on account of the suppleness of their muscles, of incredible swiftness."

Again, p. 789—

"In universum, gens hæc corpore valida et imprimis agilis, animo forti et elato, ingenio acri, bellicosa, vita prodigæ, laboris, frigoris, et inediæ patiens, veneri indulgens, hospitibus per benigna, amore constans, inimicitiiis implacabilis, credulitate levis, gloriæ arida, contumeliæ et injuriæ impatiens. et ut inquit ille olim, in omnes actûs vehementissima."

"In the first place, and without exception, this people are strong and active in body, firm and lofty in mind, acute in comprehension, warlike, prodigal of life, enduring under labour, cold, or hunger, given to love, extremely hospitable to strangers, constant in affection, bitter in quarrels, quick to believe, eager for glory, impatient of scorn or wrong, and, as has been already observed by an earlier writer, most impulsive in every act."

Surely no Irishman of the nineteenth century need feel ashamed of the character if applied to our own days. And once more, in Camden's "*Annals of Queen Elizabeth*," we find the following passage:—

"If I may be allowed to make remarks of this nature, the piety and wisdom of the kings of England have been more defective in no one thing than in the due administration of this province (Ulster),

fully saluted the Dragon King, told him his entire history, and supplicated restoration to life.

"Thou rememberest, answered the King, the little golden fish* thou returnedst to the water? I was that fish. Shall I not then save the man to whom I owe my life, when he, in his turn, falls into the same danger?" Having thus spoken, he raised up the body of Kwang-Jouy, and placed in its mouth certain precious stones to prevent its dissolution; then, when after some days the union of soul and body was perfected, he thus again addressed him:—"Now that thou hast recovered thy life, circumstances oblige thee to pass thy days in the empire of the waters—let it be with the rank of a dignitary of my court."

Kwang-Jouy accepted this offer without hesitation, and declared his gratitude to the Dragon King.

To return to the murdered doctor's widow.—In her aversion to the assassin of her husband, she would take none but the scantiest nourishment, nor sleep but on the hard ground; but she was soon to become a mother, and knew not whether the infant she was about to bring forth should be a son, able in time to defend her, and one day avenge his father. In this perplexity, alone, and not knowing where to expect help, she was compelled to yield to circumstances, and submissively follow the dastardly Leeow.

In due time they arrived at Kiang-Cheow; the clerks and inferior employes of the court preceded him whom they believed to be the new governor. The inferior magistrates came to his lodging to offer their felicitations in the order of their respective ranks. "In accepting this office," said Leeow-Hong, "I count on your united ability to aid my feeble talents." "Sir," replied the magistrates, "your rare intellect, your high capacity, will be alone sufficient; you will consider the people as your own son; equity will distinguish your judgments, and your punishments will be impartially inflicted; such is the fervent hope of

your servants. We pray you, deign to be less humble." The ceremonies over, they took their leave.

Months flew by rapidly. One day, when Leeow-Hong was absent on public affairs, the young widow sat in his palace, thinking sadly of her husband and mother-in-law; and desolation reigned in her spirit, gorgeous as were the decorations of her new abode. Of a sudden she felt ill: violent pains seized her: she became insensible. Ere long she gave birth to a son, and a soft spiritual voice was heard:—"Lady, listen to my words. I am the Genius of the Southern Pole, sent by the mild goddess, Kwan-Yin,† to offer you this infant, your son. Hear his destiny:—He will one day enjoy an immense and unrivalled reputation: Leeow-Hong will seek his destruction,—watch over his preservation with your whole soul. Your husband has been saved by the King of the Dragons; in a little while you and he will re-establish the bond of affection which unites you, and sudden vengeance will overwhelm your enemy: a day will come when you will recollect all this. Be confident and alert." Then the voice was silent.

When she recovered her senses, the young mother took careful note of the words she had heard, and folded her infant in her arms, in doubt how to act. At that moment Leeow-Hong entered, and as soon as he perceived the infant, proposed to rid himself of it by flinging it into the river. But the young mother objected, that it was now night. "Be patient," she said, "until to-morrow, when the day appears; it shall then be cast into the water, and you will be satisfied."

Next day an affair of importance again called Leeow-Hong to the tribunal. When he had gone, the poor mother, full of solicitude for her infant, considered that if she waited once again for his return, the destruction of her child was certain. No course remained but to intrust him to the waters, and to his destiny. Perhaps, thought she, kind Heaven will cast some pitying glance upon him;

* The Chinese believe that the small golden carp (Kin-lee-yu), is transformed into a dragon at certain periods of the year.

† Kwan-Yin, a beneficent goddess of the Chinese mythology, the Juno Lucina of the Romans. Generally represented as a tall and graceful female figure, crowned and carrying an infant.

lytes to his *new discovery*, even in the foreign literary journals. The vanity of Ireland was flattered. It was quite imposing to think that her language had been spoken in the court of the Amilcars, Asdrubals, and Annibals, two thousand years ago. But when the gloss of novelty began to wear off, and it was found that the Major could collate the Ibero-Celtic with any other language, even that of Otaheite, those who ventured to think for themselves, and to view things *eruditis oculis*, wished that the author had employed his time in the faithful translation of some old Irish manuscripts illustrating the manners of the times in which they were written.

Vallancey felt the force of this, and though unwilling to give up a favourite crotchet, in which his ingenuity had carried off the palm from all competitors, yet he was resolved that his literary fame should not rest upon a pedestal subject to be shaken by the breath of contending opinions. He, therefore, translated with great fidelity an Irish poem of very ancient date, which began with these words,—

“Eire ard, Inis na Riogh,
Maighéan molbhthach na moirghaonih.”

“The lofty Erin, the island of Kings,
whose wide-extended plains resound with
the noble deeds of many heroes.”

The Major enriched this historical poem with valuable notes; but for some unexplained reason it has never, as we believe, been published. His celebrity had now extended to the remotest corners of Ireland, and the people looked up to him with a reverence bordering on idolatry. Every one, therefore, hunted up their local manuscripts, and committed them to his hands. From this ample store of documents he began to think that a translation of Dr. Jeffrey Keating would be well received, especially if enriched with notes. A certain Desmond O'Connor, a native of Ireland, settled in London as a painter of heraldry, had attempted to render Keating into English a few years before; but he was not well skilled in the language of the original, and disfigured it by so many gratuitous interpolations, that he caused the Irish Herodotus, as his admirers called him, to be slighted as more flowery and fabulous than even modern severity is

inclined to pronounce him. It is not known what induced Vallancey to relinquish this undertaking, in which he had made considerable progress.

In the meantime his writings awakened a spirit of curiosity in the country. Mr. Charles O'Connor of Balinagar, in the county of Roscommon, was the only precursor of Major, now Colonel Vallancey, in these studies. As early as 1766 he had published a dissertation on the history of Ireland, and being a competent master of the old language, much was expected from him. His work possesses great merit, although his patriotic enthusiasm rather overlays his clear judgment. He unhesitatingly adopts the Milesian expedition with all its improbable details, and the idea of the Egyptian colony said to have been settled in Ireland in the days of Pharaoh and Moses. To Colonel Vallancey he proved an able pioneer, and opened passages to the engineering antiquary which had hitherto baffled less venturous explorers. Others began to tread in the same track; valuable essays and fragments were written, which would have “died and made no sign,” had not Vallancey proposed to publish a work periodically under the title of “*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*,” to serve as a dépôt for all such dissertations. The first numbers, which appeared in 1774, were attractive, assistance came readily in, and the sole management was assigned to the original suggester, who spared neither time nor pains in the discharge of the trust. The chief contributors were the Rev. Edw. Ledwich, vicar of Aghadoe, the Rev. Mr. Beresford, a clergyman of the Church of Rome, and Charles O'Connor, Esq., already named. These four gentlemen were eminently qualified for the work, which being warmly patronized by Colonel Conyngham, and other influential patriots, promised to attain standard celebrity. The Irish reader hoped to recall those days, when in the language of an old English writer his “holy island” appeared—

“*Ut paradiscus aut novus circulus lacteus discentium opulans, vernansque pascuoso numerositate lectorum quem admodum poli cardines astriferis micantium ornantur vitraminibus sidorum.*”
“Like a verdant paradise stocked with flocks of scholars, or like another milky-way, studded with innumerable lights of

which has given him being, and the mother which has nourished him. How then can there be in the universe a man fatherless and motherless? Twice, thrice, I entreat, I supplicate you, tell me who are the authors of my days." "If you desire to know their names," replied the chief priest, "follow me to my cell."

Kay-Tsang eagerly accompanied him. The old man took out from its place of concealment, behind a beam, a small box; he opened it, and gave to the novice the torn garment and the paper written in blood. There he read; with the names of his parents, the vengeance to which he was born devoted, and for which his mother's hopes were in him. He burst into loud sobs: "Alas," he cried, "the crime of which my father and mother were victims, is not yet avenged; and I have arrived at the age of manhood without knowing to whom I owe my existence. I feel that my mother yet lives—but oh, my father, if you had not saved me from the waters, sustained me, educated me, I should never have seen this decisive day. Permit, then, your disciple to go in search of his mother! If he finds her, he will carry a vase of most precious perfume, and will found a monastery where you will meet the most affectionate attention, and he will thus evince his heartfelt gratitude."

"If you truly desire," replied Fa-Ming, "to undertake this pious search, take with you these tokens of your identity; under the disguise of a mendicant monk, repair to the palace of the governor of Kiang-Cheow; there, mayhap, an interview with your mother may be possible."

Kay-Tsang followed in every point the instructions of his superior. When he arrived at the abode of Leeow-Hong, the traitor was abroad on business; heaven had decreed that the son should behold his mother. The novice demanded alms at the gate of the palace. That same night the widow of Kwang-Jouy sat, buried in a profound reverie. She had dreamt that the new moon had in one day become full and rounded; she meditated what this might portend. "I have heard nothing of my mother-in-law," said she, "my husband has perished by the hands of an assassin; my son has been exposed on a deep river. If he had been saved and taken

care of, he would be now eighteen years old; perhaps merciful heaven has decreed we shall be this day reunited. Who can tell?" She was interrupted in her reflections by a servant who told her that a monk at the gate chanted prayers and besought charity. Struck with the coincidence, she arose, and demanded whence he came? "A poor monk from the convent of Kin-Chan, the disciple of Fa-Ming," replied the novice. "Since thou art of that monastery," said she, "I pray thee, enter." The domestics laid before the novice the meagre repast prescribed by the rules of his order; and as he ate, the widow of Kwang-Jouy, closely observing his manners and language, felt more and more. "It is the living resemblance of my cherished husband." When she had dismissed the attendants, she asked him if he had been vowed to a monastic life from his birth, or if he had embraced it later in life? what his name was? and whether his father and mother still lived?

Kay-Tsang immediately replied: "I have not been vowed to a monastic life from my childhood, nor have I embraced that career at the age when one chooses his course of life. Hear my history. I received from heaven the bequest of a terrible enmity, a hatred deep as the sea. My father was murdered by a wretch who carried off my mother, of whom I am now in search, in accordance with the advice of my spiritual guide, Fa-ming." "What was then your mother's name?" "Her family name was Yn, and her familiar title Ooen-Keow; those of my father, Tshin-Kwang-Jouy. I am called Kiang-Leow; my name in religion is Kay-Tsang." "My name is indeed Ooen-Keow," said the widow, "but I require proof of your story."

At these words, which revealed his mother to him, the novice threw himself at her knees, and with tears and sobs, addressed her thus:—"Oh my mother, if you believe not me, see, look upon these witnesses!" Ooen-Keow beheld the torn garment and the blood-stained paper; there was no longer any doubt; it was indeed her son. With tears, she folded him in her arms, but in a moment she conjured him: "Fly, fly, my son—fly without delay." "What," said he, "I have passed eighteen years in ignor-

we that any others, like you, should start up?

"You will have condescension enough to give me the pardon I once more request, for the liberty I take in proposing trouble to you, which nothing but the high honour and esteem I have for you could induce me to, as well as the desire I have that I and the rest of the world should be under fresh obligations to your ability and public spirit, which has done so much for making the new and old Ireland better known to its inhabitants.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"EDMUND BURKE.

"Beaconsfield, Nov. 29, 1786."

Vallancey's friends circulated a copy of this letter with exulting eagerness. They gloried that the man whom it delighted them to honour should be compared to the great Warburton, and that, too, by the author of the "Sublime and Beautiful." They saw nothing but a panegyric on the Colonel's writings from beginning to end. His literary rivals took another view. Some commented on the letter with asperity which displayed more personal pique than love of truth. Dr. Campbell expressed himself with candour and sound argument, in a published notice. His reasoning on the most remarkable passage in Burke's letter is worth repeating. It claims attention now as much as when written :

"Mr. Burke's language," says Dr. Campbell, "was certainly not clearly understood respecting this matter, else Colonel Vallancey's friends would have been less forward in handing about his letter. When he comes to the passage—'will you have the goodness to pardon me for reminding you, &c.,' instead of a compliment, he means a rebuke, in his polite way, for the neglect of advice, which, it appears, he had given before. Why else should he ask pardon? But to translate the whole into vulgar English, for the permanent benefit of Irish scholars, present and to come, it means simply this—'Colonel, I told you once, and I tell you again, that you and O'Connor, and Toland, and O'Flaherty, and O'Halloran, are all wrong in dwelling so long on tedious and drawling declamations upon the treasures of knowledge, which you say are to be found in the old Irish authors. I would rather have one original document than a thousand descants upon their value. If you would persuade me, who also wish not to be deceived, produce the monuments them-

selves, together with such faithful translations as I can depend upon; but I must have the whole without any suppression. Till you have done this, criticism can have no secure anchorage. We shall be carried away by every wind of conjecture, till at last we founder on the ocean of ignorance without pilot or polestar. Dogmatical assertions and arbitrary etymologies are very provoking, for whilst they oppose facts and torture words, they set our patience on the rack. I ask you what should we, at this day, know of the ancient history of England if we were not allowed to read the originals, but were for ever put off with references to Bede, to Asser, to Ingulphus, and the Saxon Chronicle, whilst these authors lurked in libraries, or, which is worse, in the hands of individuals. In like manner, the world can never be assured that the Irish books contain the history of a civilized people till they see them translated. But if it shall appear upon the face of the translations that the ancient Irish, instead of being a polite and learned people, had made no forward movements towards civilization, then the Irish language is not worth preserving. For the animosity and battles of savages and barbarians are subjects so unworthy of commemoration, or, to use the words of Milton applied to the Saxon Heptarchy, 'such bickerings to recount, so often met in our writers, what more worth is it than to chronicle the wars of kites and crows flocking and fighting in the air.'"

Dr. Campbell's leading argument appears to surmise that the original documents were either not forthcoming, or had been unduly magnified. This test had been previously applied to Macpherson's "Ossian" by Dr. Johnson, and by Voltaire to the editor of Pope Ganganelli's Letters,—*"Produce your originals, and then ask us to believe you."* Neither could do this, and neither obtained solid credit. Macpherson then asserted that he took down the poems from oral tradition. The whole is an imposture, retorted his sturdy opponent. The Scotchman retreated on abuse, and talked of personal chastisement, whereupon Lexiphanes went into a shop in the Haymarket, and demanded the price of an ordinary oaken stick. "Sixpence," said the shopman. "Then give me a shilling one," was the reply, which ended the controversy.

The "Collectanea" was popular for a considerable time, but the number of readers began to decline as the novelty wore off. The schism and opposition

affected the growth of the work. Colonel Vallancey saw and felt this, but he neither lost his courage nor abated in his zealous researches. He was liberal, too, in communicating his knowledge to industrious inquirers, and often assisted those who wanted aid, by money and recommendation. His library was more freely open than is usually permitted by curious collectors, and he sometimes purchased books he had no occasion for to supply poor scholars who wanted them. In 1787 he inserted in Walker's Irish Bards an interesting paper on the language, manners, and customs of an Anglo-Saxon colony, settled in the baronies of Bargo and Forth, in Wexford county, in the twelfth century, at the instance of Dermot Mac Murragh, King of Leinster, who brought them over to suppress a rebellion of his own subjects. This immigration took place in 1167, 1168, and 1169, previous to the invasion and partial conquest by Strongbow in the reign of Henry the Second, 1170-72. The descendants of these English soldiers still remain in possession of the lands then granted to them. They never lost their own language, or entirely acquired that of their new country. Colonel Vallancey, in his paper, introduces a song, in the dialect of these baronies, which he heard himself, and which, according to tradition, had been handed down from the arrival of the colony. It certainly has a resemblance to English not to be mistaken. The last verse runs thus:—

"Come w'ous, gosp Learry, theezil and Melchere;
Outh o' me hone ch'ull no part wi' Wa-
there.
Jowane got leigheen, she pleast ame all,
fowee—
Sh'ya ame sim to doone, as w'be doone
nowe;
Zo bless all oure frends, an God zpeen
ee plowe."

"Come with us, gossip Larry, yourself
and Miles;
Out of my hand I'll not part with Walter.
Joan set them a laughing, she pleas'd
them all how—
She gave them some to do, as we are
doing now: [Drinking]
So bless all our friends, and God speed
the plough."

The Right Honourable William Conyngham, in 1781, formed a society of seven eminent literati, amongst whom Vallancey was included, to

carry on the "Collectanea," and for a time they succeeded brilliantly; but irreconcilable differences on colonization and etymology, as we have already seen, dissolved the league. Vallancey was determined to bolster up the old story of Milesius, and the Egyptian expedition of the Mosaic age, under their leader Cathelus, which startled even the credulous Keating, and made him lay down his pen to take breath. The Colonel also wished to prove that the Irish language was the most copious in existence, that it was the oldest in the world, and related to every language on earth. For this purpose he collated it with the Punic, Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, Hindoo, Kalmuc, Tartar, &c., &c. It is to be lamented that a man of such uncommon industry, ingenuity, and learning, should have spent so much valuable time in etymological chimeras. Etymology has its use: it assists the memory in the acquisition of languages, and is also an amusing pursuit; but in history or geography it is a dangerous meteor, that generally fools its followers in the end. It may be called the *ignis fatuus* of science.

General Vallancey's last publication appeared in 1802; when he had entered upon his eightieth year. It is entitled, "A Prospectus of a Dictionary of the Language of the Aire Coti, or ancient Irish compared with the Language of the Ceuti, or ancient Persiana." This prospectus is dedicated to Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The preface to the work itself is curious. It might have been imagined that time, which brings truth to light, and experience, the touchstone of intellectual gold, would have taught this long and patient investigator to distinguish that precious ore from the vulgar earth with which it was encrusted; but, on the contrary, we find his last essay more wildly theoretical than his first. He roundly asserts that one word is synonymous with another, by the interposition or omission of letters, according to the caprice of the writer, or the comparative idiom of the language. He is in etymology as absolute and exclusive as Lavater in physiognomy. He was so dazzled and blinded by Wilford's "Sacred Islands in the West,"

that he at once placed Ireland in the number, and at the head of the list. The situation of the country, the fertility of the soil, and the numerous gifts of nature with which it spontaneously abounds, at once entitled it, as he decided, to the claim. But if Vallancey was misled, the blame should rest on Wilford or Ouseley; or let the triumvirate divide it equally between them.

The extracts contained in this singular introduction, with the author's comments on them, were, as appears from a note, offered for publication to a learned society in Ireland. "But the reverend conductors of the press," adds the Colonel, "not having thrown off their Scandinavian spectacles, with which they have long pored over *Fernandes* and his *officina gentium*, rejected the essay in toto, and deemed those learned men, Sir W. Jones, Barrow, Wilford, Hallis and Co., fit subjects for a mad-house."

The Rev. Edward Ledwich, one of the early associates in the "Collectanea," rebelled from Vallancey's doctrines, particularly as to the value of bardic tales, which he held in sovereign contempt, calling them the "offspring of licentious fancies" in rude and barbarous ages. In his principal work, "The Antiquities of Ireland," he wrote down many of the legendary tales and saintly miracles commonly believed, and thus engendered a formidable host of opponents. But it was supposed that his knowledge of Irish was very limited, and in this particular the Colonel had an immeasurable advantage over him. Charles O'Connor, a man more profoundly versed in the subject than Ledwich, addressed a letter to Vallancey in 1783, in which he appears as an ally, endeavouring to prop up the tottering superstructure, founded almost exclusively on etymology and bardic dreams. This letter, which contains a summary of Vallancey's literary labours on Ireland and her history, is too long for insertion here, but the concluding paragraph may be studied with advantage. It must be remembered that the Scots or Scoti—*Kinéa Scuit*, i.e., descendants of Scythians—came from the coasts of Phœnicia, through Spain and Gaul, to Ireland and England; and these were traditionally called, and are still supposed to have been the aborigines

of both countries. We are thus naturally led to the question of community of language:—

"The first inhabitants of Ireland," says O'Connor, "being swarms mostly from Britain, spoke the British-Celtic undoubtedly; but they spoke it in its original poverty and simplicity, with trifling variations; confined to a few words, as the speakers were to a few ideas, it was adapted to the rudeness and accommodated to the ignorance of earlier ages. Until the introduction, or rather improvement, of literature, the primæval Celtic was a language of great sterility. It split first into dialects; and when civilization and letters were introduced, these dialects were gradually formed into different tongues. The dialect brought into Ireland by the Scots (from Spain) took the lead, so to speak, in forming the language of Ireland; but it took a long time, in all probability, before it arrived at the energy, copiousness, and harmony we discover in some fragments of the heathen times which are still preserved.

"In fact, the tongues of Wales and Ireland, on the introduction of letters, and in the first stages of improvement, were no better than the uncouth dialects of a people emerging from ancient rudeness. They must expire with the causes that gave them existence; and had they survived in monumental inscriptions to this day, they would be no more intelligible to us than the Latin jargon in the days of Numa Pompilius could have been to the polished Romans of the Augustan era."

The endurance of early language in our own islands is an interesting subject for reflection. The old British preserved in Cornwall until the reign of George the Third is now entirely, and as we may say, but recently extinct. Different dialects of Celtic are spoken in Ireland and Scotland, but the speakers can understand each other without difficulty; and Wales has her own tongue; it matters little (for it cannot be proved), whether it be that spoken by the ancient Britons, as Welchmen hotly and proudly maintain; or Pictish, as others have asserted, founded on some corresponding words in the works of the venerable Bede. We can understand how Ireland, an island separated from England by a channel of sixty miles in width, should retain in her remote districts a primæval language; and we can also conceive the same of the Hebrides and Highlands of Scotland,

the latter almost insulated by mountains, lakes, and remote position. But Wales has only an ideal boundary. Pass a milestone, a gate, or a field, and you are, in five minutes, in the midst of a colony speaking a dialect compounded of consecutive consonants, more difficult to pronounce than Russian or Slavonic, and which, it has been affirmed, no foreigner can articulate intelligibly without a cold in his head.

The subject of this memoir, although the elucidation of Irish antiquities formed the leading object of his studies during a long life, did not entirely confine himself to the one engrossing topic. While a Captain in the 12th Regiment he was stationed for a considerable time in Gibraltar, a situation that presented many subjects for the pencil and the pen; and as he could call forth the powers of both with equal readiness, he made a sketch of that romantic rock and its vicinity, from which a painting was made by Mr. Ashford, an ingenious Irish artist. Soon after his arrival in Ireland Vallancey published a professional work entitled the "Field Engineer." This was followed by a treatise on stone-cutting, and another on tanning. He then commenced a military survey of the kingdom. His Majesty was so well pleased with the outline of this undertaking that the Major was encouraged to follow it up to completion; and in 1782 he had the honour of presenting it to the King. In the course of a few days afterwards he was raised to the rank of Colonel.

On his return, he was solicited by some of his friends to publish an antiquarian map of Ireland, *ad montem historicum Hibernicum*, *seculis ix., x., xi., &c.*, in which the true situation of the *Cauci*, *Coriondi*, *Darnii*, *Eblani*, *Menapii*, &c., and several other tribes mentioned by Ptolemy and *Besius*, were to be laid down. This was an undertaking admirably suited

to the Colonel's tastes and acquirements, but it does not appear that he ever entertained the idea. A few years afterwards a work of this kind was executed by the Rev. William Beauford, A.M., one of the antiquarian heretics of Ireland. It must be confessed there never was a more fanciful map of that, or perhaps of any other country. If Vallancey had been justly censured for flying too far on the wings of etymology, Mr. Beauford absolutely soared out of sight. But he retrieved his error, and in 1792 produced a second highly-finished, accurate, and elegant map, accompanied by a memoir containing more useful matter than any work of the kind that had up to that time appeared in so small a compass. But the man and his labours are now buried in oblivion. Modern erudition is presumptuous and forgetful. It advances with electrical speed and seven-league strides, but it pays too little respect to the early pioneers who opened the rocks which we now traverse on a macadamized level.

General Vallancey lived hospitably, but by dignified economy was enabled to educate and provide for a large family. His library and cabinet of Irish animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, were long celebrated for the taste with which they had been collected.

We have here briefly traced the life of a military man almost entirely devoid of incident or adventure, diversified by no "hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach," no perils by land or sea, but devoted to letters, social intercourse, and archaeological inquiry. Unmarked by startling events, his career was one of active employment; and though sometimes misled and bewildered—as what ardent theorist is not—it cannot be said that he delved blindly without a lantern, or that his researches have produced no light.

THE RESCUED INFANT—A BUDDHIST LEGEND.

Translated from an ancient Chinese work—*See-yaow-kee* (*Voyages in the Western Lands.*)

[This Tale will speak for itself. The Editor desires only to apprise the reader at starting that it is literally what it assumes to be, a genuine Chinese story, translated, as closely as consists with idiomatic proprieties, into the language in which we print it.]

THE town of Chang-ngan ("Eternal Repose"), in Oheng-see, has been selected as the seat of the Imperial Court of China from the earliest dynasties to modern times. It stands on three islets, brilliant as rich embroidery; eight clear rivulets bathe its walls: it enjoys a wide reputation for beauty.

The Emperor Tae-tsung, of the great Tang dynasty, assumed the reins of Government in the year Tching-kwan (A.D. 627). In the thirteenth year of his reign the empire enjoyed profound peace: the eight provinces paid the assigned tribute, and the four seas acknowledged the sovereignty of the Central Flowery Land.

One day, Tae-tsung, seated on his throne in full court, surrounded by the great civil and military magistrates, had received the ceremonious felicitations of his courtiers, when the prime minister, Oee-Ching, came forward and addressed him in these words:—"This day, when the most profound quiet exists in the empire, and the eight provinces are tranquil and obedient, will be propitious for summoning, in accordance with the usage of antiquity, an assembly of learned men conspicuous for ability and wisdom, that we may select those worthy of high distinction, and capable of recalling our people to virtue." "Full of wisdom," said Tae-tsung, "is the advice of my far-seeing minister."

A decree was speedily published in the towns, provinces, and districts, and even in the camps, proclaiming that men of letters skilled in the study of the classics, capable of discovering their hidden meaning, and of explaining them with clearness, and ready to present the three written compositions for the high degree

of Literary Doctor ("Kung-sing"), should assemble for examination at the Imperial capital.

The Emperor's decree arrived in the country of Hae-tcheoo in due time, and was published at the gate of the provincial ya-moon (palace). There, a young man named Tshingo, whose honorary title was Kwang-Jouy ("Brilliant-bud"), saw and read it. Returning home, he addressed his mother Chang-Chee:—"O mother, an edict from the vermillion pencil* proclaims an examination for the Southern Province, that those skilled in letters may be employed, according to their virtue and talents. Your son desires earnestly to present himself: if he obtains a magistracy or a high degree, he will add credit to his name, and will espouse a wife, and bring up children to sustain the honour of the family. For myself, I am decided: your permission and advice are alone wanted."

"My son," replied Chang-Chee, "you are well skilled in the knowledge of the classics: in childhood you have studied; now, arrived at a mature age, you will reap the reward of your learning; therefore you, too, must proceed to be examined. But on your journey, be careful of your conduct; and if you obtain employment, return immediately to your mother."

Kwang-Jouy directed his domestics to make instant preparations for his departure, and having taken leave of his mother, set out, and made no delay till he arrived in the capital. The assembly had just opened; he presented his compositions. The result of the examination was favourable—his name stood third on the list. The Emperor, with the vermillion pencil, bestowed on him the title of doctor; and for three days the suc-

* Peculiar to the Emperor.

cessful candidate rode in honourable procession through the city.

It happened, as he passed before the palace of the imperial minister, Oee-Ching, that the daughter of that dignitary, a damsel yet unmarried, named Ooen-Keow, sat in her chamber amid wreaths and festoons of flowers. In her head was a little silken ball, which she now and then threw upwards, in hopes of divining the husband for whom she was destined.

At this moment, the newly-created doctor passed under her balcony: in him the daughter of Oee-Ching saw at a glance a man above the common: and when she perceived that he was one of the successful candidates, her heart was filled with joy. Quickly she threw the silken ball—it struck the gauze hat of the doctor, Kwang-Jouy. He heard then with surprise a delightful burst of triumphant music from the palace, and soon a crowd of servants, descending from the balcony, took his horse by the bridle, and gently forced himself to enter the palace, where his destiny was to be accomplished.

The minister came forth from the grand hall, accompanied by his wife: he received the young doctor with affectionate politeness, and prayed him to enter; then, in obedience to fate, bestowed on him the hand of his daughter. Kwang-Jouy bowed himself to the ground; and when all the ceremonies prescribed by the rites were completed, the young man respectfully saluted his new parents by the title of father and mother in law.

A grand banquet was ordered by Oee-Ching, the night was passed in rejoicings, and the bride and bridegroom led by the hand to a perfumed bridal chamber.

Next day, at the fifth watch, the Emperor Tae-Tsong, was seated on his throne in the Palace of the Golden Bells, and the civil and military dignitaries stood around to pay their court. The Emperor desired to know what office could be conveniently bestowed on the new doctor, Kwang-Jouy. The minister replied, "Your servant has observed that the government of Kiang-Chow is the only appointment now vacant; and presumes to ask it for Kwang-Jouy."

Tae-Tsong deigned to grant him this request, and intimated to the new governor that he should depart

for his place of residence without delay, so as to arrive within a stated time. Kwang-Jouy, after having declared his gratitude to the Emperor, returned to the minister's ya-moon, and having concerted with his wife the preparations for his departure, and taken leave of her parents, set out for Kiang-Chow in company with his beloved Ooen-Keow.

As they left the capital and pursued their journey, they felt the gentle influence of the sweet spring-tide. A cool breeze rustled through the willows; a slight shower falling drop by drop, washed the crimson petals of the flowers. Taking advantage of the direction in which he travelled, Kwang-Jouy found an opportunity of returning to pay his respects to his mother, and to present his bride. His mother, Chang-Chee, was filled with joy at beholding her son so happily married, and returned to her after his appointment; she heard with delight the new doctor narrate his triumphs, marriage, and nomination. Kwang-Jouy concluded by expressing his desire that his mother should accompany him; the proposition pleased her, and her arrangements were soon made. Some days after their departure they halted at the hostelry of Ooan-hoa, to take a little repose.

Chang-Chee, becoming suddenly indisposed, said to her son: "I am sick, it is necessary I should remain here two days longer, to recover my health, after that we shall depart." Kwang-Jouy dutifully acceded to the wishes of his mother.

Next day, at early morning, he saw at the gate a man offering for sale a fish of the kind called Ly-yu, of a rich golden colour. The doctor bought it, but as he gave directions to have it roast for his mother, he observed the animal struggle, opening and shutting its eyes. "I have heard it said," thought Kwang-Jouy, in amazement, "that when fish thus roll their eyes, it is a warning one should not neglect:"—immediately he went to ask the fisherman where he had caught it. "At ten *le* (three miles) from here," said the stranger, "in the river Hong-Kiang."

At these words, Kwang-Jouy took the animal, and hastened to replace it in the water; then, having given back its life to this created being, he went

to inform his mother of the merciful deed. "To give back their life to animals is a meritorious action," said the old lady; "what you have done fills me with satisfaction." Kwang-Jouy then spoke: "Mother, we have now been here three days, and the time allowed me for my journey will soon expire; your son desires to set out again to-morrow; is my mother's health sufficiently restored?" "I am better, my son," replied Chang-Chee; "but I fear my illness would be aggravated by a journey during this intense heat. Hire a chamber for me, leave me enough to live on till I am recovered, and set off before me, you two; when the refreshing breezes announce early autumn, you will return to take me hence."

The doctor communicated this advice to his wife, who adopted it. They bade farewell to Chang-Chee, and set out on their journey.

The difficulties of the route caused them much fatigue; they travelled by day, and halted to rest each night. At length they arrived at the point where they were to embark on the river Hong-Kiang, and there met two sailors, named Leeow-Hong and Lee-Peeow, who came rowing towards the bank where they waited.

In a previous state of existence, Kwang-Jouy had been fated to be the victim of a great misfortune; he now stood before the enemy by whom it was to come to pass. By his order, the baggage was placed in the boat, and his wife, with himself and their servants, embarked.

The owner of the boat, Leeow-Hong, fixed his gaze on the young lady. Her face was round as the full moon; her eyes shone with the restless brilliancy of the waves in autumn, her small fresh mouth seemed a cherry; her figure, shaped like a wasp, possessed the flexibility of the willow; she had the graceful motion of a fish plunging into the deep waters, or of a sea-gull swooping down from aerial heights; her beauty eclipsed the moon, and surpassed the fairest flowers. So many charms were but the incentives to criminal designs in the boatman, who divulged them to his companion, Lee-Peeow. They conspired to guide the boat to a deserted beach; and in the third night-watch, when all was dark and still, they first slew the servants, then assassinated

Kwang-Jouy, and cast his body far out into the waters.

Horror-struck at the sight of her murdered husband, Ooen-Keow attempted to throw herself overboard. She was held back by Leeow-Hong, who bade her calm herself. "If you obey me," said he, "you shall have every thing you can desire; if on the contrary you resist my wishes, this dagger shall end your life." The young widow knew not what course to adopt. She was forced to yield to circumstances, and remained at the mercy of the assassin. When they had reached the southern bank of the river, Leeow-Hong gave up the vessel to his accomplice; and having taken the dress and the diploma of the unfortunate magistrate, went with the wretched widow to Kiang-Cheow to assume the appointment of his victim.

Meanwhile the bodies of the murdered servants had floated with the stream, while that of Kwang-Jouy had sunk to the bottom. The genius, whose duty was the supervision of the seas, being at the mouth of the river, perceived it; and, rapid as a shooting star, flew to apprise the Dragon King, whom he found seated on his throne. "An unknown man of letters," said he, "has been this moment murdered at the mouth of the river Hong-Kiang: his body has sunk to the bottom."

The King of Dragons had the body brought for his inspection, and having attentively considered it, exclaimed—"Tis the generous man to whom I owe my life! Who can have deprived him of his?" Then he added, "A kindness received merits a like recompense; be it mine to restore him to life, in gratitude for the service he has rendered me but a few days back."

Thereupon he despatched a spirit to the genius who presides over the capital city, Hong-Cheow, to request that the soul of the defunct doctor should be given to him, as he desired his restoration to life. The tutelary god of the city with pleasure gave up the soul, and the genius brought the precious burden through the waters to the palace of the King, his master. "Man of letters," asked the latter, "what is thy name and country? how hast thou fallen into this misfortune, and for what reason hast thou become the victim of an assassin?" In reply, Kwang-Jouy respect-

fully saluted the Dragon King, told him his entire history, and supplicated restoration to life.

"Thou rememberest, answered the King, the little golden fish* thou returnedst to the water? I was that fish. Shall I not then save the man to whom I owe my life, when he, in his turn, falls into the same danger?" Having thus spoken, he raised up the body of Kwang-Jouy, and placed in its mouth certain precious stones to prevent its dissolution; then, when after some days the union of soul and body was perfected, he thus again addressed him:—"Now that thou hast recovered thy life, circumstances oblige thee to pass thy days in the empire of the waters—let it be with the rank of a dignitary of my court."

Kwang-Jouy accepted this offer without hesitation, and declared his gratitude to the Dragon King.

To return to the murdered doctor's widow.—In her aversion to the assassin of her husband, she would take none but the scantiest nourishment, nor sleep but on the hard ground; but she was soon to become a mother, and knew not whether the infant she was about to bring forth should be a son, able in time to defend her, and one day avenge his father. In this perplexity, alone, and not knowing where to expect help, she was compelled to yield to circumstances, and submissively follow the dastardly Leeow.

In due time they arrived at Kiang-Cheow; the clerks and inferior employes of the court preceded him whom they believed to be the new governor. The inferior magistrates came to his lodging to offer their felicitations in the order of their respective ranks. "In accepting this office," said Leeow-Hong, "I count on your united ability to aid my feeble talents." "Sir," replied the magistrates, "your rare intellect, your high capacity, will be alone sufficient; you will consider the people as your own son; equity will distinguish your judgments, and your punishments will be impartially inflicted; such is the fervent hope of

your servants. We pray you, deign to be less humble." The ceremonies over, they took their leave.

Months flew by rapidly. One day, when Leeow-Hong was absent on public affairs, the young widow sat in his palace, thinking sadly of her husband and mother-in-law; and desolation reigned in her spirit, gorgeous as were the decorations of her new abode. Of a sudden she felt ill: violent pains seized her: she became insensible. Ere long she gave birth to a son, and a soft spiritual voice was heard:—"Lady, listen to my words. I am the Genius of the Southern Pole, sent by the mild goddess, Kwan-Yin,† to offer you this infant, your son. Hear his destiny:—He will one day enjoy an immense and unrivalled reputation: Leeow-Hong will seek his destruction, —watch over his preservation with your whole soul. Your husband has been saved by the King of the Dragons; in a little while you and he will re-establish the bond of affection which unites you, and sudden vengeance will overwhelm your enemy: a day will come when you will recollect all this. Be confident and alert." Then the voice was silent.

When she recovered her senses, the young mother took careful note of the words she had heard, and folded her infant in her arms, in doubt how to act. At that moment Leeow-Hong entered, and as soon as he perceived the infant, proposed to rid himself of it by flinging it into the river. But the young mother objected, that it was now night. "Be patient," she said, "until to-morrow, when the day appears; it shall then be cast into the water, and you will be satisfied."

Next day an affair of importance again called Leeow-Hong to the tribunal. When he had gone, the poor mother, full of solicitude for her infant, considered that if she waited once again for his return, the destruction of her child was certain. No course remained but to intrust him to the waters, and to his destiny. Perhaps, thought she, kind Heaven will cast some pitying glance upon him;

* The Chinese believe that the small golden carp (Kin-lee-yu), is transformed into a dragon at certain periods of the year.

† Kwan-Yin, a beneficent goddess of the Chinese mythology, the Juno Lucina of the Romans. Generally represented as a tall and graceful female figure, crowned and carrying an infant.

mayhap he may be found and rescued by some stranger, who will bring him up, and chance may yet re-unite us;—how shall I then recognise him?

Inspired by this idea, she bit her hand, and wrote with the blood on paper the names of his father and mother, and the little history of his sad adventures; then she made with her teeth an indelible mark on the small toe of the infant's left foot. She next rolled him in pieces of cloth torn from her own garments, and seeing the palace gate open, seized the favourable opportunity; by good luck she was but a little distance from the river.

When she arrived at the bank, the poor mother shed a flood of tears; and seeking some object which might float, she perceived the branch of a large tree which had been torn off by a tempest. Having given thanks to Heaven for this fortunate accident, she placed her infant on the branch, fastened to his breast the paper written with her blood, and thus giving him up to the waters, intrusted him to fate; then drying her tears, she returned to her desolate home.

Borne along by the waves, the frail raft went ashore close by the Convent of Kin-Chan. Fa-Ming, the Superior of this community, was an old man far advanced in the practice of virtue, sound on all points of doctrine, and perfectly instructed in the precepts of Buddha. Seated in a posture of profound meditation, he had given himself up for the whole day to the contemplation of the Divinity, when the cries of a new-born infant reached his ear. His heart was touched: he ran to the edge of the river, following the sound; he perceived floating in the midst of the current, at the mercy of the waters, a branch to which was made fast a young infant. As he hurried to bring it to shore, he perceived on its breast a paper written with blood, in which he read the

names and mournful history of Kwang-Jouy and his spouse. The good priest benevolently received the new-born child, gave it the name of Kiang-Lieow ("saved from the waters"), and confided him to the care of trustworthy nurses; but he preserved in silence the mysterious paper.

Minutes fly like the arrow, days and months pass away like the swift-darting shuttle,—the child grew up towards man's estate; and when he had attained the age of eighteen years, the priest desired that he should perform the ceremony of shaving his head,* and devote himself to the attainment of virtue. At the same time he bestowed on him the name, in religion, of Kay-Tsang. The young novice applied himself with his whole heart to follow the requirements of the law, and to strengthen his soul in the practice of sanctity.

One day, when the exhilarating breezes of spring revived nature, the inmates of the convent assembled in the shade of a rich pine grove, discussed the sacred writings and the delights of religious contemplation. Their explanations of Buddha's prohibition of wine and flesh-meat were profound and mystic; and despite the unanimity of all the religious on this point, the novice found difficulty in perceiving their true import. The irritated monks avenged themselves by invective: "Ignorant fool," they cried, "without father or mother, thou art but an absurd demon, come whence no one knows to perplex us."

Stung by these reproaches, the novice ran to cast himself at the feet of the superior, and with a flood of tears, addressed him: "Man born between earth and heaven,† has for his support and the foundation of his existence the two principles which presided at the formation of all created beings; he has his origin and cause in the five elements; there is the father,

* As is well known, the custom of the Chinese nation is to shave the fore part of the head, leaving the tail or queue behind, which has become the characteristic of the people. The Buddhist priests, however, shave the entire head, and at the same time lay aside their proper appellations and assume a name of religion. The priests of the Taou religion, also very prevalent in China, have likewise a peculiar mode of arranging the hair.

† The Buddhists thus explain the nativity of man and living beings:—"At the hour Tcheow (two o'clock a.m.) is the great day of the creation (yuen). 129,600 years long, a subtle principle descended from heaven, and a grosser essence rose from the earth; heaven and earth came together, and towards the close of this hour were born man and living animals."

which has given him being, and the mother which has nourished him. How then can there be in the universe a man fatherless and motherless? Twice, thrice, I entreat, I supplicate you, tell me who are the authors of my days." "If you desire to know their names," replied the chief priest, "follow me to my cell."

Kay-Tsang eagerly accompanied him. The old man took out from its place of concealment, behind a beam, a small box; he opened it, and gave to the novice the torn garment and the paper written in blood. There he read, with the names of his parents, the vengeance to which he was born devoted, and for which his mother's hopes were in him. He burst into loud sobs: "Alas," he cried, "the crime of which my father and mother were victims, is not yet avenged; and I have arrived at the age of manhood without knowing to whom I owe my existence. I feel that my mother yet lives—but oh, my father, if you had not saved me from the waters, sustained me, educated me, I should never have seen this decisive day. Permit, then, your disciple to go in search of his mother! If he finds her, he will carry a vase of most precious perfume, and will found a monastery where you will meet the most affectionate attention, and he will thus evince his heartfelt gratitude."

"If you truly desire," replied Fa-Ming, "to undertake this pious search, take with you these tokens of your identity; under the disguise of a mendicant monk, repair to the palace of the governor of Kiang-Cheow; there, mayhap, an interview with your mother may be possible."

Kay-Tsang followed in every point the instructions of his superior. When he arrived at the abode of Leeow-Hong, the traitor was abroad on business; heaven had decreed that the son should behold his mother. The novice demanded alms at the gate of the palace. That same night the widow of Kwang-Jouy sat, buried in a profound reverie. She had dreamt that the new moon had in one day become full and rounded; she meditated what this might portend. "I have heard nothing of my mother-in-law," said she, "my husband has perished by the hands of an assassin; my son has been exposed on a deep river. If he had been saved and taken

care of, he would be now eighteen years old; perhaps merciful heaven has decreed we shall be this day reunited. Who can tell?" She was interrupted in her reflections by a servant who told her that a monk at the gate chanted prayers and besought charity. Struck with the coincidence, she arose, and demanded whence he came? "A poor monk from the convent of Kin-Chan, the disciple of Fa-Ming," replied the novice. "Since thou art of that monastery," said she, "I pray thee, enter." The domestics laid before the novice the meagre repast prescribed by the rules of his order; and as he ate, the widow of Kwang-Jouy, closely observing his manners and language, felt more and more. "It is the living resemblance of my cherished husband." When she had dismissed the attendants, she asked him if he had been vowed to a monastic life from his birth, or if he had embraced it later in life? what his name was? and whether his father and mother still lived?

Kay-Tsang immediately replied: "I have not been vowed to a monastic life from my childhood, nor have I embraced that career at the age when one chooses his course of life. Hear my history. I received from heaven the bequest of a terrible enmity, a hatred deep as the sea. My father was murdered by a wretch who carried off my mother, of whom I am now in search, in accordance with the advice of my spiritual guide, Fa-ming." "What was then your mother's name?" "Her family name was Yn, and her familiar title Ooen-Keow; those of my father, Tshin-Kwang-Jouy. I am called Kiang-Leow; my name in religion is Kay-Tsang." "My name is indeed Ooen-Keow," said the widow, "but I require proof of your story."

At these words, which revealed his mother to him, the novice threw himself at her knees, and with tears and sobs, addressed her thus:—"Oh my mother, if you believe not me, see, look upon these witnesses!" Ooen-Keow beheld the torn garment and the blood-stained paper; there was no longer any doubt; it was indeed her son. With tears, she folded him in her arms, but in a moment she conjured him: "Fly, fly, my son—fly without delay." "What," said he, "I have passed eighteen years in ignor-

ance of the authors of my existence ; and at the moment when I have found my mother, she it is who commands so cruel a separation !” “ My son,” she replied, “ your love for me must not cause your destruction—fly, for the sake of prudence ; if Leeow-Hong should find you here, you would assuredly perish. To-morrow, I will feign sickness, and I will tell him that I have long promised to bestow a hundred pairs of shoes on some monastery, and I will select yours for the accomplishment of my vow. There at least we can meet each other.” Obedient to his mother’s wishes, Kwang-Jouy, though with grief, left her.

From the mixed emotions of joy and sorrow excited by the discovery of her son, the widow of Kwang-Jouy fell sick ; she was unable to stand up or taken nourishment. Leeow-Hong questioned her on the cause of her illness. She told him of a vow made in her youth, to give a hundred pairs of shoes to the monks : “ Five days ago,” she said, “ I saw in a dream a monk holding a gleaming dagger in his hand ; he threatened, and imperiously claimed my promise. This terrible vision has been the cause of my illness.”

“ That is, in truth, no great matter,” said he ; “ why did you not apprise me of it sooner ? On my way to the Hall of Judgment I will charge my stewards to cause a pair to be made up by each of a hundred families ; they shall be completed in five days.”

On the day appointed, the hundred families brought the work finished. The widow of Kwang-Jouy asked Leeow-Hong at what convent it would be advisable to make her offering. He told her there were two in the province, those of Kin-Chan and Tsiaow-Chan. “ You can select which you please.”

“ Well,” replied the lady, “ I have heard much of the convent of Kin-Chan—I select it.” Leeow-Hong sent to have a boat prepared ; and the mother of Kay-Tsang, accompanied by trusty servants, embarked in it. The boat pushed off from the bank, and they soon arrived at their destination.

On returning from his journey Kay-Tsang had recounted to Fa-Ming every thing that had occurred. The old monk was overjoyed at the success of the enterprise. The next day a servant arrived, who announced that his mistress was on her way. All the inmates of the convent came out to meet the lady, and introduce her within their walls. Then she paid her respects to the images of the Poo-sah,* put on mourning garments, and desired her attendants to produce the hundred pairs of shoes, and lay them on the floor of the temple. Entered into the grand hall, she again offered up prayers, burned perfumes, and saluted the assembly, then requested the superior of the convent to distribute the shoes to his brethren.

When Kay-Tsang observed that the monks had all left the hall, and that he was alone with his mother and the superior, he cast himself on his knees before the former, who told him that at the moment when he put on his pair of the shoes she had given the convent she perceived on his small toe the mark she had made there when he was an infant. They fell into each other’s arms, in tears, and overwhelmed the old monk with gratitude for the care and affection he had displayed to the infant abandoned on the waters. But he warned them—“ Now that the mother and son are united, there is reason to fear that your enemy Leeow-Hong may come to know it. You must separate in silence to avoid the misfortunes which menace you.”

The widow then gave her son a perfumed bracelet, with these words : “ Go to the north-east of Kiang-Tcheow, a distance of 1,500 *le*, to the inn of Ooan-hoa ; there we left your grandmother, the mother of your father. I will write a letter, which you must carry to the capital of the mighty Emperor of the Tang dynasty. On the right of the Palace of the Golden Bells is that of Yn-oe-y-Tching, the prime minister ; he and his wife are the parents to whom I owe my existence. Present this letter to your grandfather, and beseech him to per-

* The *Poo-sah* are holy persons who have arrived at the fulness of virtue and state of perfection and absorption into Buddha, their long and weary transmigration being complete.

suade the Emperor to send men and horses to punish the murderer and avenge your father. That done, you will remove your grandmother from the poverty and misery which surrounds her, and bring her hither. I dare not stay here a moment longer. I fear lest the wretch Leeow-Hong should already suspect the cause of my long absence." She then left the convent, and re-embarked in her boat.

Kay-Tsang returned downcast into the monastery. He informed Fa-Ming of all that his mother had directed; then taking leave of the venerable monk, he set off on his journey.

Arrived at the inn of Ooen-hoa, he inquired whether a stranger, a magistrate named Tshin, had not once come hither with his aged mother, and if it was known what had become of her. "Yes," replied the innkeeper, "she remained at my house; but at the end of three or four years she became blind, and as her money was exhausted, she went to live in a ruined smithy, and is now reduced to seek alms for her living. Nothing has been heard of the magistrate for a long time. No one here knows what has become of him."

Kay-Tsang immediately demanded his way to the ruined forge, and ran to seek his mother. At the sound of his voice the blind woman cried, "Oh, that is the voice of my son, Kwang-Jouy." "It is not he," replied the novice, "it is his son; the son of the Doctor, Kwang, and of his wife, Ooen-Keow." "Ah, why have not they come too?" "Alas! grandmother, my father has been assassinated by a wretch who has compelled my mother to become his paramour." "How, then, knew you that I was here, and why have you sought me?" "My mother," said the young man, "has sent me with a letter for the capital, and this perfumed bracelet."

The old woman felt the letter and bracelet, and said, with tears—"Alas, how unjust I have been!" I said, "My son has so much talent, he has obtained so much glory that he has lost all sense of right, and forgotten the duties of gratitude. I was far from thinking that he had become the victim of an assassin; but I thank pitying heaven that I am not deprived of posterity, and that a grandson has been left to comfort me in my desola-

tion." "But, dear grandmother," said Kay-Tsang, "how has this misfortune of blindness come upon you?"

"For many years," said the old lady, "I awaited your father with anxiety; as years passed and he came not, through weeping I became blind."

When he heard these sad words, the young monk fell on his knees, and prayed: "I, Kay-Tsang, am now eighteen years old; my father and mother have an enemy on whom I must take vengeance; but I have found my parents, and it has been granted to me to recover my grandmother. If pitying heaven is not deaf to the prayers that I offer from the bottom of my heart, I pray that the eyes of my grandmother may once more open to the light of day." He rose up, and still praying, touched with his tongue the lids of the blind woman; in that moment she recovered her sight.

As soon as she could see the novice, Tshang-Chee cried out, "Thanks to Heaven, these are the lineaments of my son, Kwang-Jouy." Her heart was overflowing with joy; she felt profoundly affected. Kay-Tsang led his mother from the forge, and once more she took up her abode at the hostel. When he had taken some repose, he gave his grandmother money for her subsistence till his return, saying, "I have been now a month on my journey; I must leave you to betake myself to the capital."

As soon as he arrived at the Emperor's residence, he repaired to the gates of Oee-Ching's yamoon, and told the attendants that he had business with the minister, who was, besides, his relation. When this demand was related to the minister, he was about replying, that he had no monk in his family, but his wife interrupted him: "Last night," she said, "I saw in a vision my daughter, Ooen-Keow; it may be this priest brings news from our son-in-law." The minister ordered the attendants to admit him into the hall of the palace.

Scarcely had Kay-Tsang set eyes on Oee-Ching and his wife, than he burst into sobs; then bowing to the ground he took from his robe the letter with which he was charged, and presented it to them. The minister opened and read it, and immediately burst into tears, and gave utterance to groans of

agony. His wife asked what had happened; he recounted to her all the letter contained. When she had heard it, the mother of Kwang-Jouy abandoned herself to the most violent grief. "Be comforted," said her husband, "I will relate this occurrence to the Emperor, and demand of him troops to avenge our son-in-law."

Next day, Oee-Ching presented himself at the Court, and informed the Emperor of the assassination of Kwang-Jouy, the compulsion used towards his widow, and, finally, of the usurpation of the dead magistrate's titles. The Emperor was violently enraged, ordered the assembling of 60,000 men of his guard, and directed the minister to set out at their head. As soon as he left the palace, Oee-Ching called the soldiers together, and put them *en route* for Kiang-Chow. They marched by day, and rested by night; using all diligence, and rapid in their march as a shooting star. They soon arrived at Kiang-Chow, and encamped on the northern side of the river.

During the night, by the light of the stars, the Emperor's proclamation was distributed to the people; and the two magistrates, next in rank to the governor, were ordered to hold the troops of the place in readiness to assist the expedition at the same time the army passed the river. It was not yet day when they came in sight of the palace of Leeow-Hong. He was yet sleeping, when the clash of arms and the beating of tom-toms were heard resounding on all sides. The soldiers rushed into the palace, sword in hand; the ruffian was unable to escape, and was made prisoner. The minister announced to the army that the murderer, Leeow-Hong, bound and gagged, was about to undergo the punishment of his crimes, and directed the soldiers to assemble outside the town, at the execution-ground.

Oee-Ching entered the principal hall of the palace, and sent to request his daughter to present herself before him. She, however, was unwilling, for shame, to appear before her father; and even attempted to destroy herself. As soon as Kay-Tsang was apprized of the attempt, he hurried to save his mother from perishing voluntarily, and besought her thus on his knees—"Since, at my entreaty, my grandfather is come with troops, your hus-

band is avenged, and the traitor has expiated his misdeeds. Why, oh, my mother, do you persist in desiring to compass your death? If you die thus, can your miserable son survive you?" The minister, who arrived at this moment, united his entreaties to his daughter to be calm. But the unfortunate widow cried—"A woman ought to remain inconsolable for the loss of her husband—mine was assassinated, and I have dishonoured myself by consenting to follow that miscreant. True it is that it was for the sake of my unborn infant that I consented to live in despite of all human ordinances. That son is now grown up. My father has come to chastise our cruel oppressor; what right have I to show myself before him?" "Neither I nor my son," replied the minister, "desire to make light of your grief, nor to approve a course of conduct contrary to what a widow should pursue; but what has passed could not be prevented by our exertions. For what, then, do you reproach yourself?" The grandfather and grandson rushed into each other's arms sobbing—Kay-Tsang could not repress his violent grief. The minister first dried his tears. "My children," said he, "moderate your sorrow; the assassin, Leeow-Hong, has already felt my vengeance—I go to complete his punishment."

Oee-Ching proceeded to the execution-ground. The two chief magistrates of Kiang-Cheow had at once sent soldiers to find the accomplice, Lee-Peeow, who had just been brought in and handed over to justice. Satisfied with this news, the minister ordered the two wretches to be tied up, and each executioner gave them a hundred blows of the cane. The confession thus forced from them proved that they had, contrary to all divine and human laws, plotted and accomplished the murder of the doctor, Kwang-Jouy. Their punishment followed next, commencing with Lee-Peeow. Nailed to a beam, he was dragged to the middle of the marketplace. His body was there cut in pieces, and his head exhibited to the populace. Leeow-Hong was brought to the mouth of the river Kiang, the place where he had committed his crime. Thither the minister, with his son and daughter, also repaired, to

consummate the bloody sacrifice. When he was executed, the minister offered up the heart of the murderer to his victim, attaching to it a paper, which he then burnt, in token of offering. All three then bent over the water, weeping bitterly.

Their sighs were heard in the Empire of the Waves. The Spirit, whose office is the supervision of the water, presented the sacrificial paper to the Dragon King, who at once despatched the Chief of the Turtles to the defunct Kwang-Jouy, to summon him to his presence.

"Doctor," said the king, when he appeared, "be of good cheer! Your wife, your son, and the prime minister, your father-in-law, have made an expiatory sacrifice for you on the banks of the river Kiang. I am about to restore you to life, and to reanimate your body. Further—behold a pearl of the species Yu-y (heart's desire), and another of the species Tseou-pan (undulating refulgence), ten pieces of inestimable silk, and a belt of precious jade-stone* and diamonds. I offer them to you with respect. This very day you shall again behold your wife and your aged mother."

The doctor respectfully thanked the Dragon King for his beneficence. Then an inferior genius, taking the corpse of the defunct, which lay at the mouth of the river, replaced the soul in it, and departed.

Having for a long time wept and ceremoniously honoured the manes of her husband, the widow of Kwang-Jouy again wished to seek death in the waters. Her son again prevented her. At the moment of their greatest anguish they perceived a dead body floating forward towards the bank. Ooen-Keow rushed forward to see it—it was, indeed, he—it was the body of her husband!

At this sight, her joy betrayed itself by a torrent of tears. All present approached and recognised the body, which gradually rose to its feet. By degrees it became animated, it climbed the bank, and sat down, to the amazement of all assembled. Kwang-Jouy opened his eyes, and

looked steadfastly at his wife, who stood near him weeping, with the minister and the young priest.

"What brings you here?" at length the re-animated doctor asked them. "You have been murdered," replied his wife; "our son, preserved in the convent of Kin-Chan, has been the means of your return to life." Then, when she had related all their history, she added—"Even now I know not whether I see before me my real husband, or a mocking shadow." "The little golden fish," replied he, "that I restored to the water, was the King of Dragons; he it was, who, in his turn, saved me. He has re-united my soul to my body, and has bestowed upon me these precious gifts. Since then, our son has obtained from his grandfather vengeance on my assassin, our sorrow shall be changed into unequalled joy."

At these words the magistrates offered their congratulations, and the minister ordered a splendid entertainment, in token of thanks to his subordinates for the part they had taken in the event. The army, horse and foot, set out on their return to the capital, and encamped at the hostelry of Oo-an-ho.

The doctor set off with his son, to find out his aged mother. But that night, the old lady had dreamt that she saw a withered tree suddenly flower, and that birds of happy omen warbled about the house. She then said, "surely my son has arrived;" and scarcely had she expressed the thought when Kwang-Jouy appeared, and pointing to her with his finger, cried, "Behold my mother!" He flung himself into her arms, and both wept tears of affection.

After having related his history, he paid the innkeeper liberally; all three journeyed to the capital, and presented themselves at the minister's palace. The wife and husband, united after so long a separation, were intoxicated with joy. They ordered a grand festival in celebration of the happy event. The minister desired that the festival should be named "Touan-Youen-Hoey" (the re-union of attached spouses). That day was de-

* A glassy green stone considered most valuable by the Chinese. Yeh's sceptre, taken at Canton, a solid piece of this mineral, was said to be worth (in China), 5,000 dollars.

voted by all the family to pleasure and delight. On the morrow, when the Emperor was seated in the midst of his grandees, the minister detailed his adventures, and spoke with praise of his son, as one fit to attain high dignity. The kind sovereign acceded to his proposal; the doctor was named

minister of state, and retained at Court to superintend affairs of importance.

His son Kay-Tsang being determined upon embracing a religious life, retired to the monastery of Hong-fu, to perfect himself in virtue.

R. E. C.

PRIMITIVE FRENCH INDUSTRIES.

THE WORK-A-DAY-WORLD OF FRANCE, CONTINUED.

TURNING to the south of France we part from the really great industries of the country. In the bright south, where the dark olive grows, life is simpler and more primitive than in the sturdy and active north. The life of the Flemish operative would be insupportable to the swarthy peasant who can see the blue Mediterranean from his cottage window. The French conquest of Algeria has served, however, as a stimulus to the southerner. The shores of the Mediterranean have become animated; and the tendency of active men from the north to the south has been beneficially felt in the two great southern industrial sections which are divided by the impetuous Rhone. In that section which lies between the river and the Alps are special industries, peculiar to it. Here we discover the pure Provençal. The second section is hemmed in by mountain ranges—between the Aveyron and Limousin mountains—and again by the waters of the Mediterranean. Here is splendid country; here are broad districts rich with the fruits of the agriculturist's labours. But here also are peculiar industries. In Lower Languedoc, amid the vines, the olive, and the mulberry, the manufacturing spirit of the age has shown itself. Manufacturing industry is almost romantic: now perched upon a mountain-side; now thrust into some dark valley, or by the banks of a roaring torrent.

Let us glance at some of these romantically placed hives—first at those of Mines and of Cevennes—of the Cevennes range that stretches from the Vosges to the Pyrenees. Here are the departments of the Gard, of Ardeche, of Aveyron, and Hérault.

Nature has been prodigal in these sunny regions—but she has left sterile, dreary plateaus by the way—and upon these dark spots we discover the operatives of Languedoc. The silk-worm is cultivated on a grand scale. His golden cocoons give life to an active population. But Mines, perched upon three hills, has long prided herself upon the versatility of her manufacturing genius. Her textile fabrics—her shawls especially—consume silk, wool, and cotton. She weaves carpets, mixed fabrics, and foulards. But these are not the days of her glory. Centuries have rolled over her busy hives, and she has enjoyed a fair reputation. Time was when her shawls travelled rapidly to America; but now the Americans are the customers of Paisley, Glasgow, Vienna, &c. The poor shawl-weavers were compelled to sell the looms that had been long in their homes, and to turn to new employments. Better rub than rust. Mines, despoiled of her shawl-market, set up great carpet factories, and to these factories many of the poor shawl-weavers repaired. She showed, as indeed she shows, rare taste in the variety and richness of her furniture stuffs of all descriptions. Her imitation Gobelins have become famous. These cost about one-sixth of the value of the hand-work of the Gobelins artists.

Be it remarked, also, that in turning to carpet-manufacture, and to cheap manufacture, this enterprising city made a most fortunate choice; since in France carpets were, some twenty years ago, a rare luxury. To this hour, in the houses of tradesfolk, a carpet is not a necessity. In very pretentious houses also, may a shivering visitor find himself in mid-winter,

ensconced in a bed-room, to walk upon an icy polished floor to his bed. But carpets are becoming more general, because they are becoming cheaper.

The knitters of Mines form a very important part of the population. In the old time, when all people in good circumstances wore silk stockings, these necessities were made in vast quantities in this old city. Now, they make articles at present in vogue; but the silk manufactures of Mines are unimportant. The more remarkable are those made for the Algerian market; bright colours illuminated with stripes of gold or silver. The Jews of Algeria are Mines customers for these articles.

The operatives of the Cevennes districts are chiefly famous now-a-days for the cheap production of those articles in which Jerome Paturot dealt. There are iron-works on a great scale at Alais; and the coal-pits of Grand Combe give vigour to these works. The mild races of these southern valleys are not, however, addicted to hard work; this is performed in the works of Alais by hardier folk drawn from Belgium or Piedmont.

The charming part of the industry of the Cevennes districts is that which is devoted to the culture—the “education” of the silk-worm. This industry is of the fields, in the midst of blooming mulberry trees. The tender care that is necessary to train the little worm through the rapid stages of its short career, from the egg to the interesting moment when its thousand yards of silken thread are spun, gives a peculiar character to the nurse. Gentleness and incessant attention are necessary. The temperature is watched; for the death of these thousands of worms nibbling the premature leaves newly gathered from the long rows of mulberry trees yonder, is of much moment to their owner. A silk-worm cultivator told M. Audiganne, that one ounce of seed or eggs, produced between sixty and seventy pounds of cocoons, and between four and five pounds of silk. Better arrangements, more careful “education,” it was further stated, should produce between fourteen and fifteen pounds of silk from the ounce of eggs. The terrible *muscardine* carries them off by thousands. This silk-worm plague is the Languedocian’s great enemy, for it sometimes

leaves him without employment. The silk-workers, or workers who have relations with the silk-worm, are the attendants on the worm and moths, and the spinners who spin together the frail threads of the cocoons. These spinners, who require delicate fingers, are generally women. The men take care of the worm’s education, and have done with him when the stifled chrysalis, robbed of his silk, is borne off to the fields as manure. When a great quantity of cocoons has been gathered, the spinners descend from their mountain homes to spin the frail threads into useful ones, ere the rats or mice shall have damaged the golden treasure. At last, in the substantial form of skeins, this precious material is borne off from the happy valleys of Languedoc, and a weight is off the mind, for that year, of the inhabitants of the Cevennes. They have watched day and night, anxiously, over the tiny insects, and have conducted them successfully to the useful close of their short life.

In these silk districts the population has a character of its own. The people are happy, light-hearted, sober, and moral; but they have southern blood in them, and a southern sun over their heads. Their natural warmth vents itself in religious dissensions, the population being almost equally divided into Protestants and Roman Catholics. They are excitable politicians, who will shout savage hymns of liberty on occasions—now comparing the First Napoleon with the Devil, and now paying a similar compliment to Louis Philippe. But their politics are only expressions of religious antagonisms. The Protestants are the richer inhabitants; the Roman Catholics have jealousy added, therefore, to their natural repugnance for perversa.

This open ulcer covered, the people of the Cevennes present a fair picture of happiness. They are almost always in the open air. The operatives of Mines love to take their meals in the open, and to spend their evenings in refreshing walks. To them Sunday is a day not to be spent in a wine-shop (as at Lille, St. Quentin, &c.), but to be passed on the barren yet picturesque Garrigues, in a little open summer-house, with wife and children, and a few yards of indifferent ground to cultivate. These “mazets,”

perched above the town, are the pride of the Mines operatives; and they look longingly at them through the week, from their *ateliers*. They are workmen's country-houses. Hither, on Sunday mornings, father, mother, and children, repair, to pass a day under the cloudless sky.

In this little summer-house there are a few rough seats and a table—seldom more. The paterfamilias has contrived, after sore trouble, to coax a few olive and almond trees from the stubborn soil—possibly some straggling vines. The summer Sunday passes merrily. The children play about; the good mother is busy with those household offices, that were once the pride, and are now the scorn, of women of all classes in England. Pater patters about his little garden, then enjoys a few games at bowls with his neighbours; he sings his curious patois songs, and his evening way home is beguiled, in the purple twilight, with *bebi* on his arm, trolling of his early loves. He has had the happiest day of his week up yonder, upon the burning flanks of the barren hills:—for he loves the open. His town pleasures are under the blue heavens. The vast Roman arena, wherein 200,000 folk may sit and see the sports for which Mines is famous, receives Minois operatives to witness wrestling matches, bull races, and other amusements. The Minois would see other and more savage sports, if he might, for his blood is hot, and the sight of angry strife would easily excite it.

Let us regard his gentler side. He is a born singer; he delights in choruses; his songs are in the Languedocian dialects peculiar to his neighbourhood. At Mines the dialect has an Italian tint—at Montpellier the flavour is Spanish. Those light-hearted, singing workmen owe their songs chiefly to their own class. They are sentimental or humorous. The sentiment has a sweetness of the fields about it; the humour is coarse and downright in epithet. Should the most distant relative of Mrs. Grundy pass this way, on her travels, let her close her ears when a Minois comic song is struck up. But Love hereabouts appears to make "Freedom wealthy with a crust." And the singers are rude minstrels, who seldom know how to read or write. The

sentiment is transmitted from life to life; it is melancholy and passionate, singing the sorrows often of those who have loved and lost. A girl in the mist of sunrise—a silk-winder—sitting at work upon a stone seat. She sings and works, and works and sings; and in her song she cries—"How happy thou art, swallow! If I had wings like thee, I know whither I should fly!" And forth wanders the girl's imagination beyond the mountains, to an old cottage covered with ivy, where the little gray lizards go in the winter to drink the sunshine. "It is there," she cries, "that I would fly, to see the narcissus by the brook, and then to look at myself in the water, bright as glass. It is thither that, at harvest time, Joseph, at sundown, spoke to me of his love. I was all confusion. Then I felt life bright as May time. The sun was brighter—the rose was sweeter. . . . But happiness never lasts, and mine was soon over." And so the poor winder folds up her sorrow in her heart, and the golden silk passes monotonously through her skilful fingers. She closed the eyes of her mother when she died, and her lover drew an unlucky number, and was taken off for military service.

"And I," she cries, "far from my country, I let my thoughts take wing towards my lover in the ranks, and my mother in paradise."

In another of these artless songs of the south, which beguile the hours amid the Cevennes, a girl by a wood, apostrophizes a nightingale that has ceased his song—

"Where didst thou find thy rich song, that made my heart leap. Thou alone of this neighbourhood hast made me cry with joy. Thou must miss the hedge that thou bustled about without pricking thy wings; the limpid water of the cascade, where thou wert wont to contemplate thyself; the frail branch that waved when thou wert perched asleep upon it; the green foliage that shaded thee from the sun! Thou must miss the soft words that I spoke always with him—thou knowest well whom I mean."

Herein a lover addresses himself to his mistress:—

"I love thee as the nightingale loves to sing upon the moss-bank, watching the sun set. I love thee as the lamb loves the soft turf—as the

open rose when the wind fans it. I would be the song that tempts thee to sing all day, and the white dove that receives thy love sighs. I would, when thou weepest in silence, console thee in secret. I would clear away thy sufferings and thy tears, with a kiss."

These are of the songs the southern mountains echo, and that the people hand from generation to generation. Their lively refrains are wild and free, and, as we have already written, apt to be coarse. The refinements that cover a multitude of improprieties in great cities, have not reached the hills and valleys of Lower Languedoc. When roused, the Minois call for blood in brutal language. Even Guizot, a Minois, was insulted by his fellow-townsmen, when Louis Philippe fell. It is well that here, where men's blood is so warm and wine is so cheap, that drunkenness is rare. If drunkards appear here and there, they are strangers, come to the works of Alais. Both economy and sobriety are characteristic of the citizens of Mines; and the poorest operatives, the knitters, are the most frugal and saving. Yet, love of finery is general. The factory-girls spend nearly all their wages in dress, while the men do their best to be distinguished by their fine clothes. The operative assumes the dress of the middle class, and leaves to the poor journeyman the humble garb of labour. Ranks are fiercely held here. Even the knitters have their inferiors—the *taffetassiers*. This pride is peculiar to the Gard; yet it never stands in the way when a stranger approaches. The Minois will beg alms without hesitation, and will easily take to a mendicant's life. They appear to be light-hearted, passionate, vain, frugal, sober, but wanting in that self-respect which abhors the cowardice of beggary. They are skilful and ingenious, but they are too light-hearted and frivolous to be hard workers. The young women who work in the factories, if they be immoral, are still ashamed of their immorality, and never exhibit it in the streets; the debauched have still a sense of shame. Education has not made rapid strides hereabouts, the almost incomprehensible patois being a great obstacle in the way of the teacher. The children babble a little French, but the ma-

jority of adults comprehend only the jargon of their commune. M. Audiganne declares that in Languedoc, Alsace, Lower Brittany, Provence, and the Bearn, there are more than a million individuals who cannot understand the French language.

The rural population that lives by the education of the silk-worm is more moral than the town population of Mines; for here the family circle and the circle of friendships, are limited; and the eye of every man is upon his neighbour. There are few faults in morals committed, and these are generally covered at once by a regular union. But then this part of the population is purely pastoral. It is apart from the vices of cities. Called during only a short time in every year from the fields, to attend upon the silk-worms, the people are chiefly employed in agriculture. The culture and winding of silk requiring great labour for only a few weeks in the year, labour is recruited from the mountains of North Languedoc. The hardy children of the mountains hire themselves for a while in the valleys, and their work done, return home. Thus also, in harvest time, supplementary workmen travel from Normandy, Sologne, and Champagne, to the Bearn plains, to help the rich farmers to house their abundant store. Here we have the shifting population of this region. The natives are remarkably sedentary. They are mostly very small proprietors; and the rood or two of land which they possess attaches them to the place of their birth. There is little wealth in their midst, but there is no want; their simple habits are adapted to their modest earnings. The climate provides them with comforts which people of the cold and humid north must purchase. The neatness and cleanliness which prevail in their hamlets is the effect of the discipline in those virtues which they learn when in attendance on the delicate and *exigeant* silk-worm. In these cottages a patriarchal spirit reigns. The paternal authority extends through generations.

M. Audiganne cites an example of patriarchal life in this region, which he witnessed. A family, consisting of a very old father and mother, with six or seven sons (several of these being married), lived all to-

gether under the same roof. Although each son had his particular trade, not one worked on his own account. Everybody's earnings were cast into the old father's lap; and he provided for all. Following the parental example, the sons' ambition was to do profitable work, and the tribe enjoyed together a revenue that appeared to people round about, a fortune. The most noble figure of the group was that of the ancient mother. It was to her always invisible, but always dominant influence; to her pacific and kindly temperament, that the lasting harmony of this little nation was due.

The liberty which these solitary people enjoy is apparent in their manners. The conventionalities have never warped their nature; their address is bold and frank; their countenance open, and full of gaiety; they love to come across strangers, and to gossip lightly with them. With all their gaiety, their incessant songs, and their primitive habits, they have a serious element in them.

M. Audiganne, who travelled among them, we believe, declares, that they govern their passions by their religion. They love fêtes, games—amusements, in short, of all kinds; but they remain frugal in their ordinary life—even more frugal than the careful operatives of Mines. Although they are ignorant they are not thoughtless. Their watchings over the exigencies of the silk-worm from the egg to the cocoon, give them habits of reflection. Again, the religious passions and their incessant contentions between Protestant and Roman Catholic, which characterize this region, give them a habit of intellectual activity that is not perhaps exactly wholesome, and which keeps them from rusting. The working population is chiefly Roman Catholic, while the richer folk are Protestant. The fight, then, is fierce and lasting. On neither side does religion appear to be deeply set in the hearts of men; but sectarian rancour is not the less savage.

We now turn to the few institutions of this interesting region of the French Empire. These are few and unimportant. We miss those charitable, economic, and religious associations which operate among the working classes of the North of France. The Minois have looked coldly even

upon the simply and clearly advantageous agency of mutual benefit societies. Protestant employers have been held aloof from Catholic employed. Again, the sober habits of the working men, have reduced the call for charitable institutions. At Mines the few refuges and charitable institutions that exist are separately constituted, under Catholics or Protestants. In these institutions the sick are cared for, and poor orphans are protected. But Mines has its peculiar institutions.

In the year 1442 a Minois left his property to be spent in the gratuitous defence of the poor in any Mines tribunal before which they might be summoned. The Advocacy of the Poor Society is an old and a noble institution, although its operations are confined to trivial matters of procedure. The idea was a lofty and a Christian one, and the Minois was a good man who devoted his fortune to it. There are gratuitous Roman Catholic and Protestant schools at Mines, as well as schools of industry and design. To England and to Germany Mines was a weaving school. From Mines the Edict of Nantes sent forth the forefathers of our poor Spitalfields weavers. Mines sent forth teachers, and is now herself untaught. She is behind the manufacturing world. Great Lyons stops every customer who would approach her. She is without capital, and cannot, therefore, compete with the great industrial centres of this active time. Her masters are little masters, who are content with very little fortunes; and when they have made a little money draw it from their firm, and from the productive power of the town, and go away to cultivate some bit of land, and doze happily to the end of their chapter.

We are told that the manufacturers of the Gard know how to produce excellent stuffs; but that they lack commercial aptitude. They are almost ignorant of the art of driving bargains. Not unwisely, they are advised to take lessons in this art from Englishmen. It is not only at Mines, however, that such advice should be tendered to French manufacturers.

In the departments of Hérault and Tarn, mountainous regions, the inhabitants of which appear to have the warmth of the south and the vigour

of the north, the manufacture of wool is the staple industry. The three principal seats of this manufacture are Lodève, Bédarieux, and Mazamet. Here cloths of all kinds are produced.

Lodève is magnificently situated, in the bosom of a narrow valley, with a terraced amphitheatre covered with vines, figs, and almond trees, closing it in. The site is glorious, but the town is a dark and dirty assemblage of narrow streets. The mountain torrents are the motive power in nearly all the mills. Within the narrow limits of the town there are upwards of eleven thousand inhabitants, including four thousand engaged in the mills. These mills are in the possession of highly flourishing men, who have ample capital, and buy their raw material for cash. This material is nearly all devoted to the fabrication of military clothing. Lodève is the draper's shop for the heroes of France, where Government buys the capotes of the Zouave and the Piou-Piou. Government is not a liberal customer, and, moreover, takes credit; so that the Lodève manufacturer's fortune is the result of long service and careful husbanding. He must undertake great risks occasionally; for instance, when he is called upon to furnish a revolutionary government with vast quantities of military clothing, the government's exchequer being empty. On one occasion the poor manufacturer being paid in *rentes*, lost fifty per cent.

A high mountain and precipitous paths separate Lodève from Bédarieux. The country is less mountainous about this busy city; still the streets are narrow, and many of the workmen's homes as insalubrious as those we have described in the north. We have here five thousand operatives, all employed in the manufacture of cloths, like those of Elbœuf, the old worsted stocking manufactures having disappeared. Bédarieux was determined, in leaving the clothing of the feet, to go to the opposite extreme; and now the city is remarkable as enjoying almost a monopoly for the cloth of which caps are made. Not much less than 300,000 pieces of this cap-cloth are from Bédarieux; whence also flannels and light woollens of a cheap description proceed in large quantities. Those light cheap cloths

are easily sold—Africa and the Levant consume them—and they figure largely in the fairs of Beaucaire and Toulouse.

The chief manufacturing city of the three, which distinguish the two departments of which we are treating, is Mazamet. This strange city, at the foot of the Black Mountains, apart from other industrial centres, and from the ordinary resources of civilization, has risen into importance within the present century. Already there are about eight thousand operatives in this cleanly and flourishing centre of cloth manufactures. All is new and bright. It is within this century that twelve adventurous natives of the place put their money and heads together, and gave new openings to the industry of their neighbours. Abundant water-power and cheap labour made these adventurers flourish; and their success tempted others, and so Mazamet became the Elbœuf of the south!

The people are energetic and persevering. M. Audiganne declares that they reminded him of English masters and operatives. They are wrapped up in the one idea of making money. The fathers have no ambition for their sons, save that of being successful in the market and the mill. A monument of the chief and foremost of these prudent and energetic employers of labour, M. Houlés, adorns one of the squares of the town. Improvements in machinery reach this city of the Black Mountains but slowly; still there is homework for handloom weavers in the mountain villages round about. The weavers of Mazamet earn low wages; but when their wants, and the prices at which they can be satisfied are taken into consideration, they are better off than the weavers of Elbœuf or Rheims. The manufactures of Mazamet are all consumed in France. Here is manufactured the cloth so popular in Brittany, called *cauli*. The Mazamet merchants sell at very low prices, and dispense, as far as possible, with middle-men. They carry their goods to the great fairs, and there sell them direct to the retailer. These vigorous men have almost absorbed the little manufacturing town, called Castres, that, long ago, was celebrated for its tough fabric, called leather-cloths. There are other spots in the region we are describing, where woollen ma-

nufactures are carried on; but none of them, not even Montpellier, where coarse counterpanes are elaborated, offer any remarkable features to dwell upon.

There is a quaint old place, however, near Lodève, that is worth a glance. It is an ancient place—that was a royal manufactory. Situated in the centre of a valley, covered with vines, and the rich vegetation of the south, and protected by pine-covered hills, this strange citadel was created in 1660. Villeneuve is a little manufacturing town, surrounded by ramparts, and protected by bastions. Within its walls, 400 workmen are employed weaving military cloths. It is one factory in short, within the walls of which are church, town-hall, and the house of the *patron*, who owns the entire town. This curious workmen's citadel, was, at its origin, taken under the powerful protection of Colbert; and it enjoyed a subvention voted by the ancient province of Languedoc. Until 1789 the manufactures of Villeneuve were fabrics for the Levant and the Indies; now the Piou-Piou's coat is the sole support of the place. In the good old times of subventions, patents, and premiums,* "Royal Manufactory" was written in golden letters over the gate-way to this citadel; but, after the Revolution of February, "Honour to Labour" covered the original inscription. Every morning the townsfolk rise to the beat of drum, as in a besieged city; at night the draw-bridge at the town-gate is raised, the gate is closed, and none may enter or leave before the morrow.

There are other industries than the manufacture of woollens in the broad and various regions of Languedoc. There are small mines and a few foundries; and, glancing across the pestilent marshes of Vic, we reach the strange town of Cette, where, in addition to a great hardware establishment, three thousand persons are engaged in the fabrication of all kinds of wines. It is said that these clever folk can imitate any wine in the world, save Bordeaux, the aroma of which defies their skill. Wages are high in this business, but the wage-earners'

provisions (which are brought from a distance) are dear.

The manners of the various races of Languedoc are tinged with the blood of Spain. The operatives of Lodève, proud, haughty, and repelling to strangers, are not generally hard workers, but they are nimble dancers of fandangos, to the sound of fife and tabor. The women are fond of dress, and the men of a lounge in a café or wine shop. In their homes they are slovenly and dirty. Rooted to the soil of their native valley, they marry, rear families, and die without traversing much more ground than the silk-worm travels. They marry early. The children live with their parents until they settle, and pay to the head of the family a part of their wages as the price of their food and lodging. Meat is dear, but wine is cheap. Young women who go astray are severely judged, and remorselessly thrust away from their old companions. These hapless creatures generally take refuge in the University city, Montpellier. And so, the harsh judgment, it may be, of a single fault, drives the sinner to a life of ignominy. Let us remark that the operatives of Lodève are very devout. They are all Roman Catholics, and they join in religious processions, attend church, and observe the ceremonies of their faith, with fervour and regularity. They have two brotherhoods, to which the men attach themselves, viz.: the White Penitents and the Blue Penitents, so called from the colours of the cowls they wear in processions. These brotherhoods are religious societies, the members of which have a kind of moral relationship to each other. The Blues and Whites keep up a quiet rivalry, which they display chiefly in the richness of the emblems they carry in processions. They are very proud of costly crosses they possess. Again, they have a saint, who was bishop of the town, according to their legend, in the tenth century, whose name creates a profound emotion among them. St. Fulcran is the *hepa*, the prop, the brother of the unfortunate. To him these pious folk address their prayers when times are bad, or when some heavy calamity has fallen

* Colbert gave the founders of Villeneuve a premium of ten livres for every piece of cloth they exported.

on their house. On his *fête* day all Lodève is in commotion, and the operatives vie with each other in doing him honour. This tendency to the superstitions, added to the little knowledge these people have of French, have kept them far from the paths of knowledge. To teach them any thing, the tutor must begin by instructing them in a new language.

The operatives of Bédarieux are gentler, and better housed and fed, than those of Lodève. They are addicted to potations in wine shops, but they seldom get drunk. In days gone by they were vigorous poachers, but they are disarmed now, and their life is unbroken monotony. They are not so impressionable as their neighbours of Lodève; they are not so outwardly devout: they have no brotherhoods. Here are a few Protestants, who are left in peace to follow their religion; this tolerance would not be extended to them in Lodève. The operatives of Bédarieux are better educated than in the neighbouring town—that is, a greater proportion of them can read and write. At Mazamet, again, we find a population distinct in character and habits from the citizens of Lodève and Bédarieux. The Mazamet operatives have not forgotten their agricultural origin; they are still simple in their habits, and moderate in their wants; they are not fond of dress and fêtes, and they are, consequently, moral. Their amusement is in the wine shop, and drunkenness is occasionally apparent, but it is not a hideous sore, as this vice is in the manufacturing north. There is still something patriarchal in the relations between the employer and the employed. The female operatives' children run about the factory while their mothers are at work; while babes at the breast may be carried to the factory and nursed there: provided always that the children are clean. Here nearly all the masters, and above half the operatives, are Protestants; but the two religions do not separate the population angrily, as at Mines.

There are some peculiarities belonging to the population of Villeneuve which we passed over when we described it. The vigorous rules under which the citizens live, keep them from gambling and drunkenness. One café and one wine shop are to be found in the city, and the doors of

these establishments are closed regularly at nine o'clock in the evening. In the course of thirty years only one illegitimate birth happened, not followed by marriage—which, in France, legitimizes. The community would expel the individual who would not repair a wrong he had done to a woman, by prompt marriage. But the simple citizens of Villeneuve have gone farther. Disciples of Malthus, they have endeavoured to check an increase of their population. At first they strove to carry a resolution to the effect that no workman should be employed in the city or fortified factory who married before he had reached a certain age. But this resolution would lead to evil, since it would drive lovers to sin, that they might be authorized to marry. It was at last agreed to cast forth the authors of such scandals. Regulations of this description are borne quietly and contentedly by the citizens of Villeneuve, who cling to their little town, and are proud to be of it. Parents are compelled to send their children to school, so that the population of Villeneuve is better educated than any other community round about. This calm and industrious community has no political history. When, in 1848, bodies of neighbouring workmen were on strike, and ready for blows, the workmen of Villeneuve ranged themselves about their masters, shouldered the few guns within their walls, and were prepared to defend their independence. They were content with their lot, and were not dazzled by the bright promises of socialism. They were not for dethronement. M. Audiganne tells us that in 1853 the mayor of Villeneuve was the oldest inhabitant. He had been a workman; was in his ninety-third year, and had been mayor during twenty years. His deputy was more than sixty years old, and was destined to succeed him. The proprietor, or chief, of this strange fortified colony of workmen, is obeyed; but he purchases this obedience by the conscientious fulfilment of the duties he owes to his subjects. In the first place, his workmen have no rent to pay. They are lodged gratis in comfortable quarters. They obtain flour at cost price. These positive advantages rendered by the chief, enable him to demand from each family

a subscription of five shillings annually, to cover the cost of sickness. Paterfamilias is compelled to pay sixpence monthly for every child who is old enough to attend school. When a workman is incapacitated, he enjoys a pension, but not enough to free his friends from the salutary responsibility of contributing to his support. These pensions are given, generally, at an advanced age; for it is very difficult to persuade workmen to leave the factory. Old men of seventy-five may be seen crouching over their work—loth to leave it, and lay up to die. The old mayor of 1853, to whom we have already referred, worked until he was seventy-eight. Here, then, paupers and beggars are unknown.

Villeneuve is a bright example to its neighbours. The Blue and White Penitents have mutual benefit societies in some way attached to them; but at Lodève, for instance, the well-being of the masses is not as completely assured as it is within the ramparts of Villeneuve. The workmen are jea-

lous at the interference of Imperial legislation. At Mazamet there is a Temperance Protestant Benefit Society, the members of which undertake never to enter wine-shop or *café*. An exception, however, is made. A member may receive a stranger at an inn, provided he makes a declaration of the fact to the superintendent of his neighbourhood within twenty-four hours. There are, or have been, mutual benefit societies at Castres, and among the coopers of Certe. The Imperial régime laid a strong hand upon the coopers in 1852, however; and they have, we imagine, small chance of combining for any purpose just now.

We have now wandered over this curious and most interesting region of industrial France. We have, so far as our limits allowed us, surveyed the provincial industries of France. We have still to set some strange revelations of the industries of Paris before the reader.

THE RIVALS OF KRISHNAPORE.

"Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?"

Troilus and Cressida.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

FURTHER EVENTS OF THE EVENING.

THE jellies were fixed at last: the band played "The Roast Beef of Old England." Colonel Forester gave his arm to the Artillery Major's wife: Fitzgerald took Helen: old Twisleton—a nice silent lady, who did not distress his happy visions by an observation. Chance adjusted the other couples, and lastly, the Artillery Major and Mrs. Forester closed the social procession, which then swept into the verandah, where supper was laid out. There were seats for all, and the entertainment was a substantial midnight meal. Mrs. Forester was a rare manager. Her Mulligatawny soup was savoury and sumptuous. Her fowls were as tender as *blanc mange*: her ducks of the richest flavour. In her pigeon pies, delightful surprises awaited the appreciative partaker: gelatinous crevices broke on his enchanted view, lying like un-

sunned snow in the clefts of the mountains. Her oyster loaf was effective; but rather as a pleasure of memory than as a triumph of fruition: for oysters on which Hermes has set his seal, have only power to recall to the pensive palate, the impalpable remembrance of the fresh mollusk—to touch the heart with a sense of departed joys, and the paradise lost of Milton. The Doctor passed a divine twenty minutes! When the gate of his lips closed behind a morsel of more than ordinary delicacy, he would cast his eyes upward, wrapt half in ecstasy and half in wonder.

The non-dancing men were much more at their ease than they had been in the ball-room; with knives and forks in their hands, they felt they could hold their own with the rest: their spirits returned, and they drank each other's healths in flowing cham-

pagne, with great freedom across the table. In due course of time the sound of voices swelled above that of the concussion of plates; the latter grew fainter and fainter, and supper gently subsided into general conversation. At this juncture, a half-witted lieutenant, who was the butt of the regiment, and had been hotly persuaded the whole of supper-time, by some of the younger ones, that it was his duty to make a speech, slowly rose to his legs: "Gentlemen and ladies," said he, "I am going to propose a toast which I am sure you will all be very happy to drink. We have spent a pleasant evening—and no mistake. Many beautiful young ladies dancing like fairies, and champagne, in my humble opinion, first-rate. Gentlemen, the health of Colonel and Mrs. Forester. 'For they are jolly good fellows'"—

The misguided youth was here going off into a tavern catch, but was arrested and dragged down into his chair by those sitting immediately around him. Inextinguishable laughter drowned all resentment at the lieutenant's presumption in constituting himself the spokesman of the company, and the toast was drunk, all standing, with due enthusiasm. And now sundry "hushes," and a whisper for silence, betokened that the Colonel's response was expected. The good old man was no orator, and his nervousness took the form of emotion, so that a speech from him was not only a disappointment to the intellect, but in addition, a positive strain on the feelings. However, he meant well, and what did it matter whether he could speak or not? "He was very glad," he said, "to think his guests had—had"—after a long pause, "demeaned themselves so happily. He was sure he might say for Mrs. Forester that she was not behind himself in wishing them every joy. As for his hospitality, India was not what he remembered it. Government had become more—more—more—after the manner of old Joe Hume than they used to be; but never mind, he could still see his friends about him. He sincerely wished them every happiness, and would pray that they might all be spared to—to—to lay their bones in their native land." Here the worthy

Colonel sat down in tears, and amidst general applause.

And now the ladies rose, and each escorted by her gallant, returned into the ball-room. Fitzgerald had, of course, sat next Helen at supper, and had engaged her in eager conversation, and now they wandered arm in arm about the ball-room, as the band played a march preparatory to the set of quadrilles, which was marked as the first dance after supper. They agreed not to dance the quadrille, and so when that began to be formed, they looked out for a retreat to avoid being in the way of the dancers. The side verandah, which Sherwood had discovered, looked very tempting through the closed windows; and they managed, by a little ingenuity, to find their way into it from the front door. It was moonlight, and very clear and still. They stood by the balustrade of the verandah and looked out into the tranquil night.

"May I call you by your Christian name for one evening, as a great favour?" said Fitzgerald.

"Certainly, I wish you would," replied Helen; "I hate being called 'Miss;' it always reminds me of my old aunts at Cheltenham, who were so strict with me, and who, I am sure, liked their parrots and their vile, fat, little dogs, much better than their niece."

"Well, then, Helen," said he, "have you enjoyed the dancing this evening?"

"Yes, I have, very much," she replied; "I like dancing with you best, and second best with Mr. Sherwood. He has a very good ear, and he holds one so firmly, but he has not been so much accustomed to dancing as you have. He told me one day, I think, that his father and mother did not approve of dancing, and so he never learnt as a boy. You know some people in England, Mr. Fitzgerald, do not approve of dancing."

"Don't they?" said he; "but do you know, Helen, I never feel so happy as when I encircle you gently with my arm, and we whirl delightfully off into space."

"Oh! I don't believe that," said Helen, laughing; "you officers are much happier in your own bungalows, smoking and playing at cards, than with ladies. Now, there is one good

thing about Mr. Sherwood, he does not smoke."

"I am not talking about ladies," said Fitzgerald, "but about a lady, and a young one, and the only one I ever cared about in my life."

"Nonsense, Mr. Fitzgerald; that is one of your fine speeches which you learnt at Paris, where you are so very fond of telling us you have often been."

"No, dearest Helen," said he, "I am not flattering you in the least; indeed, I must be a better actor than I thought I was, if I have concealed from you so long the great regard I have for you."

Helen, whose brusque sayings were all the offspring of high spirits, and who was thoroughly genuine, now began to be nervous.

"Helen," he continued, taking her hand and turning towards her, with his back to the balustrades; "I am so glad this opportunity has occurred of telling you that ever since you came here last winter, I have felt for you an attachment which has so grown upon me that I cannot any longer resist it. I have long tried to resist it, because it always seemed unreasonable and unkind to ask you to leave your father's comfortable home, and take your chance in life with a poor lieutenant. But I believe you have that resolution in you—we call it 'pluck'—that with a person you really love, you would put up with deprivations."

Helen now was frightened: she was in all the realities of an "offer:" she had never had one before, though, of course, she had very often considered what it would be like when it happened. Now it had come, and she had got to answer. But her truth and openness never deserted her, and though her voice trembled dreadfully, she got out the words quite distinctly.

"I am very sorry this has happened, Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, "because I am afraid I must give you pain; and you have been so kind a friend that I am quite grieved to do so. But deception is so wrong, that I must at once tell you that my feelings towards you are not those which I should hope to feel towards one who was to be my husband."

"Helen!" cried Fitzgerald, and he

looked at her, for a minute or so in mute surprise. Then, again taking her hand, he said tenderly, "I see how it is, dearest—you are over-scrupulous. You do not yet feel that devotion which you want to feel. But you have seen so little of the world, Helen; people often marry without that very ardent love which you are thinking of, and they grow to being very happy together. I am quite content, dearest, that you should simply have only a strong liking for me at first, if you prefer that word. I do not want to be exacting from my heart's idol."

The tears stood in Helen's eyes; but she wrestled with herself, and spoke boldly out: "I had much better wound your tenderness, Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, "than deceive you now. I do not think, indeed, I am quite sure, that time would never make the change in my feelings you believe it would. I never should love you as I ought."

He started away from her for a moment, and walked a few paces down the verandah, but immediately returned, and standing before her, said—"Helen, are you quite serious? have you no love for me at all?"

She said—"It would be an untruth to say I loved you, if I did not. I do not wish to be more explicit. I have really said all I can."

He left her a second time and walked to the end of the verandah; then rapidly returned, and addressing her in an altered way, and with marked politeness, said—"Miss Forester, you have spoken about deception more than once, and each time have implied how abhorrent it would be to you. Will you pardon my asking you in confidence, a single question?"

She bowed.

"Will you tell me, openly and fairly, whether you have not expected an offer from me?"

"Really, Mr. Fitzgerald, I do not think you have any right to ask," replied Helen, at once nettled and agitated; "but, as you appeal to my frankness, I will tell you. I certainly have observed your attentions, and it has been said to me that you would propose, but I did not myself believe you had made up your mind."

"Do you think, Miss Forester, you ever tried to indicate to me that if I

did make an offer it would be unsuccessful?"

"You ask the oddest questions, Mr. Fitzgerald," said Helen, rather taken aback; "but I may say this, I have been, within myself, perfectly sincere; I have always wished that you might not make one, because my resolution was always fixed as to what my answer must be."

"Miss Forester," said Fitzgerald, "you cannot deny this, that you have seen a man falling in love with you, and growing more and more attached to you, and you have encouraged his attachment only to make a fool of him."

"No," said Helen, with energy; "I am afraid I have been wrong in not taking pains to show you that I never could love you; but encourage you, in the sense you mean, I never did—that is, try to make you believe I *did* love you. I cannot accuse myself of that. My conscience acquits me."

"We have been very frank, to-night, Miss Forester; will you forgive the final frankness of a question still bolder and odder, as you call it, than the one I have just asked."

"I am willing to hear it."

"Is there an attachment to any one else which is a standing obstacle to all chance of future love for me?"

Helen flushed all over, and made a motion of leaving the verandah.

"Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, in an angry tone, "if we are to part friends, and if this evening is not to see the close of our acquaintance, you must not take such a liberty as to ask questions on matters which are no concern of yours, and to which you have no right to expect an answer."

She was going.

"Helen!" cried Fitzgerald, "if you have any tenderness in you stay a moment longer;" and he caught her hand.

He stood looking at her for a moment in silence, and then said—

"I never had any sisters: I have not been a happy man: it seemed the one chance of things coming right with me."

Helen could not resist shedding a few tears; she felt excited and unstrung.

"Every one thought I had won your heart," he continued; "if you never showed any preference for me,

it is odd they should all have been so mistaken."

A pang of conscience shot through Helen's breast, and made the tears fall faster. Had she never prided herself on exercising an influence over the man who stood beside her?

"Why do you weep," he asked, rather abruptly, "if you have no love for me? Helen, are you quite decided? Is your mind finally made up? Is there no hope for me?"

She shook her head.

At this moment a step was heard, and the Colonel entered the verandah with a cheroot in his mouth. He was quite unconscious, apparently, that it was previously occupied.

"Ho! ho! young people," said he, in his gruff voice; "whispering in the moonlight, eh, soft nothings, I suppose?"

"Do look, dear papa," said Helen; "what a lovely night it is."

Fitzgerald abruptly left them.

"What is the matter, my child?" whispered the old man; "what has happened? Tell me."

"You shall know every thing afterwards, dearest papa," she replied; "but please give me your arm into the house again, people will observe my absence."

He threw away his cheroot, and they returned into the ball-room.

But Fitzgerald had left the house.

In the meantime Sherwood had been actively engaged in employments far removed from the intended sweet and agreeable programme he had planned for himself.

He had driven down to the scene of the fire in the doctor's buggy; but had at once returned it, and sent for his horse.

He was a fellow thoroughly hearty in all he undertook; and as it was clearly his duty, as head of the police, to organize measures to stop the mischief, he was soon busily employed, and forgot for a while the tender scenes he had left.

The fire was readily accounted for; indeed, the only wonder was more fires had not occurred.

The sorrowing fanatics, in waving a torch round in the ecstasies of their grief, had ignited the thatch of a house. It was an oilman's shop, and there was a furious blaze in a few moments.

When Sherwood arrived the fire

was at its height, and the swarthy crowd, swaying to and fro, and all alive with excited gestures, made a striking picture in the intense light. The sufferers could be easily distinguished: they were sitting at the edge of the crowd, quite motionless, with their heads tied up, looking on. Some old woman, perhaps, whose house was being destroyed, would dart for a moment to the very border of the flames to snatch away some scrap of coloured cloth, or some old brass-pot, and having secured this, would quite contentedly sit down again to see the fabric which had contained it perish. A good many people were actively employed, after a disorganized fashion, pulling down rafters already on fire, and carrying out other somewhat bootless efforts of the kind. Everybody was giving orders at the very pitch of their voices, not excluding the police, who added to this useless exertion the still more profitless one of pushing people back without any definite object. Meantime, the fire lapped up the greasy thatches in fiendish defiance of human imbecility.

Sherwood was collected, ready, and prompt. Having first ascertained there was a tank of water a hundred yards off, he organized a line of people thither to pass earthen jars of water from hand to hand. He saw at a glance that the two or three oilmen's shops, and a few huts in their immediate vicinity, must go, as he could not, with his limited supply of water, contend against fire intensified by oleaginous stores; so he turned all his force to creating a break, and this, partly by pulling down rafters and thatch, and partly by steadily soaking, with all available water, what could not be got away, he effected in the house next to the last oilman's. The check once established, he next turned all the water on the now waning fire itself, and in a short time it was sufficiently brought under to be left in the hands of the police. Then, mounting his

favourite chestnut, he flew back to the festive scene. But alas! as he entered the enclosure of the Colonel's house, there was not a carriage, or a buggy, or a pony to be seen.

He leapt off his horse, threw the bridle to one of the Colonel's guard, and slipped into the verandah.

The lights were being rapidly extinguished in the ball-room. Servants were busily engaged in displacing the garlands and muffing the furniture. There was a little white kid glove on the floor, which had been dropt and forgotten; and near it a dead rose. The faint smell of frangipanni still pervaded the empty room. That sinking of the spirits, that peculiarly sad feeling, when we are reminded of the transience of enjoyment, stole over Sherwood. He knew the Foresters so well that he would have gone in, and wished them "good night;" but on stepping down the verandah, he saw father, mother, and Helen sitting in a side room, all eagerly in conversation, and, as he thought, Helen in tears.

The Colonel caught his figure, and immediately came out.

"Ah! Sherwood, my lad," said he, "I was so sorry you had to go. Fire all right? Yes: that's well. We shall ride to-morrow as usual, half an hour after gun-fire. Good night, good night."

Sherwood was not asked in, and so he got on his horse and cantered home.

The old Doctor was sitting up, in an arm-chair, in the verandah. "My heart bled for you, Harry, boy," said he, "but I do not think you could have made much of to-night: the party broke up so quickly. By the time I came out from supper, Fitzgerald was gone, and the young lady was knocked up, and would not dance any more; and after an abortive imitation of 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' all the people left; and, by gad, there was not an attempt even at second supper."

CHAPTER II.

"NOT THOUGHTS BEGET HOT DEEDS."

THE Doctor was just up, when Sherwood returned from his morning ride. Cane settles and a table were put out in the verandah, and on the latter

lay the sacred meerschaum ready filled, waiting only for its master to imbibe a cup of tea, before its sacrificial fires were ignited—~~sacrificial~~—

for is not tobacco the burnt sacrifice of time ?

Sherwood was unusually silent and thoughtful.

"Come, tell us, Harry, boy, where you have been," asked the Doctor.

"Oh ! the usual thing," said he.

"But you had not the young lady with you this morning ?"

"Yes, indeed, we had, as fresh as a flower—papa, mamma, and Miss, as if there had been no ball at all."

"That's what keeps them all so healthy," said the Doctor ; "well, and what did you talk about ? Did you manage to say what you meant to have said last night ?"

Sherwood nodded his head.

"No !" cried the Doctor, greatly amused ; "you don't mean to say so. What, on an empty stomach ! You are the only man, Harry, in the station that could do it. Come, tell us all about it : only wait till I drink my tea and light my pipe. I cannot listen properly without 'baccy.'"

The tea was drunk ; the pipe lit ; its master assumed an attentive attitude.

"I am not going to tell you what I said," began Sherwood. "You must suppose all that. Long watched her kindly disposition, and felt the greatest esteem and admiration. Could not conceal from myself ; warmer feelings had grown up gradually, and so on. Had not much to offer ; youth and good health ; tolerably strong arm, and, I hoped, stout heart, and all that kind of thing ; you understand ?"

"All right." There was not much more to be got out of the Doctor ; his little burst of talking was over for the day.

"Well, then ; she did not seem displeased, but said, of course, I could not expect her to answer on such a serious subject without reflection, and that her father and mother must know ; and that she was very sorry I had selected that morning, as it made a 'dreadful complication,' as she called it. I do not know what that meant ; and that she hoped I should not think her unkind in giving no decisive answer ; and she should like to wait a day or two ; and that marriage was a very serious step, and we were both young, and she should like her parents' advice. And then she hoped again I should not be hurt. And she was so sorry I left the ball

last night ; so very sorry for a particular reason which she would not tell. And she said I must wait some days, and then, just as we were catching up the Colonel and her mamma, she said 'I must mind and not be hurt.' And that was all. And so it is neither one way or the other, and I do not know what to think of matters. But I hope it's all right. What do you say, Doctor ?"

"All right," was the reply.

Thus much happened before breakfast.

After breakfast, the air was resonant with the beat of Indian drums, and the house-servants came in a body to ask leave of absence to go and see what is called the cooling of the *tazeeas*. Leave was granted ; the Doctor and Sherwood, moreover, ordered the buggy, to go down themselves and see the crowd. It was the tenth day of the Mohurram, the day of Martyrdom, and all the inhabitants of the place, great and small, as well as all the soldiers, were collected together on a large waste piece of ground outside the town, which was designated Kerbela.

There is a tradition that the head of Hosein was buried at Kerbela, in Irak ; and whether this be so or not, there is a tomb on the plain there, still an object of great veneration to the Persians. And almost all Indian towns of any size have a piece of ground in their vicinity called Kerbela, which is employed this one day of the year for the ceremony of the cooling of the *tazeeas*. When Sherwood and the Doctor arrived there, there was an immense crowd assembled. All the paraphernalia of the preceding evening were displayed in full splendour, but in the sober light of day the tinsel and trumpery were sadly apparent. The men, too, looked haggard with the excitement and wakefulness of the past night, and though they still shouted their religious cries, and though the drums still beat with a fervour which was truly astonishing, symptoms of a want of sustained interest in the spectators, and of hearty enthusiasm in the performers, were easily to be discerned.

At length the *tazeeas* were lowered from the shoulders of their bearers ; the little miniature tombs were removed from within, and the fabrics themselves were solemnly buried in

the earth : a somewhat meaningless ceremony, for which is substituted that of throwing them into the water, in localities where a river is conveniently near. This done, the standards and other furniture of the festival, stript, however, of their flowers and gay scarfs, were carried home, and the crowd gradually dispersed.

We must now turn to Fitzgerald.

Although, at the close of his interview with Helen, he had seemed touched and overcome, yet no sooner had he re-entered the ball-room, and felt upon him the gaze of inquiring eyes, than his pride returned, and looking haughtily round for a moment or so, he strode out of the house and drove straight home.

It was rather a foolish thing of him to do, for it attracted attention ; and although the non-dancing men were still lingering at the supper-table, and did not witness his departure, others in the ball-room did do so, and were, of course, busy in their conjectures as to its cause. But somehow or another they came to connect it with the old Colonel's bringing in of Helen, when she had gone out with Fitzgerald, and supposed the latter was offended at being surprised in some romantic retreat.

Fitzgerald was too disconcerted and vexed that night for much reflection ; and so, after a stiff glass of brandy and soda-water, he went sulkily to bed. But with the next morning came the capacity for a very careful review of all that had happened, the result of which was utter surprise and intense disgust at his own want of acuteness, and a fixed impression that Helen was in love with Sherwood.

Nothing could possibly be more distasteful to Fitzgerald than to find himself in a position for the commiseration of others. To have been quite natural, to have left off acting, and to have shown a little glimpse of real heart (a ludicrous muscle which he habitually decried)—and all this before a simple girl, upon whom its only effect was that she was moved to think she had perhaps deceived him ! What extraordinary infatuation could have possessed him ! Fitzgerald pitied and his disappointments wept over ! Fitzgerald the cool, the emotionless—Fitzgerald who could chaff the cabmen, and who was perfectly at his ease in the trying society of *les filles*

entretenues—Fitzgerald put into the background by a spoony country cousin of a fellow, full of ridiculous natural feelings, and as simple and earnest in tastes and pursuits as an infernal little child ! It was absolutely intolerable. Whilst these irritating thoughts were passing through the head of the man of the world, as he sat out smoking a cigar before his own bungalow, who should come by, returning from their ride, but the Colonel and his wife, and Helen and Sherwood—the latter two side by side. This was too much, and produced an alteration of mood. He rose jauntily from his seat, and kissed his hand in an airy way to the passer-by. Then shouting for his servant, he ordered his bath, and at the same time bid the table attendant, who was removing the tea things, to go over to the mess-house and get a couple of bottles of champagne, and to be very particular about his cooking, and also to take his compliments to Bingham Sahib, and would he come over to breakfast.

Mr. Bingham was only too glad to come, being a recent arrival, and proud of the notice of the eminent Fitzgerald. He was a tall, slight youth, pale as a ghost, and very unpleasantly self-possessed, who appeared in due course, with a cheroot in his mouth a trifle smaller than a parasol, and having delightfully simple and agreeable tastes, asked for a nip of neat brandy before eating, to put his "coppers" right after the Colonel's "gooseberry."

And when breakfast arrived, having with great gusto devoured nearly half a red-herring, he was prepared, of course, to floor his bottle of champagne like a man.

Fitzgerald displayed, as they sat together, an airiness of demeanour and a flow of spirits which delighted the susceptible Bingham, and as profligate inuendo succeeded questionable anecdote, the young listener felt quite a glow of superiority from the mere reflection of the knowledge of life exhibited by his companion.

Bingham had hoped to have spent the morning with his friend ; but in this he was disappointed, for no sooner was the meal over than the latter ordered his buggy, and retired into the bed-room to complete his toilet.

Soon after he emerged elaborately attired, and bidding Bingham take good care of himself (he had locked

up the brandy and cigars by the way), drove off in the direction of the Colonel's house. It was real satisfaction to him to see what confusion his visit occasioned. Mrs. Forester received him quite awkwardly; Helen blushed and trembled; and the old Colonel, who looked in for a moment, hastily retreated to an apartment which was called his study, because he smoked there.

Fitzgerald surpassed himself in *non-chalance*. He talked gaily of the ball, quizzed the Miss Biddles, imitated their funny patois, made droll tales of the little incidents of the evening, and actually reminded Helen how he and she were enjoying the moonlight, when her father came upon them, "like the impracticable uncle in a farce." He ventured even on the subject of Sherwood, and described an imaginary scene of his returning from the fire about sunrise, and prowling about the Colonel's house, begging the servants to give him some of the supper, from which he had been so unfortunately excluded. Helen indignantly denied that this story was true, but the other only replied it was mere hearsay, and he could not vouch for its accuracy, as he was asleep himself at the time.

He then drove off, having fully, to his own belief, re-established his character as a man of the world, and thrown, as he hoped, an air of mystery about the real state of his feelings. But he had neither deceived Helen nor her mother; knowing people greatly over-estimate their powers of deception; and the only result of his call was that he had considerably lowered himself in the estimation of both. The day wore slowly on. There was a large party at luncheon at the mess; those who had taken a good deal of wine at the ball, and had kept it up afterwards, feeling at that hour returning appetite and a capacity for beer. Sherwood and the old Doctor were not there: they lunched at home, and afterwards, as there was a holiday in Sherwood's office, walked out with their rifles into the fields, in the hopes of meeting a black buck. When they returned it was getting dusk, and Sherwood was rather surprised to see an officer named Holloway seated in his room. He was the poor half-witted lieutenant who had made the speech the previous night at the ball. The good creature said he had something

to communicate to Sherwood, of which, after considerable hesitation, he safely delivered himself. A very kindly impulse had brought him. The fellows, he thought, had been exceeding a little at luncheon, and he had heard Fitzgerald using some disparaging remarks and coarse language at the billiard-room about Sherwood. He fancied if the latter came to dinner to the mess that night there might be quarrelling. "And so," said he, "I thought I would just step over and ask you not to come. Because there's no use in quarrelling, is there? And when fellows get excited, you know, if you leave them alone a little bit, they get unexcited." And he grinned as if he had found out a capital receipt for dealing with persons in the condition referred to.

"My dear Holloway," answered Sherwood, "I am very much obliged to you for the hint. It was very kind of you to come. I am afraid I must have a little dinner, but I am not the least fond of quarrelling, and shall take very good care of myself." So saying, he dismissed his homely adviser. Now, it did so happen that Sherwood could have dined at home, if he had liked it, comfortably enough, for the Doctor was not going to mess, and had ordered a very toothsome repast from his own servant. The first bugle had sounded some time, and as Sherwood came out of his room he saw the little table laid for the Doctor, and he knew how pleased his friend would be for him to stay; but there was a bit of pride in his heart, and the very idea that there was any intention to insult him made him the more anxious to brave his enemies. A shrewd suspicion had been growing in his mind all day that some declaration had taken place at the ball the night before, and what Holloway had told him of Fitzgerald's irritation confirmed this idea. But it was not his fault if Helen did not like Fitzgerald; he had a perfect right to love Helen himself if he chose, and to win her if he could. It was a fair contest aboveboard. He was not going to sneak away from the mess because people drank too much wine and lost their tempers. So he mounted his little pony, and rode resolutely down to the mess-house.

The second bugle sounded as he entered the enclosure where the building stood. When he reached the room

now read their names on the shelf behind where his father sat. And now the servants came in, headed by the stout old housekeeper, and his sisters and little brother were seated around. And the deep kindly voice of his father expounded the story of Cain and Abel, and he looked down and saw that his hands were bloody, and he tried to conceal them in his dress, but he only smeared his clothes with the same tell-tale hues, and on looking up, he caught his mother's anxious eye.

Then the scene changed abruptly. It

was the heath outside his father's gate, and there were the hounds and the gentlemen of the hunt, a goodly company, all eager for the sport. And he rode amongst them, on the dear bay pony which had carried him so often. But every eye was turned upon him, and he saw that his white cords, which he thought so virgin and so becoming, were spotted with blood, and he could read reproach in every face.

And as he sat, ashamed and guilty before them, loudly and lustily the huntsman blew his bugle-horn.

CHAPTER III.

GUN-FIRE.

"THE bugle!—bearer!" shouted Sherwood, as he leapt from his bed; and his first sensation was that of anger towards his servant for not having awakened him when so pressing an engagement was in view. But this was only momentary. His quick ear immediately detected that the bugle-call was not the reveille. He stepped hurriedly into the verandah. The unfilled moon was sinking in the horizon: her beams grew sickly apace, and objects scarcely discernible wore a strange, ghostly appearance in the eclipse-like twilight. A light chill breeze was abroad, such as often springs up some hour before the dawn. The alarm still rang in the air, to which were soon added shouts, and at last the distinct roll of musketry.

"My Arab, my Arab," cried Sherwood, as he buttoned up his jacket and fastened on his sword.

"What is the matter?" asked the Doctor, emerging from his room.

"I cannot conceive," said Sherwood. "Some outbreak, I fear."

Here a servant rushed in, shouting—"The Treasury, Sahib!"

"What about the Treasury?" cried the Doctor and Sherwood in a breath.

"The Treasury is looted, Sahib, and all the guard killed, and the town is to be plundered, and the bungalows burnt down."

This was obvious exaggeration, but it seemed possible the Treasury might have been attacked.

"By George!" said Sherwood; "and it was quite full, and the men have not had their pay for two months."

And now the Arab was brought, and its owner left for the scene of action at a hand-gallop.

The Doctor lighted his pipe, and ordered his buggy. It might be wanted presently.

There was extraordinary confusion on the parade-ground. The Colonel was there already, and a captain, and one or two of the subalterns, came galloping up, as Sherwood reached the ground.

The Colonel was quite cool, but stolid and undemonstrative. The men were rapidly turning out of their stables, mounted and armed.

A trooper came up full pace, and reported that the bandits had, some of them, left the Treasury, and were drawing off. Sherwood could not find out what had happened. One of the native officers told him that a large party of mounted robbers had attacked the Treasury, and the soubahdar's party had fallen back to a grove some distance off, and had fired upon them from thence. There was a small infantry guard, commanded by a soubahdar, in charge of the Treasury, which was relieved from time to time from a British station near the frontier.

At this moment there was a round of musketry fired, and the report seemed to come from the Treasury itself.

A quick and ready orderly, who always accompanied Sherwood, here shouted out eagerly—"There they go—there—there."

"Who go?" cried Sherwood.

"A camel and a lot of horsemen."

you one question. Do you consider Mr. Fitzgerald sober to-night?"

"Yes, I think so," replied the Captain, a good deal flurried; "I am of opinion that—I quite think so."

"I think not," said the Vet., "he never behaved like that before."

"Oh, he was perfectly sober," said the lieutenant.

"Perfectly sober," cried Bingham; "come, Coles, that's three to one. And besides, people don't throw tumblers at people whom they think drunk."

"Well, if it is decided he was sober," said Sherwood, "I will meet him. Coles, I am sure I may look to you to stand by me, now matters have come to this. Will you settle with Mr. Bingham any arrangements you may think proper? I shall sit up for you at my bungalow."

So saying, he jumped on his pony, and galloped off.

And two hours after, all was settled.

"Whether he was drunk or not at the time," said Coles, "I can't say; but he's sober enough now, that cut on his head cooled his blood. He's determined to have it out with you; and, hang it—no—I won't wish you may shoot him, but I *do* hope you will send him to bed for a few weeks, to think over his misconduct. And that fool, the Captain, might have stopped it all!"

They were to meet at gun-fire at the Butts, on the artillery practice ground.

And now Sherwood retired to his bed-room, and having strictly enjoined his servant to awake him a good hour before sunrise, and to have "Red Comyn" saddled, he dismissed him, and opening both compartments of his window, he stood for a while looking out. Then wrapping a horse-cloth about him, he lay down as he was on his bed. After the drumming and shouting of former nights, there seemed an unnatural stillness now, and something weird in the silent night, as it gleamed softly in.

And now passion was hushed, and the angry pulses had recovered their usual beat, how contemptible the events of the evening appeared! Then, he could not but remember how much had been brought about by his own doing. He had had reason to believe Fitzgerald was in a peculiarly irritated

state, and that he and others had been drinking freely. He might have avoided them. The Doctor's little dinner wooed him to remain at home. Then, again, when he did go, if he really thought Fitzgerald was under the influence of wine, how foolish to answer him. And when the insult had taken place, how truly childish to retaliate as he had done; for had he quietly called the Vet. and the Captain to witness as to what had occurred, and calmly stated that he took no notice of the matter, under the apprehension that Fitzgerald was not fully himself, and then left the mess-house, the game would have been entirely in his own hands, and Fitzgerald must have amply apologised, or left the regiment. But of course when he had taken the law into his own hands, there was no further redress for him, and *both* would have to go, if the affair was made public. Nor could he avoid fighting, for a man who hurled tumblers about could scarcely say that he objected to the violence and brute-force of duelling. And then the duel! If nothing happened, if neither were hurt, how ridiculous the whole business! If Fitzgerald were to fall, farewell peace of mind, farewell honourable occupation, farewell the hopes and aspirations of youth, farewell (yes! the thought *did* occur) beloved Helen! If he himself were to fall—it would kill his mother. He did not think of hereafter, that was too dark a prospect.

With the recollection of his mother came vivid thoughts of home. How dear in his mind's eye was every familiar object! The pretty lawn before his father's parsonage, the old church hard by—he could mark the very crack in the spire, where it was struck that dreadful afternoon of the thunderstorm—and now he could see his own room, with the sloping roof. There were the fishing-rods against the wall and the floats and hooks in the table drawer, and the very smell of the apples, which were stored in the neighbouring chamber, returned to him. Amidst these thoughts he fell to sleep; and the train of thoughts continued in sleep. And now it was the hour of family prayer; he was in his father's study; every wall covered with books; the old books—Milner, and Romaine, and Bevrige—he could

now read their names on the shelf behind where his father sat. And now the servants came in, headed by the stout old housekeeper, and his sisters and little brother were seated around. And the deep kindly voice of his father expounded the story of Cain and Abel, and he looked down and saw that his hands were bloody, and he tried to conceal them in his dress, but he only smeared his clothes with the same tell-tale hues, and on looking up, he caught his mother's anxious eye.

Then the scene changed abruptly. It

was the heath outside his father's gate, and there were the hounds and the gentlemen of the hunt, a goodly company, all eager for the sport. And he rode amongst them, on the dear bay pony which had carried him so often. But every eye was turned upon him, and he saw that his white cords, which he thought so virgin and so becoming, were spotted with blood, and he could read reproach in every face.

And as he sat, ashamed and guilty before them, loudly and lustily the huntsman blew his bugle-horn.

CHAPTER III.

GUN-FIRE.

"THE bugle!—bearer!" shouted Sherwood, as he leapt from his bed; and his first sensation was that of anger towards his servant for not having awakened him when so pressing an engagement was in view. But this was only momentary. His quick ear immediately detected that the bugle-call was not the reveille. He stepped hurriedly into the verandah. The unfilled moon was sinking in the horizon: her beams grew sickly apace, and objects scarcely discernible wore a strange, ghostly appearance in the eclipse-like twilight. A light chill breeze was abroad, such as often springs up some hour before the dawn. The alarm still rang in the air, to which were soon added shouts, and at last the distinct roll of musketry.

"My Arab, my Arab," cried Sherwood, as he buttoned up his jacket and fastened on his sword.

"What is the matter?" asked the Doctor, emerging from his room.

"I cannot conceive," said Sherwood. "Some outbreak, I fear."

Here a servant rushed in, shouting—"The Treasury, Sahib!"

"What about the Treasury?" cried the Doctor and Sherwood in a breath.

"The Treasury is looted, Sahib, and all the guard killed, and the town is to be plundered, and the bungalows burnt down."

This was obvious exaggeration, but it seemed possible the Treasury might have been attacked.

"By George!" said Sherwood; "and it was quite full, and the men have not had their pay for two months."

And now the Arab was brought, and its owner left for the scene of action at a hand-gallop.

The Doctor lighted his pipe, and ordered his buggy. It might be wanted presently.

There was extraordinary confusion on the parade-ground. The Colonel was there already, and a captain, and one or two of the subalterns, came galloping up, as Sherwood reached the ground.

The Colonel was quite cool, but stolid and undemonstrative. The men were rapidly turning out of their stables, mounted and armed.

A trooper came up full pace, and reported that the bandits had, some of them, left the Treasury, and were drawing off. Sherwood could not find out what had happened. One of the native officers told him that a large party of mounted robbers had attacked the Treasury, and the soubahdar's party had fallen back to a grove some distance off, and had fired upon them from thence. There was a small infantry guard, commanded by a soubahdar, in charge of the Treasury, which was relieved from time to time from a British station near the frontier.

At this moment there was a round of musketry fired, and the report seemed to come from the Treasury itself.

A quick and ready orderly, who always accompanied Sherwood, here shouted out eagerly—"There they go—there—there."

"Who go?" cried Sherwood.

"A camel and a lot of horsemen."

"It was a man on a camel, who was giving orders to the rest," said the trooper, who had ridden up from reconnoitring the Treasury.

Sherwood looked in the direction indicated, but his less practised eye could not pierce the gloom. Fully trusting, however, the keener sight of the native, he rode up to the Colonel.

"One of their leaders seems to be escaping, sir; may I pursue him?"

"Certainly," cried the Colonel, only too glad of a suggestion.

As some of the captains were absent from the regiment, Sherwood had temporary command of a troop. There were, perhaps, twenty men of his troop close by; so putting himself at their head, and bidding them follow, he dashed off, the orderly riding beside him, and shouting from time to time, "there they go, Sahib." As soon as Sherwood and his party got into the open fields they began to gain on the bandits, and the latter, perceiving this to be the case, no longer kept together, but separated and made off in different directions. The orderly, however, kept his eye steadily on the camel, and expressing his belief that it carried the leader, entreated Sherwood to pursue it alone. There was a glimmer of dawn, and Sherwood at last caught sight of the animal shuffling along at an astonishing pace. There was a little ruined mud-fort directly ahead, and, to the surprise of all, the camel was driven rapidly into this. It emerged, however, almost immediately afterwards, and its outline could be distinctly seen on the other side moving rapidly onwards again.

"Stop, Sahib—stop, Sahib," shouted the lynx-eyed orderly, as he pulled up his horse, and peered under his hand after the camel. The form, to Sherwood's sight, was a mere moving blotch, and it would have been utterly out of his power to declare even whether it was mounted or not.

"He has staid behind."

"Who has?" asked Sherwood.

"The leader," replied the orderly.

"There were two men on the camel when it went into the fort, and only one when it came out."

They rode up to the fort. It was a square enclosure, with broken walls of mud, and a moat or dike sur-

rounding them, in which there was shallow, muddy water.

There were two dilapidated gateways opposite each other leading into the enclosure.

"Surround the whole place," cried Sherwood, "and we will soon hunt him out."

The troopers placed themselves all round.

The orderly would have entered with Sherwood, but the latter insisted on doing so alone.

Sherwood pushed his horse over the narrow bridge of a single arch, and under the gateway. Exactly as he entered, the morning gun boomed from cantonments. Strange thoughts rushed through his mind at that sound; to be dispelled in an instant by the discharge of a pistol, and the sharp whistle of a bullet close to his head. He was now in the enclosure. There was a small square building of two stories, ruinous and forsaken, in the middle of the court. In the doorway of this stood Hurree Punt. He was dressed in a green, padded suit, with a jogee's cap, which is in shape much like that called "templar"—of the same colour. He had a small red shawl tied tightly round his waist, and over this was fastened the strap of his sword.

The attitude in which he first fell on Sherwood's sight was that of returning one pistol into his waistband, and drawing out a second.

The Punt raised the second pistol and pulled the trigger; but it hung fire. He relaxed his aim, and it went off suddenly—the bullet passing far above Sherwood's head.

Sherwood felt in his holsters: there was a horse-pistol in the right one: he directed it at his opponent: it missed fire altogether. The young fellow was as brave as a lion, but he had never been in an encounter of the kind before; two pistols had been discharged at him, and he became excited to a degree that paralyzed his judgment. He stood in his stirrups, and dashed his own untrustworthy pistol in Hurree Punt's face. The latter was drawing his sword, and with that instinctive feeling which every Englishman has for a *fair* fight, Sherwood was alighting from his horse to meet his enemy on foot, sword to sword, when the Punt, possessing himself

in an instant of the discarded pistol, and ascertaining that the cap had not exploded, gave it another chance. The pistol went off, and Sherwood received a sharp concussion on the arm, which, as he was in the act of dismounting, caused him, for a moment, to lose his balance and let go the bridle. With a sudden pounce, that displayed almost incredible activity for a man of his years, the Punt sprang on Sherwood's horse, and before the latter had recovered the shock of his wound, the outlaw had left the enclosure at full gallop.

Sherwood was disconcerted for a moment, but only for a moment.

Hurrying out to his astonished men, through whom the Punt had easily ridden, he took off his neck-cloth, and got the orderly to bind it as tightly as it would go, on his wounded arm, which bled profusely, but the bone of which appeared unhurt.

Then dismounting a trooper, he was helped on to the horse, and putting himself again at the head of the men, was speedily in pursuit of his volatile friend.

They caught sight of Hurree Punt much sooner than Sherwood expected. The outlaw had thought that as the Sahib was wounded, no one would follow, and so was moving off gently, and his surprise was great when he found the pack in full cry behind him. With a scornful bravado he galloped easily ahead, and looked round from time to time, and waved his hand. They now reached a lane, and the Punt sprang down into it from the embankment of the field over which he had been racing, but turning round at the moment, in his saddle, to jeer his pursuers, his Arab, instead of keeping to the lane, leapt on to the opposite bank, and descended into a field of millet. Sherwood saw the mistake and his own advantage in an instant. The ears of the millet had been cut off, but as is usual for some weeks after harvest, the tall stalks were left standing. Through these it was impossible to ride at any pace, and the Punt therefore skirted the field, keeping close to its boundary bank. Sherwood was close to him on the other side of the bank, and in a much easier field, one of newly sown wheat. The bank was perhaps some

four feet high. They galloped side by side. They came to a corner. Sherwood got into another field, still an easy one, young wheat again. The Punt kept along a new front of the millet field.

Sherwood saw that he was preparing for a dash. The pace was now terrific.

The Punt suddenly turned his Arab and leapt him over the bank. Long did that instant's picture remain vividly in Sherwood's remembrance. The spirited Arab frenzied with excitement,—the strangely-attired figure; so unlike English ideas of a horseman, sitting with his knees tucked up on his steed's shoulders, but with immovable adherence. The glance of a moment took in every detail.

But it was impossible to perform the movement quick enough. No sooner had the Arab touched the ground, than Sherwood, spurring his troop horse with fury, came upon him with so tremendous a concussion that the Punt and "Red Comyn" went over together with extraordinary violence to the ground, raising a cloud of dust which concealed, for an instant, the catastrophe it enveloped. As soon as any thing could be seen, the Punt was discovered on his feet, sword in hand; but it was too late, the troopers came up and surrounded him, and so dashing his sword on the ground, he haughtily submitted to be taken. Scarcely had they secured him, when a loud defiant cry was heard, and a single horseman advancing at full speed swept in amongst the troopers, slashing about him right and left; and in the confusion and dismay occasioned by his sudden appearance, wounding a trooper and one or two of the horses, before he was, himself, cut down.

He fell lifeless from his saddle, and the troopers would have cut his body to ribbons, in impotent rage, if Sherwood had not interposed. There he lay, his black glossy hair, and splendid beard dabbled with blood from a fearful wound which had cleft his skull. It was Tej Singh. He had died, as many of his race had died before him, in a mad excitement, which urges heated brains on to frantic actions; but is far removed from true courage.

So they turned homewards: Tej

Singh's body on his own horse, and Hurree Punt, with his arm tied behind him, on "Red Comyn," who was more tractable and gentle than any of the troop horses for leading.

The Arab swelled his crest, notwithstanding his recent downfall, and except for dust and a few grazes, was none the worse.

But we must now explain the discharge of musketry which was heard, apparently from the Treasury, just as Sherwood was starting on the pursuit.

Fitzgerald had passed a sleepless night. The scene at the mess-house had completely sobered him, and the great amount of stimulant he had consumed in the day produced, as is well known to be often the case, a reaction; and so he sat up in his room, hour after hour, in a state of that intense wakefulness, when the thoughts rapidly course each other through time and space, and the busy mind builds up for itself a future; filling in, oftentimes, details so minute, that even the very wording of speeches rendered necessary by the imaginary events is carefully laid down and settled.

With regard to the proposed encounter of the next morning, Fitzgerald had fully fixed, in his own thoughts, that he was to wound Sherwood so seriously, that the latter would have to go home to England; and scheme after scheme arose, of what he would do when Sherwood was once removed; what ascendancy he would exercise in the regiment; what a name he would get for it amongst fast men as a "clipping corps;" what knowing fellows he would train the young hands to be. Nor was a subtler plan, as he thought it, wanting; how, by an artfully feigned indifference, he would excite in a certain heart a curiosity as to the state of his feelings, a curiosity which he would skilfully stimulate into a desire to regain the influence which his coldness would seem to show was lost. To be sure, the affections of that heart appeared, at present, pre-engaged, but then "out of sight out of mind;" she would soon forget a foolish attachment which had sprung up, on her part, probably from mere ignorance of character and want of knowledge of the world. He had seen many stranger things than his winning Helen after all. What a blow

to wounded Sherwood, in his father's poky parsonage at home, to read the marriage in the papers! These and a thousand other reveries and vagaries were fully occupying his thoughts, when the same sudden and startling bugle-call aroused him, which had brought Sherwood leaping from his bed. Fitzgerald hurriedly opened the window, and passed into the verandah.

And then, in one instant, as the wind lightly blew in his face, and he looked in the direction from whence the sound was ringing, there came over him the feeling that the central event in all his night schemes was not to take place, that other occurrences would interpose; and that appalling sensation crept over him, when plans which, only a moment before, seemed so feasible and so completely within our reach, fade before our very eyes into impossible hopes, and we see that they lacked the permission of heaven.

But Fitzgerald was brave, and his immediate impulse was to rush down to the lines, where it was apparent something was going wrong. As soon, therefore, as his horse could be got ready, he galloped off. But before he left the house, he had heard a roll of musketry, and his thoughts at once turned to the Treasury, of which he was in charge, and thither, in the first instance, he directed his charger. He was just entering the enclosure in which the Treasury building was situated, when the sight of horsemen and camels all crowded round the entrance, and the sound of loud hammering, as if the chest was being broken open, showed him that mischief was at work. So passing the enclosure, he turned his horse down a side-road, at the bottom of which was a grove of mango trees, surrounded by a mud wall. It had occurred to him that if the guard had kept together at all, they would not improbably have fallen back on this place. And true enough, here they were. They were a strange looking set, only four who had been sentries were in uniform; the rest had simply cloths round their waists, were bareheaded; and being at once in a panic and an apprehension of punishment, exhibited gestures by no means dignified or military.

The soubahdar came up to Fitzgerald, and in a voice tremulous, in

the first place with old age, explained how they had been suddenly surprised; how it was impossible to hold out against such odds; how he, the soubahdar, had with great skill chosen the grove to fall back upon, and with what great presence of mind (he particularly dwelt upon this) each man, with scarcely an exception, had secured his musket in the scramble. Fitzgerald made no reply to all this, but directed the men to fall in, in a stern, loud voice. The soubahdar had ordered one round of musketry to be fired from the grove, as a straggler or two from the bandits followed down the road to see where the guard was going to. All the men had loaded again, so that when they had fallen in, there was no further cause for delay.

The word for marching was given. They who had fled like sheep, without a leader, were steady and determined with a British officer at their head.

They proceeded up the road. Two horsemen, whom the bandits had stationed on the look-out, galloped back to give the alarm; but no one would take it, for the greed of *loot* was on them, and their chief, who was on a camel in the enclosure, in vain called attention to the coming danger. Fitzgerald was enabled to take up a good position outside the wall, and close by one of the entrances to the enclosure.

He got his men, coolly and without hurry, to fire upon the outlaws at a distance of some forty yards.

Several fell; the confusion was indescribable. Hurree Punt made off at once; some men ran away without their horses, on other horses again two men mounted at once. They hustled and cuffed each other in their attempt to scramble out of the Treasury. Fitzgerald seized the moment, and a well-directed charge with the bayonet put his party in possession of the building. There was scarcely a bandit left in the enclosure. Fitzgerald's pale face flushed with triumph, and he raised his cap with a cry of success. At that moment the discharge of a matchlock was heard, and he fell from his saddle to the ground.

The soubahdar gave evidence afterwards, that he saw a young man with black hair and beard, well mounted,

return towards the enclosure, and take aim from behind the wall. There can be little doubt it was Tej Singh.

When Sherwood, and those with him, arrived at the station, he saw there was a crowd at the door of the mess-house. Coles formed one of it, and came out to meet Sherwood. He spoke in a low tone. "They have got away very little treasure," said he "and every thing is quiet; but Fitzgerald is awfully bad."

"Why, what has happened?" asked Sherwood, in agitation.

And then Coles related to him how successfully Fitzgerald had regained the Treasury, after the guard had deserted it, but that when the affair was pretty well over, he had received a shot in his chest from a matchlock.

"He is still breathing, and lying in the mess-house; but man alive, what's the matter? why your arm is dripping with blood."

"Oh nothing but a touch I got just now from my own pistol; it served me right," answered Sherwood, and he hastily gave orders that Hurree Punt should be taken to a safe place, and entered the mess-house. There, in the scene of their last night's quarrel, and actually stretched, supported by cushions, on the table—on the very spot where the unworthy encounter had taken place—lay poor Fitzgerald. Thus they met, who had planned to meet far otherwise. The old Doctor was leaning over the dying man. The Colonel was there, and the captains, and some officers, too, of artillery. The younger fellows, who were close against the table, looking on, moved aside, as if Sherwood had a right to approach. "I can't think what this cut on his head can be," said the Doctor, examining a deep mark on his temple; "it is not quite recent, and I scarcely think it could have been done by a sword."

No one spoke. Poor Sherwood felt as if his heart would break. The breathing of the dying man was hurried and painful; his hue was ashy pale. His breast was open, and a wet cloth lay on the fatal wound. The languid eyes were closed, when Sherwood first stood close beside him, but they opened presently, and rested on Sherwood's face. They seemed, at first, to lack intelligence; but meaning gradually kindled in them: not

resentment, however, but forgiveness. A faint smile stole over the white lips, and the trembling hand was put out towards his young brother officer. Sherwood eagerly seized it, and their hands were thus clasped, when Fitzgerald sank back, and died.

"He is gone, poor fellow!" said the old Doctor, as he rubbed the tears from his eyes, with his rough hand.

Broad daylight now, and his own bed-room.

A sense of faintness, a difficulty in awaking—old Twisleton by his side; his arm stiff and useless; what did it all mean?

Poor Sherwood was bewildered for a few minutes, till event after event of the strange morning gradually returned to his remembrance.

"You fainted from loss of blood in the mess-house," said the Doctor. "Your bandage slipped down; but you are a little feverish now, you must take this draught."

He took the medicine, and fell off again to heavy sleep and troubled dreams.

Evening,—when he awoke the second time; the windows open, and the rays of the sun, now setting on

the other side of the house, playing through the bed-room door, along the wall.

Sherwood felt greatly refreshed; his head was clear; the sense of fatigue much lessened. The Doctor is still sitting beside him—but who are these? Can it be? The Colonel and Helen.

And now broke in, softened by distance, the notes of that sublime music, the "Dead March in Saul;" the shriek of the fifes, and the low moaning of the drum.

It betokened the fearfully speedy burial of the East.

"I must go to this funeral," said the Colonel, rising.

"May I stay here till you come back, papa," said Helen.

"The Doctor must decide," was the reply.

"Oh, you may stay," said Sherwood's kind old friend; "he is cooler now, and the sight of your face will do him more good than any thing I could give him."

It was a moment of solemnity and sadness; but of peace, too, and of hope.

PAUL BENISON.

TWO NEW BOOKS OF POEMS.

MR. DE VERE is, though by no means old in years, a veteran sacrificer to the Muses. We have had him before us at various intervals no less than three times already; and on each occasion, if we recollect rightly, pretty much in the same dress. The neat little 12mo which constitutes his present offering is perhaps the portliest of his poetical offspring. Its "good round sum" of leaves betokens no failure of fertility or flagging of industry. Thought and fancy, too, and of the kind to challenge thought and stimulate fancy in others, we have here in very pretty abundance. Something of his old faults, also—a too frequent want of climax, and failure of poetic force, and even

of artificial versification towards the close, suggesting the suspicion of his having tired over his work, disappoints and even irritates the reader. His inspiration throughout the volume we have now to deal with is rather national than strictly religious, as in his last, some half-dozen years ago. That collection closed with a series of what he termed "hymns," upon the feasts of the Roman Catholic Calendar, "The Fasti," in fact, of the Church to which Mr. De Vere is a strenuous convert, having, however, received his second baptism in Helicon rather than in Jordan; and his long rosary of "Sonnets" were also redolent of incense and glimmering with altar tapers. We don't mean to say

"The Sisters of Inisfail and other Poems," by Aubrey De Vere. London: Longman, Green, Longman and Roberts. Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.

"Shakspeare's Curse and other Poems." London: Bosworth and Harrison.

that the shadows of old imagery, or the reflected tints and glories of stained and storied windows are not projected thick and richly over these pages too; but on the whole the volume is, in another sense, much more Catholic, and savours less of the devotional manual of a special religious faith. Still the beauty, power, and glory of the "Catholic" faith serve to point the moral of most of his lays; we take the following as one of the most graceful examples of this oblique religious reference.

ROISIN DUBH, OR, THE BLEEDING HEART.

[*Roisin Dubh* signifies literally the "Black little Rose," and was one of the mystical names under which the bards celebrated Ireland.]

"O who art thou with that queenly brow
And uncrown'd head?
And why is the vest that binds thy breast,
O'er the heart, blood-red?
Like a rose-bud in June was that spot at noon
A rose-bud weak;
But it deepens and grows like a July rose—
Death-pale thy cheek!

'The babes I fed at my foot lay dead;
I saw them die:
In Ramah a blast went wailing past;
It was Rachel's cry.
But I stand sublime on the shores of Time,
And I pour mine ode,
As Myriam sang to the cymbals' clang,
On the wind to God.

'Once more at my feasts my Bards and
Priests
Shall sit and eat;
And the Shepherd whose sheep are on
every steep.
Shall bless my meat!
Oh, sweet, men say, is the song by day,
And the feasts by night;
But on poisons I thrive, and in death
survive
Through ghostly might.' "

"*Plorans Ploravit*, A.D., 1583," is another—

"She sits alone on the cold grave stone
And only the dead are nigh her;
In the tongue of the Gael she makes her
wail:—
The night wind rushes by her.

'Few, O few are the leal and true,
And fewer shall be, and fewer;
The land is a corse;—no life, no force—
O wind with sere leaves strew her!

Men ask what scope is left for hope
To one who has known her story:—
I trust her dead! Their graves are red;
But their souls are with God in glory.' "

Less pleasing is this "Sonnet" on

the funeral of Wellington contemplated from a "Catholic" point of view—

"No more than this?—The chief of nations
bears

Her chief of sons to his last resting-place:
Through the still city, sad and slow of pace
The sable pageant streams; and as it nears
That dome, to-day a vault funereal, tears
Run down the grey-hair'd veteran's wintry
face:

Deep organs sob; and flags their front abase,
And the snapt wand the rite complete
declares.

—Soul, that before thy Judge dost stand
this day,

Disrobed of strength and puissance, pomp
and power;

O Soul defrauded at thine extreme hour
Of man's sole help from man, and latest star,
Swells there for thee no prayer from all
that host?

And is this burial but a Nation's boast."

"The Sisters, or Weal in Woe," is a pastoral of Irish peasant life, told with uniform grace, occasionally rising to delicate and exceeding beauty:—

"With us
The childish heart betroths itself full oft
In vehement friendship. Mary's was of these;
And thus her fancy found that counterweight
Which kept her feet on earth. With her there
walked

Two years a little maiden of the place,
Her comrade, as men call'd her. Eve by eve
Homeward from school we saw them as they
pass'd,

One arm of each about the other's neck,
Above both heads a single cloak. She died,
To Mary leaving what she valued most,
A rosary strung with beads from Olivet.
Daily did Mary count those beads:—From
each

The picture of some Christian truth ascending,
Till all the radiant Mysteries shone on high
Like constellations, and man's gloomy life
For her to music roll'd on poles of love
Through realms of glory. Hope makes Love
immortal!

That friend she ne'er forgot. In later years
Working with other maidens equal-aged,
(A lady of the land instructed them),
In circle on the grass, not them she saw,
Heard not the songs they sang: alone she sat,
And heard 'mid sighing pines and murmuring
streams

The voice of the departed.

Smoothly flow'd
Till Margaret had attain'd her eighteenth year
The tenour of their lives; and they became,
Those sisters twain, a name in all the vale
For beauty, kindness, truth, for modest grace,
And all that makes that fairest flower of all
Earth bears, heaven fosters—peasant noble-
ness:—

For industry the elder. Mary fail'd
In this, a dreamer; indolence her fault,
And self-indulgence, not that coarser sort
Which seeks delight, but that which shuns
annoy.

And yet she did her best. The dull red morn
Shone, beamless, through the wintry hedge
while pass'd
That pair with panniers, or, on whitest brows,
The balanced milk-pails. Margaret ruled
serene
A wire-fenced empire smiling through soft
glooms,
The pure, health-breathing dairy. Softer hand
Than Mary's ne'er let loose the wool; no eye
Finer pursued the on-flowing line: her wheel
Murmur'd complacent joy like kitten pleased.
With us such days abide not.

Sudden fell

Famine, the Terror never absent long,
Upon our land. It shrank—the daily dole;
The oatmeal trickled from a tighter grasp;
Hunger grew wild through panic; infant cries
Madden'd at times the gentle into wrong:
Death's gentleness more oft for death made
way;

And like a lamb that openeth not its mouth
The sacrificial People, fillet-bound,
Stood up to die. Amid inviolate herds
Thousands the sacraments of death received,
Then waited God's decree. These things are
known:

Strangers have witness'd to them; strangers
writ

The epitaph again and yet again.

The nettles and the weeds by the way-side
Men ate: from sharpening features and sunk
eyes

Hunger glared forth, a wolf more lean each
hour;

Children seem'd pigmies shrivell'd to sudden
age;

And the deserted babe too weak to wail
But shook its hands, pitying or curious, raised
The rag across him thrown. In England alms
From many a private hearth were largely sent,
As oftimes they have been. 'Twas vain. The
land

Wept while her sons sank back into her graves
Like drowners 'mid still seas. Who could
escaped:

And on a ghost-throng'd deck, amid such cries
As from the battle-field ascend at night
When stumbling widows grope o'er heaps of
slain,

Amid such cries stood Mary, when the ship
Its cables slipp'd and on the populous quays
(strating, without a wind, on the slow tide,
Dropp'd downward to the main."

Six years ago Mr. De Vere treated
the same funereal theme strikingly,
too, but not with the same power, in
his "Year of Sorrow."

"In horror of a new despair

His blood-shot eyes the peasant strains,
With hands clenched fast and lifted hair,
Along the daily-darkening plains.

'Why trusted he to them his store?

Why feared he not the scourge to come?"

Fool! turn the page of History o'er—

The roll of Statutes—and be dumb!

Behold, O People! thou shalt die!

What art thou better than thy sires?

The hunted deer a weeping eye

Turns on his birthplace, and expires.

Lo! as the closing of a book,
Or statue from its base o'erthrown,
Or blasted wood, or dried-up brook,
Name, race, and nation, thou art gone.

The stranger shall thy hearth possess;
The stranger build upon thy grave:
But know this also—he, not less,
His limit and his term shall have.

Then die, thou Year—thy work is done:
The work ill done is done at last.
Far off, beyond that sinking sun
Which sets in blood, I hear the blast

That sings thy dirge, and says—'Ascend,
And answer make amid thy peers,
(Since all things here must have an end),
Thou latest of the famine years!'"

Promising as are these verses, there
is nothing comparable in them to the
fine lines—

"Death's gentleness more oft for death made
way;

And like a lamb that openeth not its mouth
The sacrificial people, fillet-bound,
Stood up to die."

In martial vein, too—not in Ma-
caulay's picturesque, but strictly nar-
rative manner—but in a style a de-
gree vaguer and more Ossianic, marches
this spirited "Ballad of Sarsfield, or
the Bursting of the Guns." Sars-
field's dashing excursion from the
beleaguered city of Limerick, and
the interception and destruction of
William's artillery and ammunition
when within one day's march of the
besiegers' camp, is among the freshest
of Irish traditions, and the most
spirit-stirring of the episodes of the
Jacobite wars.

"Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,
And to take and break their cannon;
To mass went he at half-past three,
And at four he cross'd the Shannon.

Tirconnel slept. In dream his thoughts
Old fields of victory ran on;
And the chieftains of Thomond in Limerick's
towers
Slept well by the banks of Shannon.

He rode ten miles and he cross'd the ford,
And couch'd in the wood and waited;
Till, left and right, on march'd in sight
That host which the true men hated.

'Charge!' Sarsfield cried; and the green
hill-side
As they charged replied in thunder;
They rode o'er the plain and they rode o'er
the slain,
And the rebel rout lay under!

He burn'd the gear the knaves held dear—
 For his king he fought, not plunder;
 With powder he cramm'd the guns and
 ramm'd
 Their mouths the red soil under.

The spark flash'd out—like a nation's shout
 The sound into heaven ascended;
 The hosts of the sky made to earth reply,
 And the thunders in twain were blended!

Sarsfield went out the Datch to rout,
 And to take and break their cannon;—
 A century after, Sarsfield's laughter
 Was echoed from Dungannon."

A foot-note explains this last allusion, by reminding the reader that it was in the parish church of Dungannon that the Volunteers of 1782 proclaimed the constitutional independence of the Irish Parliament. Mr. De Vere is read with a feeling that he possesses the power which is born, not made. The true ore—"the sparkle of golden splendour"—gleams out; but the pursuit disappoints. Here and there we listen with genuine admiration. But too often only with hope; and the unsatisfied feeling that he comes short, not only of our own ideal, but of the easy reach of his own unquestionable powers. There are evidences of true poetic ecstasy, though desultory and capricious, in his writings; but there are also intervals of languor and subsidence. He places himself, also, at disadvantage by a too constant and laboured reference to the specialties of his own form of faith, a habit suggestive of contracted sympathies, and only too likely to narrow the circle of his readers. Nevertheless, in this as in other respects his last volume is an improvement upon its predecessor; and we have said thus much because we think him capable of yet very greatly excelling both.

"Shakspeare's Curse," &c., is manifestly the production of a comparatively prentice hand. There is less art, as well as a feebler fire; but there is variety, and melody, and feeling, struggling through this inexperience.

The minor poems in this collection are, perhaps, the best. Bating the first image, which savours too much of the "Fashions for September," the verses which follow, under the title of "The Gift," are pretty:—

I.

"On an April morn the hooded sky
 Drooped with a fringe of rain,
 O'er the trysting-place of two who met
 As never to meet again:
 She was calm with the strength of scars,
 And he was flushed with pain.

'You cannot restore my love, my troth;
 But, if it must be so,
 I set you free from a bond to pay
 Love you have ceased to owe.
 I would only ask one smallest gift,
 Adela, ere I go.'

Scarce could the mask of coldness hide
 Her bosom's tremulous swell,
 Yet in a voice like one who tolls
 Knells from a marriage bell,
 'I have nothing to give,' her answer came.
 'Have we not said farewell?'

II.

April's violet, June's red rose,
 And the sheaf of August wave:
 Will the lapsing year for ever lack
 That record in his strain
 Her violet eyes, her rosebud lips,
 And gold hair used to gain?

The snowdrops bloom ere the winter dies:
 Her cheek as pale as they,
 'Fevered nigh unto death,' she reads,
 'A month ago he lay:
 Haply Scutari's cypress-boughs
 Shadow his grave to-day.'

And ever a bell in her throbbing brain
 Measures the rise and fall
 Of her musical, pitiless, parting words,
 Uttered beyond recall,
 'Nothing to give! O God!' she cries,
 'Would I not give him all!'

III.

Where they parted, again they meet,
 With an April sun o'erhead:
 And she is flushed, and he is calm,
 Though pain and scorn are fled;
 Calm that the chalice of life is full,
 Flushed that its wine is red.

Then, as the sound of her parting words
 Season and scene recall,
 Soft on his ear and deep in his heart,
 Her bell-like accents fall,
 'Still I have nothing to give, dear love,
 Now I have given thee all!'

"Cupid upon Coke" is an ambiguous title. The blind boy has had so much to do from his birth downward with "the devouring element," that possibly the reader may refer the coke in question to the article sold by the chaldron, and expect a picture of the naked urthia, who has burnt so many of both sexes

so pitilessly in his day, himself undergoing a grill upon the embers. Our poet, however, presents no such retributive picture. Cupid upon Coke is meant in the same sense precisely as Coke upon Lyttleton; and startling as the association of the great reporter's name with the muse may be, it is not, nevertheless, we can assure the author, altogether new. In the year 1742 came out one of the queerest little books it has ever been our lot to look into. A thin octavo, entitled "The Reports of Sir Edward Coke, Kt.," in verse, wherein the name of each case and the principal points, are contained in two lines. The "manuscript," the preface says, was even then "ancient," and the verses are designed to "afford a pleasing recreation to gentlemen of the law." The reader may be curious to hear how this ancient bard sings his tuneful cases for the delectation of gentlemen of the law in their softer moods.

"*Wiseman*.—Remainder to the queen does fail:

Against recovery by him in tail.

Goddard.—Th' effect the deed doth take shall be

Not from the date but the delivery.

Norwich.—To dean and chapter good translation,

By Edward Sixth not naming the foundation.

Snag.—If a person says "he killed my wife"

No action lies if she be yet alive.

Strata Marcella, who defends in *quo warranto*, must a perfect title show."

Songs like these, set to suitable music, would have alternated charmingly with those dervish-dances of judges and sergeants-at-law, which enlivened with a grim gaiety the inns of court in the olden time. But our modern poet kindles with a different inspiration. The verses, like most in his book, are indeed unequal. But the two first are singular and harmonious, though the sequel disappoints.

"My neighbour's house hath lowering eaves,

And where the rafters intersect,
Its yearly nest securely weaves
One daring swallow-architect.

My neighbour with his lawyer's eye
Long time ago the trespass saw,
But knew an action would not lie:
Possession is nine points of law.

Beneath those eaves, rose-clusters frame
The sweet-dream picture of a maid,
When coming, as but now she came,
Drawing aside her lattice-shade
To feed her swallow, smile on me.
Oh! till that moment when she stands
Alms-dropping, how we yearn to see,
I and that bird, her lips, her hands!"

The principal piece in the collection is that which meets us on the title-page—"Shakespeare's Curse"—which is an attempt, after the manner of Coleridge, to give life and colour to a metaphysical theory by throwing it partially into allegory.

"As dreams will have it, in Stratford church
I watch when the moon is high:
Waves of light o'erflowing the brink
Of the window-tracery
Baths in glory a sculptured shape
Standing the chancel by.

And the graven tablet seems to sound
With a herald's clarion-tones;
Rising to shout its promise of 'Blest
Be he y^t spares the stones,'
Falling to mutter its menace of 'Curst
Be he y^t moves my bones.'

'You mouth the prophet well,' scoff I,
'As any actor can:
Ah! an 'immortal dreamer' rots
Like any mortal man.
It were a dainty jest, methinks,
If one should tempt the ban.'

Lo! as I speak, the vaults unclose!
And I descend to see
Lidless coffin and ceremonies loose
Invite my mockery:
I stoop and scatter the dust:—I rise
With the chill of a curse on me!

In a trance of pain I feel the loss
Of a presence that may not stay;
As though the twilight-veil of Life
From its face had shrunk away,
And thrust at once on my aching eyes
The nakedness of day.

Roused by the sharp grey gleam of dawn,
I pass through the open door—
Scaring with frowns the senseless play
Of a child, who fleeth before,
As though he had seen the spirit that
stalked.
On the tower of Elsinore.

My hearth is drear: her voice rings false,
Her spousal kiss is cold:
Strange that our chanted marriage-vows
Are scarce a twelvemonth old!
Meseems the circlet on her hand
Is only fairy-gold!

I scan my neighbour at the mart
With a stranger's sceptic eye:
Why shou'd I trust his life-long fame?
A saint may cheat and lie;
Yea, though his proud cheek flame. We part,
With each an enemy.

Is this my curse, and must the names
Of child and friend and wife
Grate like rock-bells ringing above
The foam of social strife
Harsh memorial knells to me
Of a wrecked and drifting life?

The sea he sang is a sheet of brine ;
His mountains are granite and lime ;
The stones he heard forget to teach
The angel-orbs to chime ;
The elves in the forest dance no more
To the nightingale throbbing time.

Homeless as Lear in shine or storm,
I hurry o'er sea and land ;
But every living or lifeless thing
Hath eyes to see my brand,
And the broken chain of sympathy
Doth dangle in my hand.

At eve I am resting weary feet
Beside a songless stream :
Shadowy outlines throng its slopes,
Dark in the white moonbeam :
I know them all for the deathless shapes
That awful bard did dream !

And he, the Archimage, is there,
A lordlier Prospero !
I hide my face from his wronged eyes,
Yet, at his sign, I know
That through my frame the legioned ghosts
Go wandering to and fro.

And of my phantom-denizens
The strangest and the last,
Into my shuddering brain I feel
The Wizard's soul hath past,
And on the thin tube of my lips
Soundeth a trumpet-blast.

Unto myself I prophecy,
An uninspired seer.
Not mine the thoughts my faltering speech
Doth shape unto mine ear :
The Pythoness is worn and weak,
But yet the God is here.

A passion of the mind begets
In Nature's large embrace
A presence, which creates anew
Its mother's plastic face,
And hides each dark deformity
With colour and with grace.

' In Afric, as on Caucasus,
Its vision can descry,
Through the disfigured lineaments
Of dwarfed Humanity,
Primal Prometheus as he stood
'Mid Gods a Deity.

' Its Janus-eyes prolong the past,
And bring the future near ;
Surprised with sudden gleams of Heaven
Lids that were closed in fear ;
Reflect the rainbow, and reveal
A prism in every tear.

' To the grey world its alchemy
Promises youth again :
With Nature's ore, the iron of Fate,
And the rusted coin of Men,
From out the broken Now it moulds
A dream of the golden THEN.' "

He ceases, and my trance is o'er :
My waking gaze doth rest
Upon an open page, and lo !
The sum of all expressed :
' I called thee to curse, and thou
Hast altogether blessed !' "

The writer of the "Ancient Mariner" would have made more of the nocturnal interval between the profanation of the grave and that "sharp gray gleam of dawn," which saw the curse perfected, and the sacrilegious sceptic transformed and petrified under its blight. There was room for one of those still and tremendous opium-visions which De Quincy describes with such awful precision, and some inklings of which are traceable in the stupendous monotony yet ever-moving agony and interest, of the curse that befel the man who killed the albatross. The moral is plain enough. On the illusions which a hard metaphysical scepticism contemns is mainly dependent our power of enjoying and even enduring existence under its present melancholy conditions. The violator of Shakespeare's dust, despising the sacredness of these beautiful but illusive influences, is himself bereft of their protection and their charm, and placed at every point in actual contact with literal and unrelieved fact, in which state he becomes the involuntary exponent of Shakespeare's presumed speculations upon the subject, and the dreamer awakes to find himself "altogether blessed."

We must not dismiss a writer whose volume, notwithstanding much that is careless and incomplete, has interested us, without admitting that there are many graceful lines, and much pretty promise, as well as occasional gleams of something higher, in his effusions. He does not choose to give us his name ; and not the least poetical passage in his book is its simple and tender dedication "inscribed to his most faithful muse and generous critic, by her husband."

RELICS OF EARLY CELTIC LITERATURE.

[After the body of this paper had been prepared for the press, we heard, but with little surprise, that an English gentleman, or (if by the word "gentleman" is necessarily meant a man of letters), at all events, a member representing a borough in the House of Commons, making an after-dinner speech to a company of Irishmen in an old Irish city, exhorted them to entertain a lowly opinion of themselves and their nation. "Once on a time, my friends,"* said he, "there reigned over the naked or skin-clad savages of Leinster, a chief distinguished for his chaste life, his love for his poor people, and his compassionate heart. Meeting accidentally with the noble-minded, virtuous, and beautiful consort of the King of Cavan and the adjacent counties, each felt for the moment that their future lives would be insupportable if spent apart. Both being aware that her selfish and stupid-minded husband would, in all probability, feel little sympathy with their mutual wishes, they quietly took the matter in their own hands, and drove together in the biga or quadriga of the period, to his wood-surrounded fortress of Ferns. There they would have spent the calm evening of life in that felicity which results from mutual love, virtuous conduct, and the usages of civilized life, but for the tyrannical conduct of the then Irish King, who, collecting his savage hordes from all the territories within his four seas, hunted the wise and patriotic Murrough into the Welsh mountains. But see how good arises from apparent evil! A number of valiant men-at-arms, as wise, as virtuous, and philanthropic as himself, wrought on by the picture of his wrongs, and the wretched condition of his islanders, conducted him back, and reinstated him in his former condition; and not content with this good work, they used such cogent reasons and arguments, as to induce the Irish of the day to live the lives and wear the garb of civilized beings. They introduced letters and laws; and from that happy era must you date your acquaintance with art and science, your literature, your jurisprudence, and, in fine, such civilization as you now enjoy."

It is expected that readers of this paper, previously uninformed on the subject of the literature of our forefathers, will not be disposed to pin their literary faith to the sleeve of this cast-iron orator. Referring to the early literary monuments of our country, quoted further on, we will, in this place, only instance the *Seanchus Mhor*, or great body of laws, remodelled and re-arranged in the days of St. Patrick, from the code that prevailed among our Pagan ancestors for some centuries previous to the introduction of the Christian faith. These laws, modified in the fifth century, so as to be adapted to the social wants of a Christian people, and still existing in manuscripts of the fourteenth century, are now being edited and translated by Professor Eugene Curry, and will probably come some day under the astonished eyes of the member for "Bœotia."]

HORACE, who knew no better, and modern free-thinkers, who should know much better, represent the earliest dwellers on earth as half-naked savages, and labour to show how these poor creatures, by the aid of fortunate chances, and the exertion of their own energies, grew up into the condition of civilized and religious beings. Horace did not give himself (being an Epicurean) any further trouble on the subject; but our modern Sadducees felt that they had not begun at the beginning, and so recommenced the speculation. Going back countless ages from the time when the noble naked savage ran wild in the woods, with his club in one hand and some

raw roots in the other, they saw the little living sac taking thought, flinging out limbs, and calling himself a star-fish. Star-fish not content with his state, worked himself into jointed crab or lobster, who, after another transformation, found himself ascending the Liffey, a lively cock salmon. The after-transitions through the alligator, the vulture, the tiger, and the gorilla, into the New Hollander, are as easy as getting into debt.

Having to treat of the fictitious literature of one of the earliest European races, and incidentally of the rise and progress of poetic fiction; and desiring, like our pseudo-philosophers, to begin at the beginning, we fear that

"Transactions of the Ossianic Society." Vol. V. Dublin: O'Daly.

* It is to be feared that our informant has not reported the identical words delivered on the occasion. He seriously asserts, however, that the above resumé gives the undoubted gist of the oration.

if we take them as guides, we shall find neither beginning nor middle, and thus come naturally, though unwillingly, to the end. So through choice and necessity we select the Heaven-inspired Hebrew Lawgiver as our teacher; and though we might be warranted in assuming poetry to have sprung up among those whose span of life embraced nine hundred years, and who consequently had time enough on their hands to cultivate the art, we shall not ask our readers to accompany us higher than the generation whose fathers assisted at the "Tower of Confusion." Then, as now, there were to be found individuals possessed of the poetic temperament, averse to bodily exertion, wearied or little interested by the routine of every-day life, and loving to dwell on the glorious traditions of the lost Eden, and of the full, genial, vigorous life that prevailed on earth before the Deluge. Even if music and poetic measure had not been known in the days of Tubal Cain, our naturally gifted poet, dwelling on the hill-side, or by the edge of the forest, or the sea-shore, had his ears open to the wild or hoarse music of winds and waves, the melody of birds, and the "measured tread of marching men."

Taking one of these, our early precursors of Homer, Tasso, Milton, and Scott, at his irksome daily toil, or his frequent rests, we find him revolving these glorious traditional memories, combining them into new forms, and clothing them in language, simple in structure, but distinguished either by alliteration, rhyme, or rhythm. Repeating twice and thrice his composition, to fix it in his memory, he watches the slow descent of the sun, and longs for the evening reunion of the family or the little community. The wished-for hour being at last arrived, his "wondrous lay" is poured on the ears of his delighted and astonished audience. They need no mental effort to comprehend and enjoy the merit and beauty of the composition. With the images they are already familiar, and they easily follow them through their new combinations, and admire them in their rich poetic garb. The poet is urged again and again to renew their enjoyment. The wild lay is soon fixed in their minds—substance and form, the inventive faculty is awakened in some, and new

subjects and new dresses for them must be found to satiate the excited imaginations. Those enriched with the gift, apply themselves to its exercise; their ordinary duties come to be indifferently discharged; their hold on the world's goods is loosened; in time they must look to their pleased and grateful hearers for their maintenance; and that which was at first the involuntary manifestation of a natural gift, becomes a profession.

The subjects of these primeval lays were, the Creation, the blissful life in Eden, its woful loss, the first murder, the intercourse of spirits with the first dwellers on the earth, the lives and deeds of the children of Cain and Seth, the awful destruction of the human race, and the rescue of the righteous Noah. But through lapse of time and the dispersion of the people, worship of the powers of nature and of the souls of dead warriors began to prevail; and the poet took these and the "host of heaven" as the inspirers and subjects of his song. With them he joined the exploits of the hunter-kings and tower-builders, the adventures of early explorers, the wonderful transit of an arm of the sea by the first boat, the burning of forests, the terrors of the thunder-storm, and the wars waged by the fathers of his audience against a hostile tribe, or the fierce beasts that haunted their neighbourhood.

It was not until men began to commit their thoughts or fancies to wax tablets, to the skins of beasts, or the bleached and pressed papyrus leaves, that the occurrences of common life, nice discriminations of character, or the ordinary phenomena of nature began to be considered fit subjects for poetry.

The early wild fictions, partly sung to the accompaniment of harp or cithern, and partly chanted, were easily retained by the memory; and when the practice became a profession, a number of them got well by rote, formed the stock in trade of the minstrels, whether stationary or itinerant. These servants of the public, when hard pressed, availing themselves of the happy structure of the primal languages, and depending on their own well-exercised power to array their subjects in suitable dress, often contented themselves at the beginning of a recital with an idea of

the outline of the subject. Even so in the old Italian comedy, the actors were only favoured with the skeleton of the plot, and trusted to their skill and invention, and the chance suggestions of the spectators, for the details of the action, the conduct of the stage business, the dialogue, and the success of practical jokes.

These early pieces delivered in castle hall or rath, in the market place, at the town gates, or in the roofless amphitheatre, were never so very long as to overtask the memory of the reciter. This professional servant of the public, or of the petty king or chief, was necessarily obliged to be master of many rhythmic stories; but as his mental stores increased he became sensible of a serious inconvenience. He found that, exert his inventive faculties as he might, or borrow as largely as he could from his brother professors, there were numerical limits, beyond which the united stocks of really distinct inventions could not pass. What was to be done to secure variety?—the very thing they did. They arranged portions of their stock fictions in new combinations, smoothed the joinings of the parts as well as circumstances permitted, and thus a master in the art reckoned on being able to entertain his patron or patrons with what appeared separate original compositions varying in number from three to five hundred.

Those who have made it their pleasing duty to collect the fireside stories (the corrupt relics of those earlier fictions) of Germany, Scandinavia, Ireland, and the Scottish Highlands, soon became sensible of a like impediment. Having collected a much smaller number of original tales than what the early bards obtained, they found all procured afterwards only modifications of the first discovered.

Few things human can remain at a stand still, and enjoy a healthy existence; the entertaining lore of the minstrels degenerated. Many of the earlier compositions were faithfully held in the memory through the happy agency of measure and alliteration, but in time there began to be felt the influence of several adverse circumstances—changes in the framework of society, separations and emigrations of tribes, invasions by foreigners,

diminution in the number of the bards and minstrels, and the invention of letters.

Occasions of listening to the wandering or hereditary poet became more rare; their number went on diminishing, yet still many of their lays dwelt in the minds of the people, those having a relish for that form of literature reciting what they had retained to their families or their neighbours. Sometimes the poetical framework would preserve the circumstances of the story from oblivion; but where this framework possessed no peculiar attaching qualities, striking incidents would effect the same purpose. Where no radical change occurred in the structure of an old language, the incidents of stories or traditions being secured by the fastening pins of assonance or alliteration, or even meaningless recurring lines, would be longer retained in the memory of people. This will account for the abundance of old fictions still preserved by our Irish-speaking peasantry, and by the inhabitants of the west of Scotland and the Hebrides (as Mr. Campbell found to his great contentment), and by the few varieties of the old Teutonic stock. Even in the fictions which have lost their original poetic form are found at intervals those helps to memory—assonant syllables, phrases in poetic measure, or happy instances of rhyme.

Where a considerable change has been effected in the structure of a language we must not look for like results. It is useless to search among the French, Spaniards, or Portuguese, for remains of their old Celtic poetic legends, or among the Italians for the household poetry of the old Latin populace; and the searcher among English farm-houses and cottages for some traditional version of *Beowulf* or any of its fellows of the days of Ina or Alfred, would find his time and labour thrown away. As a contrast we may mention, that in the half-English county of Wexford we have heard in our early youth a beggarman who had regular lodging stations through our neighbourhood—to which he was always warmly welcomed on his periodical rounds—repeat in Irish verse or very musical prose, the “Chase of Slieve Guillin,” and other long Ossianic poems. He could not read English nor Irish, and in his

partial and imperfect translation of parts of the story, he always called the heroine the "king of *Greek's* daughter."

If our Celtic or Teutonic ancestors possessed a written literature, they bequeathed no portion of that inheritance to us, their descendants. After the introduction of Christianity the first scribes were ecclesiastics, and they exclusively devoted their time and labours to the multiplying of copies of parts of the sacred Scriptures, of the Latin or Greek works of the early Christian writers, and of missals ornamented to the best of their power. The object next in importance was the composition of chronicles, either of the great religious houses, or of the reigns of kings just preceding their times or cotemporary with them. It may well be supposed that these grave religious writers would look on it as a profanation to waste valuable ink and parchment, and misoccupy their own precious time, in perpetuating the useless, heathenish, and often lewd fictions, which they would gladly see banished from the memory of the human race. Thus, the long-enduring fictional literature, better or worse-preserved till the introduction of letters, then ran the risk of dying out altogether. The difficulties met by the first announcers of Christianity may be guessed at from the yet existing relics of the worship of Moloch, Baal, and Diana, and of Pagan divination in our May-bushes, May and Midsummer bonfires, All-Hallow Eve doings, and the oral transmission of fireside stories, that in a more perfect form were recited before public assemblies or family groups in the days of Cheops.

The mythology of our Celtic ancestors being of a more cheerful character than that of their neighbours, the Teutons, they more readily shook off the yoke of "grim idolatry," and yielded their souls to the influence of the mild spirit of the Gospel. Receiving the boom of letters in the fifth century, and no danger of back-tendency to Paganism being dreaded from the preservation of the old poetic romances, the secular men of learning lost little time till they had secured them in Roman characters, which, ornamented and modified to their own peculiar taste, still exist in manuscripts and printed books. Diligent, how-

ever, as the scribes might be, every chief, small or great, could not secure or afford to purchase the seven times fifty first-class stories, and the twice fifty second-class stories, the recital of which from memory was the qualification of the superior bard. So, petty king or tanist was still obliged, whether in the vein or not, to give or seem to give attention to the "Death of the Children of Lir," or the "Legend of the Son of the Eagle," or the "Chase of Glan-a-Smol," sitting on his uncomfortable throne, and calculating with how few mantles, or ornamental goblets, or black cattle, he might endow the Man of the Ranna, next morning, without getting the name of churl.

It must be acknowledged that our Gaelic professors of the "gay science" did not enjoy their great privileges with quiet or modesty. Not content with living at free quarters in rich or palace, they annoyed and harassed the unfortunate owners in various ways, till the last straw was added to the intolerable load. If our island was provided with a foreign penal settlement in the reign of King Diarmuidh (circa 560), thither he was going to pack the whole lazy community. However, moved by the representation of St. Colum Cille and others, to draw a line between use and abuse, he condescended to allow every chief to retain one of the brotherhood, to watch over and continue the family chronicles, and entertain himself and his galloglachs, after a hard fight or chase, with the "solace of song."

Three classifications may be made of all the Celtic fictions that have escaped the perils and ravages of time, wars, and neglect. Those first taken down by the earliest Christian scribes, and preserved by repeated copyings, have retained their Pagan character, and may easily be distinguished from the later composition of Christian bards either on ancient or modern subjects. But while the spirit of Christianity was still young and fervent, and the minstrel found himself preparing to address an audience so elevated in moral and religious feeling above those whom his immediate predecessors or even himself had formerly addressed, he instinctively felt how disagreeably the heathen spirit of his romance would jar on their minds. So he took pains to

extract the immoral virus from his subject.

We have a list of thirty-five separate poems ascribed to Oisín, twenty-eight prose tales concerning the exploits of himself and the Fenians generally, and fifteen stories of Irish and foreign knights and ladies, among whom the "Daughter of the King of Greece" is certain of not being neglected. Except in the pieces avowedly Christian, there is not the slightest attempt at wit or humour, even of that grim quality that once or twice peeps out in the adventures of Thor. In instances of mercy and heroic courtesy, they contrast favourably with the Northern Sagas; but these kindly qualities are rarely met in the genuine remains of the Pagan period.

There is a desideratum in the history of our early national literature which will remain a desideratum to the end of time. No Sæmund arose among us a century or two after the extinction of Paganism, to leave to posterity an outline of the mythology of the ancient race. So our information on that head is most meagre and confused.

From incidental passages in the Ossianic and other remains, we gather that worship was paid to the sun, under the name of Baal, as in the East; to Samaan (*Heaven*), and to Crom; and that our forefathers made their children and cattle pass through the Baal-fires. These last (in Irish, *Baal tinne*), survive in our May Eve, and St. John's Eve bonfires; and our frolicsome youngsters still jump through them, and carry away brands, and fling them into the fields of growing corn, to bring a blessing to the crop. Mananan, son of Lir, was the tutelary genius of the island, and watched particularly over the safety of her sea-tempting sons.

The ancient Pagan Irish believed that demons were permitted to terrify and injure the human race in the shape of the boar, the serpent, the horse, the dog, and the cat. If any cultus was paid to these baleful beings, it consisted in supplications that they would do their petitioners no harm. We know that Animal Worship prevailed in Egypt, where learning and all the higher exercises of the intellect were confined to the Pagan priests, and the people kept in

a state of slavery and brutish ignorance. We find no trace of it among our kindred races, the Slavonians, or the Teutons, nor will we do our Celtic forefathers, skilled in various arts, and so sensible to the charms of music and poetry, the injustice of supposing them subject to such a grovelling form of superstition.

We are persuaded that the difference in the characters and dispositions of the two great European races is not radical, but rather the result of social and local influences, chiefly the latter. A Celtic tribe settled down in Gaul, Britain, or Erin, found itself in possession of a fine climate, and no scarcity of food, which was easily obtained from the fruitful soil, and the produce of their flocks and herds, or by the hunting spear and fishing net. Thus, they not only found time for the exercise of their warlike propensities, but even for the cultivation of the fine arts, as then known; and a fair portion of their leisure was devoted to the enjoyment of music, and the recitations of the minstrels. From this state of things resulted cultivation of good taste, and a certain refinement of manner, evident from the structure of many of their legends, especially after the Christian element had entered into their composition.

Those who, from whatever cause, selected the barren and cold North for their residence, soon found that the mere procuring of the common necessities of life would take up their entire time and care, leaving no space for the dread pastime of war. This last being an essential condition of their existence, and finding that they could not enjoy it, and at the same time labour to keep life in their bodies, they altogether renounced the latter alternative, and converted their stern recreation into their bread-winning employment. Having but little to gain by contention with their neighbours who were similarly circumstanced, they left all common labours to the slave descendants of those tribes, the earlier dwellers in the land, whose collateral relatives still speak the Hunnish, Finnish, and Basque kindred tongues, they left to them the labours of the household, the chase, the fishery, and the mine; swept on southwards in the bellies of their sea-dragons, and brought death and deso-

lation among the more industrious and less adventurous tribes of the Celtae.

As the whole life of the most savage warrior could not be spent in the fight, at the rude feast, and in sleep, there were hours of inaction on the deck, under the tent, or in the pine-lighted hall, when the Scald was welcomed. His poetic inspirations were drawn in chief from the traditional glories of their early Eastern life, the beauties of the southern seas and islands, the desolate grandeurs of the north, and the exciting subjects of love and war. Hence sprung the happy heavenly abodes of the *Æsir*, Midgard with its earthly beauties, and Niffleim, the icy and rocky abode of the giants. The poet's highest ideas of enjoyment being gathered from the clang of arms, the strife of armed men, and the indulgence of the table, the reward he conferred on his heroes was, their admission to the hurtling of spears in the daily martial games of the *Æsir*, and the after-feasting on flesh and quaffing of mead and beer. With some dim but glorious primal traditions still unforgotten, and the desolate sublimities of the northern landscape before his eyes, and the super-human exploits of the mad Berserkir present to his mind, we naturally look for some reflection of them in his lay, and such indeed are frequent in the Sagas of the Edda. But notable instances of failure are found when they attempted to account for the origin of the gods or men, the frame of the earth, or the heavenly bodies. Instead of sublime, powerful, or consistent ideas, they present us with others of a huge unwieldy heterogeneous character, as must always be the case when the foundation is laid in error or untruth.

The chief subjects of the old Sagas were, the wars of the gods with the giants, and incognito visits to their abodes; a stray descent of a god to Hela, the cold desolate abode of the souls, which were separated from their bodies elsewhere than on the battle-field; the death of Balder, the most beauteous and amiable of all the dwellers in Asgard; their last deadly struggle with the Wolf Fenris and the Serpent, "whose dreadful circle locks the world;" the Twilight of the Gods, and the glorious restoration of all good things.

It will scarcely require eloquence to prove that if a Celtic family found itself domiciled among a northern tribe, or a northern family among a Celtic one, their modes of thought and feeling would be found wonderfully in unison with those of their neighbours after a lapse of two generations. Much valuable breath and good ink are wasted in spoken speeches and written essays on the different characters and specialities of races.

Our Celtic ancestors used skins of parchment innumerable in the preservation of the Gospels, of the chronicles of the country or of great families, of the lays and legends popular in their day, of the national and provincial laws, of the rights and privileges of the great people, of customs, and of the boundaries of districts. Notwithstanding our intestine troubles, the change in the language of the people, and negligent or wilful destruction of so many manuscripts, we are richer in the remains of our native literature than any other European nation. Besides the manuscripts preserved in the Royal Irish Academy and Trinity College, and the great libraries of England, many are lying neglected in continental collections, except when a painstaking German philologist disturbs their long sleep. One of the most important of these latter is "The Wars of the Irish and Danes," preserved in the library of the Dukes of Burgundy in Brussels. An extant copy of the Four Gospels, stained with the blood of the Irish St. Killian, patron of Franconia, who was martyred in A.D. 678, was taken from his tomb in 743. There are in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, a Latin copy of the Four Gospels written previous to A.D. 700; the Four Gospels of Dimma, Latin, with a few Gaelic words, A.D. 620; the Book of Durrow, containing the Four Latin Gospels, about A.D. 700; the Book of Kells, same contents as last, about A.D. 800; Gospels of St. Moling, about 800; the Book of Armagh, containing the Latin New Testament, notes on St. Patrick's Life, and the Life of St. Martin of Tours, A.D. 807; the Book of Leinster, containing the Cattle Raid of Cooley and the Destruction of Troy, A.D. 1150; the Yellow Book of Lecan, A.D. 1301; and the Book of Brehon Laws—the last

named three books being in the Irish language. In the Royal Irish Academy are the Book of the Dun Cow, also containing the Cattle Raid, A.D. 1106; the Book of Ballymote, 1391, and another copy of the Book of Lecan, 1416, all in the Irish language. The above dates are given on good authority. Some scholars have ascribed an earlier date to some of these books, and there is every reason to believe that in the continental libraries are preserved Irish manuscripts still older than those specified.

Taking all things into account, we cannot complain of the supineness of our Celtic archæologists, nor of the want of interest taken by the general community in their labours. Twenty-one volumes, Irish or Latin, with translations, have been issued by the Archæological and Celtic Societies within twenty years, and five volumes by the Ossianic Society since 1854.

In the first of these volumes, edited by Mr. O'Kearney, the chief subject is the poetical account of the Battle of Gabhra. The text is from a manuscript of the collection of Mr. Foran of Waterford; there are copies of it in the Royal Irish Academy written about the year 1700. The second volume, also edited by Mr. O'Kearney, contains prose stories of a Pagan character, chiefly relative to the Fenians. They purport to have been told by Fion Mac Cumhail himself to Conan of Ceann Sleibhe in Clare, one night when he was his guest. Some of these are exceedingly curious and must have been long in existence. The manuscript used belonged to the same collection; copies of the date of 1714 are in the Royal Irish Academy. The third volume, ably edited by Mr. S. H. O'Grady, is occupied by the pursuit of Fion after Diarmuidh O'Dhuinne and his bride, the Princess Grainne, the lady in this instance carrying off the reluctant gentleman. This is from the same collection as the former volumes. Dr. Keating speaks of it in 1629, but there are no older copies of it known than those in the Royal Irish Academy, about the same date as the others. The Battle of Knoc an Air, in the fourth volume, edited by Mr. John O'Daly, was furnished by Mr. Griffin of Clare; the Royal Irish Academy copies date 1760. The present (fifth) volume by Mr. O'Connellan, comprising the in-

cidents of a visit of the Bards to the hospitable king of Connaught, Guaire, is copied from the Book of Lismore, a manuscript of the fourteenth century, in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

The same framework is made use of for the introduction of several of the poems scattered through these volumes. The mighty Osgur and other chiefs having fallen on the fatal field of Gabhra (Garristown in Meath), and the very existence of the Fenians as a body having ceased, Oisin, son of Fion, was taken alive to Tir-na-n-Oge, and afterwards restored to upper air in the time of St. Patrick, who endeavoured to make a good Christian of him. Oisin being a carnal-minded Pagan to the back bone, cannot understand, and will not receive the new doctrine, and his arguments with the saint are of a very unedifying character. St. Patrick, in order to give his unsatisfactory pupil an idea of the omniscience of the Creator says, that it would not be possible for the smallest midge to enter Heaven without His knowledge; and this gives Oisin an opportunity of exclaiming, "O Fion, son of Cumhail, how different was it in your hall at Alvan! thousands might enter, partake of your cheer, and depart without notice or remark." There being bounds to the patience even of a saint, he at last requests Oisin to cease his sorrowing for the departed glory of the Clan Boisgne, and relate the particulars of such or such a chase, or battle, or adventure. The old warrior-bard requires little pressing, and is consoled for the moment by the recital of the mighty deeds of his perished kinsmen the Fians of Faël. The strain generally ends with a wild burst of sorrow for being forced to survive them.

An English scholar looking on the quatrains of which these poems consist, is perhaps anxious to make acquaintance with the structure of the verse, and learns for this purpose the sounds and powers of the letters, and attempts to repeat one of the quatrains aloud. He finds that there is no necessary agreement between the last syllables of the first and third lines, but that a uniform rhyme prevails between those of the second and fourth, either entirely or in the vowel sounds, and that a liberal use is made of alliteration. He will perhaps find

some difficulty in lighting on the peculiar march of the verse, but perseverance will master even the difficulties of Gaelic prosody. Readers of a thoughtful turn and a taste for archæological matters, will find a great charm both in the poems and prose stories, but if we recommended them to students of the fast fictions of the present day, as a rich literary treat, we should only be deceiving them.

The third volume appears to us the most interesting of all that have yet appeared. Besides the long prose tale of "Diarmuidh," similar in some respects to that of "Adonis" in the Syrian legends, there is a shorter one setting forth the beneficence of the tutelar patron of the Danaans, Mananan Lir, the plot bearing a general resemblance to that of Parnell's "Hermit." It also contains one of the many controversial poems, wherein the reader's sympathy is completely enlisted on the side of the unhappy old heathen bard.

Among the most celebrated of the old Celtic fictions are the three tragical stories of the "Children of Tuirrean," the "Children of Lir," and the "Children of Usneach," the "Pursuit of Diarmuid," and the "Cattle Raid of Cuailgne." O'Connor, King of Ulster, having treacherously made away with the three heroic sons of Usneach, Feargus, son of Roy, who had guaranteed their safety, excited Oilíoll Olum and Mave, king and queen of Conacht, to join him in avenging their death. They accordingly invaded Ulster, and among other memorable deeds, brought a prey of cattle from Cooley or Colon, in Louth. Cuchullin, the Dog of Ulster, as Hector was the Dog of Troy, was the guardian champion of the north, and there was no one found among the Conacht forces to venture to cope with him but Ferdia, who had formerly been his fellow-pupil, and sworn brother-in-arms. He was now on the same side with Feargus, and it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to induce him to raise shield against his dear old associate. The story is a mine of information on old customs, mythology, demoniac possession of animals, dallans or pillar stones, and the "Proceedings of the Bards"—the subject of the fifth volume of the "Transactions" is a kind of introduc-

tion to it. Besides this object the unknown author had in view an exposition of the powers of poetic satire, and of the intolerable insolence of the bards in the reign of Diarmuid, the cotemporary of Colum Cill. Hugh the White, King of Brefny (Cavan, Leitrim, and Meath), longs for a magic shield which belongs to Hugh the Black, King of Orgiall (Louth, Monaghan, Armagh, &c.), and begs it from him through the intervention of Dallan Forguil, the chief bard of Ireland. The bard accordingly exhibits his wonderful skill to the Black King, who is prepared to give him his castle, his kingdom, or his queen, but not the smallest boss of the Giolla Dubh (black servant). The blind bard, enraged at his obstinacy, satirizes him in a strain so obsolete, that its full venom is not appreciable by modern students. He calls him an evaporating pool, an intruding cuckoo, a frightened blackbird, an herb already sucked by a bee, a sour green berry, a disgusting black earwig, and other unflattering names; but the monarch gives him a hint that satire undeserved will scorch the satirist. The minstrel finds it so. On his return he recovers his sight, and knows that his earthly race is run.

At the recommendation of his widow Seanchan is appointed his successor, and his first act is to pay a complimentary visit to Guaire, the unlucky charitable king of Conacht. Wishing the visitation to be of a private and inexpensive description, he takes with him only 150 professors, 150 students, 150 hounds, 150 male servants, 150 female servants, and 27 of each of the chief artificers. Guaire met them on the way, and—

"Bestowed kisses on their chiefs, and gave welcome to their learned men. 'My regards to you,' said Guaire; 'my regards to your nobles and ignobles. I have great welcome for you all, both professors and poets, both scientific men and students, both sons and women, both hounds and servants. Only you are so numerous, but not deeming you too many, I would give each of you a separate welcome; however, my respects to you all on every side.' . . . It was, however, a great difficulty to procure all things for them, for it was requisite to give to each of them his meals apart and a separate bed; and they went not to bed any night without wanting something.

and they arose not a day without some one of them having longing desires for some things that were extraordinary, wonderful, and rare, and difficult of procurement. It was a task for all the men of Erin to find that which was longed for; and unless the person who desired it obtained it within twenty-four hours, it was useless ever after to procure it for him."

All were sumptuously lodged and cared for, even to the extent of having a lower bed lying beside each state bed, to guard against chance tumbles in the night; but thorough felicity is unattainable even by bards or the widows of bards. The great bardic Ban Tierna herself, the widow of the blind Forguil, is seized on the very first night with a desperate longing for a bowl of the spirit of the herb tormentil, the marrow of the ankle bone of a wild hog, a young pet cuckoo in the Christmas holidays, a gown of spiders' web girt with a belt of the yellow lard of a milk-white boar, and herself thus furnished and mounted on a bay steed with white legs, humming a tune on her road to Durlus. The whole honourable company were kept awake all night, striving to comfort the poor sufferer, and on Guaire's visit next morning he learned what was expected of him. He had never refused a request in his life; he considered the articles unattainable, and took the resolution that would occur to a man of his disposition so circumstanced. He set out to the Dun of a mortal foe with a hope of meeting death, and thereby escaping dishonour; and accidentally passing through the glen where Marvan his sainted brother resided—Marvan who had selected the office of royal swineherd—he reluctantly explained his position to him. Marvan was a powerful saint, and made light of procuring every thing but the lard of the white boar. That particular boar was the only earthly comforter he had, and was he to sacrifice him to the whim of the cursed old hag?

"My malediction on the wish," said Marvan, "and may it not serve her! Sure it is I who have that boar, and it is a hardship for me to kill him; for he is to me a herdsman, a physician, a musician, and a messenger. When I return from the swine at night, and that the skin is torn off my feet by the briars of Glan-a-Scail, he comes to me, and rubs his

tongue over my feet; and though I should have all the surgeons and healing ointments in the world, his tongue would cure me soonest—in that manner he is a physician to me. He is a herd to me, for when the swine wander through Glan-a-Scail, and that I am wearied. I give him a touch with my foot, and he goes after the swine. There are nine passes leading into Glan-a-Scail, and there is no danger of any hog of them (being carried off), by a thief, vagrant, or wolf of the forest, until he drives in the very last hog of them. He is a musician to me, for when I am anxious to sleep I give him a touch with my foot, and he lies on his back with his belly uppermost, and sings me a humming tune, and his music is more grateful to me than that of a sweet-toned harp in the hands of an accomplished minstrel. The blackbird is the most variable in his notes of all birds, yet he (the boar) is still more varied. It is hard for me to kill that animal," said Marvan, "and do thou thyself send messengers for him, for I cannot kill him; and I pledge my word to you," said Marvan, "that I will pay a visit some day to the mansion of the great Bardic body, to be avenged of them for the white boar; and may they never be the better for it!"

The saint let his wrongs weigh too heavily on him when he uttered these words. The proud and learned dame fully accoutred in the above guise, while pacing over a broken causeway, fell under her steed, broke her thigh-bone, fore arm and neck, and worse still, died of her hurts.

Not frightened, however, by her sad fortune, Seanchan and his people, male and female, wished and wished, and Marvan still met the demands. At last the bard sulked, and would take no nourishment for several days, till urged by his sorrowing family, he consented to touch an egg. The simple delicacy was presented, but between the cooking and the dishing, it had been sucked by a mouse. Oh, for a suitable mode of vengeance! Satirize the mice and rats! He did satirize them, and at the end of the first quatrain, a dozen walked out of their holes, held up their miserable paws and died. Poor satisfaction! He would make the cats and their king, Hirusan, son of Arusan, shake in their shoes, for permitting the mice to circumvent HIM—the prince of Bards! So he let fly the venom of his satire at the unfortunate king lying in his royal nest, far away in the cave of

Is this my curse, and must the names
Of child and friend and wife
Grate like rock-bells ringing above
The foam of social strife
Harsh memorial knells to me
Of a wrecked and drifting life?
* * * *

The sea he sang is a sheet of brine ;
His mountains are granite and lime ;
The stones he heard forget to teach
The angel-orbs to chime ;
The elves in the forest dance no more
To the nightingale throbbing time.

Homeless as Lear in shine or storm,
I hurry o'er sea and land ;
But every living or lifeless thing
Hath eyes to see my brand,
And the broken chain of sympathy
Doth dangle in my hand.

At eve I am resting weary feet
Beside a songless stream :
Shadowy outlines throng its slopes,
Dark in the white moonbeam :
I know them all for the deathless shapes
That awful bard did dream !

And he, the Archimage, is there,
A lordlier Prospero !
I hide my face from his wronged eyes,
Yet, at his sign, I know
That through my frame the legioned ghosts
Go wandering to and fro.
* * * *

And of my phantom-denizens
The strangest and the last,
Into my shuddering brain I feel
The Wizard's soul hath past,
And on the thin tube of my lips
Soundeth a trumpet-blast.

Unto myself I prophesy,
An uninspired seer.
Not mine the thoughts my faltering speech
Doth shape unto mine ear :
The Pythoness is worn and weak,
But yet the God is here.

A passion of the mind begets
In Nature's large embrace
A presence, which creates anew
Its mother's plastic face,
And hides each dark deformity
With colour and with grace.
* * * *

'In Afric, as on Caucasus,
Its vision can descry,
Through the disfigured lineaments
Of dwarfed Humanity,
Primal Prometheus as he stood
'Mid Gods a Deity.
* * * *

'Its Janus-eyes prolong the past,
And bring the future near ;
Surprised with sudden gleams of Heaven
Lids that were closed in fear ;
Reflect the rainbow, and reveal
A prism in every tear.

'To the grey world its alchemy
Promises youth again :
With Nature's ore, the iron of Fate,
And the rusted coin of Men,
From out the broken Now it moulds
A dream of the golden THEN.' "

He ceases, and my trance is o'er :
My waking gaze doth rest
Upon an open page, and lo !
The sum of all expressed :
'I called thee to curse, and thou
Hast altogether blessed !' "

The writer of the "Ancient Mariner" would have made more of the nocturnal interval between the profanation of the grave and that "sharp gray gleam of dawn," which saw the curse perfected, and the sacrilegious sceptic transformed and petrified under its blight. There was room for one of those still and tremendous opium-visions which De Quincy describes with such awful precision, and some inklings of which are traceable in the stupendous monotony yet ever-moving agony and interest, of the curse that befel the man who killed the albatross. The moral is plain enough. On the illusions which a hard metaphysical scepticism contemns is mainly dependent our power of enjoying and even enduring existence under its present melancholy conditions. The violator of Shakespere's dust, despising the sacredness of these beautiful but illusive influences, is himself bereft of their protection and their charm, and placed at every point in actual contact with literal and unrelieved fact, in which state he becomes the involuntary exponent of Shakespere's presumed speculations upon the subject, and the dreamer awakes to find himself "altogether blessed."

We must not dismiss a writer whose volume, notwithstanding much that is careless and incomplete, has interested us, without admitting that there are many graceful lines, and much pretty promise, as well as occasional gleams of something higher, in his effusions. He does not choose to give us his name ; and not the least poetical passage in his book is its simple and tender dedication "inscribed to his most faithful muse and generous critic, by her husband."

men to all the people who speak in the cognate branches of the Indo-European languages, every country has its old fictions peculiar to itself. The Irish branch of the Celtic tongue is most rich in this department—many of them are extremely curious, and the greater part, both in prose and poetry, possessed of much merit. Humour, of which there is scarcely a trace in the earlier remains, colours the whole of the “Bardic proceedings” in the last volume.

Our brother literati who speak and write in the Teutonic dialects, have far outstripped us in this race; witness their Eddas, their Kæmpe-Visers, their Folk-Visers, their Heldenbuchs, their Nibelungen Lieds, their Reinicke der Fuchs, their Folks-marchens, their Kinder-marchens, their Folks Lieders, &c.; all long since in print, and honoured with repeated editions. We request those who form their estimate of our old language from the conversation of our western peasants

and fishermen, to reflect on the wisdom and justice of a similar estimate of English literature from the chaffering of a couple of Yorkshire horse-dealers overheard in a fair. Let them rather admire, if they cannot imitate, the proceeding of our brother philologists of Germany. These patient and conscientious scholars, knowing the extent through which the Celtic tongue was once spoken through Europe, take whatever works, grammars, and dictionaries they can find in its surviving dialects, the Irish, the Gaelic, and Welsh, and compare the words and the grammatical structure with those of their own, or the other cognate languages, and give to the world the result of their valuable researches. To these and such as these, the gratitude of every Celtic man of letters is most justly due.

We understand that the sixth volume, containing the “Chase of Glana-Smoll” and other Fenian poems, is on the eve of publication.

AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

THE gold-fields of Victoria have attracted, within the last few years, some 300,000 persons from the shores of Great Britain. One may see there briefless barristers and Cornish miners, *ci-devant* doctors, and “old hands,” broken down swells and wild Tipperary boys—a heterogeneous mass of people, in a state of admirable fusion, or confusion, as you will, illustrating the inexorable force of that necessity which makes strange bed-fellows. After a stay of several years in the colony of Victoria, principally upon the gold-fields, it has occurred to me that some brief account of the *modus operandi* of miners in those distant regions, might be advantageously given to amuse, if not to edify, the old folk at home.

The gold-fields of Victoria consist of alluvial diggings and quartz reefs. In the former case, the gold is obtained by sinking a shaft down to the primary rock, or, as miners say, the bottom, where the auriferous deposit is found; sometimes, however, it lies

many feet above the primary rock, upon a stratum of stiff, greasy, blue clay, technically called a false bottom. Gold has often been found on the surface, in the vicinity of a quartz reef, which has cropped out of the earth in consequence of some previous eruption, and disgorged a portion of its hidden wealth. Surface gold is generally porous, of a dark brown colour, and bears evident traces of the action of fire.

At Sandhurst, Bendigo, the oldest and best of the diggings, the sinking is shallow, rarely so much as fifty feet; while at Ballarat I have worked in shafts two hundred feet deep, the greatest depth I know of being three hundred and fifty feet. Ballarat proper is a large basin surrounded on all sides by lofty ranges, covered, a few years back, with huge trees, stringy bark, and gum, which now lie rotting in the drives and shafts of the miners, who, ruthless Vandals, felled them without scruple, and cut them up for slabs wherewith to line the sides of

if we take them as guides, we shall find neither beginning nor middle, and thus come naturally, though unwillingly, to the end. So through choice and necessity we select the Heaven-inspired Hebrew Lawgiver as our teacher; and though we might be warranted in assuming poetry to have sprung up among those whose span of life embraced nine hundred years, and who consequently had time enough on their hands to cultivate the art, we shall not ask our readers to accompany us higher than the generation whose fathers assisted at the "Tower of Confusion." Then, as now, there were to be found individuals possessed of the poetic temperament, averse to bodily exertion, wearied or little interested by the routine of every-day life, and loving to dwell on the glorious traditions of the lost Eden, and of the full, genial, vigorous life that prevailed on earth before the Deluge. Even if music and poetic measure had not been known in the days of Tubal Cain, our naturally gifted poet, dwelling on the hill-side, or by the edge of the forest, or the sea-shore, had his ears open to the wild or hoarse music of winds and waves, the melody of birds, and the "measured tread of marching men."

Taking one of these, our early precursors of Homer, Tasso, Milton, and Scott, at his irksome daily toil, or his frequent rests, we find him revolving these glorious traditional memories, combining them into new forms, and clothing them in language, simple in structure, but distinguished either by alliteration, rhyme, or rhythm. Repeating twice and thrice his composition, to fix it in his memory, he watches the slow descent of the sun, and longs for the evening reunion of the family or the little community. The wished-for hour being at last arrived, his "wondrous lay" is poured on the ears of his delighted and astonished audience. They need no mental effort to comprehend and enjoy the merit and beauty of the composition. With the images they are already familiar, and they easily follow them through their new combinations, and admire them in their rich poetic garb. The poet is urged again and again to renew their enjoyment. The wild lay is soon fixed in their minds—substance and form, the inventive faculty is awakened in some, and new

subjects and new dresses for them must be found to satiate the excited imaginations. Those enriched with the gift, apply themselves to its exercise; their ordinary duties come to be indifferently discharged; their hold on the world's goods is loosened; in time they must look to their pleased and grateful hearers for their maintenance; and that which was at first the involuntary manifestation of a natural gift, becomes a profession.

The subjects of these primeval lays were, the Creation, the blissful life in Eden, its woful loss, the first murder, the intercourse of spirits with the first dwellers on the earth, the lives and deeds of the children of Cain and Seth, the awful destruction of the human race, and the rescue of the righteous Noah. But through lapse of time and the dispersion of the people, worship of the powers of nature and of the souls of dead warriors began to prevail; and the poet took these and the "host of heaven" as the inspirers and subjects of his song. With them he joined the exploits of the hunter-kings and tower-builders, the adventures of early explorers, the wonderful transit of an arm of the sea by the first boat, the burning of forests, the terrors of the thunder-storm, and the wars waged by the fathers of his audience against a hostile tribe, or the fierce beasts that haunted their neighbourhood.

It was not until men began to commit their thoughts or fancies to wax tablets, to the skins of beasts, or the bleached and pressed papyrus leaves, that the occurrences of common life, nice discriminations of character, or the ordinary phenomena of nature began to be considered fit subjects for poetry.

The early wild fictions, partly sung to the accompaniment of harp or cithern, and partly chanted, were easily retained by the memory; and when the practice became a profession, a number of them got well by rote, formed the stock in trade of the minstrels, whether stationary or itinerant. These servants of the public, when hard pressed, availing themselves of the happy structure of the primal languages, and depending on their own well-exercised power to array their subjects in suitable dress, often contented themselves at the beginning of a recital with an idea of

who, shifting the scene, want to change their luck. Before leaving their old quarters, they must first sell off everything they can, in the way of tools and timber belonging to that last duffer, which has annihilated their hopes of fortune for the present; all things, in short, which cannot be carried. At dawn of day they roll up their blankets and clothes, with tea and sugar inside, into a swag; an immense damper has been previously baked, of such solidity and weight as to challenge apparently the digestive powers of an ostrich, but which the stomach of a miner, furiously hungry, after a long day's walk, will dispose of as readily as a cracknel biscuit. The tent being taken down, and tied up with all their worldly goods upon their backs, a start is made across the country through the bush. The travellers have an idea of the lie or direction of the place to which they are going, and, with the sun as guide, manage to get over about five-and-twenty English miles per day, only stopping an hour, generally at noon, by some creek where water is obtained for making tea, which is as indispensable an adjunct to a miner's dinner as to his breakfast or supper.

At sundown the tent is stretched on a line fastened between two trees some fifteen feet apart. The axe, a never absent friend, finds an unlimited supply of fuel for cooking supper, and, after a hearty meal of mutton, damper, and tea, the whole party wrap their weary forms in the blankets, and, in a twinkling, are off to the Land of Nod.

If, however, the leaders have not been careful in selecting the camping ground, their rest will be of short duration, for some unhappy fellow will surely spring up with a yell of agony astounding to weak nerves, his hand convulsively clutching his trousers (for travellers turn in in full dress), which contain an unwelcome guest in the shape of a bulldog ant, that has crawled up his leg and electrified him with its vicious bite. These bulldogs, as they are termed, are a very large species of the ant tribe; their bite is, at the moment, infinitely more painful than the sting of a wasp, and their peculiar propensities have probably earned for them that ominous appellation. It would be vain to try to

sleep comfortably after such a mishap, and equally hopeless in the darkness to attempt to find a better position. Fortunately, there is seldom anything worse to be apprehended, when camping in the bush at night; although, in summer, snakes have been frequently found in the morning coiled up among the warm ashes of the previous night's fire.

I may as well mention that snakes are not held in such dread in Australia as one would imagine; their bite is fatal if the bitten part be not immediately cut out and the wound cauterized, but familiarity with them breeds contempt; and if a man be armed with a long thin stick, he can, if endowed with ordinary mental self-possession, disable and kill as many as he may meet. A very slight blow will so injure the delicate flexible framework of the body, as to render the snake incapable of springing, when, like a worm, wriggling about in impotent agony, he can be safely despatched at leisure. Of the poisonous reptiles belonging to Australia, the most deadly is the deaf-adder. The carpet, black, brown, and diamond snakes, inflict also a deadly wound; and the little whip-snake, seldom exceeding twelve inches in length, is really the most dangerous of all, as the chances are you may never see him until your hand is about to be placed unconsciously upon his venomous carcase.

Let us return to our party, with their mutton and damper for breakfast, and accompany them to Castlemaine, where they will arrive that evening. This town is, I think, the prettiest in the colony; though small, it is well laid out, with a fine square full of large shops, equal to the best in our provincial towns; two local newspapers are well supported, and, though last not least in Victorian eyes, the Theatre Royal, contains nightly a motley assemblage of miners, amongst whom may be recognised the sallow-face and plaited tail of John Chinaman. At the present day Castlemaine is largely supported by the Chinese, who, in gangs of two or three hundred each, re-work the old ground in Forest and Campbell's Creeks. They are hard-toiling, ingenious creatures, despised and hated by Europeans, in whose wake they follow,

partial and imperfect translation of parts of the story, he always called the heroine the "king of *Greek's* daughter."

If our Celtic or Teutonic ancestors possessed a written literature, they bequeathed no portion of that inheritance to us, their descendants. After the introduction of Christianity the first scribes were ecclesiastics, and they exclusively devoted their time and labours to the multiplying of copies of parts of the sacred Scriptures, of the Latin or Greek works of the early Christian writers, and of missals ornamented to the best of their power. The object next in importance was the composition of chronicles, either of the great religious houses, or of the reigns of kings just preceding their times or cotemporary with them. It may well be supposed that these grave religious writers would look on it as a profanation to waste valuable ink and parchment, and misoccupy their own precious time, in perpetuating the useless, heathenish, and often lewd fictions, which they would gladly see banished from the memory of the human race. Thus, the long-enduring fictional literature, better or worse-preserved till the introduction of letters, then ran the risk of dying out altogether. The difficulties met by the first announcers of Christianity may be guessed at from the yet existing relics of the worship of Moloch, Baal, and Diana, and of Pagan divination in our May-bushes, May and Midsummer bonfires, All-Hallow Eve doings, and the oral transmission of fireside stories, that in a more perfect form were recited before public assemblies or family groups in the days of Cheops.

The mythology of our Celtic ancestors being of a more cheerful character than that of their neighbours, the Teutons, they more readily shook off the yoke of "grim idolatry," and yielded their souls to the influence of the mild spirit of the Gospel. Receiving the boon of letters in the fifth century, and no danger of back-tendency to Paganism being dreaded from the preservation of the old poetic romances, the secular men of learning lost little time till they had secured them in Roman characters, which, ornamented and modified to their own peculiar taste, still exist in manuscripts and printed books. Diligent, how-

ever, as the scribes might be, every chief, small or great, could not secure or afford to purchase the seven times fifty first-class stories, and the twice fifty second-class stories, the recital of which from memory was the qualification of the superior barda. So, petty king or tanist was still obliged, whether in the vein or not, to give or seem to give attention to the "Death of the Children of Lir," or the "Legend of the Son of the Eagle," or the "Chase of Glan-a-Smol," sitting on his uncomfortable throne, and calculating with how few mantles, or ornamental goblets, or black cattle, he might endow the Man of the Ranns, next morning, without getting the name of churl.

It must be acknowledged that our Gaelic professors of the "gay science" did not enjoy their great privileges with quiet or modesty. Not content with living at free quarters in ~~high~~ palace, they annoyed and harassed the unfortunate owners in various ways, till the last straw was added to the intolerable load. If our island was provided with a foreign penal settlement in the reign of King Diarmuidh (circa 560), thither he was going to pack the whole lazy community. However, moved by the representation of St. Colum Cil and others, to draw a line between use and abuse, he condescended to allow every chief to retain one of the brotherhood, to watch over and continue the family chronicles, and entertain himself and his galloglachs, after a hard fight or chase, with the "solace of song."

Three classifications may be made of all the Celtic fictions that have escaped the perils and ravages of time, wars, and neglect. Those first taken down by the earliest Christian scribes, and preserved by repeated copyings, have retained their Pagan character, and may easily be distinguished from the later composition of Christian bards either on ancient or modern subjects. But while the spirit of Christianity was still young and fervent, and the minstrel found himself preparing to address an audience so elevated in moral and religious feeling above those whom his immediate predecessors or even himself had formerly addressed, he instinctively felt how disagreeably the heathen spirit of his romance would jar on their minds. So he took pains to

proved, in Victoria, an insuperable barrier to the detection and punishment of most disgusting and diabolical crimes. According to the last Census Reports which I have seen, out of a total of half-a-million inhabitants, there were no less than sixty thousand Chinese in Victoria.

Turn for a moment to that system of mining, known as quartz reefing. Reefs of quartz (or crystallized flint) running north and south, may be seen on every gold field in Victoria, that is, when they crop out above the surface, generally at the summits of the ranges, which are consequently covered, as with hail-stones, with small particles of quartz. All reefs are not auriferous; even among those which intersect alluvial diggings, there are some in which no gold can be detected, and a great many more, where it is so thinly scattered as not to repay the expense and labour of extracting it. The width of a reef varies from one foot to five or six; it is not a solid mass of stone, but consists rather of thin layers of quartz, lapped closely together, standing on their edges, not quite upright, but with a trifling inclination westward. The whole mass is full of joints and seams, where the gold is concealed. Some specimens are so rich as to appear plated with gold. I recollect seeing, a few years back, at Maldon (Tarrangower), a sample of quartz taken from a reef there, which, apparently worthless to the most practised eye, was in reality yielding twenty-six ounces of gold to a ton of quartz. When viewed through a lens, the stones appeared to be studded thickly with the most minute particles of gold.

There is no great difficulty in tracing the course of a reef, for, although at the distance of one hundred yards from where it appears on the surface, one may have to sink a hundred feet, in consequence of the sudden "dip," with the aid of a compass placed where the reef is visible, a shaft may be sunk which will drop right on the required spot. I may as well describe the process of extracting gold from quartz. Having first, with iron wedges, drills, &c., driven in between the joints of the reef, burst up and broken a sufficient quantity, the stones are burned for some hours so as to render them brittle, in which state they are

more easily ground to powder. The crushing machine generally consists of two large solid wheels, each weighing two tons: these wheels revolve in shallow iron basins, into which the quartz is shovelled as fast as it can be crushed by the revolving wheels; a continuous stream of water flowing through the basins carries off nearly all the pulverized stone, the gold naturally sinking to the bottom.

When the quartz is crushed, the contents of the basins are taken out, and with the aid of mercury, every particle of the precious metal is extracted from the sediment.

Quartz reefs, like alluvial leads of gold, are very unequal in their yield; thus it has sometimes happened that of three claims along a good reef, the two outside are giving from ten to twenty ounces to the ton, while the parties working in the middle cannot get so many pennyweights in the same quantity. The introduction of machinery and capital has of late days opened up many reefs hitherto not payable; and the total amount of gold from this source has increased thirty-five per cent. between the years 1853 and 1859. A reef is considered payable at the present time, which, at any depth, not exceeding fifty feet, will yield one ounce of gold to the ton.

Amongst the richest reefs in Victoria, that at Eaglehawk, Tarrangower, stands pre-eminent. Some of the best claims here have turned out gold to the value of £100,000, occasionally yielding out of the picked stuff fifteen hundred ounces of gold to a ton of quartz. But it may be naturally asked, at what depth do these quartz reefs "run out," or might they be worked down, *ad infinitum*, as far as the gold is concerned? The fact is, that in general reefs cease to contain gold after a depth of three hundred feet, and I know of only one instance, at Maryborough, a Victorian gold-field, where there is, at a depth of four hundred feet, a small amount of the precious metal found, but not in sufficient quantities to pay those concerned. Quartz reefing has succeeded alluvial mining, now nearly abandoned, and in a few years hence, will, itself, probably be on the decline. The discovery of gold, in an incredibly short space of time, peopled Victoria,

lation among the more industrious and less adventurous tribes of the Celtae.

As the whole life of the most savage warrior could not be spent in the fight, at the rude feast, and in sleep, there were hours of inaction on the deck, under the tent, or in the pine-lighted hall, when the Scald was welcomed. His poetic inspirations were drawn in chief from the traditional glories of their early Eastern life, the beauties of the southern seas and islands, the desolate grandeurs of the north, and the exciting subjects of love and war. Hence sprung the happy heavenly abodes of the Æsir, Midgard with its earthly beauties, and Niffleim, the icy and rocky abode of the giants. The poet's highest ideas of enjoyment being gathered from the clang of arms, the strife of armed men, and the indulgence of the table, the reward he conferred on his heroes was, their admission to the hurtling of spears in the daily martial games of the Æsir, and the after-feasting on flesh and quaffing of mead and beer. With some dim but glorious primal traditions still unforgotten, and the desolate sublimities of the northern landscape before his eyes, and the superhuman exploits of the mad Berserkir present to his mind, we naturally look for some reflection of them in his lay, and such indeed are frequent in the Sagas of the Edda. But notable instances of failure are found when they attempted to account for the origin of the gods or men, the frame of the earth, or the heavenly bodies. Instead of sublime, powerful, or consistent ideas, they present us with others of a huge unwieldy heterogeneous character, as must always be the case when the foundation is laid in error or untruth.

The chief subjects of the old Sagas were, the wars of the gods with the giants, and incognito visits to their abodes; a stray descent of a god to Hela, the cold desolate abode of the souls, which were separated from their bodies elsewhere than on the battlefield; the death of Balder, the most beauteous and amiable of all the dwellers in Asgard; their last deadly struggle with the Wolf Fenris and the Serpent, "whose dreadful circle locks the world;" the Twilight of the Gods, and the glorious restoration of all good things.

It will scarcely require eloquence to prove that if a Celtic family found itself domiciled among a northern tribe, or a northern family among a Celtic one, their modes of thought and feeling would be found wonderfully in unison with those of their neighbours after a lapse of two generations. Much valuable breath and good ink are wasted in spoken speeches and written essays on the different characters and specialities of races.

Our Celtic ancestors used skins of parchment innumerable in the preservation of the Gospels, of the chronicles of the country or of great families, of the lays and legends popular in their day, of the national and provincial laws, of the rights and privileges of the great people, of customs, and of the boundaries of districts. Notwithstanding our intestine troubles, the change in the language of the people, and negligent or wilful destruction of so many manuscripts, we are richer in the remains of our native literature than any other European nation. Besides the manuscripts preserved in the Royal Irish Academy and Trinity College, and the great libraries of England, many are lying neglected in continental collections, except when a painstaking German philologist disturbs their long sleep. One of the most important of these latter is "The Wars of the Irish and Danes," preserved in the library of the Dukes of Burgundy in Brussels. An extant copy of the Four Gospels, stained with the blood of the Irish St. Killian, patron of Franconia, who was martyred in A.D. 678, was taken from his tomb in 743. There are in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, a Latin copy of the Four Gospels written previous to A.D. 700; the Four Gospels of Dimma, Latin, with a few Gaelic words, A.D. 620; the Book of Durrow, containing the Four Latin Gospels, about A.D. 700; the Book of Kells, same contents as last, about A.D. 800; Gospels of St. Moling, about 800; the Book of Armagh, containing the Latin New Testament, notes on St. Patrick's Life, and the Life of St. Martin of Tours, A.D. 807; the Book of Leinster, containing the Cattle Raid of Cooley and the Destruction of Troy, A.D. 1150; the Yellow Book of Lecan, A.D. 1391; and the Book of Brehon Laws—the last

named three books being in the Irish language. In the Royal Irish Academy are the Book of the Dun Cow, also containing the Cattle Raid, A.D. 1106; the Book of Ballymote, 1391, and another copy of the Book of Lecan, 1416, all in the Irish language. The above dates are given on good authority. Some scholars have ascribed an earlier date to some of these books, and there is every reason to believe that in the continental libraries are preserved Irish manuscripts still older than those specified.

Taking all things into account, we cannot complain of the supineness of our Celtic archæologists, nor of the want of interest taken by the general community in their labours. Twenty-one volumes, Irish or Latin, with translations, have been issued by the Archæological and Celtic Societies within twenty years, and five volumes by the Ossianic Society since 1854.

In the first of these volumes, edited by Mr. O'Kearney, the chief subject is the poetical account of the Battle of Gabhra. The text is from a manuscript of the collection of Mr. Foran of Waterford; there are copies of it in the Royal Irish Academy written about the year 1700. The second volume, also edited by Mr. O'Kearney, contains prose stories of a Pagan character, chiefly relative to the Fenians. They purport to have been told by Fion Mac Cumhail himself to Conan of Ceann Sleibhe in Clare, one night when he was his guest. Some of these are exceedingly curious and must have been long in existence. The manuscript used belonged to the same collection; copies of the date of 1714 are in the Royal Irish Academy. The third volume, ably edited by Mr. S. H. O'Grady, is occupied by the pursuit of Fion after Diarmuidh O'Dhuinne and his bride, the Princess Grainne, the lady in this instance carrying off the reluctant gentleman. This is from the same collection as the former volumes. Dr. Keating speaks of it in 1629, but there are no older copies of it known than those in the Royal Irish Academy, about the same date as the others. The Battle of Knoc an Air, in the fourth volume, edited by Mr. John O'Daly, was furnished by Mr. Griffin of Clare; the Royal Irish Academy copies date 1760. The present (fifth) volume by Mr. O'Connellan, comprising the in-

cidents of a visit of the Bards to the hospitable king of Connaught, Guaire, is copied from the Book of Lismore, a manuscript of the fourteenth century, in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

The same framework is made use of for the introduction of several of the poems scattered through these volumes. The mighty Osgur and other chiefs having fallen on the fatal field of Gabhra (Garristown in Meath), and the very existence of the Fenians as a body having ceased, Oisin, son of Fion, was taken alive to Tir-na-n-Oge, and afterwards restored to upper air in the time of St. Patrick, who endeavoured to make a good Christian of him. Oisin being a carnal-minded Pagan to the back bone, cannot understand, and will not receive the new doctrine, and his arguments with the saint are of a very unedifying character. St. Patrick, in order to give his unsatisfactory pupil an idea of the omniscience of the Creator says, that it would not be possible for the smallest midge to enter Heaven without His knowledge; and this gives Oisin an opportunity of exclaiming, "O Fion, son of Cumhail, how different was it in your hall at Alvan! thousands might enter, partake of your cheer, and depart without notice or remark." There being bounds to the patience even of a saint, he at last requests Oisin to cease his sorrowing for the departed glory of the Clan Boissne, and relate the particulars of such or such a chase, or battle, or adventure. The old warrior-bard requires little pressing, and is consoled for the moment by the recital of the mighty deeds of his perished kinsmen the Fians of Faël. The strain generally ends with a wild burst of sorrow for being forced to survive them.

An English scholar looking on the quatrains of which these poems consist, is perhaps anxious to make acquaintance with the structure of the verse, and learns for this purpose the sounds and powers of the letters, and attempts to repeat one of the quatrains aloud. He finds that there is no necessary agreement between the last syllables of the first and third lines, but that a uniform rhyme prevails between those of the second and fourth, either entirely or in the vowel sounds, and that a liberal use is made of alliteration. He will perhaps find

some difficulty in lighting on the peculiar march of the verse, but perseverance will master even the difficulties of Gaelic prosody. Readers of a thoughtful turn and a taste for archæological matters, will find a great charm both in the poems and prose stories, but if we recommended them to students of the fast fictions of the present day, as a rich literary treat, we should only be deceiving them.

The third volume appears to us the most interesting of all that have yet appeared. Besides the long prose tale of "Diarmuidh," similar in some respects to that of "Adonis" in the Syrian legends, there is a shorter one setting forth the beneficence of the tutelar patron of the Danaans, Mananan Lir, the plot bearing a general resemblance to that of Parnell's "Hermit." It also contains one of the many controversial poems, wherein the reader's sympathy is completely enlisted on the side of the unhappy old heathen bard.

Among the most celebrated of the old Celtic fictions are the three tragical stories of the "Children of Tuirrean," the "Children of Lir," and the "Children of Usneach," the "Pursuit of Diarmuid," and the "Cattle Raid of Cuailgne." O'Connor, King of Ulster, having treacherously made away with the three heroic sons of Usneach, Feargus, son of Roy, who had guaranteed their safety, excited Oilioll Olum and Mave, king and queen of Conacht, to join him in avenging their death. They accordingly invaded Ulster, and among other memorable deeds, brought a prey of cattle from Cooley or Colon, in Louth. Cuchullin, the Dog of Ulster, as Hector was the Dog of Troy, was the guardian champion of the north, and there was no one found among the Conacht forces to venture to cope with him but Ferdia, who had formerly been his fellow-pupil, and sworn brother-in-arms. He was now on the same side with Feargus, and it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to induce him to raise shield against his dear old associate. The story is a mine of information on old customs, mythology, demoniac possession of animals, dallans or pillar stones, and the "Proceedings of the Bards"—the subject of the fifth volume of the "Transactions" is a kind of introduc-

tion to it. Besides this object the unknown author had in view an exposition of the powers of poetic satire, and of the intolerable insolence of the bards in the reign of Diarmuid, the cotemporary of Colum Cill. Hugh the White, King of Brefny (Cavan, Leitrim, and Meath), longs for a magic shield which belongs to Hugh the Black, King of Orgiall (Louth, Monaghan, Armagh, &c.), and begs it from him through the intervention of Dallan Forguil, the chief bard of Ireland. The bard accordingly exhibits his wonderful skill to the Black King, who is prepared to give him his castle, his kingdom, or his queen, but not the smallest boss of the Giolla Dhu (black servant). The blind bard, enraged at his obstinacy, satirizes him in a strain so obsolete, that its full venom is not appreciable by modern students. He calls him an evaporating pool, an intruding cuckoo, a frightened blackbird, an herb already sucked by a bee, a sour green berry, a disgusting black earwig, and other unflattering names; but the monarch gives him a hint that satire undeserved will scorch the satirist. The minstrel finds it so. On his return he recovers his sight, and knows that his earthly race is run.

At the recommendation of his widow Seanchan is appointed his successor, and his first act is to pay a complimentary visit to Guaire, the unlucky charitable king of Conacht. Wishing the visitation to be of a private and inexpensive description, he takes with him only 150 professors, 150 students, 150 hounds, 150 male servants, 150 female servants, and 27 of each of the chief artificers. Guaire met them on the way, and—

"Bestowed kisses on their chiefs, and gave welcome to their learned men. 'My regards to you,' said Guaire; 'my regards to your nobles and ignobles. I have great welcome for you all, both professors and poets, both scientific men and students, both sons and women, both hounds and servants. Only you are so numerous, but not deeming you too many, I would give each of you a separate welcome; however, my respects to you all on every side.' . . . It was, however, a great difficulty to procure all things for them, for it was requisite to give to each of them his meals apart and a separate bed; and they went not to bed any night without wanting something.

and they arose not a day without some one of them having longing desires for some things that were extraordinary, wonderful, and rare, and difficult of procurement. It was a task for all the men of Erin to find that which was longed for; and unless the person who desired it obtained it within twenty-four hours, it was useless ever after to procure it for him."

All were sumptuously lodged and cared for, even to the extent of having a lower bed lying beside each state bed, to guard against chance tumbles in the night; but thorough felicity is unattainable even by bards or the widows of bards. The great bardic Ban Tierna herself, the widow of the blind Forguil, is seized on the very first night with a desperate longing for a bowl of the spirit of the herb tormentil, the marrow of the ankle bone of a wild hog, a young pet cuckoo in the Christmas holidays, a gown of spiders' web girt with a belt of the yellow lard of a milk-white boar, and herself thus furnished and mounted on a bay steed with white legs, humming a tune on her road to Durlus. The whole honourable company were kept awake all night, striving to comfort the poor sufferer, and on Guaire's visit next morning he learned what was expected of him. He had never refused a request in his life; he considered the articles unattainable, and took the resolution that would occur to a man of his disposition so circumstanced. He set out to the Dun of a mortal foe with a hope of meeting death, and thereby escaping dishonour; and accidentally passing through the glen where Marvan his sainted brother resided—Marvan who had selected the office of royal swineherd—he reluctantly explained his position to him. Marvan was a powerful saint, and made light of procuring every thing but the lard of the white boar. That particular boar was the only earthly comforter he had, and was he to sacrifice him to the whim of the cursed old hag?

"My malediction on the wish," said Marvan, "and may it not serve her! Sure it is I who have that boar, and it is a hardship for me to kill him; for he is to me a herdsman, a physician, a musician, and a messenger. When I return from the swine at night, and that the skin is torn off my feet by the briars of Glan-a-Scail, he comes to me, and rubs his

tongue over my feet: and though I should have all the surgeons and healing ointments in the world, his tongue would cure me soonest—in that manner he is a physician to me. He is a herd to me, for when the swine wander through Glan-a-Scail, and that I am wearied. I give him a touch with my foot, and he goes after the swine. There are nine passes leading into Glan-a-Scail, and there is no danger of any hog of them (being carried off), by a thief, vagrant, or wolf of the forest, until he drives in the very last hog of them. He is a musician to me, for when I am anxious to sleep I give him a touch with my foot, and he lies on his back with his belly uppermost, and sings me a humming tune, and his music is more grateful to me than that of a sweet-toned harp in the hands of an accomplished minstrel. The blackbird is the most variable in his notes of all birds, yet he (the boar) is still more varied. It is hard for me to kill that animal," said Marvan, "and do thou thyself send messengers for him, for I cannot kill him; and I pledge my word to you," said Marvan, "that I will pay a visit some day to the mansion of the great Bardic body, to be avenged of them for the white boar; and may they never be the better for it!"

The saint let his wrongs weigh too heavily on him when he uttered these words. The proud and learned dame fully accoutred in the above guise, while pacing over a broken causeway, fell under her steed, broke her thigh-bone, fore arm and neck, and worse still, died of her hurts.

Not frightened, however, by her sad fortune, Seanchan and his people, male and female, wished and wished, and Marvan still met the demands. At last the bard sulked, and would take no nourishment for several days, till urged by his sorrowing family, he consented to touch an egg. The simple delicacy was presented, but between the cooking and the dishing, it had been sucked by a mouse. Oh, for a suitable mode of vengeance! Satirize the mice and rats! He did satirize them, and at the end of the first quatrain, a dozen walked out of their holes, held up their miserable paws and died. Poor satisfaction! He would make the cats and their king, Hirusan, son of Arusan, shake in their shoes, for permitting the mice to circumvent HIM—the prince of Bards! So he let fly the venom of his satire at the unfortunate king lying in his royal nest, far away in the cave of

Knobha (Knowth, near the Boyne), and it so smarted him, that quitting the royal ladies, Fiery Mouth, his spouse, and Sharp Teeth, his daughter, he was in less than no time at Cruachan, in Roscommon, and the ill-tempered bard flung across his back. Then speeding eastwards like the wind, he was in a thought across the Shannon; but cantering at an easier pace through Clonmacnoise, he was spied by St. Kiaran, who was doing smith's duty at the moment in his forge. Though the saint set light value on Seanchan as a proud bard, he valued him as a human being; so he made a javelin cast of a red bar at the ravisher, and his rat-and-man-catching deeds were at an end. The temper of the minstrel was such, that he would have preferred death; as then a certain disgrace would cling to Guaire for ever. In this adventure, the feline king being of the size of a four-year-old ox, everything is brought within the bounds of probability.

The measure of the exactions and persecutions of the great Bardic order being full, Marvan pays them a visit, as gentle in its manner and object as the cold rushing east wind. At first he is not known, and in order to show his claim to the privilege of disputation with them, he announces that the grandmother of his servant's wife was a poet's granddaughter. Here are some of the questions with which he puzzles the learned professors: What did man find on earth which God could not find? How was playing on the harp invented? Who was the first poet? Having made them, both chief and simple professor, play base or cronan till their lives become a burden to them, he summarily dismisses them till they should find out the genuine story of the Tain Bo Cuailgne, and repeat it for him, laying injunctions on them never in the interim to sleep two nights in the one place. They march away very crest-fallen, spend one night at the King of Leinster's palace in Naas, cross the sea to Alba, return, and are as far from coming at the story of the Oat-tle Raid, as when they left Cruachan.

At the last extremity, Marvan ad-

vises them to collect all the saints of Erin together, to entreat Fergus Mac Roy, who has been in his tomb some 600 years, to relate the tale to them, as he had been one of the chief actors in it. They assemble at his tomb, and solemnly make the request; his spirit appears, and recites the heroic tale; St. Kiaran, of Clonmacnoise writes it down on the skin of the Dun Cow; and a copy of that original made six hundred years later, may be seen in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy.

We have left ourselves little space for critical remarks on the editing of the separate volumes. We should be glad to have room for the excellent remarks on the genius of the Celtic tongue, which occur in the third volume, edited by Mr. O'Grady, and to dwell on the care bestowed on their labours by the different editors. Being chiefly desirous to find in the successive volumes the ancient remains with their literal translation, we regret seeing part of the fifth volume occupied with Mr. MacPherson, whose forgeries, no Gaelic scholar, Irish or Scotch, would venture to defend in this year of grace. It is not very probable that readers of Keating, or the first four of these volumes will be gratified by finding "Eochaidh" (pronounced *Uchy* or *Yuchy*), spelled "Eohy" in the last volume. The subscribers have been for some time sighing for the possession of the Tain. Well here at last is the introduction: it is to be hoped that they will not be kept much longer in suspense.

From a hasty glance at the list of subscribers, we judge the number to be upwards of seven hundred. There should be twice the number, and the subscriptions punctually paid; but of course there can be no doubt of the latter fact. The patient researches of Zeus, and other German philologists in Celtic literature, should excite our own scholars into activity, and our readers who pretend to judgment and taste, to give them support in their efforts to preserve the early remains of the oldest and most perfect of European languages.*

Besides the household stories com-

* It will be understood that we except Latin and Greek, and do not take into account the aboriginal language, of which the surviving dialects are the Basque, the Finnish, and the Hunnish, and of which there are no written literary remains. We here claim no superiority over the Teutonic tongues, except what arises from the earlier date of our written literature.

mon to all the people who speak in the cognate branches of the Indo-European languages, every country has its old fictions peculiar to itself. The Irish branch of the Celtic tongue is most rich in this department—many of them are extremely curious, and the greater part, both in prose and poetry, possessed of much merit. Humour, of which there is scarcely a trace in the earlier remains, colours the whole of the “Bardic proceedings” in the last volume.

Our brother literati who speak and write in the Teutonic dialects, have far outstripped us in this race; witness their Eddas, their Kæmpe-Visers, their Folk-Visers, their Heldenbuchs, their Nibelungen Lieds, their Reineckeder Fuchs, their Folks-marchens, their Kinder-marchens, their Folks Lieders, &c.; all long since in print, and honoured with repeated editions. We request those who form their estimate of our old language from the conversation of our western peasants

and fishermen, to reflect on the wisdom and justice of a similar estimate of English literature from the chaffering of a couple of Yorkshire horse-dealers overheard in a fair. Let them rather admire, if they cannot imitate, the proceeding of our brother philologists of Germany. These patient and conscientious scholars, knowing the extent through which the Celtic tongue was once spoken through Europe, take whatever works, grammars, and dictionaries they can find in its surviving dialects, the Irish, the Gaelic, and Welsh, and compare the words and the grammatical structure with those of their own, or the other cognate languages, and give to the world the result of their valuable researches. To these and such as these, the gratitude of every Celtic man of letters is most justly due.

We understand that the sixth volume, containing the “Chase of Glan-a-Smoll” and other Fenian poems, is on the eve of publication.

AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

THE gold-fields of Victoria have attracted, within the last few years, some 300,000 persons from the shores of Great Britain. One may see there briefless barristers and Cornish miners, *ci-devant* doctors, and “old hands,” broken down swells and wild Tipperary boys—a heterogeneous mass of people, in a state of admirable fusion, or confusion, as you will, illustrating the inexorable force of that necessity which makes strange bed-fellows. After a stay of several years in the colony of Victoria, principally upon the gold-fields, it has occurred to me that some brief account of the *modus operandi* of miners in those distant regions, might be advantageously given to amuse, if not to edify, the old folk at home.

The gold-fields of Victoria consist of alluvial diggings and quartz reefs. In the former case, the gold is obtained by sinking a shaft down to the primary rock, or, as miners say, the bottom, where the auriferous deposit is found; sometimes, however, it lies

many feet above the primary rock, upon a stratum of stiff, greasy, blue clay, technically called a false bottom. Gold has often been found on the surface, in the vicinity of a quartz reef, which has cropped out of the earth in consequence of some previous eruption, and disgorged a portion of its hidden wealth. Surface gold is generally porous, of a dark brown colour, and bears evident traces of the action of fire.

At Sandhurst, Bendigo, the oldest and best of the diggings, the sinking is shallow, rarely so much as fifty feet; while at Ballarat I have worked in shafts two hundred feet deep, the greatest depth I know of being three hundred and fifty feet. Ballarat proper is a large basin surrounded on all sides by lofty ranges, covered, a few years back, with huge trees, stringy bark, and gum, which now lie rotting in the drives and shafts of the miners, who, ruthless Vandals, felled them without scruple, and cut them up for slabs wherewith to line the sides of

the shafts, and for props and cap-pieces to support the drives, which are carried in from the bottom of the holes a long way under ground; without this precaution the earth would tumble down and smother the workmen. The environs of Ballarat present therefore, a singularly bleak and desolate appearance; but the town itself has progressed with miraculous rapidity: tents have long since been superseded by wooden buildings of great size and strength, and there are not a few handsome edifices faced with cut stone, the material for which is supplied from the freestone quarries of Bacchus Marsh, a small town situate on the road to Melbourne, some five and twenty miles from Ballarat. There are no less than three large theatres, all well supported, for the Victorians are great play-goers: indeed, throughout the provincial towns, the state of the theatres may be accepted as a barometrical indication of the buoyancy of the money market. What miners term leads of gold, mean simply the underground beds or channels of old watercourses, now dry, which have worn a passage in the surface of the primary rock, when their deposits of quartz boulders, iron-stone sand, &c., are found to be largely impregnated with particles of gold, which, originally ejected from quartz reefs, have become smooth and polished by the action of water.

From one of these leads, at Ballarat, about two years ago, a nugget was taken, weighing, I think, nearly two thousand ounces; it was very appropriately christened by the lucky finders the Welcome Nugget. At present it is the largest in the world. I need scarcely say, that, although some men made their fortunes in a hurry at Ballarat, the vast majority were doomed to disappointment and bankruptcy; for, while an eighth share in a good claim would give a return of about £1,500 for six months work, and the expenditure of £40 or £50 towards furnishing windlass, ropes, buckets, timber, and other tools necessary to work out the ground, a claim containing no gold—in colonial parlance, a duffer—would yield, of course, nil; and, besides, many of the unfortunate men would be sure to have staked their all on the venture, and, finding that there was no open-

ing without capital on the deep sinking, would put all their effects in a bundle called by miners a swag, upon their backs, and make for some poor man's diggings, where, the sinking being shallow, it was possible, with no money and little labour, to eke out a tolerable subsistence.

Even here, the moment any one was so fortunate as to light on a patch of gold, which would put a few pounds in his pocket, instead of trying to follow up his success in that quarter, he would hurry incontinently back again to Ballarat, persuaded that this time he would be successful, and undoubtedly drop on the lead. This lead being very tortuous in its course might probably again disappoint his hopes, and by a graceful curve make the claim a duffer, and himself free to commence the world anew, with a heavy heart and an empty pocket.

The escort returns at the Treasury, Melbourne, show that the amount of gold sent down weekly from Ballarat exceeded that of any other gold field; but, bearing in mind the vast outlay requisite to obtain this result, it would appear that the palm should be awarded to Bendigo.

A very serious affray took place in the latter part of the year 1854, between the military and the miners, in which thirty-five of the latter, and about as many of the former, were killed. The disturbance arose from the system of licensing then carried on. The payment of thirty shillings every second month for a paper entitling you to dig for gold, was well enough for those who succeeded in their search: but to the unfortunate digger, without gold or money, the whole thing seemed intolerable. Accordingly, the discontented portion of the community erected a stockade on the Eureka lead, Ballarat, which was taken by the military with the loss above-mentioned; the ringleaders, twelve in number, were arrested, tried, and acquitted through the force of public opinion, which was strongly in favour of the accused. As this was the only instance of a collision between the authorities and the miners, the Eureka stockade is famous in the annals of the colony.

Let us now leave Ballarat and proceed across the country to Bendigo, in company with a party of miners,

who, shifting the scene, want to change their luck. Before leaving their old quarters, they must first sell off everything they can, in the way of tools and timber belonging to that last duffer, which has annihilated their hopes of fortune for the present; all things, in short, which cannot be carried. At dawn of day they roll up their blankets and clothes, with tea and sugar inside, into a swag; an immense damper has been previously baked, of such solidity and weight as to challenge apparently the digestive powers of an ostrich, but which the stomach of a miner, furiously hungry, after a long day's walk, will dispose of as readily as a cracknel biscuit. The tent being taken down, and tied up with all their worldly goods upon their backs, a start is made across the country through the bush. The travellers have an idea of the lie or direction of the place to which they are going, and, with the sun as guide, manage to get over about five-and-twenty English miles per day, only stopping an hour, generally at noon, by some creek where water is obtained for making tea, which is as indispensable an adjunct to a miner's dinner as to his breakfast or supper.

At sundown the tent is stretched on a line fastened between two trees some fifteen feet apart. The axe, a never absent friend, finds an unlimited supply of fuel for cooking supper, and, after a hearty meal of mutton, damper, and tea, the whole party wrap their weary forms in the blankets, and, in a twinkling, are off to the Land of Nod.

If, however, the leaders have not been careful in selecting the camping ground, their rest will be of short duration, for some unhappy fellow will surely spring up with a yell of agony astounding to weak nerves, his hand convulsively clutching his trousers (for travellers turn in in full dress), which contain an unwelcome guest in the shape of a bulldog ant, that has crawled up his leg and electrified him with its vicious bite. These bulldogs, as they are termed, are a very large species of the ant tribe; their bite is, at the moment, infinitely more painful than the sting of a wasp, and their peculiar propensities have probably earned for them that ominous appellation. It would be vain to try to

sleep comfortably after such a mishap, and equally hopeless in the darkness to attempt to find a better position. Fortunately, there is seldom anything worse to be apprehended, when camping in the bush at night; although, in summer, snakes have been frequently found in the morning coiled up among the warm ashes of the previous night's fire.

I may as well mention that snakes are not held in such dread in Australia as one would imagine; their bite is fatal if the bitten part be not immediately cut out and the wound cauterized, but familiarity with them breeds contempt; and if a man be armed with a long thin stick, he can, if endowed with ordinary mental self-possession, disable and kill as many as he may meet. A very slight blow will so injure the delicate flexible framework of the body, as to render the snake incapable of springing, when, like a worm, wriggling about in impotent agony, he can be safely despatched at leisure. Of the poisonous reptiles belonging to Australia, the most deadly is the deaf-adder. The carpet, black, brown, and diamond snakes, inflict also a deadly wound; and the little whip-snake, seldom exceeding twelve inches in length, is really the most dangerous of all, as the chances are you may never see him until your hand is about to be placed unconsciously upon his venomous carcase.

Let us return to our party, with their mutton and damper for breakfast, and accompany them to Castlemaine, where they will arrive that evening. This town is, I think, the prettiest in the colony; though small, it is well laid out, with a fine square full of large shops, equal to the best in our provincial towns; two local newspapers are well supported, and, though last not least in Victorian eyes, the Theatre Royal, contains nightly a motley assemblage of miners, amongst whom may be recognised the sallow-face and plaited tail of John Chinaman. At the present day Castlemaine is largely supported by the Chinese, who, in gangs of two or three hundred each, re-work the old ground in Forest and Campbell's Creeks. They are hard-toiling, ingenious creatures, despised and hated by Europeans, in whose wake they follow,

picking up, like jackalls, what is left behind.

I am sorry to say that a few of our countrywomen had the bad taste to marry Chinamen, for their money, I presume. True, they were of a very low class; and in the only instance of which I know personally, the bride found, to her cost, that she had caught a Tartar. Bendigo, which is twenty-seven miles distant, will be reached next day; and having taken leave of the party, the reader and I will take a stroll through the diggings.

On the richest leads in the Eaglehawk, California, and Long Gullies, now nearly worked out, the sinking is shallow, about twenty feet, no shafts requiring to be slabbed, the claims were generally worked out with ease in a month or six weeks, and were very rich. I have seen as many as fifty-seven ounces taken out of four buckets of washing stuff.

In by-gone years, before the gold-fields were overrun by the rush of immigrants, and when golden holes were as plentiful as blackberries, a party of two or three men, having worked out a good claim, which had yielded, say £500 a man, would forward their gold to the treasury, at Melbourne, by escort, and follow after themselves for a colonial spree. An expensive hotel would be chosen, behind the bar of which there being a pretty girl, the most susceptible of the bachelors was sure to be caught and married within a day or two. Half a dozen massive gold rings, as many silk and satin dresses, bonnets and shawls, being procured to complete the bride's trousseau, the newly-married couple would enjoy abundance of peace so long as the money lasted—about a fortnight; when the bridegroom would return to the diggings, and the bride back again to service, where she might be seen, early some fine morning, dressed in satin, polishing the grates.

In illustration of this spirit of wholesale prodigality, I heard an amusing story of a party of miners who were dining at a first-class hotel in Melbourne. After dinner, champagne and claret were introduced: the former was voted no better than ginger beer, and the latter declared to be execrable stuff. A bright thought, however, rescued the party from the difficulty,

and they immediately ordered a pint of rum each, directing the waiter to "charge it the same as the swells' wine."

When the old licence system was in vogue, it was customary for the Commissioner, with a posse of troopers, to scour the diggings about the third day of every month, with the view of arresting all those who could not produce the necessary papers. This was not such an easy matter at Ballarat, for while sentinels posted on the tops of the ranges gave the alarm to their companions working in the gullies beneath, any unlucky fellow who was surprised by a trooper a few yards distant, would dart down his shallow hole, like a rabbit into its burrow; and as the claims were probably "holed" into one another for a considerable distance, pursuit in such a warren would be quite hopeless, and the fugitive might safely ascend a long way from the spot where he took to earth.

The Ballarat riots having put an end to the licence system, an export duty of half-a-crown an ounce on all gold taken out of Victoria, has more than reimbursed the revenue. There is a further charge of £1 per annum for a miner's right. The taking out of this paper is, to some extent, optional; but without it, the law does not give protection to a person working auriferous ground; he may be encroached on, or altogether driven out of his claim by any one possessed of the proper document. A miner without a right, has, as lawyers say, no locus standi in the court of mines. The taxes upon the Chinese are very oppressive; there are first £10 per head levied on every Chinaman landing at Victorian ports, £1 for a protection ticket, and £1 for a miner's right; for every subsequent year, £4 residence money, as it is called, beside the two last items. The first most serious impost was often evaded at first, as the ships from China landed their passengers at Guichen Bay, South Australia, whence they made their way overland into the Victorian diggings. As the Chinese are, generally speaking, very much alike, identification by European officers is impossible; indeed this wonderful sameness of features which characterizes the Mongolian race, has often

proved, in Victoria, an insuperable barrier to the detection and punishment of most disgusting and diabolical crimes. According to the last Census Reports which I have seen, out of a total of half-a-million inhabitants, there were no less than sixty thousand Chinese in Victoria.

Turn for a moment to that system of mining, known as quartz reefing. Reefs of quartz (or crystallized flint) running north and south, may be seen on every gold field in Victoria, that is, when they crop out above the surface, generally at the summits of the ranges, which are consequently covered, as with hail-stones, with small particles of quartz. All reefs are not auriferous; even among those which intersect alluvial diggings, there are some in which no gold can be detected, and a great many more, where it is so thinly scattered as not to repay the expense and labour of extracting it. The width of a reef varies from one foot to five or six; it is not a solid mass of stone, but consists rather of thin layers of quartz, lapped closely together, standing on their edges, not quite upright, but with a trifling inclination westward. The whole mass is full of joints and seams, where the gold is concealed. Some specimens are so rich as to appear plated with gold. I recollect seeing, a few years back, at Maldon (Tarrangower), a sample of quartz taken from a reef there, which, apparently worthless to the most practised eye, was in reality yielding twenty-six ounces of gold to a ton of quartz. When viewed through a lens, the stones appeared to be studded thickly with the most minute particles of gold.

There is no great difficulty in tracing the course of a reef, for, although at the distance of one hundred yards from where it appears on the surface, one may have to sink a hundred feet, in consequence of the sudden "dip," with the aid of a compass placed where the reef is visible, a shaft may be sunk which will drop right on the required spot. I may as well describe the process of extracting gold from quartz. Having first, with iron wedges, drills, &c., driven in between the joints of the reef, burst up and broken a sufficient quantity, the stones are burned for some hours so as to render them brittle, in which state they are

more easily ground to powder. The crushing machine generally consists of two large solid wheels, each weighing two tons: these wheels revolve in shallow iron basins, into which the quartz is shovelled as fast as it can be crushed by the revolving wheels; a continuous stream of water flowing through the basins carries off nearly all the pulverized stone, the gold naturally sinking to the bottom.

When the quartz is crushed, the contents of the basins are taken out, and with the aid of mercury, every particle of the precious metal is extracted from the sediment.

Quartz reefs, like alluvial leads of gold, are very unequal in their yield; thus it has sometimes happened that of three claims along a good reef, the two outside are giving from ten to twenty ounces to the ton, while the parties working in the middle cannot get so many pennyweights in the same quantity. The introduction of machinery and capital has of late days opened up many reefs hitherto not payable; and the total amount of gold from this source has increased thirty-five per cent. between the years 1853 and 1859. A reef is considered payable at the present time, which, at any depth, not exceeding fifty feet, will yield one ounce of gold to the ton.

Amongst the richest reefs in Victoria, that at Eaglehawk, Tarrangower, stands pre-eminent. Some of the best claims here have turned out gold to the value of £100,000, occasionally yielding out of the picked stuff fifteen hundred ounces of gold to a ton of quartz. But it may be naturally asked, at what depth do these quartz reefs "run out," or might they be worked down, *ad infinitum*, as far as the gold is concerned? The fact is, that in general reefs cease to contain gold after a depth of three hundred feet, and I know of only one instance, at Maryborough, a Victorian gold-field, where there is, at a depth of four hundred feet, a small amount of the precious metal found, but not in sufficient quantities to pay those concerned. Quartz reefing has succeeded alluvial mining, now nearly abandoned, and in a few years hence, will, itself, probably be on the decline. The discovery of gold, in an incredibly short space of time, peopled Victoria,

which might otherwise have long remained unknown to the mass of the British people, and consequently she suddenly attained to wealth and importance in the eye of the world. But the gold-fields inaugurated an anomalous and unnatural state of society, which could not long exist, and is fast vanishing away. With

the unrivalled climate and fertile soil of Victoria, there is nothing which ought to stand in the way of ultimate success; and when the millions of acres, now lying waste, shall be covered with the fruits of the earth, then, and not till then, will her prosperity rest on a firm and enduring basis.

MILITARY PANICS.

BY RUNNYMEDE.

IN one of the Sikh battles a British regiment, through contradictory orders, found itself unsupported in front of the enemy's fire, and, for the first time, turned right about face on the enemy. A wag of the regiment said that they ran, not from *Shere Singh*, but from *sheer funk*. The battle of Bull's Run will get the same bad name in American annals. It was a regular bull's-run, such as those stampedes in western prairies, when a whole herd of buffaloes, stung with flies or maddened by some sudden fear, rush on till they drop dead with heat and exhaustion. In ancient times the god Pan was supposed to be the inspirer of this sudden and useful diversion in the enemies' lines. The Goat-god, who had frightened his mother into fits by his ungainly and capricious movements as an infant, and who had been taken up to Olympus by his father, Mercury, to amuse the celestials by his dancing to the music of his own Pandean pipes, afterwards set up as a hunter on his own account in the woods of Arcady. Here, by his quick sight and lusty halloo, he became the terror of the forest—a kind of god-gorilla, whose howl would scare away bears and tigers as unaccountably as Orpheus charmed them. The next we hear of Pan is in the train of Bacchus, when that mythical god opened the way to the conquest of India, in which Alexander, in historical times, followed in his steps. Pan was evidently the trumpeter of the expedition, and blew such blatant and horrible blasts of sound, that the

Argunases and Krishnas of India stopped their ears, and ran from it as the beasts had done in Arcady. Whether the sound he produced was that of a steam-whistle or of a steam-drum, legend does not say. Jullien, the father of monster concerts and the inventor, we believe, of one of these ear tormentors, was, no doubt, one of the progeny of Pan. Perillus, of the brazen bull celebrity, was another, and the Chinese, who drive their prisoners mad by the gong reverberating in their ears louder than the loudest thunder, are also emissaries of the wicked Goat-god, who should be sent to join him in the Pandemonium, where "the noise of drums and timbrels loud" is mixed "with parents' tears and children's cries that pass through fire" to Moloch.

In grateful memory of Pan's assistance at the battle of Marathon, the Athenians erected a temple to his honour. The first of those panics with which Asiatic armies have so often been seized in presence of European, was that recorded by Herodotus, when the Persians and Greeks met on the plain of Marathon. Herodotus shall tell the story in his own picturesque words:—"While the Generals were yet in the city, they despatched a herald to Sparta, one Phidippides, an Athenian, who was a courier by profession, and who attended to this very business. This Phidippides, as he afterwards told the story to the Athenians, was met by Pan near Mount Parthenion, above Tegea; and Pan, calling out the name of Phidip-

* Herodotus vi., ch. 106.

pides, bade him ask the Athenians why they paid no attention to him, who was well inclined to the Athenians, and had often been useful to them, and would be so hereafter. The Athenians therefore, as their affairs were then in a prosperous condition, believed that this was true, and erected a temple to Pan beneath the Acropolis, and in consequence of that message they propitiate Pan with yearly sacrifices and the torch race." To this intervention of Pan, among other causes (for Herodotus is at the half way state of belief between supernatural and natural causation, and does not directly bring the gods into the field of battle as Homer, or altogether pass by their interposition, as Thucydides), the great success at Marathon is attributed. Pan, according to Herodotus, changed sides on that eventful day for Greece and Europe. The Athenians, he says, on that day charged the Medians at full speed, and that, too, unsupported by cavalry and archers. This the barbarians ascribed to madness, for until that time the very name of the Medes was a terror to the Greeks. It is evident from this hint (and it is only a hint which Herodotus furnishes), that the result of Marathon was mainly attributable to a *panic*. For the first time the Medians met their match, and as at school all bullies are cowards, so in battle.

Instead of inspiring terror in the Greeks, the headlong attack of the Greeks struck them with terror. It was the weaker animal brought to bay, and driving back the stronger, as a horse has before now staggered a tiger, and sent him reeling back to his den by a well-directed kick in the head. Marathon and Bull's Run have this in common (though we hope our Southern friends will not get hold of this comparison to extract a bit of "bunkum" for themselves), that the invader, who had carried all before him up to this point, was "whipped" by the sudden discovery that the enemy did not mean to run away.

A battle is after all only a pummelling match on a large scale; the side which can best stand being beaten has the best chance of beating.

"Fears of the brave and follies of the wise;" who has not read and commented on this sonorous couplet. It is an

epitome of the art of war. We would not say that the general that is most brave will win the day, but he that fears least; nor is the distinction a mere trifling about words. The normal state of two armies marching to battle is the state of fear; the general is trembling for his reputation, the drummer boy for the lass that he left behind, and the lips he kissed so fondly when drawn for a conscript a few days before. To all that mighty host there is the awful alternative, death or victory; it may not be a peerage or Westminster Abbey to all, but the prize is proportioned to the stake. The commander-in-chief stakes his all on the issue and so does the drummer boy. The one cannot hazard more than life and honour, the other cannot hazard less. In such a lottery as this the boldest may hold his breath, as the ball whizzes in the roulette of battle, and fortune hangs in suspense between the combatants. That men are not afraid while the battle is raging around them, and comrades falling fast on all sides, is very true; but that is not because they are too brave not to know what fear means, which is only an absurd way of saying that they are too irrational to know what their danger is; but because a passive emotion of fear is incompatible with the active exertion required of head, legs, and arms. The commander-in-chief has to *think*, and the full private to *act* during action, and both thinking and acting are states which put an end, for the time present, of the sympathetic emotions. The surgeon amputating a patient's limb is conscious of nothing but the operation itself. If he were to give way for an instant he would be unnerved and unmanned. During the trying quarter of an hour, he is a being of pure intellect devoid of feeling or emotion of any kind. And unless he were capable of that act of pure abstraction, unless he could put his understanding under an exhausted receiver, and work it for the time *in vacuo*, he might give up surgery and had better adopt the study of some of the fine arts instead. This is why many excellent and able men have been unable to qualify themselves for the profession of a surgeon. They were unable to master their passive emotions in the operating room; their

nerves were too fine-strung, and consequently their intellect never had fair play; they could never rise to the perception of the beauty of an operation, and forget the screams and suffering of the patient. A surgeon is not heartless, as some suppose, because he forgets the one class of emotions, and can even induce a new train of emotions. If the patient were a dear relative, he would not attempt the operation, because he could not trust his resolution. A look might unnerve him, and the more the feelings are compressed the greater their gush when once the self-command is lost, and like waters breaking through a dam they sweep all before them.

To apply these remarks to a field of battle. Men there screw their courage to the sticking place. They do not talk nonsense about not knowing what fear means, but like Macbeth, they can do all that does become a man, who dares do more is none. Sir Alexander Ball, than whom a braver man never walked the quarter-deck, confessed, that when as a boy he was put into the ship's launch on a cutting out expedition, he felt the tears rise in his eyes, and he would have given worlds to choke down his emotions. But a kind word from an old boatswain soon set him all right again, and once the first natural gush of fear was got under he felt no more return of it, and got on in action as well as the oldest seaman. This is the real state of armies going into action; at first the strong sense of danger is uppermost in their minds, but as soon as this is conquered by the sense of duty, there is then no return of these qualms, unless, as sometimes happens, the army finds itself in a trap, or a *cul-de-sac*, with cannon on all sides, and then the sensation of fear returns with overwhelming strength in proportion as it has been kept under so long.

Thus we have given first the theological explanation of panics to which the Father of History alludes, not in the hearty believing way that old Homer would have told of a divine interposition of Pan on the side of the Greeks at Marathon. Then we passed on to the metaphysical account of the same. Now we give the positive side of the same subject, and narrate some of the great panics of war.

It was a panic when Gideon's handful of men, with pitchers and lamps, fell on the host of Midian and smote them, as they lay along in the valley "like grasshoppers for multitude, and their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea-side, for multitude." A Midianite, we are told, dreamed a dream, and lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came into a tent and smote it, that it fell and overturned it that the tent lay along. Mr. Thompson, the ingenious author of the "Land and the Book," has thrown great light on the dream by referring us to a proverbial expression, still in use in Palestine. Barley bread being eaten only by the very poor, it was very natural to dream of an attack from one of the oppressed Israelites under the figure of a cake of barley bread. Bearing in mind, moreover, the almost precipitous heights which overhang the valley in which the Midianites were encamped, the sudden irruption of Gideon and his armed men was as like the tumbling of a cake of bread on the roof of a tent, and the cause was not more inadequate to the effect in the one case than in the other. To what, then, are we to attribute the terror of the Midianites but to a night surprise from a small body of men rushing down on them from a height. Every measure of Gideon's was well calculated to strike a panic into the multitude, which lay in the valley like grasshoppers. The flashing of lights, the crash of broken pitchers, the trumpet to the lips, the sword in the hand: here were four elements of terror, any one of which would have been sufficient by itself. The superstitious multitude, no doubt, at once supposed them to be so many avenging angels—the gods of the land come down to take up the cause of Israel. "Fear," says the wise man, is "a betrayal of the succours which reason offereth;" and so unreasoning is this instinct of fear that it strikes at friend and foe alike. We can well understand that the Midianites turned every man's sword against his fellow, when we read of the hair-breadth escapes of the *Times'* Correspondent from the cowardly fellows who were running from their own fears on the road to Washington. The men who dared not look behind them

on the "deil take the hindmost" principle, were ready to cock their pistols at the stranger who stopped them to ask what they were running from. There is something infectious in the presence of numbers for good or evil. Men back each other up shoulder to shoulder if they have only the resolution to stand. As on Flodden field—

"Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As gallantly and well."

And, on the other hand, a bad example works like leaven among troops, and a retreat often ends in a run because of an alarm raised by a few cowardly fellows in the rear.

The march of Bacchus from Greece to India is undoubtedly mythical; that of Alexander of Macedon is undoubtedly historical. Whatever we may say of the first irruption of Pan into Asia, it is quite certain that the god of terror raised his shaggy head from the midst of the Macedonian phalanx, and shook the Persians from their ranks and Darius from his throne. It is unaccountable how half a million of men could stand up to fight a pitched battle with fifteen or twenty thousand soldiers without running away at the first alarm. The Persians stood in their own way. It was like King Cambyses and his host overwhelmed in a sand storm—

"Man mounts on man, on camels camels
rush."

Two or three such victories as those of the Granicus and Arbela must have satisfied Alexander of this sheep-slaying. He must have doubted his own sanity at last, like Ajax *furens* among the flocks. The panics of the Persians recoiled on their conqueror. Conquest came so easy to him that he went mad for blood, and at last turned his sword against his own generals and favourites for want of fresh Darius' to pursue, and more Persians to overrun.

In the wars of the Romans panics were unknown, for every legion was an army complete in itself, which marched under its own commander, and encamped on its own ground. It expected no supports, and, therefore, never trusted itself in danger without knowing its own strength, and the strength of the enemy. Armies are broken either when the commander

of 10,000 finds himself confronted by 20,000, and halts, wavers, and is thrown back in confusion; or, when through want of generalship, the men come up in dribblets, and regiments play at cross purposes leading to very crooked issues under fire. At Meeanee, for instance, Sir Charles Napier found himself with 2,000 men on the crest of a hill face to face with 20,000 Beloochees. To waver was to be lost, and so putting a bold front on the matter, Sir Charles went in for it and won. On the other hand, for an example of what would strike a panic into any army but the British, take Balaclava, or the attack on the Redan in June. *C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre* is a well remembered comment on the ride of the Six Hundred down the valley of the shadow of death up to the Russian guns. There is no disguising the truth that this is not the way that victories are won. Lions were led on by asses, and if a wrong attack did not end in a rout and a panic, it was only because British soldiers are unlike any other, and do not know when they are beaten.

A panic was next to impossible in a Roman army, from the very composition of the force. It was an *exercitus*, a body so called from its constant habit of drill. Discipline was their *disciplina*, the study to which the Roman gave his mind and strength, as the Greek to rhetoric and philosophy; their camps were cities or the germs of them, and their colonics bodies of old pensioners who held the lands of the enemy on military tenure. To this day our Winchesters, Rochesters, Porchesters, Dorchesters, recall the name of the ancient *castra*, the strongholds of Roman power in Britain. A military spirit like this is the true preservative against the panics which naturally spring up when bodies of men suddenly find themselves at death's door. How shall one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, except, in the language of Scripture, their Rock had sold them, and they had lost all faith in each other as well as in God. It is easy to see that the imagery is Asiatic, for in Asia only do these disgraceful effects of fear occur on so large a scale. It is only there that undisciplined multitudes are drawn into the field of battle, to be swept away, like

the pawns on the chessboard, when the Queen and Castle are gone.

During the middle ages panics were common enough among the hasty levies which were summoned to go to the campaign with the lord of the soil. The knights and their retainers were of course disciplined men, but the bowmen and pikemen were drawn from the cart and the plough, and stood their ground bravely enough, as long as they were supported, but when once the men in armour gave way, then this ill-armed yeomanry became a rabble-rout, and saved themselves as they best could by flight.

The wars of knights in armour against knights in armour were over; the battle-field was no longer a tilting ground, where a few noble warriors of the pure *sangre azul* decided the fate of the day by their individual prowess. The age of chivalry went out in a blaze of triumph on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and in a burst of shame after the Battle of the Spurs. We could not write on panics and pass over that strange escapade of chivalry, that galloping-match from death, that Tam O'Shanter ride of the French. In July, 1513, the English landed at Calais, and being joined by the Emperor, the united army, numbering 30,000 men, laid siege to Terouenne, upon which the Duke of Longueville marched to its relief, and was totally defeated. This battle, fought on the 18th August, near Enguinegatte, was called the Battle of the Spurs, because the French used their *spurs* more than their swords. It was the battle of *veni, vici* only, for the French were only like the snow-fall on the river, a moment seen then gone for ever. It was General Bem's laconic report of a victory over the Austrians in 1848. *Bem Bom Bam*—Bem came and conquered.

The fifteenth century still retained so much belief in witchcraft as to punish the unfortunate witch that fought on the losing side. In earlier times Joan of Arc would have been treated as an apparition from a higher world, or a century or two later, she would have been treated as a heroic but wrong-headed woman, a Charlotte Corday, or a Madame Krudener. But in the twilight of the fifteenth century her appearance was distorted, as objects are in that intermediate state between light and darkness. With

alternate fits of cowardice and cruelty her enemies ran from her, and then took her and burned her as a witch, while the Parliament of Paris, more incredulous at first than the English, and afterwards more completely duped by her pretensions to prophecy, at last completed their infamy by consenting to her death. Even Charles, who owed every thing to her, did nothing towards avenging her cause; but ten years afterwards contented himself with promising the restoration of her memory by the Pope, and a reversal of the process. She was styled in that act "a martyr to her religion, her country, and her king." To this fair martyr the French owe the reconquest of France from the English. The words of promise which Shakespeare puts in her lips, were amply redeemed and made good:—

"Assigned am I to be the English scourge;
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise,
Expect Saint Martin's summer halcyondays.
Since I have entered into these wars,
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to
nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends:
Dispersed all the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bears at once."

The event justified the boast. Orleans was relieved, and boldly attacking the English in their tents, she struck them with such a panic that they were obliged to raise the siege with precipitate haste. As the faith of the French rose, so also rose the fears of the English. God and the saints had come down to take the side of the oppressed against their oppressors. It was in vain to resist the conviction and to fight against it to the last as stout-hearted Talbot did.

"Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's
heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled
brains."

The panic seized the men and Talbot is swept away in the rout before a woman. In vain the Duke of Gloucester issued a proclamation to reassure his soldiers against the incantations of the girl; and the Duke of Bedford spoke of her as a disciple and limb of the fiend that used false enchantments and sorceries.

It was a panic as of Sisera's army—

the Lord gave deliverance to Israel by the hand of a woman : Charles and his counsellors were like the men of Reuben, for whose divisions there were great searchings of heart. On both occasions it was the sudden and supernatural courage of a woman which kindled the flame in men's hearts. As Joan held out a burning torch, when in disguise she entered Rouen, as a signal to the French outside, so her mission was to lift up a signal to the fainting courage of her countrymen, and to inspire them with some of her own spirit. Women like these are to be ranked among the companions in the knighthood of faith, whose achievements are unrolled to us in the 11th of Hebrews : "Women received their dead raised to life again ; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance." Wherever there is faith on one side there will be panics on the other, for the assurance of divine help on one side is the assurance that the other side is fighting against God and the saints. No army long bears up against such a depressing conviction as this ; it wastes its spirit away, as the dysentery caused by eating unripe grapes wasted away the bodies of the Prussian invaders of France in 1792. They will either not come to the fight at all, or come up in such a faint-hearted way as if they knew what was before them, and felt that they deserved to be beaten.

We must return to Asia to write the history of panics. The Gorgon's head strikes no such terror on this side the Hellespont. In our Indian wars we have repeated in modern times the victories of Greece over Persia, of valour over numbers.

On the 22nd June, 1757, the sun rose on General Clive, on the banks of the river Cossimbuzar. A toilsome march had to be made under an Indian sun in June (for the sun fought against us then as a century after during the Indian Mutiny of 1857), and late in the evening Clive and his little band took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob of Bengal, had an army of 50,000 infantry, armed with matchlocks, spears, rockets, and bows ; 18,000 cavalry, well mounted and accoutred, and fifty pieces of cannon, for the most part twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, which were

clumsily mounted on wooden carriages, and drawn by an elephant and forty or fifty horses. To oppose these Clive had no more than 3,000 men of all arms, of whom not more than a thousand were Europeans, and the rest Madras Sepoys. The battle of Plassey is the history of one of Alexander's victories over Darius. Surajah Dowlah's artillery began the action, but did as little execution as the elephants and castles of Darius on the Macedonian phalanx, while the few field pieces of the English produced great effect. Clive continued on the defensive until about 2 p.m., when the Nabob, intimidated by the fall of a favourite chief, ordered a retreat. This is the turning point in an Asiatic army. At best it is a mob of fighting men, which bears down with its own weight against the enemy's lines, but when it has to repeat the Parthian manœuvre, and retreat fighting, it invariably falls into disorder, and the rout becomes a run for dear life. So it was on this day. It was a regular stampede of wild and affrighted buffaloes. Not more than 500 fell by the enemy's sword, but more than ten times that number were either wounded or missing. No muster-roll was ever called again of that army of 60,000 men ; like a faggot of sticks it fell to pieces at a stroke of the conqueror's sword. Next day Surajah Dowlah fled in disguise from Moorshebadad, and a creature of Clive's was set up on the Durbar in his stead, while the reality and even the symbols of sovereignty passed away to the English, with whom they have remained to this day.

The history of India is full of these narratives of battle, stoutly begun, but ending in a panic, a rout, a deposition, and the annexation of the province to our still increasing empire. Sir Henry Laurence said of the Sikhs, that they were not educated up to the point when the soldier in the ranks can trust that his right-hand man is not planning to run away. Never was this more exemplified than during the Indian Mutiny in 1857. The regiments which wore the British uniform and were drilled by British officers—regiments which had won laurels, too, in campaigns from Pegu to Persia, turned round and ran before a few hundred Highlanders, as school-boys run at sight of a policeman.

They had no confidence in each other, much less in their officers. It was a state of chronic panic, and to that we owe our mastery of India to this day. St. John Tucker well said, that it is not our might, nor our craft, much less our numbers, which holds India for us. Ours is an empire of opinion; an invincible persuasion possesses the Hindoo that one pale face is equal in the day of battle to ten of themselves. The Beloochees said of Sir Charles Napier, that the tramp of his war-horse was heard two miles off, and the men of Nicholson's regiment were found to adore him as a god, by name Nikul-Seyn.

Asiatic armies have shown us the art of turning a victory into a defeat. Given a horde of men with very little knowledge of fighting, and no interest whatever in the cause for which they are fighting, and we have at once the conditions requisite to produce a panic. We may expect a panic in such a situation as this, just as we may expect to find a toad-stool in the stump of an old tree, or bulrushes in a marshy hollow. Asia is as indigenous of panics as it is of the cholera. Hindoos fight under this pall thrown over them by the king of terrors, as the Persians fought in the shade of their innumerable darts. The European general who marches out to fight Chinese and Hindoos, reckons upon a diversion in his favour caused by the god Pan, as much as Bacchus reckoned on the assistance of his ally in the celebrated expedition to India. It would almost cause a panic in the European lines if they found it otherwise. Whenever Hindoos or Chinese stand to their guns we begin to suspect that there are French or Russian officers among them. For a long time we could not believe that the Sikh artillery was not pointed by French gunners. It was asserted with equal confidence that the Russian uniform was to be seen in the Taku forts. Panic is our natural ally in our wars in the East; we think ourselves badly used if he does not overturn the baggage waggons, cut the bullock's traces, and set an elephant or two mad with thirst and fear, and so turn things topsy turvy in the rear that there is no making head against us in front. A panic is thus as much a part of our *materiel de guerre* in the East as a balloon is of the French, or a stink-

pot of the Chinese. There must be fightings without, but also fears within, or else a handful of Europeans could never conquer or hold India to this day.

But the Asiatic panic is of one kind, the American of another; they differ as the tiger differs from the jaguar. The fear of undisciplined masses is always a terrible thing, whether in civilized or in semi-civilized societies; but as the causes of this panic differ, so it differs in its effects. In Asiatic armies a panic arises from indiscipline produced by want of confidence between man and man: in America, from indiscipline produced by undue confidence, together with want of military training. In Asia there is the defect, in America the excess of public spirit, and so opposite causes produce the same effect. The political spirit is nearly dead in an Asiatic community. The king has gathered up all the functions of government into his own person, and so, if he is an imbecile or a madman—to one of which extremes absolute power invariably leads men—the condition of things falls into a state resembling that of an engine-driver drunk or asleep by the stoke-hole, and the ship driving through the waters at the mercy of the winds and waves. In America an opposite kind of evil is at work; political life is there diffused through the mass, so that every one on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy, thinks himself fit to work the ship's engines; there is no division of labour, no such thing as professional statesmanship. The art of war and the art of government are thought to be born with all men as digging and delving. All men can dig, because they are the sons of Adam, the first gardener, and all women spin, because they are daughters of Eve, the first spinster. Generals are storekeepers, and storekeepers are generals, according to American ideas: for war being a return to the state of nature, according to Hobbes and Mr. Jefferson Brick, it is the art in which all men are naturally equal. It is a point of honour with democracy, to prove all men equal on the tented field, for what comes easier than fighting? No man, says Archbishop Whately, thinks of deciding by common sense in the craft or calling in which he is skilled. He only decides by

common sense in a professional matter of which he knows nothing. So physicians set a great store by common sense in law, and lawyers in physic. Engineers who would never build a bridge by common sense, will give a constitution to a colony, or pay the National Debt by common sense. So as generalship is the art of which Americans are generally ignorant, every second man you meet is a general, and is ready to lead an army to battle under the strategy of common sense. A great deal of uncommon nonsense has been talked about the early wars of the French Revolution, as if Moreau, Dumouriez, and Jourdan gained their great victories by forgetting the art of war and throwing themselves on the enemy like a pack of wolves on a caravan of peaceful travellers. So far from this, their victories were the victories of masters in the art of war, against bunglers. Not to speak of Valmy, which after all was only a cannonade, and not an engagement at close quarters, Dumouriez out-generalled the Duke of Brunswick by his march on the Argonne Forest, which stopped the march of the allied army on Paris in 1792, and saved the Republic. Dumouriez put his finger on the map and exclaimed, "This is the Thermopylæ of France." On the 4th of September, by a rapid movement in the face of the enemy, the bold and adroit Frenchman had occupied the main passes of the forest, and had taken up a position of great strength at Grandpré. The weather was wet, the country was flooded, but Dumouriez' great difficulty was to bring his raw and inexperienced troops to face the Prussians, whom Frederick the Great had led to victory. Even five days before Valmy they fled screaming before the Prussians. But by exhortation and menace he inspired the timid with some ardour, and his recruits were rallied to the cry of *vive la patrie*. But Dumouriez was too skilful a general to hazard an engagement at close quarters with raw against disciplined troops. He manœuvred his men, marched and countermarched them, and finally, by a succession of feints, tired out the enemy, and held his ground till the arrival of Kellermann with fifteen thousand men, encouraged him to engage the enemy, which he did at Valmy.

The cannonade of Valmy was the

first action fought by the Republican levies against the disciplined armies of Prussia and Austria. The relief of Lille, in October of the same year, was followed by the battle of Jemmapes, in which, though the French lost more than the Austrians, they succeeded in routing them for the first time. Of the composition of the army there are discordant accounts. Lamartine represents the cavalry as consisting of old soldiers, but says that the mass was composed of volunteers inexperienced in manœuvre. Napoleon, on the other hand, at St. Helena, said that the Republic was not saved by the recruits and volunteers, but by the old troops of the Monarchy. We incline to agree with the soldier rather than the civilian. And if proof were wanting to confirm this opinion, it lies in this, that the French were generally successful by land, but invariably defeated by sea. Now, it is well known that while the land forces were commanded mainly by trained officers, men who, like the young Napoleon, had passed through the military schools of France under the monarchy, in the navy it was quite otherwise. The officers were almost all taken from the upper classes, who emigrated after the events of 1792, and so France had to fight her battles by sea with maritime conscripts commanded by captains of smacks and brigantines, who were good Jacobins and ardent Democrats, but who knew no more naval tactics than could be gained on a coasting voyage from Nantes to Bordeaux. Admiral de la Graviere, one of the few survivors of the French Revolutionary war, candidly admits that France lost all chance of disputing for the command of the sea for want of skilled seamen. It has been calculated that even before the close of 1791 three-fourths of the officers of the royal navy had either retired or been dismissed. Their place was supplied from the merchant service, with a very searching test as to politics, but with a very slight test as to service and skill.

During the action of the 1st of June, 1794, the French Admiral Villaret Joyeuse carried on board his flagship, the *Montagne*, a Commissioner from the terrible Convention—Jean Bon St. André—who, though wholly ignorant of seamanship, and indeed at one time a Calvinist divine, had come

on board and assumed the tone of a great commander. As Lord Howe bore down on the *Montagne*, closely followed by five ships of his own fleet, *Jean Bon St. André*, thinking the Commissioner's place was the place of safety, or perhaps mindful of his former clerical calling, retired to the cockpit. It is to this that the Anti-Jacobin song alludes—

“Poor John was a gallant captain,
In battles much delighting;
He fled full soon
On the first of June,
But he bade the rest keep fighting.”*

Thus the lesson from the wars of the French Revolution, so far from disproving the superiority of discipline over valour, strongly confirms it. The French were victorious by land because they were better commanded, and as uniformly they were defeated at sea because they had no commanders at all. They acted as those shrewd people do who trust to professional rules on the subject of which they have some knowledge, not to common sense, in a matter in which they have no knowledge at all, and who find out to their surprise, that common sense will not weather a ship on a lee shore, or tie up an artery, or carry a man through an action of trespass and battery. If they had trusted their own sense less, and the sense of a professional man more they would not have to rue their loss by sea when it was too late.

The Federalists in America are likely to find out by land what the French discovered after eleven years of uniform defeat and disgrace by sea, that great commanders are not extemporized, and that courage is no substitute for professional skill. From the 1st of June, 1794, to the 25th October, 1805, when the French flag was struck down never to float again at sea during the wars of Napoleon, France was endeavouring to force a marine by all that skill, energy, and foresight could contrive. But it was all to no purpose. The school of arms which is to do service in war, must be prepared in peace. The Revolution had swept the navy clean of all mind, and when mind came to be applied to the marine it was too late. The English had got the start, the prestige of victory

had already set in on their side, and France would have had to gain a few Niles and Trafalgars before her fleets could ever expect to cope on equal terms with those of England. So low had her spirit fallen by sea, that to escape a defeat was considered a victory, to creep round the coast, giving the English fleet the slip in the night was a bold manoeuvre, and to fight a running fight with a harbour of refuge in sight, was a daring exploit, deserving at least a medal, or a paragraph in the *Moniteur*. The Northern States have found out, to their great vexation, that volunteers will not show fight by land. Their extemporized armies, like the navies of France, have lost faith in themselves from the very first. It cannot be said that they ever had much. Tall talking—as their slang word is—has not done the work of the drill-sergeant and the barrack-room. Public spirit is a good thing, it is the raw material out of which soldiers and sailors are made. But the raw material is one thing, the manufactured article another, and woe to the nation which in its strait and agony calls on its levies to face armies bronzed in battle. So the Prussian *Landsturm* went down at Jena before the army of the Pyramids, Italy, and Austerlitz. It was not till eight years' humiliation had called out in Prussia a spirit as heroic as that of the French Republicans in 1792, supported by a discipline as stern and exact, that Prussia took revenge for Jena at Leipzig and Waterloo, and settled old scores which we hope may not soon be opened again on either side. At this moment we should tremble for Prussia if she had to meet France single-handed on the Rhine. In discipline, and even in numbers we do not fear that Prussia could make head against any army which France could launch against her across the Rhine. But when it comes to real fighting, the difference between old soldiers who have fought in real battles, and those who have only fought in sham battles, is tremendous. Amid the hail of bullets, and the sights and sounds of real fighting, even old soldiers sicken, and young soldiers drop, and are benumbed with fear. If there are not vete-

* Quoted from Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt," vol. ii., p. 241.

rans then mixed up with the young soldiers they may fall into a panic at any moment, which will sweep away generals, baggage and all, in one pell-mell of ruin. But if added to this the officers are as inexperienced as the men, nothing can save such an army from a ruin which is worse than defeat.

Such was the case at Manassas Gap the other day. Volunteers were led on by volunteers, a mob of waiters, porters, shop-boys, farm-helps, and loafers out on the tramp, were led on by senators, stump-orators, postmasters out of place, and politicians, with every plank of the Union for a platform. Think of the Devil's Own, commanded by an Edwin James, sent on by rail to meet the French at Hayward's Heath. That distinguished corps which carried away a ramrod with them from Parker's Piece, Cambridge, to be restored to the Unknown Quantity X, who fired it off—motive unknown—at the review there some time ago, would do well to present that ramrod to the remains of the Great Army of the North, which came back more whitened with dust than blackened with powder. *Parmula non bene relictæ* would do for an inscription on that ramrod to remind volunteers of what the same poet sings—

“*Quem tu Melpomene semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem.*”

It is not given to every man who deals in dry goods to lead men into action; let lawyers wear the long robe lined with their suitors' obstinacy, and doctors go forth, lancet in hand, to bleed, but not to die for their country, but leave soldiers and their service alone; or if volunteers out on a holiday spree choose to go soldiering, let them not trust to common sense in a matter in which ignorance is no excuse for presumption, but rather an aggravation.

The United States have passed through many panics before, but hitherto they have been all of one kind. The stoppage of all business in 1858, when so great was the sensation of awe that a religious revival broke out, the return wave of which passed over us in Ireland during 1859, was a panic of the kind which New Yorkers are as accustomed to as the

Japanese to an earthquake, or the Neapolitans to an eruption of Vesuvius. But a military panic was a new sensation; it was like mixing gunpowder with his brandy, which is the last achievement of the veteran and hardened toper. To those whose life is one succession of small excitements, the fillips of fortunes made and lost, the gin-sling and cock-tails of the Stock Exchange, it must be something stupendous to stagger home from the telegraph office with the details of an encounter as great as Magenta, though not so bloody. Sensation telegrams, sensation placards, sensation banners, and a caucus of the Plug Uglies, the Blood Tubs, and such like bands of brotherhood, corresponding to our Odd Fellows, Druids, Foresters, and Freemasons, have helped to keep the panic warm and fluttering for weeks after the battle is over. The New Yorkers have caught a panic, and keep it alive, as passengers try to keep alive a flying-fish that alights on their decks. But the little stranger, when its wings dry, must die or return to its native deep; so all the poking and puffing of the newspapers will not keep Bull's Run longer in memory than the birth of the next nine days' wonder.

To leave the Union to die of neglect is the last end which an American citizen would wish for his country. But the world cannot live on panics for ever. We have had enough of this war between two armies of volunteers. The North appears as unable to conquer the South as the South the North: it is the celebrated drawn battle between the dog and the fish over again. We cannot bring such enemies to close quarters, and their wars on paper would form a fitter sequel to the mock epic of Homer, than to the true. But the rage for panics must die out at last. America is thus purging herself of one of the follies of her youth, and learning in this snow-balling match, like the young Napoleon at Brienne, what the real game of war will be which she may have to play someday—not with an imaginary enemy behind imaginary masked batteries as at Bull's Run—but in real earnest when the land is compassed by armies, as France was when the young Lieutenant of Artillery first looked down on Toulon from the heights.

We cannot conclude without rebuking the ungenerous sneer which the panic of Bull's Run has drawn from the *Times* and *Punch* at American courage. Writers must know very little of military matters to suppose that cowardice is the cause of panics. All that we have read on the subject directly proves the contrary. It is the want of discipline in the mass, not want of bravery in the individual soldier, which causes a panic. If the Americans had been an army of lions they would have certainly fled, if they were led on by asses, as it appears most of their commanders were; or if they had been lions, mistrustful of each other, as they probably were, from want of practice together on drill and parade, they would have equally fled. It is only when an army moves as one man, when after marching together, and facing in company for months together, fatigue and danger, that they get confidence in each other and in their commander. The Americans were braggarts we admit, but no cowards. Their panic served them right; but he is only a poltroon himself who would dare to insinuate such a slander against a brave people, in whose veins the same blood flows as in our own, and who taught us at the Peiho, the saying, that blood is thicker than water. We do not forget that saying of Tattall's, and now two years after we send the same message back to America in all her troubles, that blood is thicker than water. We have not our ears stuffed with Manchester cotton, and we have a heart for brave men whether in North or South, fighting for what they believe to be their country. But our right hand of fellowship we reserve for those in the North, who are fighting the battle of the poor slave against his oppressors. If there are any John Browns who have honestly turned out—not as political bravos to sell their sword to the Union—but to do battle with all their might and main against the ungodly accursed trade in man, to such we

turn with our whole heart; these are the men who are worthy of America in her better days, before the multitude began to bow down to the almighty dollar. The panic of Bull's Run will teach men of this stamp a useful lesson; it will teach them that a good cause is not enough, there must be good discipline as well. Soldiering is no amateur trade; the three months' men had better get their discharge and return to their shops and farms. Let those that remain behind cast in their lot with camp-life for life, and then a small, well paid, well appointed Union army, will do more for the Union than the vast Xerxean levies which ran at Bull's Run—

“He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they.”

Another such panic as this will kill the Union; for Americans more than any other people—not excepting even the French—writhe under ridicule. They would far rather acknowledge the Confederation than fight and run away again. Besides, a regular army would be of use to keep up the appearance of a Union, until public opinion has irrevocably decided for or against the South. Ultimately it must be decided at the bar of public opinion. This is not a war that can drag on for years like the war of American Independence. But until the whole of America has settled down to accept as legal the new state of things, a regular army will keep things quiet *in transitu*, and form the nucleus for a strong government, whenever peace is settled on a new basis. Thus, the difference between an army of regulars and an army of volunteers is at once tested by the possibility of a panic like that of Bull's Run. Volunteers melt into a mob, as a snow heap melts into sludge at the first shower. Regulars are like a wedge of Wenham ice, which resists summer heats as well as spring rains, and lasts on as hard as ever till winter comes round to freeze it again.

RUNNYMEDE

THE IRISH CENSUS ABSTRACTS OF 1861.

THOUGH the word Census has a Roman origin, and the process of numbering a people to discover its strength in fighting men may be traced back to still more ancient than Roman times, popular statistics as we understand them are of modern date. In its proper significance the Latin term corresponds more closely with the functions of the original censors, or valuers, than the duties imposed every ten years upon our officials or the journalistic responsibilities of French prefects. The ancient censorship, almost the highest office in the State, and associated with large authority, inspired a respect, or at least a salutary fear, which we do not feel in presence of the Horace Manns, Donnellys, or Wildes of present times. Not only were the censors of antiquity solemnly charged with the *regimen morum*, but arranged the assessment of the *tributum* or property-tax. What magnificent proportions would our totters of figures and decipherers of eccentric caligraphy not assume, if endowed with power to determine, by a strict household investigation, including an examination of the strong box—no liberty of appeal being allowed from their decisions—what exact amount of pecuniary mulct each respectable father of a family should bear. The inquisitorial proceedings of the Income-tax authorities are, in all conscience, sore enough to endure, but a prying Census, after the old model, carried out by a system of domiciliary visitation, would probably drive the Ireland of 1861 to that general revolt which the writings of her patriots have failed to excite. It would be rather a serious affair, many will be ready to confess, if the gentlemen from whom we have lately obtained an admirable abstract of the Returns of April last had been empowered to put queries upon all the Ten Commandments, and to inflict public *ignominia* where the respondent's conduct was not free from reproach. Scarcely less inconvenient would it be, in our "complex condi-

tion of society,"—as goes the phrase that covers such a multitude of doubtful principles and transactions,—if it were part of their instructions to see that no one carried on a disreputable trade, or "refused to marry" (literally one of the points of the Roman census—and a large class of our indulgent readers will say not the least commendable), or treated his wife with unkindness, or had been guilty of cowardice, or "taken a bribe for his vote." Schedules crowded with interrogatories of this nature would be much too severe a test of virtue for the modern world, though one of the Seven Philosophers has undertaken to boast of our maturity in wisdom and goodness. We shall rest contented with an humbler form of enumeration and less comprehensive social self-scrutiny than was made of old in the Campus Martius. In the end we elicit pretty much the same order of facts, and in a completer way, but by different means and for a more liberal purpose. Our Census gives us no greater power over the purse or person of the individual; it enables us, however, to legislate for the many with clearer and fuller information. In an age when numbers intimately affect politics and principles, data of the kind are indispensable. No labour or expenditure is thrown away which supplies them with accuracy, and satisfies the community interested in their exactitude that they may be relied upon.

Our modern Census arose with the opening of the century. The first enumeration of the British people, including the elements of sex, age, occupation, and rank, was taken in 1801. Decennial returns have been regularly called for throughout the interval up to the present year, the method of obtaining and compiling the information improving with each successive occasion. The registration system established in England in 1836, and extended to Scotland in 1854, has systematized and rendered faithful the returns periodically

made from those countries. Our first attempt at a Census for Ireland dates in 1811. It proved unsuccessful. In 1821 it was repeated; and although it has been customary to say that the returns of that year cannot be trusted, their substantial correctness will appear probable enough to any one who examines the condition of the population in the decade between 1811 and 1821. The progress in numbers was extraordinarily rapid because the country was under-peopled and labour in brisk demand.

The two succeeding enumerations, however, of 1831 and 1841, are the most important we will say ever made in this country, not excepting even the last one, and for reasons that will immediately appear. Fortunately, although the returns for 1831 have been impeached, the Commissioners of 1841 place upon record their opinion that the Census of the previous ten years could not be inaccurate to any material extent. We need scarcely remind the reader that we do not in these observations deal with the English Censuses, which present little more to the political student than an unvarying progress in prosperity. We confine ourselves to Ireland, whose social history, as graven upon these valuable tablets, is profoundly suggestive and solemnly interesting. Justice requires the remark before proceeding, that the scheme adopted by the Commissioners of 1841 has been copied in important particulars in France, where the Census is taken every five years; in Belgium, where every three years is the period; and in the United States—if such they may still be called—where our sufficiently close interval of ten years is allowed to elapse between each enumeration.

It will be judged from what has been written that for the purposes of a safe and legitimate comparison we cannot go farther back, at least as respects the general social features of an Irish Census, than 1831, when, for the first time, a strict scheme of inquiry was devised and carried out by a disciplined body of men, and a system of check and verification adopted. For the merely numerical result of the Census, however, we may, with caution, begin our observations at 1821.

There was an increase of the population of Ireland between 1821 and 1831 of 965,754; and between 1831 and 1841 of 407,723.

The addition to the population from 1821 to 1831 was about 14½ per cent., and from 1831 to 1841 but 5½ per cent.

The Census of 1831 may have been somewhat too high, as the enumerators had a direct temptation to swell the numbers. They considered they would be paid, and in many cases were paid, in proportion to the numbers appearing upon their schedules; but the total results having been subjected to close examination, the inaccuracies that finally remained could not have been very serious. The per-centages already stated were certainly not affected to any material extent. The Commissioners of 1841, therefore, felt no hesitation in asserting that the increase of the population between 1831 and 1841 had been far less, more than a half less, in proportion to the whole, than during the former decennial period. They state this broadly, and proceed to account for the phenomenon.

It is a popular fallacy, consequently, to hold that the tendency to decline in the Irish population, from whatever causes arising, began between 1841 and 1851. For full ten years before it was in active and progressive operation.

This decline became the subject of discussion with the Commissioners of 1841. So serious was the social fact which presented itself to them, that they could not ignore it; and they make this statement:—"There have been a variety of causes in operation, some local, some general, which have led to that result (the small per-centage of increase). Emigration has, no doubt, operated to a very great extent. It is to be remembered that Ireland is an agricultural country, and devoid of the means of providing for its rapidly-growing population equally profitably with that afforded by manufacturing countries." The surplus left Ireland to seek employment and bread elsewhere.

To show how an agricultural country is affected by the competition for labour arising from the contiguity of flourishing manufacturing districts, it will be instructive to state, that while the

population of Scotland increased between 1831 and 1841 close upon 11 per cent., the increase was 27 per cent.—nearly 28—in the manufacturing districts, and only a little over 5 per cent. in the agricultural. Now, the latter ratio agrees exactly with the general increase in Ireland during the same period. Agricultural countries and districts only increase by the natural progress of births minus the emigration to prosperous adjacent towns, where higher rewards are obtainable for labour; manufacturing countries and districts, whether near or remote—if only the same language be spoken in them, and the means of intercommunication be easy and cheap—offer a continual and resistless attraction to a rural people, and swallow up a large portion of their growing population. It is a law of natural and fixed operation.

It should not only be remembered, also, that the Irish exode commenced long before the years of distress, and would have been a serious and continual drain had the famine never occurred, but that the earlier emigration from us was to the manufacturing counties of the sister country. Between 1831 and 1841 it was that large numbers of Irish settled in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the cities and towns of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and London. Glasgow also received between these years a great proportion of the Irish residents which it contains. It was during the same period that the greater railways were constructed in England, and about 60,000 Irish labourers are supposed to have been either employed upon the works, or to have stepped

into the places of Englishmen, who left their lighter and less highly-paid duties to become navvies. In 1831 the Irish in Glasgow numbered 35,000, or thereabouts; in 1841 they had risen to 44,000, an increase of considerably above 8,000. At Liverpool, likewise, being 40,000 in 1833, they had swelled to nearly 50,000 within seven years afterwards. The Colonies, of course, even at this early period, attracted large numbers. At least 400,000 people left for the Canadas or America between 1831 and 1841. During the same period over 104,000 Irish settled in England, a number not equalled within the double decade since. It appears, then, that one of the first causes of Irish emigration was the attraction to labour afforded by high wages in England.

To learn how emigration advanced, to become finally so large a feature in our social revolution, it will suffice to mark that the exodus between 1821 and 1831 was only, in all, 70,000 persons, while it reached more than 530,000 between 1831 and 1841.

When we come to the next and most momentous decade of Irish statistics, it is to find the tendency to a decrease in population, begun in 1831, rapidly enlarging. The total loss from 1841 to 1851, was 19·85 per cent., chiefly the result of emigration to the United States, as we shall be able to exhibit.

The following tables (the first being extracted from the Census Report of 1841), will indicate the movement and increase of the population between 1821 and 1841, and the origin and growth of Irish emigration:—

Population of 1831, according to the Census,	7,767,401
Add emigration from 1821 to 1831,	70,000
Recruits raised from 1821 to 1831,	46,402
					<hr/>
					7,883,803
Deduct the army in Ireland in 1831,	29,486
					<hr/>
Computed population of 1831,	7,854,317
Ditto, 1841,	8,747,588
					<hr/>
Computed increase between 1831 and 1841,	893,271

In this increase of 1841, there is, of course, embraced, as for 1831, the emigration of the previous ten years, which (including the recruits for the army), *in a time of remarkable*

prosperity, reached 572,464. The increase, counting in the emigrants, was at the rate of nearly twelve per cent.

Suppose we apply a similar method

of calculation to the period 1841–51. what extent the resident population
One of the results will be to show to suffered from famine and disease:

Actual population of 1841, according to the Census,	8,175,124	
Ditto, 1851, do.,	6,552,385	
	<u>1,622,739</u>	
Emigration between 30th June, 1841, and 31st March, 1851,	1,237,736*	
Recruits for the army and East India Company's Service (say same as previous ten years),	89,000	
	<u>1,276,736</u>	
Net computed decrease between 1841 and 1851,		346,003

This shows a total decrease in the resident population of less than 4 per cent. between 1841 and 1851. The emigration totals between these years, from year to year, indicate the progress of the general decrease. For half of 1841, 16,376; for 1842, 89,686; 1843, 37,509; 1844, 54,289; 1845, 74,969; 1846, 105,955; 1847, 215,444; 1848, 178,159; 1849, 214,425; 1850, 209,054; to March, 1851, 44,871. The emigrants who sailed from Irish ports were chiefly destined for British North America until the year 1848, when a sudden rush to the United

States began, which attained its culmination in 1850.

Emigration continued with undiminished vigour up to the year 1855, through half of the next decade, and is included in the Census with which we must now deal. For 1851, 249,731; 1852, 220,428; 1853, 192,620; 1854, 150,222; 1855, 78,999, with which year Irish emigration returned to something like its normal extent as in the years between 1831 and 1841. Take the last ten years as embraced in the abstracts before us:—

Actual population of 1851,	6,552,385	
Ditto, 1861,	5,764,543	
	<u>787,842</u>	
Emigration during this interval, as per returns of Emigration Commissioners,	1,230,986	
Recruits for the army, most of whom are probably not in the country,	25,000	
	<u>1,255,986</u>	
Computed <i>increase</i> among the resident population since 1851,		468,144

This exhibits an increase for the past ten years of above 7 per cent.; and considering that over 800,000 persons emigrated within the first four years and a-half of the period, this advance is strong evidence of returning prosperity. Emigration will continue, no doubt, at its lessened rate, and will prevent the recurrence of poverty and difficulty from a surplus population, but any further serious inroad upon the numbers of our people is not to be expected. The country is now, if one may speak with any confidence on such a matter, restored to a wholesome point, at which it is likely to stand for a good number of years. We are well able to use

all the labour that we have, and our poor are brought to a minimum. With a population reduced below the present total to any serious extent, we could not well get on; but if we came down another half or three-quarters of a million, things would begin to right themselves, and an immigration set in to supply a want of labour.

These reflections, if well grounded, lend special interest to the tables of Religious Profession which the Irish Census of 1861 includes, since they not only show what the relative proportions of the creeds are, but what they are likely to continue to be, unless some extraordinary and anomalous change occurs, for a long period.

* These numbers include the Irish resident in England and Scotland who emigrated during the same period; these must, however, have been but a small number.

And now that we have mentioned these returns, let us disavow any intention of impugning their accuracy. We have, in fact, no materials for the purpose. The detailed statistics may, when published, furnish incidental checks. Individual effort and the investigations of denominational authorities may throw light upon the

subject, but we must at present rest content with mentioning the circumstance that doubts exist as to the accuracy of the returns, and express a hope that these will be satisfied. Taking the tables as given to us, we find the religious profession of the Irish people in 1861 stated thus:—

	Leinster.	Munster.	Ulster.	Connaught.	Total.
Established Church,	171,234	76,692	390,130	40,605	678,661
Roman Catholics,	1,246,253	1,416,171	963,687	864,472	4,490,583
Protestant Dissenters,	19,889	9,558	551,095	6,021	586,563
All other persuasions,	1,954	778	5,442	240	8,414
Jews,	266	1	54	1	322

This makes 1 Protestant (adding in the Protestant Dissenters, which it is of course proper to do), to 3½ Roman Catholics.

In 1841, when our population attained its maximum point, the proportion was probably only 1 Protestant to close upon 5 Roman Catholics. The population was greater by 2,410,581 in that year, and if we suppose, which may be considered a fair estimate, that 200,000 of the decrease by emigration during the interval was

a Protestant decrease, the result would be about as stated.

A census of “religious profession” in Ireland was taken in the year 1834, which substantially confirms this conclusion. The figures of that enumeration were impeached, it is right to say, by Protestants, and abuses are believed to have prevailed in consequence of the looseness of the arrangements. The results were as below, and we set them forth in juxtaposition with those of the present year.

	Census of 1834.	Census of 1861.	Decrease.
Roman Catholics,	6,436,060	4,490,583	1,945,477
Protestants of all denominations,	1,518,690	1,273,638	245,062

This table also shows that the decline in the population has been as, nearly, 8 Roman Catholics to 1 Protestant.

Probably the most accurate previous census of the religious condition of Ireland is in an official tract printed in Dublin in 1736, showing the “Returns made by the Hearthmoney Collectors to the Hearthmoney Office in Dublin, in the years 1732 and 1733.” It is a census in families, not individuals, and five persons are allowed for each in computing the total population, the design being to ascertain the “number of Protestant and Popish families in the several counties and provinces of Ireland.” The general result is stated thus: “If there be 386,902 families in the kingdom, and if we allow five to a family, then those families will contain 1,934,510 souls, and if we add to them the 12,000 soldiers (a very large number for the times) and their families, and all such who live in colleges, hospitals, poorhouses, and the unre-

turned certificate houses above mentioned, none of which are included in the aforesaid number of families returned by the Hearthmoney Collectors, we may very well conclude that there are very near 2,000,000 of inhabitants in the kingdom.” This was in 1733. Sir William Petty, in his “Political Survey of Ireland,” published in 1672, computed that there were 3 Protestants to 8 Roman Catholics in Ireland in that year, or 1 to about 2½. Those who prepared the returns of the Hearthmoney collectors sixty years afterwards, placed the proportion exactly at 1 to 2½, and say:—

“Most of the computations concerning the number of Protestants and Papists in Ireland have hitherto been made without any good or probable foundation; the general notion was, that the disproportion between Papists and Protestants was much greater than what appears by this abstract; but this very probably was owing to this, that such gentlemen who took particular notice of

the great number of Papists in some parts of the kingdom, did not make proper allowances for other parts where the Protestants are more numerous. But now that we have a distinct account of all the Protestant and Popish families in the kingdom, returned by the Hearthmoney Collectors, who could with ease make a true return of the heads of families, whether they were Protestants or Papists, and we presume have done it with some tolerable exactness, pursuant to the directions they received from the Commissioners of the Revenue for that purpose; we may reasonably believe the same is near the truth. And though there may be mistakes in some of the returns, yet, as such mistakes may be on both sides, there may be little or no difference in the whole; and if there should be a mistake of a 1,000 or 2,000 families on either side, they will make but an inconsiderable variation in the proportion which they bear to one another when taken all together."

Reasoning which may be applied with equal force to the returns of 1861.

There are curious points of comparison between the tables of 1733 and those of to-day, which we will do best by arranging tabularly:—

		Proportion of Protestants to Roman Catholics.			
		1733.		1861.	
In Ulster,	. As 3 to 2	1 to	above 1		
„ Munster,	„ 1 „ 8	1 to	16		
„ Leinster,	„ 1 „ 3½	1 „	6		
„ Connaught,	„ 1 „ 10	1 „	18		

Ulster having 2,000,000 of population largely affects the general proportion. While the rate per cent. of decrease since 1851 has been, in Leinster, 13·94; in Munster, 19·08; in Connaught, 9·77: in Ulster it has only been 5·04.

In 1733 the proportion in Antrim was as 4½ Protestants to 1 Roman Catholic; it is now as 3 to 1. In Down, in 1733, as 3 to 1; now, 2½ to 1. The Roman Catholics have made a strong footing in Tyrone and Donegal within the last century. The proportion remains about the same in Londonderry—three Protestants to one Roman Catholic. In 1733, there were 8,823 Protestant families in the city of Dublin, and 4,119 Roman Catholic; the total Protestant population is now set down at about 60,000, the Roman Catholic being fully three times the number. Whether these

comparisons tend to establish or to throw greater doubt upon the accuracy of this year's religious enumeration the reader may perhaps usefully speculate.

Among points of less magnitude, deserving nevertheless of notice, is, for example, a peculiarity in the case of the county of Kildare, where the males in 1861, contrary to the usual rule—which seems, moreover, to obtain particularly in Ireland—outnumber the females, the numbers being—of females, 56,458; of males, 58,030. The county of Meath exhibits a similar anomaly, while Dublin city contains over 13,000 more females than males. The Commissioners of 1841 notice a similar fact, which presented itself to them also, and account for it by the large number of female servants drawn from the counties bordering upon a metropolis or large town.

The decrease in inhabited houses, cabins included, between 1841 and 1851, was not less than 282,616; but in 1861 the decrease has fallen to 52,990, by far the largest portion being in the county of Cork. For a variety of minuter and important information on points of this order, the publication of the tables of details must be awaited.

The Abstract Report contains an important table, showing the number of inhabitants in each parliamentary borough in 1841, 1851, and 1861, from which it appears that places whose population largely increased, even in the ten years, 1841–51, despite the famine, have lost considerable numbers between 1851–61. The increase during the last ten years is, in fact, confined to the towns of Armagh, Carrickfergus, Dundalk, Dungannon, Lisburn, and Londonderry, and is so slight, even in these places, with the exception of Carrickfergus and Lisburn, as scarcely to be worth mention. Lisburn carries off the palm, having had nearly 2,000 added to its population, upon a total, in 1851, of 7,600. In Armagh, the decline in which, from 1841–51, was 1,400, the decrease has been entirely arrested. Athlone increased between 1841–51, in round numbers, 1,600, a large number for a small place, but has lost 1,800 since 1851. Belfast increased nearly 5,000 in the former decade, and has now

1,863 less to show, the increase in its total population being accounted for by a larger number of extra-borough town inhabitants. Among the places exhibiting the most remarkable decrease since 1851 are, Cashel, 3,473, a decline of more than a third; Clonmel, 4,014; Cork, 12,698; Drogheda, 1,735; Dublin, 6,924; Galway, 9,156; Kilkenny, 6,741; Limerick, 14,327; New Ross, 3,030: and in much the same proportion as the decrease in the latter place, from a fourth to a third and more, is that of all our towns, with the exception of those above stated. In the case of larger towns, where considerable suburban building has been going on, as Cork, for instance, the table has less statistical significance. Certain of our inland towns, once centres of trade for large surrounding districts, embracing the greater portion of perhaps more than one county, have suffered greatly by the extension of the railway system; and as this has taken place by the construction of important branch-lines, chiefly since 1851, it may fairly be concluded that a considerable portion of the emigration was not rural, during this period, but from town districts, and consisted of small shopkeepers and their families, who, finding their business rapidly dwindling away, and having sufficient money saved, preferred removing their families to a colony. The towns which appear to have been most affected by this cause lie in the south. The general total of the table exhibiting the decline of the borough inhabitants since 1851, is not less than 89,564.

The counties from whose population the largest drafts have been made are—Kilkenny, King's, Meath, Wexford, Clare, Limerick, Galway, Cork, and Tipperary. One hundred and nine thousand persons—or no less than thirty-six per cent. of the population—have emigrated from Cork since 1851. The decrease between 1841 and 1851 having been 209,822, or twenty-seven per cent., it follows that within twenty years this great county, the Yorkshire of Ireland, has lost in population nearly a third of a million of inhabitants. A scarcely less remarkable phenomenon is shown by the history of Tipperary for this period of twenty years. Between 1841 and 1851 the decrease was

103,000, or twenty-three per cent.; in 1861 it is 83,000, or twenty-four per cent. The average of decline for the counties since 1851, excluding Ulster, is about twenty per cent. In Ulster it is five per cent.

It would appear that there has been rather a severer emigration from many of the larger counties, as well as inland towns, since 1851, than in the ten years between 1841 and 1851, which included the period of famine. And that fact suggests speculations which it is not our purpose to follow. The intention of this summary has only been to bring out, for the more convenient use of the student, certain leading facts to which the Census tables guide us. These are as yet, it must be recollected, abstracts merely. All our experience of the Census Office, however, induces us to believe that confidence may be placed in them. As the detailed tables may, however, in important features, modify the conclusions which seem warranted by the totals before us, we give them with that amount of reserve proper under the circumstances. But as respects the greater numerical points of a Census, and for most of the practical purposes such a document serves, this abstract is almost all we require. We look to the formal report for such special matters as the statistics of education and disease, and especially for the information under the latter head which Surgeon Wilde will be sure to furnish with rare scholarship and judgment. His former Report on Disease is, in fact, a State paper of the highest importance, whose value becomes greater and greater as the period it embraces recedes into history. •

It is abundantly evident from the figures exhibited above, that the *transition* through which we are passing towards it may be hoped a position of permanent prosperity and peace has not been quite completed. The period 1851–61 is as full of points for the meditation of the social philosopher as was that of 1841–51. That this great subject has not been brought before the Social Science Association, at its meeting in Dublin, is, however, scarcely to be regretted, as it demands for its consideration a calmer spirit, fuller information, and clearer

views than are to be found on a platform, where there is certainly a danger that the crude ideas of the loquacious and the theories of the empiric may obscure diffident philosophy. It is manifest that the phenomena which present themselves to the student of *Ireland since 1831*—for we would go back thus far for the starting-point—cannot be flippantly referred to any one cause, political, social, or agrarian. A curious combination of causes, several of them in no wise akin to each other, have brought about what must be regarded as a beneficent change. It would seem that Providence has been working out our deliverance from social evils that no legislation, no social co-operation, could have remedied. Emigration has been the grand regenerator; and it is not to be traced in a rash way to this or that single influence. The temptation held out by the success of friends who have made money in America has done far more to stimulate it than is generally supposed. The activity of Liverpool shippers in advertising their fares in country towns, and in carrying out an agency system to facilitate the departure of passengers, has promoted the tendency. It does not lie within the scope of these observations to go deeper into the matter. The more practical question, after all, relates to the probable extent of emigration in future years. What record will 1871 bear? It can-

not, in the nature of things, exhibit another reduction of a million in our population, for those remaining are now employed and happy, and without motive for flight. The dis-United States, too, the great destination of our Celtic race, present, just now, few attractions to the peaceful rustic. There is rather a disposition among Irishmen in America to return home, and employ their savings here. As contributors to our capital employed in the business of farming or any other, they will be welcome. It would be hasty to suppose, however, that extensive emigration from Ireland will soon cease. The most powerful of its causes still exist and operate. Distant places are as enchanting as ever to an adventurous and sentimental people. The facilities of communication will multiply with the running of Irish lines of steamers across the ocean. There is no danger that we shall ever again be oppressed by a surplus population. If our natural growth of population balances the emigration, we shall get on very comfortably, for labour is not at present scarce, and the last published Agricultural Statistics afford satisfactory evidence as to the extent and character of cultivation. The country is undeniably prosperous, and the people contented and happy. Every thing encourages the belief that this prosperity will continue and increase.

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SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NEW IRISH TALE

"THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-YARD:

A SOUVENIR OF CHAPELIZED."

This Tale, the First Part of which appears in our pages for the present Month, October, will be continued in succeeding numbers.

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VOL. LVIII.

THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-YARD—A SOUVENIR OF CHAPELIZOD.

BY CHARLES DE CRESSERON.

CHAPTER I.

A PROLOGUE.

BEING A DISH OF VILLAGE CHAT.

WE are going to talk, if you please, in the ensuing chapters, of what was going on in Chapelizod about a hundred years ago. A hundred years, to be sure, is a good while; but though fashions have changed, some old phrases dropt out, and new ones come in; and snuff and hair-powder, and sacques and solitaires quite passed away—yet men and women were men and women, all the same—as elderly fellows, like your humble servant, who have seen and talked with the rearward stragglers of that generation—now all and long marched off—can testify, if they will.

In those days Chapelizod was about the gayest and prettiest of the out-post villages in which old Dublin took a complacent pride. The poplars which stood, in military rows, here and there, just showed a glimpse of formality among the orchards and old timber that lined the banks of the river and the valley of the Liffey with a lively sort of richness. The broad old street looked hospitable and merry, with steep roofs and many coloured hall-doors. The jolly old inn, just beyond the turnpike at the sweep of the road, leading over the buttressed bridge, by the mill, was first to wel-

come the excursionist from Dublin, under the sign of the Phoenix. There, in the grand wainscoted back-parlour, with "the great and good King William," in his robe, garter, periwig, and sceptre, presiding in the panel over the chimney-piece, and confronting the large projecting window, through which the river, and the daffodils, and the summer foliage looked so bright and quiet, the Aldermen of Skinner's-alley—a club of the "true blue" dye, as old as the Jacobite wars of the previous century—the corporation of Shoemakers, or of Tailors, or the Freemasons, or the musical clubs, loved to dine at the stately hour of five, and deliver their jokes, sentiments, songs, and wisdom, on a pleasant summer's evening. Alas! the inn is as clean gone as the guests—a dream of the shadow of smoke.

Lately, too, came down the old "Salmon House"—so called from the blazonery of that noble fish upon its painted sign-board—at the other end of the town, that, with a couple more, wheeled out at right angles from the line of the broad street, and directly confronting the passenger from Dublin, gave to it something the character of

a square, and just leaving room for the high road and Martin's-row to slip between its flank and the orchard that overtopped the river wall. Well ! it is gone. I blame nobody. I suppose it was quite rotten, and that the rats would soon have thrown up their lease of it ; and that it was taken down, in short, chiefly, as one of the players said of " Old Drury," to prevent the inconvenience of its coming down of itself. Still a peevish but harmless old fellow—who hates change, and would wish things to stay as they were just a little, till his own great change comes ; who haunts the places where his childhood was passed, and reverences the homeliest relics of by-gone generations—may be allowed to grumble a little at the impertinences of improving proprietors with a taste for accurate parallelograms and pale new brick.

Then there was the village church, with its tower dark and rustling from base to summit, with thick-piled, bowering ivy. The royal arms cut in bold relief in the broad stone over the porch—where, pray, is that stone now, the memento of its old viceregal dignity ? Where is the elevated pew, where many a lord lieutenant, in point, and gold-lace, and thunder-cloud periwig, sate in awful isolation, and listened to orthodox and loyal sermons, and took French rappee ; whence too, he stepped forth—between the files of the guard of honour of the Royal Irish Artillery from the barrack over the way, in their courtly uniform, white, scarlet, and blue, cocked-hats, and cues, and ruffles, presenting arms—into his emblazoned coach-and-six, with hanging footmen, as wonderful as Cinderella's, and outriders outblazing the liveries of the troops, and rolling grandly away in sunshine and dust.

The "Ecclesiastical Commissioners" have done their office here. The tower, indeed, remains, with half its antique growth of ivy gone ; but the body of the church is new, and I, and perhaps an elderly fellow or two more, miss the old-fashioned square pews, distributed by a traditional tenure among the families and dignitaries of the town and vicinage (who are they now ?) and sigh for the rum, old, clumsy reading-desk and pulpit, grown dearer from the long and hopeless separation ; and wonder where the tables of the

Ten Commandments, in long gold letters of Queen Anne's date, upon a vivid blue ground, arched above, and flanking the communion-table, with its tall queer rails, and fifty other things that appeared to me in my non-age, as stable as the earth, and as sacred as the heavens, are gone to.

As for the barrack of the Royal Irish Artillery, the great gate leading into the parade ground, by the river side, and all that, I believe the earth, or rather that grim giant factory, which is now the grand feature and centre of Chapelizod, throbbing all over with steam, and whizzing with wheels, and vomiting pitchy smoke, has swallowed them up.

A line of houses fronting this—old familiar faces—still look blank and regretfully forth, through their glassy eyes, upon the changed scene. How different the company they kept some ninety or a hundred years ago ?

Where is the mill, too, standing fast by the bridge, the manorial appendage of the town, which I loved in my boyhood for its gaunt and crazy aspect and dim interior, whence the clapper kept time mysteriously to the drone of the mill-sludge ? I think it is gone. Surely *that* confounded thing can't be my venerable old friend in masquerade !

But, hang it ! I can't expect you, my reader—polite and patient as you manifestly are—to potter about with me, all the summer day, through this melancholy and mangled old town, with a canopy of factory soot between your head and the pleasant sky. One glance, however, before you go, you will vouchsafe at the village tree—that stalworth elm. It has not grown an inch these hundred years. It does not look a day older than it did fifty years ago, *I* can tell you. There he stands the same ; and yet a stranger in the place of his birth, in a new order of things, a joyless, busy, transformed Chapelizod, listening, as it seems to me, always to the unchanged song and prattle of the river, with his reveries and affections far away among by-gone times and a buried race. Thou hast a story, too, to tell, thou slighted and solitary sage, if only the winds would steal it musically forth, like the secret of Midas from the moaning reeds.

The palmy days of Chapelizod were just about a hundred years ago, and

those days—though I am jealous for their pleasant and kindly fame, and specially for the preservation of the few memorials they have left behind, were yet, I may say, in your ear, with all their colour and adventure—perhaps, on the whole, more pleasant to read about, and to dream of, than they were to live in. Still their violence, follies, and hospitalities, softened by distance, and illuminated with a sort of barbaric splendour, have long presented to my fancy the glowing and ever-shifting combinations upon which, as on the red embers in a winter's gloaming, I love to gaze in a lazy luxury of reverie, from my own arm-chair, while they drop, ever and anon, into new shapes, and silently tell their "winter's tales."

When your humble servant, the compiler of this narrative, was a boy, some fourteen years old—how long ago precisely that was is nothing to the purpose, 'tis enough to say he remembers what he then saw and heard a good deal better than what happened a week ago—it came to pass that he was spending a pleasant week of his holidays with his benign uncle and godfather, the curate of Chapelizod. On the second day of his, or rather, *my* sojourn (I take leave to return to the first person), there was a notable funeral of an old lady. Her name was Darby, and her journey to her last home was very considerable, being made in a hearse, by easy stages, from her house of Lisnabane, in the county of Sligo, to the church-yard of Chapelizod. There was a great flat stone over that small parcel of the rector's freehold, which the family held by a tenure, not of lives, but of deaths, renewable for ever. So that my uncle, who was a man of an anxious temperament, had little trouble in satisfying himself of the meanings and identity of this narrow tenement, to which Lemuel Mattocks, the sexton, led him as straight and confidently as he could have done to the communion-table.

My uncle, therefore, flated the sexton's presentment, and the work commenced forthwith. I don't know whether all boys have the same liking for horrors which I am conscious of having possessed—I only know that I liked the church-yard, and deciphering tombstones, and watching the labours of the sexton, and hearing the

old-world village talk that often got up over the relics.

When this particular grave was pretty nearly finished—it lay from east to west—a lot of earth fell out at the northern side, where an old coffin had lain, and good store of brown dust and grimy bones, and the yellow skull itself came tumbling about the sexton's feet. These fossils, after his wont, he lifted decently with the point of his shovel, and pitched into a little nook beside the great mound of mould at top.

"Be the powers o' war! here's a battered head-piece for yez," said young Tim Moran, who had picked up the cranium, and was eyeing it curiously, turning it round, the while.

"Show it here, Tim;" "let *me* look," cried two or three neighbours, getting round as quickly as they could.

"Oh! murder!" said one.

"Oh! be the powers of Moll Kelly!" cried another.

"Oh! bloody wars!" exclaimed a third.

"That poor fellow got no chance for his life, at all, at all!" said Tim.

"That was a bullet," said one of them, putting his finger into a clean circular aperture as large as a half-penny.

"An' look at them two cracks. Och, murder!"

"There's only one. Oh, I see you're right, *two*, begorra!"

"Aich o' them a wipe iv a poker."

Mattocks had climbed nimbly to the upper level, and taking the skull in his fist, turned it about this way and that, curiously. But though he was no chicken, his memory did not go far enough back to throw any light upon the matter.

"Could it be the Mattross that was shot in the year '90, as I often heerd, for sthrikin' his captain?" suggested a by-stander.

"Oh! that poor fellow's buried round by the north side of the church," said Mattocks, still eyeing the skull. "It could not be Counsellor Gallagher that was shot in the jewel with Colonel Ruck—he was hot in the head—but it could not be—augh! not at all."

"Why not, Misther Mattocks?"

"No, nor the Mattross neither. This, ye see, is a dhry bit o' the yard here; there's ould Darby's coffin, at the bottom, down there, sound enough to stand on, as you see, wid a plank; an'

he was buried in the year '93. Why, look at the coffin this skull belongs to, 'tid go into powder between your fingers; 'tis nothin' but tindhers."

"I believe you're right, Mr. Mattocks."

"Phiat! to be sure. 'Tis longer under ground by thirty years, good, or more, maybe."

Just then the slim figure of my tall mild uncle, the curate, appeared, and his long thin legs, in black worsted stockings and knee-breeches, stepped reverently and lightly among the graves. The men raised their hats, and Mattocks jumped lightly into the grave again, while my uncle returned their salute with the sad sort of smile, a regretful kindness, which he never exceeded, in these solemn precincts.

It was his custom to care very tenderly for the bones turned up by the sexton, and to wait with an awful solicitude until, after the reading of the funeral service, he saw them gently replaced, as nearly as might be, in their old bed; and discouraging all idle curiosity or levity respecting them, with a solemn rebuke, which all respected. Therefore it was, that so soon as he appeared the skull was, in Hibernian phrase, "dropt like a hot potato," and the grave-digger betook himself to his spade so nimbly.

"Oh! Uncle Charles," I said, taking his hand, and leading him towards the foot of the grave; "such a wonderful skull has come up! It is shot through with a bullet, and cracked with a poker, besides."

"'Tis thrue for him, your Raverence; he was murdered twist over, whoever he was—rest his sowl;" and the sexton, who had nearly completed his work, got out of the grave again, with a demure activity, and raising the brown relic with great reverence, out of regard for my good uncle, he turned it about slowly before the eyes of the curate, who scrutinized it, from a little distance, with a sort of melancholy horror.

"Yes, Lemuel," said my uncle, still holding my hand, "'twas undoubtedly a murder; ay, indeed! He sustained two heavy blows, beside that gunshot through the head."

"'Twasn't a gunshot, sir; why the hole 'id take in a grape-shot," said an old fellow, just from behind my uncle, in a pensioner's cocked-hat, leggings, and long old-world red frock-coat,

speaking with a harsh reedy voice, and a grim sort of reserved smile.

I moved a little aside, with a sort of thrill, to give him freer access to my uncle, in the hope that he might, perhaps, throw a light upon the history of this remarkable memorial. The old fellow had a rat-like gray eye—the other was hid under a black patch—and there was a deep red scar across his forehead, slanting from the patch that covered the extinguished orb. His face was purplish, the tinge deepening towards the lumpish top of his nose, on the side of which stood a big wart, and he carried a great walking-cane over his shoulder, and bore, as it seemed to me, an intimidating, but caricatured resemblance to an old portrait of Oliver Cromwell in my Whig grandfather's parlour.

"You don't think it a bullet wound, sir," said my uncle, mildly, and touching his hat—for coming of a military stock himself, he always treated an old soldier with uncommon respect.

"Why, please your Reverence," replied the man, reciprocating his courtesy; "I *know* it's not."

"And what is it, then, my good man?"—interrogated the sexton, as one in authority, and standing on his own dunghill.

"The trepan," said the fogey, in the tone in which he'd have cried "attention" to a raw recruit, without turning his head, and with a scornful momentary skew-glance from his gray eye.

"And do you know whose skull that was, sir?" asked the curate.

"Ay do I, sir, *well*," with the same queer smile, he answered. "Come, now, you're a grave-digger, my fine fellow," he continued, accosting the sexton, cynically; "how long do you suppose that skull's been under ground?"

"Long enough; but not so long, my fine fellow, as your's has been above ground."

"Well, you're right there, for I seen him buried," and he took the skull from the sexton's hands; "and I'll tell you more, there was some dry eyes, too, at his funeral—ha, ha, ha."

"You were a resident in the town, then?" said my uncle, who did not like the turn his recollections were taking.

"Ay, sir, that I was," he replied:

"see that broken tooth, there—I forgot, 'twas there—and the minute I seen it, I remembered it like this morning—I could swear to it—when he laughed; ay, and that sharp corner to it—hang him," and he twirled the loose tooth, the last but two of all its fellows, from its socket, and chucked it into the grave.

"And were you—you weren't in the army, *then*?" inquired the curate, who could not understand the sort of scoffing dislike he seemed to bear it.

"Be my faith I was so, sir—the Royal Irish Artillery;" replied he, promptly.

"And in what capacity?" pursued his Reverence.

"Drummer," answered the mulberry-faced veteran.

"Ho!—Drummer? That's a good time ago, I dare say," said my uncle, looking on him reflectively.

"Well, so it is, not far off fifty years," answered he. "He was a hard-headed codger, he was; but you see the sprig of shillelagh was too hard for him—ha, ha, ha!" and he gave the skull a smart knock with his walking-cane, as he grinned at it and wagged his head.

"Gently, gently, my good man," said the curate, placing his hand hastily upon his arm, for the knock was harder than was needed for the purpose of demonstration.

"You see, sir, at that time, our Colonel-in-Chief was my Lord Blackwater," continued the old soldier, "not that we often seen him, for he lived in France, mostly; the Colonel-en-Second, was General Chatterworth, and Colonel Stafford was Lieutenant-Colonel, and under him Major O'Neill; Captains, four—Cluffe, Devereux, Barton, and Burgh; First Lieutenants—Puddock, Delany, Sackville, and Armstrong; Second Lieutenants—Salt, Barber, Lillyman, and Pringle; Lieutenant Fireworkers—O'Flaherty"—

"I beg your pardon," interposed my uncle, "*Fireworkers*, did you say."

"Yea, sir."

"And what, pray, does a Lieutenant *Fireworker*, mean?"

"Why, Law bless you, sir! a Fireworker! 'twas his business to see that the men loaded, sarved, laid, and fired the gun all right. But that doesn't signify; you see this old skull, sir; well, 'twas a nine days' wonder,

and the queerest business you ever heerd tell of. Why, sir, the women was frightened out of their senses, an' the men puzzled out 'o their wits—they wor—ha, ha, ha! an' I can tell you all about it—a mighty black and bloody business it was"—

"I—I beg your pardon, sir; but I think—yes—the funeral has arrived; and, for the present, I must bid you good morning."

And so my uncle hurried to the church, where he assumed his gown, and the solemn rite proceeded.

When all was over, my uncle, after his wont, waited until he had seen the disturbed remains re-deposited decently in their place; and then, having disrobed, I saw him look with some interest about the church-yard, and I knew 'twas in quest of the old soldier.

"I saw him go away during the funeral," I said.

"Ay, the old pensioner," said my uncle, peering about in quest of him.

And we walked through the town, and over the bridge, but we saw nothing of his cocked hat and red singlebreasted frock, and returned rather disappointed to tea.

I ran into the back room which commanded the church-yard in the hope of seeing the old fellow once more, with his cane shouldered, grinning among the tombstones in the evening sun. But there was no sign of him, or indeed of any one else there. So I returned, just as my uncle, having made the tea, shut down the lid of his silver tea-pot with a little smack, and with a kind but absent smile upon me, he took his book, sat down and crossed one of his thin legs over the other, and waited pleasantly until the delightful infusion should be ready for our lips, reading his old volume, and with his disengaged hand gently stroking his long shin-bone.

In the meantime, I, who thirsted more for that tale of terror which the old soldier had all but begun, of which in that strangely battered skull I had only an hour ago seen face to face so grizzly a memento, and of which in all human probability I never was to hear more, looked out dejectedly from the window; when, whom should I behold marching up the street, at slow time, towards the Salmon House, but the identical old soldier, cocked-hat,

copper nose, great red singlebreasted coat with its prodigious wide button-holes, leggings, cane, and all, just under the village tree.

"Here he is, O! uncle Charles, here he comes," I cried.

"Eh, the soldier, is he?" said my uncle, tripping in the carpet in his eagerness, and all but breaking the window.

"So it is, indeed; run down, my boy, and beg him to come up."

But by the time I reached the street, which you may be sure was not very long, I found my uncle had got the window up and was himself inviting the old boy, who having brought his left shoulder forward, thanked the curate, saluting soldier-fashion, with his hand to his hat, palm foremost. I've observed, indeed, that those grim old campaigners who have seen the world, make it a principle to accept any thing in the shape of a treat. If its bad, why, it costs them nothing; and if good, so much the better.

So up he marched and into the room with soldierly self-possession, and being offered tea, preferred punch, and the ingredients were soon on the little round table by the fire, which, the evening being sharp, was pleasant; and the old fellow being seated, he brewed his nectar to his heart's content; and as we sipped our tea in pleased attention, he, after his own fashion, commenced the story, to which I listened with an interest which I confess has never subsided.

Many years after, as will sometimes happen, a flood of light was unexpectedly poured over the details of his narrative; on my coming into possession of the diary, curiously minute, and the voluminous correspondence of Rebecca, sister to General Chatterworth, with whose family I had the honour to be connected. And this journal, to me, with my queer cat-like affection for this old village, a perfect treasure; and the interminable *bundles* of letters, sorted and arranged so neatly, with little abstracts of their contents in red ink, in her own firm thin hand upon the covers, from all and to all manner of persons—for the industrious lady made fair copies of all the letters she wrote—formed for many years my occasional, and always pleasant winter's night's reading.

I wish I could infuse their spirit into what I am going to tell, and above all that I could inspire my readers with ever so little of the peculiar interest with which the old town has always been tinted and saddened to my eye. My boyish imagination perhaps kindled all the more at the story, by reason of its being a good deal connected with the identical old house in which we three—my dear uncle, my idle self, and the queer old soldier—were then sitting. But wishes are as vain as regrets; so I'll just do my best, bespeaking your attention, and submissively abiding your judgment.

CHAPTER II.

THE HAZELNUT COFFIN.

A.D. 1767—in the beginning of the month of May—I mention it because, as I said, I write from memoranda, an awfully dark night came down upon Chapelizod and all the country round. "By Jove, sir," said little Dr. Toole—who returned late from the Phoenix where the Aldermen of Skinner's Alley had passed a delightful evening, the doctor being one of that jolly corporation—"you could not see your hand, sir—I might have clapt my phiz within half an inch of your nose, and made faces at you the live-long night, sir, and you would not have known I was there. There's

my house, you know, just round the corner; by Jupiter, sir, I was five-and-twenty minutes finding it out, and got ducked to the skin; and when the maid, sir, let me in—the fool had no candle—so, crack! I knocks my scone against the door-case—that's something—hey!"—raising the corner of his cocked-hat, and with a rakish shove of his wig displaying a smart bump over his temple.

I believe there was no moon, and the stars had been quite put out under the wet "blanket of the night," which impenetrable muffler overspread the sky with a funereal darkness.

There was a little of that sheet-lightning early in the evening, which betokens sultry weather. The clouds, column after column, came up sullenly over the Dublin mountains, rolling themselves from one horizon to the other into one black dome of vapour, their slow but steady motion contrasting with the awful stillness of the air. There was a weight in the atmosphere, and a sort of undefined menace brooding over the little town, as if unseen crime or danger—some mystery of iniquity—was stealing into the heart of it, and the disapproving heavens scowled a melancholy warning.

That morning old Sally, the rector's housekeeper, was disquieted. She had dreamed of making the great four-post, spare bed, with the dark-green damask curtains—a dream that betokened some coming trouble—it might, to be sure, be ever so small—(it had once come with no worse result than Dr. Walsingham's dropping his purse, containing something under a guinea in silver, over the side of the ferry boat)—but again it might be tremendous. The omen hung over them doubtful.

A large square letter, with a great round seal, as big as a crown piece, addressed to the Rev. Hugh Walsingham, Doctor of Divinity, at his house, by the bridge, in Chapelizod, had reached him in the morning, and plainly troubled him. He kept the messenger a good hour awaiting his answer; and, just at two o'clock, the same messenger returned with a second letter—but this time a note sufficed for reply. "Twill seem ungracious," says the doctor, knitting his brows over his closed folio in the study; "but I cannot choose but walk clear in my calling before the Lord. How can I honestly pronounce hope, when in my mind there is nothing but *fear*—let another do it if he see his way—I do enough in being present, as 'tis right I should."

It was, indeed, a remarkably dark night—a rush and down-pour of rain! The doctor stood just under the porch of the stout brick house—of King William's date, which was then the residence of the worthy rector of Chapelizod—with his great surtout and cape on—his leggings buttoned up—and his capacious leather "overalls" pulled up and strapped over these—and his broad-leafed hat tied

down over his wig and ears with a mighty silk kerchief. I dare say he looked absurd enough—but it was the women's doing—who always, upon emergencies, took the doctor's wardrobe in hands. Old Sally, with her kind, mild, grave face, and gray locks, stood modestly behind in the hall; and pretty Lillas, his only child, gave him her parting kiss, and her last grand charge about his shoes and other exterior toggery in the porch; and he patted her cheek with a little fond laugh, taking old John Tracy's, the butler's, arm. John carried a handsome horn-lantern, which flashed now on a roadside bush—now on the discoloured battlement of the bridge—and now on a streaming window. They stepped out—there were no umbrellas in those days—splashing among the wide and widening pools; while Sally and Lillas stood in the porch, holding candles for full five minutes after the doctor and his "Jack-o'-the-lantern," as he called honest John, whose arm and candle always befriended him in his night excursions, had got round the corner.

Through the back bow-window of the Phoenix, there pealed forth—faint in the distance and rain—a solemn loyal ditty, piped by the tune-ful aldermen of Skinner's Alley, and neither unmusical nor somehow uncongenial with the darkness, and the melancholy object of the doctor's walk, the chant being rather monastic, wild, and dirge-like. It was a quarter past ten, and no other sound of life or human neighbourhood was stirring. If secrecy were an object, it was well secured by the sable sky, and the steady torrent which rolled down with electric weight and perpendicularity, making all nature resound with one long hush—sh—sh—sh—sh—deluging the broad street, and turning the channels and gutters into mimic mill-streams, which snorted and hurtled headlong through their uneven beds, and round the corners towards the turbid Liffey, which, battered all over with the rain, swollen, muddy, and sullen, reeled its wild way towards the sea, rolling up to the heavens an aspect black as their own.

As they passed by the Phoenix (a little rivulet, by-the-by, was spouting down from the corner of the sign; and indeed the night was such as might well have caused that suicidal

fowl to abandon all thoughts of self-incremation, and submit to an unprecedented death by drowning), there was no idle officer, or lounging waiter upon the threshold. Military and civilians were all snug in their quarters that night; and the inn, except for the "aldermen" in the back parlour, was doing no business. The door was nearly closed, and only let out a tall, narrow slice of candle-light upon the lake of mud, over every inch of which the rain was incessantly drumming.

The doctor's lantern glided by—and then across the street—and so leisurely along the foot-way, by the range of lightless hall-doors toward the Salmon House, also dark; and so, sharp round the corner, and up to the church-yard gate, which stood a little open, as also the church door beyond, as was evidenced by the feeble glow of a lantern from within.

I dare say old Bob Martin, the sexton, and grave Mr. Irons, the clerk, were reassured when they heard the cheery voice of the rector hailing them by name. There were now three candles in church; but the edifice looked unpleasantly dim, and went off at the far end into total darkness. Zekiel Irons was a lean, reserved fellow, with a black wig and blue chin, and something shy and sinister in his phiz. I don't think he had entertained honest Bob with much conversation from those thin lips of his during their grizzly *tete-a-tete* among the black windows and the mural tablets that overhung the aisle.

But the rector had lots to say—though deliberately and gravely, still the voice was genial and inspiring—and exorcised the shadows that had been gathering stealthily around the lesser church functionaries. Mrs. Irons' tooth, he learned, was still bad; but she was no longer troubled with "that sour humour in her stomach." There were sour humours, alas! still remaining—enough, and to spare, as the clerk knew to his cost. Bob Martin thanked his reverence; "the cold rheumatism in his hip was better." Irons, the clerk, replied, "he had brought two prayer-books." Bob averred "he could not be mistaken; the old lady was buried in the near vault; though it was forty years before, he remembered it like last night. They changed her into her lead coffin in the vault—he and the undertaker

together—her own servants would not put a hand to her. She was buried in white satin, and with her rings on her fingers. It was her fancy, and so ordered in her will. They said she was mad. He'd know her face again if he saw her. She had a long, hooked nose; and her eyes were open. For, as he was told, she died in her sleep, and was quite cold and stiff when they found her in the morning. He went down and saw the coffin to-day, half an hour after meeting his Reverence."

The rector consulted his great warming-pan of a watch. It was drawing near eleven. He fell into a reverie, and rambled slowly up and down the aisle, with his hands behind his back, and his dripping hat in them, swinging nearly to the flags—now lost in the darkness—now emerging again, dim and nebulous, in the foggy light of the lantern. When this clerical portrait came near, he was looking down, with gathered brows, upon the flags, moving his lips and nodding, as if counting them, as was his way. The doctor was thinking all the time upon the one text:—Why should this livid memorial of two great crimes be now disturbed, after an obscurity of eighteen years, as if to jog the memory of scandal, and set the great throat of the monster baying once more at the old midnight horror?

And as for that old house at Ballyfermot, why any one could have looked after it as well as he. "Still he must live somewhere, and certainly this little town is quieter than the city, and the people, on the whole, very kindly, and by no means curious." This latter was a mistake of the doctor's, who, like other simple persons, was fond of regarding others as harmless repetitions of himself. "And his sojourn will be, he says, but a matter of weeks;" and the doctor's mind wandered back again to the dead, and forward to the remoter consequences of his guilt, and so he heaved a heavy, honest sigh, and lifted up his head and slackened his pace for a little prayer, and with that there came the rumble of wheels to the church door. Three vehicles with flambeaux, and the clang of horses' hoofs, and there appeared suddenly, standing in the aisle, before one would have thought there was time, a tall, very pale, and

peculiar looking young man, with very large, melancholy eyes, and a certain cast of evil pride in his handsome face.

John Tracy lighted the wax candles which he had brought, and Bob Martin stuck them in the sockets at either side of the cushion, on the ledge of the pew, beside the aisle, where the prayer-book lay open at "the burial of the dead," and the rest of the party drew about the door, while the doctor was shaking hands very ceremoniously with that tall young man, who had now stepped into the circle of light, with a short, black mantle on, and his black curls uncovered, and a certain air of high breeding in his movements. "He reminded me painfully of him who is gone, whom we name not," said the doctor to pretty Lilies, when he got home; "he has his pale, delicately-formed features, with a shadow of his evil passions, too, and his mother's large, sad eyes."

And an elderly clergyman, in surplice, band, and white wig, with a hard, yellow, furrowed face, hovered in, like a white bird of night, from the darkness behind, and was introduced to Dr. Walsingham, and whispered for a while to Mr. Irons, and then to Bob Martin, who had two short forms placed transversely in the aisle to receive what was coming, and a shovel full of earth—all ready. So while the angular clergyman ruffled into the front of the pew, with Irons on one side, a little in the rear, both books open—the plump little undertaker, diffusing a steam from his moist garments, making a prismatic halo round the candles and lanterns as he moved successively by them, whispered a word or two to the young gentleman [Mr. Mervyn, the doctor called him], and Mr. Mervyn disappeared. Dr. Walsingham and John Tracy got into contiguous seats, and Bob Martin went out to lend a hand. Then came the shuffling of feet, and the sound of hard-tugging respiration, and the suppressed, energetic, mutual directions of the undertaker's men, who support the ponderous coffin. How much heavier, it always seems to me, that sort of load than any other of the same size!

A great oak shell: the lid was outside in the porch, Mr. Tressels was unwilling to screw it down, having heard that the entrance to the vault

was so narrow, and apprehending it might be necessary to take the coffin out. So it lies its length with a dull weight on the two forms. The lead coffin inside, with its dusty black velvet, was plainly much older. There was a plate on it with two bold capitals, and a full stop after each, thus:—

R. D.
obit May 11th,
A.D. 1746.
ætat 38.

And above this plain, oval plate was a little bit of an ornament no bigger than a sixpence. John Tracy took it for a star, Bob Martin said he knew it to be a Freemason's order, and Mr. Tressels, who almost overlooked it, thought it was nothing better than a fourpenny cherub. But Mr. Irons, the clerk, knew that it was a coronet, and when he heard the other theories thrown out, being a man of few words, he let them have it their own way, and with his thin lips closed, with their changeless and unpleasant character of an imperfect smile, he coldly kept this little bit of knowledge to himself.

Earth to earth (rumble), dust to dust (tumble), ashes to ashes (rattle).

And now the coffin must go out again and down to its final abode.

The flag that closed the entrance of the vault had been removed. But the descent of Avernus was not facile, the steps being steep and irregular, and the roof so low. Young Mervyn had gone down the steps to see it duly placed; a murky, fiery light came up, against which the descending figures looked black and cyclopean.

Dr. Walsingham offered his brother clergyman his hospitalities; but somehow that cleric preferred waiting until he had placed two good Irish miles between himself and the locale of those dismal obsequies, for his supper and his bed. Mervyn also excused himself. It was late; and he meant to stay that night at the Phoenix, and to-morrow designed to make his compliments in person to Dr. Walsingham. So the bilious clergyman from town climbed into the vehicle in which he had come, and the undertaker and his troop got into the hearse and the mourning coach and drove off demurely through the town; but once a hundred yards or so beyond the turnpike, at such a pace that they over-

took the rollicking *cortege* of the Aldermen of Skinner's Alley upon the Dublin road, all singing and hallooing, and crowing and shouting scraps of banter at one another, in which recreations these professional mourners forthwith joined them; and they cracked screaming jokes, and drove wild chariot races the whole way into town, to the terror of the divine, whose presence they forgot, and whom, though he bawled like a maniac from the window, they never heard, until getting out, when the coach came to a stand-still, he gave Mr. Tressels a piece of his mind, and that in so alarming a sort, that the jolly undertaker, expressing a funereal concern at the accident, was obliged to explain that all the noise came from the scandalous party they had so unfortunately overtaken, and that "the drunken blackguards who drove them had lashed and frightened their horses to a runaway pace, yelled, sung, and halloed in the filthy way he heard, it being a standing joke

among such roisters to put quiet tradesmen of his melancholy profession into a false and ridiculous position." He did not convince, but only half puzzled the ecclesiastic, who, muttering, "*credat judæna*," turned his back upon Mr. Tressels and his suspicious squad, with an angry whisk, without bidding him or them good night.

Dr. Walsingham, with the aid of his guide, in the meantime, had reached the little garden in front of the old house, and the gay tinkle of a harpsichord and the notes of a sweet contralto suddenly stopped as he did so; and he said—smiling in the dark, in a pleasant soliloquy, for he did not mind John Tracy—old John was not in the way—"She always hears my step—always—little Lily, no matter how she's employed," and the hall-door opened, and a voice that was gentle, and yet somehow very spirited and sweet, cried a loving and playful welcome to the old man.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAIR-GREEN OF PALMERSTOWN.

THE morning was fine—the sun shone out with a yellow splendour—all nature was refreshed—a pleasant smell rose up from tree, and flower, and earth. The now dry pavement and all the row of village windows were glittering merrily—the sparrows twittered their lively morning gossip among the thick ivy of the old church tower—here and there the village cock challenged his neighbour with high and vaunting crow, and the bugle notes soared sweetly into the air from the artillery ground beside the river.

Moore, the barber, was already busy making his morning circuit, serving-men and maids were dropping in and out at the baker's, and old Poll Delany, in her weather-stained red hood, and neat little Kitty Lane, with her bright, young, careful face and white basket, were calling at the doors of their customers with new-laid eggs. Through half-opened hall-doors you might see the powdered servant, or the sprightly maid in her mob-cap in hot haste steaming away with the red japanned "tea kitchen" into the

parlour. The town of Chapelizod, in short, was just sitting down to its breakfast.

Mervyn, in the meantime, had had his solitary meal in the famous back parlour of the Phoenix, where the newspapers lay, and all comers were welcome. He was standing at the window, not indeed enjoying, as another man might, the quiet verdure of the scene, and the fragrant air, and all the mellowed sounds of village life, but lost in a sad and bitter reverie, when in bounces little red-faced, bustling Dr. Toole—the joke and the chuckle with which he had just requited the fat old barmaid still ringing in the passage—"Stay there, sweetheart," addressed to a dog, squeaking by him, and which screeched as he kicked it neatly round the door-post.

"Hey, your most obedient, sir," cried the doctor, with a short but grand bow, affecting surprise, though his chief object in visiting the back parlour, at that moment, was precisely to make a personal inspection of the stranger. "Pray, don't mind

me, sir—your—ho!— Breakfast ended, eh? Coffee not so bad, sir; rather good coffee, I hold it, at the Phoenix. Cream deuced fine—I don't tell 'em so, though (a wink); it might not improve it, you know. I hope they gave you—eh? (he peeped into the cream-ewer, which he turned towards the light, with a whisk). And no disputing the eggs—forty-eight hens in the poultry yard, and ninety ducks in Tresham's little garden, next door to Sturk's. They make a precious noise, I can tell you, when it showers. Sturk threatens to shoot 'em. He's the artillery surgeon here; and Tom Larkin said, last night, it's because they only dabble and quack—and two of a trade, you know—ha! ha! ha! And what a night we had—dark as Erebus—pouring like pumps, by Jove. I'll remember it, I warrant you. Out on business—a medical man, you know, can't always choose—and near meeting a bad accident, too. Any thing in the paper, eh? ah! I see, sir—haven't read it. Well, and what do you think?—a queer night for the purpose, eh? you'll say—we had a funeral in the town last night, sir—some one from Dublin. It was Tressel's men came out. The turnpike rogue, just round the corner there—one of the worst gossips in the town—and a confounded prying, tattling place it is, I can tell you—knows the driver; and Bob Martin—the sexton, you know—tells me there were two parsons, no less—hey! Cauliflowers in season, by Jove! Old Dr. Walsingham, our rector—a pious man, sir, and does a world of good—that's to say, relieves half the blackguards in the parish—ha! ha!—when we're on the point of getting rid of them—but means well, only he's a little bit lazy, and queer, you know; and that rancid, raw-boned parson, Gillespie—how the plague did they pick him up?—one of the mutes told Bob it was he. He's from Donegal; I know all about him; the sourest dog I ever broke bread with—and a mason, if you please, by Jove—a prince pelican! He supped at the Grand Lodge, after labour, one night—you're not a mason, I see; tipt you the sign—and his face was so small and so yellow, by Jupiter, I was near squeezing it into the punch-bowl for a lemon—ha! ha! hey?"

Mervyn's large eyes expressed a well-bred but stern surprise. He was perhaps a little displeased to find that the funeral was so soon public. Dr. Toole paused for nearly a minute, as if expecting something in return; and so he did, it seems; for, when recounting the conversation to his friend, Mrs. Macnamara, he said, when he came to this point—"and the fellow had not the manners to tell me whether he was at the funeral or not." "And why did not you ask him?" cried pert Mistress Magnolia. "Because I like to act the gentleman, Miss Mag.," replied the brisk doctor, magnificently, "and 'tisn't breeding to put the question direct; and suppose I *had*, and *he* set up the pipes, hey?—why *there* would a' been there an end of our conversation. Besides, he was not in black; and Bob Martin, I remembered, could tell as well as he."

So the doctor started afresh, never perceiving Mervyn's somewhat dangerous aspect—

"Mighty pretty prospects about here, sir. The painters come out by dozens in the summer, with their books and pencils, and scratch away like so many Scotchmen. Ha! ha! ha! If you draw, sir, there's one prospect up the river, by the mills—upon my conscience, but you don't draw?"

No answer.

"A little, sir, maybe? Just for a maggot, I'll wager—like *my* good lady, Mrs. Toole." A nearer glance at his dress had satisfied Toole that he was too much of a maccaroni for an artist, and he was thinking of placing him upon the Lord Lieutenant's staff. "We have capital horses here, if you want to go on to Leixlip" (where—this between ourselves and the reader—during the summer months His Excellency and Lady Townshend resided, and where, the old newspapers tell us, they "kept a public day every Monday," and he "had a levée, as usual, every Thursday"). But this had no better success.

"If you design to stay over the day, and care for shooting, we'll have some ball practice on Palmerstown fair-green to-day. Seven baronies to shoot for ten and five guineas. One o'clock—hey?"

At this moment entered Major O'Neill, of the Royal Irish Artillery, a small man, very neatly got up, and

with a decidedly Milesian cast of countenance, who said little, but smiled agreeably—

"Gentlemen, your most obedient. Ha, doctor; how goes it?—any thing new—any thing on the *Freeman*?"

Toole had scanned that paper, and hummed out, as he rumped it over, "nothing—very—particular. Here's Lady Moira's ball: fancy dresses—all Irish; no masks; a numerous appearance of the nobility and gentry—upwards of five hundred persons. A good many of your corps there, Major?"

"Ay, Lord Blackwater, of course, and the General, and Devereux, and little Puddock, and"—

"*Sturk* wasn't," with a grin, interrupted Toole, who bore that practitioner no good-will. "A gentleman robbed, by two foot-pads, on Chapelized-road, on Wednesday night, of his watch and money, together with his hat, wig, and cane, and lies now in a dangerous state, having been much abused; one of them dressed in an old light-coloured coat, wore a wig. By Jupiter, Major, if I was in General Chatterworth's place, with two hundred strapping fellows at my orders, I'd get a commission from Government to clear that road. It's too bad, sir, we can't go in and out of town, unless in a body, after night-fall, but at the risk of our lives. [The convivial doctor felt this public scandal acutely.] The bloody-minded miscreants, I'd catch every living soul of them, and burn them alive in tar-barrels. By Jove! here's old Joe Napper, of Dirty-lane's dead. Plenty of dry eyes after him. And stay, here's another row." And he read:—"Yesterday, a great number of people, living in the Earl of Meath's Liberty, assembled for the purpose of burning in effigy a certain manufacturer of Irish woollen cloth, for selling English woollens on commission, but were prevented executing their design by the Lord Mayor and Sheriff, who pursued them to Stephen's-green, with a party of soldiers. And here's another of those letters. This seems to be—ay, so it is, by Jupiter—that '*Miles*,' whoever he is, is a man of parts—ha! ha! The whole letter is about the army surgeons. Another pill for *Sturk*!"

In the meantime, stout, tightly-

braced Captain Cluffe, of the same corps, and little dark, hard-faced, and solemn Mr. Nutter, of the Mills, Lord Castlemallard's agent, came in, and half a dozen more, chiefly members of the club, which met by night in the front parlour on the left, opposite the bar, where they entertained themselves with agreeable conversation, cards, backgammon, draughts, and an occasional song by Dr. Toole, who was a florid tenor, and used to give them, "While gentlefolks strut in silver and satins," or "A maiden of late had a merry design," or some other such ditty, with a recitation by plump little stage-stricken Ensign Puddock, who, in "thpite of hith lithp," gave rather spirited imitations of some of the players—Mossip, Sheridan, Maclin, Barry, and the rest. So Mervyn, the stranger, by no means affecting this agreeable society, took his cane and cocked hat, and went out, followed by curious glances from two or three pairs of eyes, and a whispered commentary and criticism from Toole. He took a meditative ramble in "His Majesty's Park, the Phoenix;" and passing out at the Castleknock gate, walked up the river, between the wooded embankments which make the valley of the Liffey so pleasant and picturesque, until he reached the ferry, which crossing, at the other side, he found himself not very far from Palmerstown, through which his return route to Chapelized lay.

Well, there were half a dozen carriages and a score of led horses outside the fair-green, a precious lot of ragamuffins, and a good resort to the public-house opposite; and the gate being open, the artillery band, rousing all the echoes round with harmonious and exhilarating thunder, within—an occasional crack of a "Brown Bess," with a puff of white smoke over the hedge, being heard, and the cheers of the spectators, and sometimes a jolly chorus of many-toned laughter, all mixed together, and carried on with a pleasant running hum of voices—Mervyn, knowing himself a stranger, and reckoning on being unobserved in the crowd, turned to his right, and so found himself upon the renowned fair-green of Palmerstown.

It was really a gay rural sight.

The circular target stood, with its bright concentric rings, in conspicuous isolation, about a hundred yards away, against the green slope of the hill. The competitors, in their best Sunday suits, some armed with muskets and some with fowling-pieces—for they were not particular—and with bunches of ribbons fluttering in their three-cornered hats, and sprigs of gay flowers in their breasts, stood in the foreground, in an irregular cluster, while the spectators, in merry disorder, formed two broad, and many-coloured parterres, broken into little groups, and separated by a wide, clear sweep of green sward, running up from the marksmen to the target—those of the aristocratic sort, not by any means so attentive to the business of the day as the bawling plebeians, and chatting in little knots and circles, and bowing or laughing, or taking snuff, with but slight remembrance of the village Tells and Robin Hoods, who, fired by love and glory, had an eye also for the silken purses dangling on either side of the target, from appropriate ramrods, and carried on a rough and frank flirtation, by nods and grins, with sweethearts who giggled and whispered among the crowd.

In that luminous atmosphere the men of those days showed bright and gay. Such fine scarlet and gold waistcoats—such sky-blue and silver—such pea-green lutestrings—and pink silk linings—and flashing buckles—and courtly wigs—or becoming powder—went pleasantly with the brilliant costume of the stately dames and smiling lasses. There was a pretty sprinkling of uniforms, too—the whole picture in gentle motion, and the bugles and drums of the Royal Irish Artillery filling the air with inspiring music.

All the neighbours were there—merry little Dr. Toole, in his grandest wig and gold-headed cane, with three dogs at his heels—he seldom appeared without this sort of train—sometimes three—sometimes five—sometimes as many as seven—and his hearty voice was heard bawling at them by name, as he sauntered through the town in the morning, and their's occasionally in short screeches, responsive to the touch of his cane, when that remainder was provoked. Now it was, "Fairy, you

savage, let that pig alone!" a yell and a scuffle—"Juno, drop it, you slut"—or "Cæsar, you blackguard, where are you going?"

"Look at Sturk there, with his lordship," says Toole, to the fair Magnolia, with a wink and a nod, and a sneering grin. "Good-natured dog that—ha! ha! You'll find he'll oust Nutter at last, and get the agency; that's what he's driving at—always undermining somebody." Sturk and Lord Castlemallard were talking apart on the high ground, and the artillery-surgeon was pointing with his cane at distant objects. "I'll lay you fifty he's picking holes in Nutter's management this moment."

I'm afraid there was some truth in the theory, and Toole—though he did not remember to mention it—had an instinctive notion that Sturk had an eye upon the civil practice of the neighbourhood, and was meditating a retirement from the army, and a serious invasion of his domain. Lord Castlemallard was just the sort of person—Toole knew—for such a man to succeed with. Dreamy, with little force of will or of attachment, prone to contract little fevers of admiration, conceited and helpless, but with a great bump of veneration, and half-a-dozen other bumps that we need not particularize—what the Italian proverb says of the world was pretty true of his lordship, and he belonged to those who took him.

Sturk and Toole, behind backs, did not spare one another. Toole called Sturk a "horse doctor," and "the smuggler"—in reference to some affair about French brandy never made quite clear to me, but in which, I believe, Sturk was really not to blame; and Sturk called him "that drunken little apothecary"—for Toole had a boy who compounded, under the rose, his draughts, pills, and powders in the back parlour—and sometimes, "that smutty little ballad-singer," or "that whiskyfied dog-fancier, Toole." There was no actual quarrel, however; they met quite freely—told one another the news—their mutual disagreeabilities were administered guardedly—and, on the whole, they hated one another in a neighbourly way.

Fat, short, radiant, General Chatterworth—in full artillery uniform—was there, smiling and making little

speeches to the ladies, and bowing stiffly from his hips upward—his great cue playing all the time up and down his back, and sometimes so near the ground when he stood erect and threw back his head, that Toole, seeing Juno eyeing the appendage, rather viciously, thought it prudent to cut her speculations short with a smart kick.

His sister Rebecca—tall, erect, with grand lace, in a splendid stiff brocade, and with a fine fan—was certainly five-and-fifty, but still wonderfully fresh, and sometimes had quite a pretty little pink colour—perfectly genuine—in her cheeks; command sate in her eye and energy on her lip—but though it was imperious and restless, there was something provokingly likeable and even pleasant in her face. Her niece, Gertrude Chatterworth, the General's daughter, was also tall, but perfectly feminine and graceful—and, I am told, perfectly handsome, too; that is, the more you studied her features the more you wondered at their symmetry—a little haughty and cold she looked, and that character even her smile failed to dissipate.

"Be the powers, she's mighty handsome!" observed "Lieutenant Fireworker" O'Flaherty, who, being a little stupid, did not remember that such a remark was not calculated to give special pleasure to the charming Magnolia Macnamara, to whom he had transferred the adoration of a passionate, but somewhat battered heart.

"They must not see with my eyes that think so," said Mag, with a disdainful toss of her head.

"They say she's not twenty, but I'll wager a pipe of claret she's something to the back of it," says O'Flaherty, mending his hand.

"Why, bless your innocence, she'll never see five-and-twenty, and a bit to spare," sneered Miss Mag, who might more truly have told that tale of herself. "Who's that pretty young man my Lord Castlemallard is introducing to her and old Chatterworth?" The commendation was a shot at poor O'Flaherty.

"Hey—so my Lord knows him!" says Toole, very much interested. "Why that's Mr. Mervyn, that's stopping at the Phoenix. A Mervyn—I saw it on his dressing-case. See how she smiles."

"Ay, she simpers like a firmity kettle," said scornful Miss Mag.

"They're very grand to-day, the Chatterworths, with them two livery footmen behind them," threw in O'Flaherty, accommodating his remarks to the spirit of his lady-love.

"That young buck's a man of consequence," Toole rattled on; "Miss does not smile on everybody."

"Ay, she looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth, but, I warrant cheese won't choke her," Magnolia laughed out with angry eyes.

Magnolia's fat and highly painted parent—poor bragging, good-natured, cunning, foolish Mrs. Macnamara, the widow—joined, with a venomous wheeze, in the laugh.

Those who suppose that all this rancour was produced by mere feminine emulations and jealousy do these ladies of the ancient sept Macnamara foul wrong. Mrs. Mack, on the contrary, had a fat and genial soul of her own, and Magnolia was by no means a particularly ungenerous rival in the lists of love. But Aunt Rebecca was hoity-toity upon the Macnamaras, whom she would never consent to more than half-know, seeing them with difficulty, often failing to see them altogether—though Magnolia's stature and activity did not always render that easily feasible. To-day, for instance, when the firing was brisk, and some of the ladies uttered pretty little timid squalls, Miss Magnolia not only stood fire like a brick, but with her own fair hands cracked off a firelock, and was more complimented and applauded than all the marksmen beside, although she shot most dangerously wide, and was much nearer hitting old Arthur Slowe than that respectable gentleman, who waved his hat and smirked gallantly, was at all aware. Aunt Rebecca, notwithstanding all this, and although she looked straight at her from a distance of only ten steps, yet could not see that large and highly-coloured heroine; and Magnolia was so incensed at her serene impertinence that when Gertrude afterwards smiled and curtsied twice, she only held her head the higher and flung a flashing defiance from her fine eyes right at that unoffending virgin.

Everybody knew that Miss Rebecca Chatterworth ruled supreme at Belmont. With a docile old general and a niece so young, she had less resist-

ance to encounter than, perhaps, her ardent soul would have relished. Fortunately for the General it was only now and then that Aunt Becky took a whim to command the Royal Irish Artillery. She had other hobbies just as odd, though not quite so scandalous. It had struck her active mind that such of the ancient women of Chapelizod as were destitute of letters—mendicants and the like—should learn to read. Twice a week her “old women’s school,” under that energetic lady’s presidency, brought together its muster-roll of rheumatism, paralysis, dim eyes, bothered ears, and invincible stupidity. Over the fireplace, in large black letters, was the legend, “BETTER LATE THAN NEVER;” and out came the horn-books and spectacles, and to it they went with their A-B ab, &c., and plenty of wheezing and coughing. Aunt Becky kept good fires, and served out a mess of bread and broth, along with some pungent ethics, to each of her hopeful old girls. In winter she further encouraged them with a flannel petticoat apiece, and there was beside a monthly dole. So that although after a year there was, unhappily, on the whole, no progress in learning, the affair wore a tolerably encouraging aspect; for the academy had increased in numbers, and two old fellows, liking the notion of the broth and the 6d. a month—one a barber, Will Potts, ruined by a shake in his right hand, the other a drunken pensioner, Phil Doolan, with a wooden leg—petitioned to be enrolled, and were, accordingly, admitted. Then, Aunt Becky visited the gaols, and had a knack of picking up the worst characters there, and had generally two or three discharged felons on her hands. Some people said she was a bit of a Voltairian, but unjustly; for though she now and then came out with a bouncing social paradox, she was a good bitter Churchwoman. So she was liberal and troublesome—off-handed and dictatorial—not without good-nature, but administering her benevolences somewhat tyrannically, and, for the most part, doing more or less of positive mischief in the process.

And now the General (“old Chatterworth,” as the scornful Magnolia called him), drew near, with his benevolent smirk, and his stiff bows, and all his good-natured formalities—for the General had no notion of ignoring

his good friend and officer, Major O’Neill, or his sister or niece—and so he made up to Mrs. Macnamara, who arrested a narrative in which she was demonstrating to O’Flaherty the General’s lineal descent from old Chatterworth—an army tailor in Queen Anne’s time—and his cousinship to a live butter-dealer in Cork—and spicing her little history with a not very nice epigram on his uncle “the counsellor” by Dr. Swift, which she delivered with a vicious chuckle in the “fire-worker’s” ear, who also laughed, though he did not quite see the joke, and said, “Oh-ho-ho, murder!”

The good Mrs. Mack received the General haughtily and slightly, and Miss Magnolia with a short courtesy and a little toss of her head, and up went her fan, and she giggled something in Toole’s ear, who grinned, and glanced uneasily out of the corner of his shrewd little eye at the unsuspecting General and on to Aunt Rebecca; for it was very important to Dr. Toole to stand well at Belmont. So, seeing that Miss Mag was disposed to be vicious, and not caring to be compromised by her tricks, he whistled and bawled to his dogs, and with a jolly smirk and flourish of his cocked hat, off he went to seek other adventures, humming,

“How sweet in the woodlands,
With sweet hound and horn,” &c.

Thus, was there feud and malice between two houses, and Aunt Rebecca’s wrong-headed freak of cutting the Macnamaras (for it was not “snobbery,” and she would talk for hours on band-days publicly and familiarly with scrubby little Mrs. Toole), involved her innocent relations in scorn and ill-will; for this sort of offence, like Chinese treason, is not visited on the arch offender only, but according to a scale of consanguinity, upon his kith and kin. The criminal is minced—his sons hashed—his nephews reduced to cutlets—his cousins to joints—and so on—none of the family quite escapes; and seeing the bitter reprisals provoked by this kind of uncharity, fiercer and more enduring by much than any begotten of more tangible wrongs, Christian people who pray, “lead us not into temptation,” and repeat, “blessed are the peacemakers,” will, on the whole, do wisely to forbear practising it.

As handsome, slender Captain De-

vereux, with his dark face and great, strange, earnest eyes, and that look of intelligence so racy and peculiar, that gave him a sort of enigmatical interest, stepped into the fair-green, the dark blue glance of poor Nan Glynn, of Palmerstown, from under her red, Sunday riding-hood, followed the tall, dashing, graceful apparition, with a stolen glance of wild loyalty and admiration. Poor Nan ! with thy fun and thy rascalities, thy strong affections and thy fatal gift of beauty, where does thy head rest now ?

"Miss Mag's throwing a sheep's eye at old Slowe," said Toole, who had transferred himself and his scampish dogs to the side of little Mrs. Nutter.

"Miss Magnolia ! Oh ! fie, doctor, for shame. Is it that purty young creature ! nonsense !"

Poor Mrs. Nutter, I have an honest regard for her memory. If she was scant of brains, she was also devoid of guile—giggle and raspberry-jam were the leading traits of her character. But though she was slow to believe ill-natured stories, and made, in general, a horrid jumble when she essayed to relate news, except of the most elementary sort ; and used to forget genealogies, and to confuse lawsuits and other family feuds, and would have made a most unsatisfactory witness upon any topic on earth, yet she was a ready sympathizer, and a restless but purblind matchmaker—always suggesting or suspecting little romances, and always amazed when the *eclaircissement* came off. Excellent for condoling—better still for rejoicing—she would, on hearing of a surprising good match, or an unexpected son and heir, or a pleasantly-timed legacy, go off like a mild little peal of joy-bells, and keep ringing up and down and zig-zag, and to and again, in all sorts of irregular roulades, without stopping, the whole day long, with "Well, to be sure." "Upon my conscience, now, I scarce can believe it." "An' isn't it pleasant, though." "Oh ! the creatures—but it was badly wanted !" "Dear knows—but I'm glad—ha, ha, ha," and so on. A train of reflection and rejoicing not easily exhausted, and readily, by simple transposition, maintainable for an indefinite period. And people, when good news came, used to say, "Sally Nutter will be glad to hear that ;"

and though she had not a great deal of sense, and her conversation was made up principally of interjections, assisted by little gestures, and wonderful expressions of face ; and though when analyzed it was not much, yet she made a cheerful noise, and her company was liked ; and her friendly little gesticulation, and her turning up of the eyes, and her smiles and sighs, and her "whisht a bit," and "faith and troth now," and "whisper," and all the rest of her little budget of idiomatic expletives, made the people somehow, along with her sterling qualities, fonder of her than perhaps, having her always at hand, they were quite aware.

"But it won't do, Mag, you rogue," continued Toole, regarding kind little Mrs. Nutter's protest no more in the light of a thing requiring an answer than the flourish of a harpsichord in the pause of a recitative. "I've known Arthur five-and-twenty years, and he's an old boy now ; the girls have been angling for him all that time—ha, ha, ha—hang him."

And Mrs. Nutter again cried, "Oh fie !" and protested, and appealed to her husband to come to the rescue of her aspersed sex. But that saturnine little man was watching the movements of Sturk and Lord Castlemallard, *et totus in illis*, and there was no speculation in his eyes, and no apprehension in his furrowed mahogany features, when he turned them round upon his wife, and murmured abstractedly, "Surely, surely, sweetheart !"

And Toole fired away, and laughed at Miss Magnolia, and then at shrewd old Arthur Slowe, who in his senile vanity supposed he had but to throw the handkerchief, while, as he verred, crafty Miss Mag, only meant to hold him on, pending her experiments upon O'Flaherty, who was well to do, and a tall, florid fellow of nine-and-twenty, beside.

The fact is, that Toole was very near the truth. The two gentlemen were upon her list. Two strings to a bow is a time-honoured provision. Cupid often goes so furnished. If the first snap at the critical moment, should we bow-string our precious throattles with the pieces ! Far be it from us ! Let us waste no time in looking foolish ; but pick up the gray-goose shaft that lies so innocently at our feet

among the daisies ; and it's odds but the second plants it "i' the clout." The lover, the hero of the piece, upon whose requited passion and splendid settlements the curtain goes down, is a *role* not always safely to be confided to the genius and discretion of a single performer. Take it that the captivating Frederick Bellville, who is announced for the part is, along with his other qualifications, his gallantry, his grace, his ringlets, his pathetic smile, his lustrous eyes, his plaintive tenor, and five-and-twenty years—a little bit of a rip—rather frail in the particular of brandy and water, and so, not quite reliable. Will not the prudent manager provide a substitute respectably to fill the part in the sad event of one of those sudden indispositions to which Bellville is but too liable ? It may be somewhat "fat and scant of breath," ay, and scant of hair and of teeth too. But though he has played Romeo thirty years ago, the perruquier, and the dentist, and the rouge-pot, and the friendly glare of the foot-lights will do wonders ; and Podgers—steady fellow !—will be always at the right wing, at the right moment, know every line of his author, and contrive to give a very reasonable amount of satisfaction to all parties concerned. Following this precedent, then, that wise virgin, Miss Magnolia, and her sagacious mamma, had allotted the role in question to Arthur Slowe, who was the better furnished for the part, and on the whole, the stronger "cast." But failing him, Lieutenant O'Flaherty was quietly, but unconsciously, as the phrase is, "understudying" that somewhat uncertain gentleman.

Handsome Captain Devereux !—Gipsy Devereux, as they called him for his clear dark complexion,—was talking just then to Lillas Walsingham. Oh, pretty Lillas—oh, true lady—I never saw the pleasant crayon sketch—perished—lost—that my mother used to speak of, but the tradition of thee has come to me—so bright and tender, with its rose and violet tints, and merry, melancholy dimples, that I see thee now, as then, with the dew of thy youth still on thee, and sigh as I look, as if on a lost, early love of mine.

"I'm out of conceit with myself," he said ; "I'm so idle, useless ; I wish that were all—I wish myself better,

but I'm such a weak coxcomb—a father-confessor might keep me nearer to my duty—some one to scold and exhort me. I think if some charitable lady would take me in hands, something might be made of me still."

There was a vein of seriousness in this reverie which amused the young lady ; for she had never heard any thing worse of him—very young ladies seldom do hear the worst—than that he had played once or twice rather high.

"Shall I ask Gertrude Chatterworth to speak to her Aunt Rebecca ?" said Lillas, slyly. "Suppose you attend her school in Martin's-row, with 'better late than never' over the chimney-piece ; there are two pupils of your own sex, you know, and you might sit on the bench with poor Potts and good old Doolan."

"Thank you, Miss Lillas," he answered with a bow and a little laugh, as it seemed just the least bit in the world piqued ; "I know she would do it zealously ; but neither so well nor so wisely as others might ; I wish I dare ask *you* to lecture me."

"I!" said the young lady—just a shade graver. "Oh, yes, I forgot," she went on merrily, "five years ago, when I was a little girl, you once called me Dr. Walsingham's curate, I was so grave—do you remember ?"

She did not know how much obliged Devereux was to her for remembering that poor little joke, and how much the handsome lieutenant would have given, at that instant, to kiss the hand of the grave little girl of five years ago.

"I was a more impudent fellow then," he said, "than I am now ; won't you forget my old impertinences, and allow me to make atonement, and be your—your *very* humble servant now ?"

She laughed. "Not my servant—but you know I can't help you being my parishioner."

"And as such surely I may plead an humble right to your counsels and reproof. Yes, you *shall* lecture me—I'll bear it from none but *you*, and the more you do it, the happier at least you make me," he said.

"Alas, if my censure is pleasant to you, 'tis a certain sign it can do you no good."

"It *shall* do me good, and be it never so bitter and so true, it will be

pleasant to me, too," he answered, with an honest and very peculiar light in his dark strange eyes; and after a little pause, "I'll tell you why, just because I had rather you remembered my faults, than that you did not remember me at all."

"But 'tis not my business to make people angry."

"More likely you should make me sad, or perhaps happy, that is to say, better. I think you'd like to see your parish improve."

"So I would—but by means of my example, not my preaching. No; I leave that to wiser heads—to the rector, for instance"—and she drew closer to the dear old man, with a quick fond glance of such proud affection, for she thought the sun never shone upon his like, as made Devereux sigh a little unconscious sigh. The old man did not hear her—he was too absorbed in his talk—he only felt the pressure of his darling's little hand, and returned it, after his wont, with a gentle squeeze of his cassocked arm, while he continued the learned essay he was addressing to young, queer, erudite, simple Dan Loftus, on the descent of the Decies branch of the Desmonds. There was, by-the-by, a rumour—I know not how true—that these two sages were concocting between them, beside their folios on the castle of Chapelized, an interminable history of Ireland.

Devereux was secretly chafed at

the sort of invisible, but insuperable resistance which pretty Lilius Walsingham, as it seemed, unconsciously opposed to his approaches to a nearer and tenderer sort of trifling. "The little Syren! there are air-drawn circles round her which I cannot pass—and why should I? How is it that she interests me, and yet repels me so easily? And—and when I came here first," he continued aloud, "you were, oh dear, how mere a child, hardly eleven years old. How long I've known you, Miss Lilius, and yet how formal you are with me." There was reproach almost fierce in his eye, though his tones were low and gentle. "Well!" he said, with an odd changed little laugh, "you *did* commit yourself at first—you spoke against card-playing, and I tell you frankly I mean to play a great deal more, and a great deal higher than I've ever done before, and so adieu."

He did not choose to see the little motion which indicated that she was going to shake hands with him, and only bowed the lower, and answered her grave smile, which seemed to say, "Now, you are vexed," with another little laugh, and turned gaily away, and so was gone.

"She thinks she has wounded me, and she thinks, I suppose, that I can't be happy away from her. I'll let her see I can; I shan't speak to her, no, nor look at her, for a month."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE ROYAL IRISH ARTILLERY ENTERTAINED SOME OF THE NEIGHBOURS AT DINNER.

IF I stuck at a fib as little as some historians, I might easily tell you who won the prizes at this shooting on Palmerstown Green. But the truth is I don't know; my granduncle could have told me, for he had a marvellous memory, but he died a pleasant old gentleman of fourscore and upwards when I was a small urchin. I remember his lively old face, his powdered bald head and pig-tail, his slight erect figure, and how merrily he used to play the fiddle for his juvenile posterity to dance to. But I was not of an age to comprehend the value of this thin, living volume of old lore, or to question the oracle. Well, it can't be helped now, and the papers

I've got are silent upon the point. But there were jollifications to no end both in Palmerstown and Chapelized that night, and declamatory conversations rising up in the street at very late hours, and singing and "*hurroo-ing*" along the moonlit roads.

There was a large and pleasant dinner-party, too, in the mess-room of the Royal Irish Artillery. Lord Castlemallard was there in the place of honour, next to jolly old General Chatterworth, and the worthy rector, Doctor Walsingham, and Father Roach, the dapper, florid little priest of the parish, with his silk waistcoat and well-placed paunch, and his keen relish for funny stories, side-dishes,

and a convivial glass; and Dan Loftus, that simple, meek, semi-barbarous young scholar, his head in a state of chronic dishevelment, his harmless little round light-blue eyes, pinkish from late night-reading, generally betraying the absence of his vagrant thoughts, and I know not what of goodness, as well as queerness, in his homely features.

Good Dr. Walsingham, indeed, in his simple benevolence, had helped the strange, kindly creature through college, and had a high opinion of him, and a great delight in his company. They were both much given to books, and according to their lights zealous archæologists. They had got hold of Chapelizod Castle, a good tough enigma. It was a theme they never tired of. Loftus had already two folios of extracts copied from all the records to which Doctor Walsingham could procure him access. They could not have worked harder, indeed, if they were getting up evidence to prove their joint title to Lord Castlemallard's estates. This pursuit was a bond of close sympathy between the rector and the student, and they spent more time than appeared to his parishioners quite consistent with sanity in the paddock by the river, pacing up, and down, and across, poking sticks into the earth and grubbing for old walls underground.

Loftus, moreover, was a good Irish scholar, and from Celtic MSS. had elicited some cross-lights upon his subject—not very bright or steady, I allow—but enough to delight the rector, and inspire him with a tender reverence for the indefatigable and versatile youth, who was devoting to the successful equitation of their hobby so many of his hours, and so much of his languages, labour, and brains.

Lord Castlemallard was accustomed to be listened to, and was not aware how confoundedly dull his talk sometimes was. It was measured, and dreamy, and every way slow. He was entertaining the courteous old General with an oration in *laudem* of Paul Dangerfield—a wonderful man—immensely wealthy—the cleverest man of this age—he might have been any thing he pleased. His lordship really believed his English property would drop to pieces if Dangerfield retired from its management, and he was vastly obliged to him inwardly, for

retaining the agency even for a little time longer. He was coming over to visit the Irish estates—perhaps to give Nutter a wrinkle or two. He was a bachelor; and his lordship averred would be a prodigious great match for some of our Irish ladies. Chapelizod would be his head-quarters while in Ireland. No—he was not sure—he rather thought he was *not* of the Thorley family; and so on, for a mighty long time. But though he tired them prodigiously, he contrived to evoke before their mind's eye a very gigantic, though somewhat hazy figure, and a good deal stimulated the interest with which a new arrival was commonly looked for in that pleasant suburban village.

There is no knowing how long Lord Castlemallard might have prosed upon this theme, had he not been accidentally cut short, and himself laid fast asleep in his chair, without his or anybody else's intending it. For overhearing, during a short rest, in which he sipped some claret, Surgeon Sturk applying some very strong, and indeed, frightful language to a little pamphlet upon magnetism, a subject then making a stir—as from a much earlier date it has periodically done down to the present day—he languidly asked Doctor Walsingham his opinion upon the subject.

Now, Dr. Walsingham was a great reader of out-of-the-way lore, and retained it with a sometimes painful accuracy; and he forthwith began—

“There is, my Lord Castlemallard, a curious old tract of the learned Van Helmont, in which he says, as near as I can remember his words, that magnetism is a magical faculty, which lieth dormant in us by the opiate of primitive sin, and, therefore, stands in need of an excitator—which excitator may be either good or evil; but is more frequently Satan himself, by reason of some previous oppignoration or compact with witchcraft. The power, indeed, is in the witch, and not conferred by him; but this versipellous or Protean impostor—these are his words—will not suffer her to know that it is of her own natural endowment, though for the present charmed into somnolent inactivity by the narcotic of primitive sin.”

I verily believe that a fair description—none of your poetical baulderdash—but an honest plodding de-

scription of a perfectly comfortable bed, and of the process of going to sleep, would, judiciously administered soon after dinner, overpower the vivacity of any tranquil gentlemen who loves a nap after that meal—gently draw the curtains of his senses, and extinguish the bed-room candle of his consciousness. In the Doctor's address and quotation there was so much about somnolency and narcotics, and lying dormant, and opiates, that my Lord Castlemallard's senses forsook him, and he lost, as you, my kind reader, must, all the latter portion of the Doctor's lullaby.

"I'd give half I am pothethed of, thir, and all my prothpecth in life," lisped vehemently plump little Lieutenant Puddock, in one of those stage frenzies to which he was prone, "to be the firth Alecthander on the boardth."

Between ourselves, Puddock was short and fat, very sentimental, and a little bit of a *gourmet*; his desk stuffed with amorous sonnets and receipts for side-dishes; he, always in love, and often in the kitchen, where, under the rose, he loved to direct the cooking of critical little *plats*—very good-natured, rather literal, very courteous, a *chevallier*, indeed, *sans tache*. He had a profound faith in his genius for tragedy, but those who liked him best could not help thinking that his plump cheeks, round, little, light eyes, his lisp, and a certain lack-a-daisical, though solemn expression of surprise, which nature, in one of her jocular moods, seemed to have fixed upon his countenance, were against his shining in that walk of the drama. He was blessed, too, with a pleasant belief in his acceptance with the fair sex, but had a real one with his comrades, who knew his absurdities and his virtues, and laughed at and loved him.

"But hang it, there 'th no uthe in doing thingth by halvth. Melpomene 'th the motht jealouth of the Mutheth. I tell you, if you thtand well in her gratheth, by Jove, thir, you mutht give yourthelf up to her body and thoul. How the deuthe can a fellow that 'th out at drill at thictth in the morning, and all day with bith head filled with tactictth and gunnery, and"—

"And 'farced pigeons' and lovely women," said Devereux.

"And such dry professional matterth," continued he, without noticing, perhaps hearing the interpolation. "How can he pothibly have a chanthagainth geniutheth, no doubt—vathtly thuperior by nature"—(Puddock, the rogue, believed no such thing)—"but who devote themthelveth to the thtudy of the art inthethantly, ecthkluthively, and—and"—

"Impossible," said O'Flaherty. "There, now, was Tommy Shycock, of Ballybaistly, that larned himself to balance a fiddle-stick on his chin; and the young leedies, and especially Miss Kitty Mahony, used to be all around him in the ball-room at Thralee, lookin', wondhrin', and laughin'; and I that had twisteth his brains could not come round it, though I got up every morning for a month at four o'clock, and was obliged to give over be rason of a soart iv a squint I was gettin' be looking continually at the fiddle-stick. I began with a double bass, the way he did—it's it that was the powerful fatiguin' exercise, I can tell you. Two blessed hours a-day, regular practice, besides an odd half-hour now and agin, for three mortal years, it took him to larn it, and it dhrilled a dimple in his chin you could put a marrow-fat pay in."

"Practice," resumed Puddock, "I need not spell his lisp, 'study—time to devote—industry in great things as in small—there's the secret. Nature, to be sure'—"

"Ay, Nature, to be sure—we must sustain Nature, dear Puddock, so pass the bottle," said Devereux, who liked his glass.

"Be the powers, Mr. Puddock, if I had half your janius for play-acting," persisted O'Flaherty, "nothing i'd keep me from the boards iv Smock-alley playhouse—incog., I mean, of course. There's that wonderfule little Mr. Garrick—why he's the talk of the three kingdoms as long as I can remember—an' making his thousand pounds a-week—coining, be gannies—an' he can't be much taller than you, for he's contimptably small."

"I'm the taller man of the two," said little Puddock, haughtily, who had made inquiries, and claimed half an inch over Rocina, honestly, let us hope. "But this is building castles in the air. Joking apart, however, I do confess I should dearly love—just for

a maggot—to play two parts—Richard the Third and Tamerlane.”

“Was not that the part you spoke that pathaytic speech out of for me before dinner?”

“No ; that was Justice Greedy,” says Devereux.

“Ay, so it was—was it?—that smothered his wife.”

“With a pudding-clout,” he persisted.

“No. With a—pooh!—a—you know—and stabbed himself,” continued O’Flaherty.

“With a larding-pin—’tis written in good Italian.”

“Augh, not at all—it isn’t Italian, but English, I’m thinking of—a pilla, Puddock, you know—the *black rascal*.”

“Well, English or Italian—tragedy or comedy,” said Devereux, who liked Puddock, and would not annoy him, and saw he was hurt at Othello’s borrowing his properties from the kitchen; “I venture to say you were well entertained; and for my part, sir, there are some characters”—(in farce Puddock was really highly diverting)—“in which I prefer Puddock to any player I ever saw.”

“Oh—ho—ho!” laughed Poor little Puddock, with a most gratified derisiveness, for he cherished in secret a great admiration for Devereux.

And so they talked stage-talk. Puddock lithping away, grand and garrulous; O’Flaherty, the illiterate, blundering in with sincere applause; and Devereux sipping his claret and dropping a quiet, saucy word now and again.

“I shall never forget Mrs. Thibberth’s countenanth in that latht thene—you know—in the ‘Orphan’—Monimia—you know, Devereux.” And the table being by this time in high chat, and the chairs a little irregular, Puddock slipped off his, and addressing himself to Devereux and O’Flaherty—just to give them a notion of Mrs. Cibber—began, with a countenance the most woe-begone, and in a piping falsetto—

“When I am laid low i’ the grave, and quite forgotten.”

Monimia dies at the end of the speech—as the reader may not be aware; but when Puddock came to the line—

“When I am dead, as presently I shall be,”

all Mrs. Cibber’s best points being still to come, the little lieutenant’s heel caught in the edge of the carpet, as he sailed with an imaginary hoop on grandly backward, and in spite of a surprising flick-flack cut in the attempt to recover his equipoise, down came the “orphan,” together with a table-load of spoons and plates, with a crash that stopt all conversation.

Lord Castlemallard waked up, with a loud snort and a “halloo, gentlemen!”

“It’s only poor dear Monimia, General,” says Devereux with a melancholy gravity and a bow, in reply to a fiery and startled stare darted to the point by that gallant officer.

“Hey—eh?” said his lordship, brightening up, and gazing glassily round with a wan smile; and I fancy he thought a lady had somehow introduced herself during his nap, and was pleased, for he admired the sex.

“If there’s any recitation going on, I think it had better be for the benefit of the company,” said the General, a little surly, and looking full upon the plump Monimia, who was arranging his frill and hair, and getting a little awkwardly into his place.

“And I think ’twould be no harm, Lieutenant Puddock, my dear,” says Father Roach testily, for he had been himself frightened by the crash, “if you’d die a little aisier the next time.”

Puddock began to apologize.

“Never mind,” said the General, recovering, “let’s fill our glasses—my Lord Castlemallard, they tell me this claret is a pretty wine.”

“A very pretty wine,” said my Lord.

“And suppose, my Lord, we ask these gentlemen to give us a song. I say, gentlemen, there are fine voices among you. Will some gentleman oblige the company with a song?”

“Mr. Loftus sings a very fine song, I’m told,” said Captain Cluffe, with a wink at Father Roach.

“Ay,” cried Roach, backing up the joke (a good old one, and not yet quite off the hooks), “Mr. Loftus sings, I’ll take my davy—I’ve heard him!”

Loftus was shy, simple, and grotesque, and looked like a man who could not sing a note. So when he opened his eyes, looked round, and blushed, there was a general knocking of glasses, and a very flattering clamour for Mr. Loftus’s song.

But when silence came, to the surprise of the company he submitted,

though with manifest trepidation, and told them that he would sing as the company desired. It was a song from a good old writer upon fasting in Lent, and was, in fact, a reproof to all hypocrisy. Hereupon there was a great ringing of glasses, and a jolly round of laughter rose up in the cheer that welcomed the announcement. Father Roach looked queer and disconcerted, and shot a look of suspicion at Devereux, for poor Dan Loftus had, in truth, hit that divine straight in a very tender spot.

The fact is, Father Roach was, as Irish priests were sometimes then, a bit of a sportsman. He and Toole used occasionally to make mysterious excursions to the Dublin mountains. He had a couple of mighty good dogs, which he lent freely, being a good-natured fellow. He liked good living and jolly young fellows, and was popular among the officers, who used to pop in freely enough at his reverence's green hall-door whenever they wanted a loan of his dogs, or to take counsel of the ghostly father (whose opinion was valued more highly even than Toole's) upon the case of a sick dog or a lame nag.

Well, one morning—only a few weeks before—Devereux and Toole together had looked in on some such business upon his reverence—a little suddenly—and found him eating a hare!—by Jupiter, it *was*—hare-pie in the middle of Lent!

It was at breakfast. His dinner was the meal of an anchorite, and who could have guessed that these confounded sparks would have bounced into his little refectory at that hour in the morning? There was no room for equivocation; he had been caught in the very act of criminal conversation with the hare-pie. He rose with a spring, like a Jack-in-a-box, as they entered, and knife and fork in hand and with shining chops, stared at them with an angry, bothered, and alarmed countenance, which increased their laughter. It was a good while before he obtained a hearing, such was the hilarity, so sustained the fire of ironical compliments, inquiries, and pleasantries, and the general uproar.

When he did, with hand uplifted, after the manner of a prisoner arraigned for murder, he pleaded "a dispensation." I suppose it was true, for he backed the allegation with se-

veral most religious oaths and imprecations, and explained how men were not always quite so strong as they looked; that he might, if he liked it, by permission of his bishop, eat meat at any meal in the day, and every day in the week; that his not doing so was a voluntary abstinence—not conscientious, only expedient—to prevent the "unreasonable remarks" of his parishioners (a roar of laughter); that he was, perhaps, rightly served for not having publicly availed himself of his bishop's dispensation (renewed peals of merriment). By this foolish delicacy (more of that detestable horse-laughter), he had got himself into a false position; and so on, till the *ad misericordiam* peroration addressed to "Captain Devereux, dear," and "Toole, my honey." Well, they quizzed him unmercifully; they sat down and eat all that was left of the hare-pie, under his wistful ogle. They made him narrate minutely every circumstance connected with the smuggling of the game, and the illicit distillation for the mess. They never passed so pleasant a morning. Of course he bound them over to eternal secrecy, and of course, as in all similar cases, the vow was religiously observed; nothing was ever heard of it at mess—oh, no—and Toole never gave a dramatic representation of the occurrence, heightened and embellished with all the little Doctor's genius for farce.

There certainly was a monologue to which he frequently afterwards treated the Aldermen of Skinner's Alley, and other convivial bodies, at supper. The Doctor's gestures were made with knife and fork in hand, and it was spoken in a rich brogue and tones sometimes of thrilling pathos, anon of sharp and vehement indignation, and again, of childlike endearment, amidst pounding and jingling of glasses, and screams of laughter from the company. Indeed, the Lord Mayor, a fat slob of a fellow, though not much given to undue merriment, laughed his ribs into such a state of breathless torture, that he implored of Toole, with a wave of his hand—he could not speak—to give him breathing time, which that voluble performer disregarding, his Lordship had to rise twice, and get to the window, or, as he afterwards said, he should have lost his life; and when

the performance ended, his fat flabby cheeks were covered with tears, his mouth hung down, his head wagged slowly from side to side, and with short gasping "oohs," and "oohs," his hands pressed to his pudgy ribs, he looked so pale and breathless, that although they said nothing, several of his comrades stared hard at him, and thought him in rather a queer state!

Shortly after this little surprise, I suppose, by way of ratifying the secret treaty of silence, Father Roach gave the officers and Toole a grand Lent dinner of fish, with no less than nineteen different *plats*, baked, boiled, stewed, in fact, a very splendid feast; and Puddock talked of some of those dishes more than twenty years afterwards.

No wonder, then, if Father Roach, when Loftus, in the innocence of his heart, announced his song and its theme, was thoroughly uneasy, and would have given a good deal that he had not helped Loftus into his difficulty. But things must now take their course. So, amid a decorous silence, Dan Loftus lifted up his voice, and sang. That voice was a high small-pipe, with a very nervous quaver in it. He leaned back in his chair, and little more than the whites of his upturned eyes were visible; and beating time upon the table with one hand, claw-wise, and with two or three queer little trills and roulades, which re-appeared with great precision in each verse, he delivered himself thus, in what I suspect was an old psalm tune:—

"Now Lent is come, let us refrain
From carnal creatures, quick or slain;
Let's fast and macerate the flesh,
Impound and keep it in distress."

Here there came a wonderful unspellable choking sound, partly through the mouth, partly through the nose, from several of the officers; and old General Chatterworth, who was frowning hard upon his desert-plate, and making wonderful faces, cried, "Order, gentlemen," in a stern, but very tremulous tone. Lord Castlemallard, leaning upon his elbow, was staring with a grave and dreamy curiosity at the songster, and neither he nor his Lordship heard the interruption, and on went the pleasant ditty; and as the musician regularly repeated the last two lines, like the clerk in a piece of psalmody, the young wags, to save themselves from bursting outright,

joined in the solemn chorus, while verse after verse waxed more uproarious and hilarious, and gave a singular relief to Loftus's thin, high, quavering solo:—

(*Loftus, solo*).

"For forty days, and then we shall
Have a replevin from this thrall,
By warrant good, that for this fast,
Will give us angel's food at last.

(*Chorus of Officers.*)

"By warrant good, that for this fast,
Will give us angel's food at last.

"'Tis a good song," murmured Doctor Walsingham in Lord Castlemallard's ear—"I know the verses well—the ingenious and pious Howel penned them in the reign of King James the First."

"Ha! thank you, sir," said his Lordship.

(*Loftus, solo*).

"But to abstain from beef, hog, goose,
And let our appetites go loose
To lobsters, crabs, prawns, or such fish,
We do not fast, but feast in this.

(*Chorus of Officers.*)

"To lobsters, crabs, prawns, or such fish,
We do not fast, but feast in this.

(*Loftus, solo*).

"Not to let down lamb, kid, or veal,
Hen, plover, turkey cock, or teal,
And eat botargo, caviar,
Anchovies, oysters, and such fare.

(*Chorus of Officers.*)

"And eat botargo, caviar,
Anchovies, oysters, and such fare.

(*Loftus, solo*).

"Or to forbear from flesh, fowl, fish,
And eat potatoes in a dish,
Done o'er with amber, or a mess
Of ringos in a Spanish dress.

(*Chorus of Officers.*)

"Done o'er with amber, or a mess
Of ringos in a Spanish dress.

(*Loftus, solo*).

"Or to refrain from all high dishes,
But feed our thoughts with wanton
wishes,
Making the soul, like a light wench,
Wear patches of concupiscence.

(*Chorus of Officers.*)

"Making the soul, like a light wench,
Wear patches of concupiscence.

(*Loftus, solo*).

"This is not to keep Lent aright,
But play the juggling hypocrite;
For we must starve the inward man,
And feed the outward too on bran.

(*Chorus of Officers.*)

"For we must starve the inward man,
And feed the outward too on bran."

I believe no song was ever received with heartier bursts of laughter and applause. Puddock indeed was grave, being a good deal interested in the dishes sung by the poet. So, for the sake of its moral point, was Dr. Wal-

singham, who, with brows gathered together judicially, kept time with head and hand, murmuring "true, true—*good*, sir, good," from time to time, as the sentiment liked him.

But honest Father Roach was confoundedly put out by the performance. He sat with his blue double chin buried in his breast, his mouth pursed up tightly, a red scowl all over his face, his quick, little, angry, suspicious eyes peeping cornerwise, now this way, now that, not knowing how to take what seemed to him like a deliberate conspiracy to roast him for the entertainment of the company, who followed the concluding verse with a universal roaring chorus, which went off into a storm of laughter, in which Father Roach made an absurd attempt to join. But it was only a gunpowder glare, swallowed in an instant in darkness, and down came the black portcullis of his scowl with a chop, while clearing his voice, and directing his red face and vicious little eyes straight on simple Dan Loftus, he said, rising very erect and square from an unusually ceremonious bow—

"I don't know, Mr. Loftus, exactly what you mean by a 'ring-goat in a Spanish dress'" (the priest had just smuggled over a wonderful bit of ecclesiastical toggery from Salamanca); "and—a—persons wearing patches, you said, of—of—patches of concupiscence, I think" (Father Roach's housekeeper unfortunately wore patches, though, it is right to add, she was altogether virtuous, and by no means young); "but I'm bound to suppose, by the amusement our friends seem to derive from it, sir, that a ring-goat, whatever it means, is a good joke as well as a good-natured one."

"But, by your leave, thir," emphatically interposed Puddock, on whose ear the ecclesiastic's blunder grated like a discord, "Mr. Loftuth thang nothing about a goat, though kid ith not a bad thing; he said, 'ringoth,' meaning, I conclude, eringoeth, a deliciouth pretherve or confection. Have you never eaten them, either pretherved or candied—a—why I—a—I happen to have a retheipt—a—and if you permit me, thir—a capital retheipt. When I wath a boy, I made thome wonth at home, thir; and, by Jupiter, my poor brother, Tham, eat of them till he wath quite thick—I remember, ~~the~~ thick, by Jupiter, my

poor mother and old Dorcath had to thit up all night with him—a—and—I wath going to thay, if you will allow me, thir, I shall be very happy to thend the retheipt to your houth-keeper."

"You'll not like it, sir," said Devereux, mischievously; "but there really is a capital one—quite of another kind—a lenten dish—fish, you know, Puddock—the one you described yesterday; but Mr. Loftus has, I think, a still better way."

"Have you, thir?" asked Puddock, who had a keen appetite for knowledge.

"I don't know, Captain Puddock," murmured Loftus, bewildered.

"What is it?" remarks his reverence, shortly.

"A roatht roach," answered Puddock, looking, quite innocently, full in that theologian's fiery face."

"Thank you!" says Father Roach, with an expression of countenance which polite little Puddock did not in the least understand.

"And how do *you* roast him—we know Loftus' receipt," persisted Devereux with remarkable cruelty.

"Jutht like a lump," said Puddock, briskly.

"And how is that?" inquired Devereux.

"Flay the lump—splat him—divide him," answered Puddock, with great volubility; "and cut each thide into two piethes; theathon with thalt, pepper, and nutmeg, and bathte with clarified butter; dish him with thli-theth of orangeth, barberrieth, grapeth, goothberrieth, and butter; and you will find that he eatth deliciouthly either with farthed pain or gammon pain."

This rhapsody, delivered with the rapidity and emphasis of Puddock's earnest lisp, was accompanied with very general tokens of merriment from the company, and the priest, who half suspected him of having invented it, was on the point of falling foul of him, when Lord Castlemallard rose to take leave, and the general forthwith vacated the chair, and so the party broke up, fell into groups, and the greater part sauntered off to the Phoenix, where, in the club-room, they, with less restraint, and some new recruits, carried on the pleasures of the evening, which pleasures, as will sometimes happen, ended in something rather serious.

THE TWIN CURSES IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

SOCIETY, ever since the fall, has had to drag along with it these two burdens—labour, the curse upon man; and subjection, the curse upon woman. Society has never yet smoothed down the inequalities either between the sexes or between capitalist and labourer. It is, perhaps, ordered that society shall carry to the last the scar inflicted on it in its infancy. Christianity may ameliorate the condition of the dependent classes or the dependent sex, but it cannot efface the original difference. To the end of time man will eat bread in the sweat of his brow, and woman will feel that her desire is toward her husband, and that he shall rule over her.

But as society progresses, or, rather let us say, becomes Christianized, the sting of the curse is removed: labour becomes a voluntary hiring in the open market, and woman's subjection to man is consecrated by that excellent mystery of marriage. The Christian commonwealth has settled down to a kind of general agreement on these two fundamental points. The foundations of Christendom are laid in the sacredness of marriage and the freedom of labour. We do not expect recognition of these principles from communities outside the pale of Christendom; we do not, on the other hand, expect to find them disputed by any inside the pale. If a community calling itself Christian attempts to set aside these foundation truths, they become outlawed at once, and forfeit their claim to a place among civilized and Christian commonwealths. We may not proclaim a sacred war against them: the age of the Crusades is over; but we must regard them as fallen into the lower rank of those states with which we have intercourse, but not amity, such as China or Japan in Asia, Morocco or Tunis in Africa.

Little did those who appealed to the New World to redress the inequalities of the Old anticipate that the New World would witness the experiment of a community founded in contempt of the Christian law of marriage, and another community found-

ed in contempt of the Christian law of free labour. Yet so it is. As if the experience of the Old World had gone for nothing, America has resolved to try for herself whether it is possible to build up a community with either slavery or polygamy for the corner-stone of its institution. There is a hardihood in the attempt that almost attracts by its courageous dogmatism as much as it repels by its unabashed wickedness.

The sins of Christian communities sting those communities in proportion as they are sensitive to their enormity. The permitted abuses of our great cities—the strikes in the labour market, the social evil arising from the celibacy of large masses of men in our highly artificial society—the consciousness of these press on our national conscience, and drive excited thinkers to fly to a remedy which is worse than the disease. Thus it is that rather than bear the ills they have men fly to others which they know not of. We do not suppose that the Joe Smiths, of Utah, or the Legrees, of New Orleans, have ever felt themselves this remorse at our social evils, and buried that remorse by legalising the evil which they could not suppress; but when we see masses of men under the like strong delusion, and when we remember that there is some soul of goodness even in things evil, we are compelled to look for some such explanation as this for the strange hold which these two delusions have taken over such masses of men in America.

The lines of Pope are proverbial about vice, which is hated first, then pitied, then embraced. But we must go deeper than this to seek the true meaning of the strange aberration. There is in all men the temper of the idolaters of old, who passed at a bound from deifying to deriding, and back again from deriding to deifying their idle fears and opinions. The Dutch sailor who ate the tulip in mistake for an onion, made a mouthful of a few thousand thalers; in Egypt he would have committed sacrilege, and have eaten a god. But this folly returns to plague the inventors. Those who

deify an onion end in brutalizing their gods. Excess of reverence ends in excessive profanity. Reason revenges itself for its temporary humiliation by playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as if the slaves of religion were let loose to enjoy their Saturnalia by rolling the idols through the streets, and then burning the stumps in the fire.

It is thus when modern societies wink at the evils which exist among them. They are tolerated as the village idols were tolerated by the dominant Church in the fourth century. But no idolatry is innocent, and no toleration of it is expedient. Tolerated evils come to be looked upon by superstitious minds as divine, because they exist. Such is man's natural veneration for whatever exists that his religious affections begin to fasten on any institution which has stood its ground. It solves a world of difficulties thus to produce this *post hoc propter hoc* proof that God wills whatever God permits. It is sad to reflect that man is as prompt to devil worship as to God worship. Let evil but get its seven heads and its ten horns and all men will worship the beast and the false prophet that sends it forth.

It is not pleasant to disturb the optimism of our popular modes of thought, but a glance at America will show that human nature is much the same as it always was, and as ready as ever to fall down before the concrete of gold, iron, and clay, which we read of in the image of Daniel. It will deify some base lust and mix it with the pure gold of Christian truth as much now as then, and all this the more because man is now strongly drawn in contrary directions. Christianity is a power abroad in the world drawing men upwards, and the covetous and carnal desires are there as strong as ever drawing men downward. Hence arises a wild desire to compromise between the two, to retain the blessing of Jacob, and the pottage of Esau. The stronger the religious instinct in any age and country the more it will prompt men to give a religious reason for their irreligious conduct, and to quote the letter of Scripture most confidently when they are plainly violating its spirit.

If there were not a religious reason found for polygamy and slavery, two

communities would not have arisen in America professing these institutions as the corner-stone of their polity. Like the mistletoe, which was more sacred than the oak out of which it grew, so these excrescences and parasites of a Christian community are reputed to be divine for the same superstitious reason. If slavery and polygamy are found nowhere else adhering to Christianity but in America, what does this prove but that it is propagated there by divine interposition. The very monstrosity of the alliance is a proof of its divine acceptance. Our common homely type of domestic religion differs as much from the Christianity of Utah and New Orleans, as the oak without from the oak with the mistletoe.

It is worth considering how the mistletoe got there, since our faith does not stretch so far as that of those Druids of the New World, who pretend that the ugly excrescence on the American oak is as divine as the oak itself.

First, as to slavery. The red race, which is aboriginal in America, was soon exterminated by the white race of conquerors from Europe; and when there were no more slaves to be got, the conquerors fell back on Africa to keep up the supply. Niger took the place of Rufus in the mines and plantations of Spanish America, and so the gap which had been caused by slave wars was filled by the slave trade. The African, by the colour of his skin, shows that he is a stranger in America as much as the European. One wrong succeeded another, as it generally does—the Spaniard having exhausted the stock of labour which he found in America, sailed to Africa to import a fresh stock. The monk, Las Casas, bred up in the casuistry of the confessional, might have satisfied his conscience that it was excusable to kidnap Africans, and so to ease the shoulders of the Indian who was sinking beneath the burthen of slavery. But like all expedients of the kind, the evil done only produced evil; like Hagar, it gendered to bondage. It did not relieve the Indian race from extinction, while it made the African a partner of his misery. So it resulted, as men ought to have known it would, that evil produced only evil, and with this difference, for the worse, that Indian slavery,

which was a terminable evil, was replaced by African slavery, which was an interminable. So long as the slave dealers had the run of the African continent, the stock of slaves could never run out in America. With the regularity of the trade-winds, cargoes were shipped from the Slave Coast of Africa to the plantations of America; thus a set was given to trade which lasted without check or hindrance till the year 1808; and this so demoralized the American mind that it lost its perceptions of right and wrong on the question of slavery.

We are poor moralists at best. Our boasted inner light is too apt to be turned into darkness. The moral sense sees but a little way at farthest, and seldom sees much evil in the institutions it is long accustomed to. So it was with Aristotle. "Some men," he says (*Politics* I., ch. v.), "were slaves by nature, not by custom only. The barbarians were naturally inferior to the Greeks, as brutes are inferior to men. Nature marks out her intentions by bringing into the world a servile class, for the bodies of slaves and freemen are different from each other; for the bodies of the one are robust for their necessary labours, but the other erect. And since this is true with respect to the body, it is still more just to determine, in the same manner, when we consider the soul, though it is not so easy to perceive the beauty of the soul as it is of the body. It is clear then that some men are free by nature and others slaves; and that, in the case of the latter, slavery is both advantageous and just."

Human nature is thus too ready to make nature a party in its misdeeds. Man is a ventriloquist, who throws his voice into the corners and cavities of the earth he inhabits, and draws sounds which pass for oracles, but which are nothing else than the voices of custom and fashion. There is nothing more detestable than the medical and theological slang which passes for philosophy in Southern professors. Professor Cartwright, of Louisiana, has coined a medical name for the runaway propensity of the slave—he calls it *dru-pedo mania*—and would treat it, we

presuming, anti-phlogistically. The following jargon is the substance of a lecture of Dr. Cartwright, delivered before a convocation of the University of Mississippi:—

"Is he a son of Adam? Does his peculiar physical conformation stand in opposition to the Bible, or does it prove its truth? Anatomy and physiology have been interrogated, and the response is, that the Ethiopian and Canaanite is unfitted, from his organization and the physiological laws predicated in that organization, for the responsible duties of a free man. When the original Hebrew of the Bible is interrogated, we find, in the significant meaning of the original name of the negro, the identical fact set forth which the knife of the anatomist, at the dissecting table, has made appear, as if the revelations of anatomy, physiology, and history, were a mere re-writing of what Moses wrote. A knowledge of the great primary truth, that the negro is a slave by nature, and can never be happy, industrious, moral, or religious, in any other condition than the one he was intended to fill, is of great importance to the theologian and the statesman, and to all those who are, at least, seeking his temporal and future welfare. It is this defective hematosis or atmospherization of the blood, conjoined with a deficiency of cerebral matter in the cranium, and an excess of nervous matter distributed to the organs of sensation and assimilation, that is the true cause of the debasement of mind which has rendered the people of Africa unable to take care of themselves."*

Real god-ordained unchangeable Canaanites and fetish worshippers, Professor Cartwright has proved, can only be known by a careful analysis of the "mental functions," and a close scrutiny of—

"The membranes, muscles, and tendons, of all the fluids and secretions, and of the brain and nerves, the chyle, and all the humours. You must examine the bones of the alleged Canaanite: if he be a genuine specimen they contain + phosphate of lime, and — gelatine; and, as for his eyes, they will be furnished with something like the *membrana nictitans*, formed by a preternatural enlargement of the *plica lunaris* in the inner canthus."

The South are as fanatical for, as any Northern abolitionist can be against slavery. The four following proposi-

* Olmsted: "Our Slave States," p. 94.

tions appear to form the Bill of Rights, which the whole South is ready, not only to subscribe, but to die in defence of.

1. That free society is full of morbid and dangerous elements, unprincipled, irreligious, and altogether offensive to a true Southerner.

2. That slavery, as it exists at present, is a Bible institution, and the most effective agent of freedom, Christianity, democracy, civilization, and wealth.

3. That any man who proposes measures which involve an amelioration of the condition of the slaves, or which look in the slightest toward the possibility of any portion of them or their descendants being allowed to take care of themselves, shall be called an abolitionist, and shall be treated as such.

4. That the man who shows the greatest regard for slavery is the truest democrat, and truest Christian, and shall be held to deserve best of his country.*

1. Nothing is more uniform than the persuasion of the whole South that slavery is the only deliverance from the evils of the factory system, and the large proletariat class that abound in all countries where labour is free. South of Virginia, Mr. Olmsted says—

“An intelligent man or woman is rarely met who does not maintain, with the utmost apparent confidence, that the people who do manual work are, on the whole, harder driven, worse fed, and more destitute of comfort, than are the slaves of the South, taking an average of both classes; and this I heard assumed by gentlemen, the yearly cost of maintaining whose own slaves, according to their statement to me, would not equal the average monthly expenses of an equal number of the poorest class of labourers I have ever known in the North. I have heard it assumed by planters, who not only did not themselves enjoy, but who never imagined or aspired to a tithe of the comfort to which most journey-men mechanics whom I have known are habituated. I have heard it assumed by gentlemen, nine tenths of whose neighbours for a hundred miles around them lived in a manner which, if witnessed at the North, would have made them objects of compassion to the majority of our day labourers.”

Yet it is this persuasion which runs through the whole South, from the planter who owns gangs of slaves down to the mean white who smuggles in spirits among the slave huts in exchange for pigs or poultry. It is not the curse of Canaan only—though that curse lies heavy enough on the South—it is the curse of labour of any kind. The slave who told Dr. Franklin that the pig was the only gentleman in England, expressed very well the current belief in all slave communities. There is a brand on industry; work is servile, and if mean whites use their hands, as they fain must, it is in the hope of amassing enough to buy a few slaves and to live by their work. If national songs are any index of the national mind then we can be at no loss to discover what is the planter's paradise—

“ Massa 'neath the shade do lie,
Pass the bottle when him dry.”

Climate may have something to say to this. The Cingalese have a proverb that it is better to walk than to run, better to ride than to walk, better to sit than to ride, better to lie down than to sit. The *summum bonum* of all is a little life rounded by a sleep. To fall asleep in air soft as a vapour bath, and fragrant from the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, is a felicity so great that it is reserved for the gods and these eminent saints made perfect by ascetic rites. We make allowance for the effects of climate in this aversion to labour in the South. The Southern is torn by two contrary emotions: he is panting to be rich, yet he cannot bear the exhaustion of labour under a tropical sun. Under these two impulses, he becomes an overseer of other men's labour. The black man's skin contains a pigment which beats back the sun's rays; the black man's skull is hard and thick; his hand is horny, and his back bent to the lash. What is easier here than to see evident destiny in all this. Kind nature has marked out whites to be overseers and blacks to be slaves. Aristotle's distinctions of first and second intentions is here apparent. The first intention of nature was to make a man and a brother, but the second inten-

* “A Journey in the Black Country,” p. 389.

tion transformed the black into cattle, or chattel—a *res mancipi* never to be emancipated. Nature tried her "prentice hand" on—

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;"

and then, practice making perfect, she made a two-legged brute, a little better than the gorilla, and the same poor relation of the white that the anthropoid ape is of the negro. It is our stupidity not to see this, as the learned Professor Cartwright is ready to convince the world, if it will only listen to its teacher. The South goes farther than this even. It glories in its shame. It boasts of slavery as a blessed deliverance from the white slavery of Manchester and Glasgow. It is a boast, however, about on a par with the inhabitant of a wigwam, that he has no need of a fire-escape. A savage escapes, it is true, many of the evils of civilization—but at what a price. Slavery is certainly natural, primitive, patriarchal, and so forth, but it will need a great deal of eloquence, and no little sophistry, to make us return to the society of Abraham and Lot, nineteen centuries before Christ, to escape the evils of society nineteen centuries after Christ. Yet it is this delusion on which the slaveholder rests his case; and it is the same argument which prompts the Mormon to take refuge in polygamy from the vices of our great cities. If a man put a pistol to his head to cure a headache, or had his limb amputated to escape from a fit of the gout, such a refuge from the evils of the proletariat and prostitution as slavery and Mormonism hold out would be desirable, but not till then.

2. The second apology for slavery is the religious one. This argument is a two-edged sword, it is meant to cut both ways; like one of their river steamers with a shifting rudder, it is meant to go stem or stern, up or down the stream. It is fatalist with the Old Testament, and evangelist with the New. Cursed be Canaan is the text which settles the question on the predestinarian point of view, and Onesimus' bondage that he might become the Lord's freedman, settles it from the missionary point of view. It has been said—alas! with too great truth—of the Bible:—

"Hic liber est in quo querit sua dogmata
quisque,
Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua."

"This is the book where each his dogma seeks,
And this the book where each his dogma finds."

So to those in search of an excuse for their sin of man-stealing, even the Bible offers a covert where they may be hid among the trees of the garden. We know who first sat like a cormorant on the Tree of Life—

"Yet not true life
Thereby regained, but sat devising death
To them who lived."

And no marvel, therefore, if the instruments of Satan are so transformed; and like angels of light, quote the records of truth in the cause of the enemies of truth.

Any other aspect of slavery is more respectable than the religious. It is when the preacher takes it for his text, and calls on us to admire its missionary tendencies, that our patience fairly breaks down, and we feel a tingling in our fingers to treat these clerical gentlemen, as Martin Chuzzlewit treated that model Christian and martyr to humanity, Mr. Pecksniff. Gentlemen of the South, any thing you please but the religious dodge. As Bishop Polk of Louisiana, has flung away his rochet and donned a volunteer uniform, he is now in his right dress; and if slain in battle, we shall not hold up the bloody garment as Richard I. did that of the bishop which he sent to the Pope, with the words of Reuben to Joseph, "Know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." Slavery with its girdle stuck full of revolvers, with a bowie-knife in one hand and a cowhide lash in the other, is slavery in its right costume; but slavery in surplice and bands, or Geneva gown, is slavery got up in disguise, it is a stratagem, like that by which a number of Confederates got on board an Ohio steamship in female dress, and in the middle of the night threw off their petticoats, disarmed the crew, and brought the vessel back in triumph a prize to the South. The slavers on the West Coast of Africa give our cruisers the slip sometimes by hoisting British colours and even by forging British papers; the religious advocacy for slavery is quite as disreputable; and we shall do as the cap-

tain of one of Her Majesty's cruisers does when he boards a ship of that description. A glance at the ship's lines, her cooking utensils, and the shackles and bolts, are proof sufficient of what her real cargo is meant to consist, so without more ado he makes a prize of her, and brings her to Sierra Leone to be sawed asunder. So we need not waste time on the religious reasons for slavery: these are the ship's papers, which may be easily forged. We may be certain at least of this, that if slavery is morally wrong it cannot be religiously right. Christ and his apostles cannot be made to approve of what conscience and the *jus naturæ* cries out against. Such equivocation with Holy Writ, torturing and twisting it to unholy ends, is too horrible to be countenanced by the anti-slavery advocate. It shocks our sense of truth to have to bandy arguments with a slaveholder out of the Bible; as if Abelard's *sic et non*, or Bacon's antitheta *pro et con*, could be played out with texts for proofs for or against slavery. Words are the counters of fools, according to Hobbes, but we should be doubly fools if we would use the words of God's book as counters to play a logical game of forfeits for and against abolition. We know enough of human nature to feel sure, that it is never so hopelessly wrong as when it has found out a religious reason for an irreligious act.

3. The political reasons are not so profane as the religious, but they are quite as profligate. It is said in the South, that slavery is the true propagandist of freedom, civilization, and wealth. Of the three elements of progress which it is said to promote, it produces a little of the third, less of the second, and none at all of the first. Slavery is a wealth-producing agent to some little extent. So long as the demand for cotton keeps ahead of the supply, so long as the rich black loam on the valley of the Mississippi is yet unexhausted, and there is water-carriage to transport the cotton from the field where it is picked, to the mill in Lancashire where it is spun into thread, slavery must be profitable. But forced labour is only profitable so long as there is no free labour to compete with it. In itself it is a rude and expensive process of

getting the human machine to work. It is profitable only as it might be to burn a ship's spars to work the engines with if run out of coals in the mid Atlantic. It is profitable as sickles and scythes would be in Illinois, if there were no reaping-machines and hay-rakes moved by horse-power. It was profitable a hundred years ago to roll tobacco in casks to the market, in Virginia, for want of roads.

Slavery, then, is profitable only for a time; and because from the advantage of water-carriage America can still undersell India. But let India be opened up both by rail and river—let us put on trains of cars on the one and of boats on the other, all loaded with cotton, and then slavery will be found as costly as it is unjust. Hindu free labour can be had for 4*d.* per diem, and that of boys and women for even less; and cotton picking is labour that boys and women can take part in as well as men. The vineyards of France and the hop-grounds of England could only be profitably cultivated by turning out the whole population on them during the season. It is so with cotton. Gangs of slaves, costing on an average £300 a man, and supported on hog and hominy at a greater cost than the Hindu would receive in wages alone, could never compete with the free labour of India, if an industrious population were once given the order to feed our mills in Manchester with cotton. Slavery, then, produces wealth to America only because it happens to have got the command of the market. The South, within the memory of living men, grew all the rice and indigo consumed in this country, and then it turned to cotton when India beat it out of the market. For these two commodities the planters of that day raised a lament that they were about to be ruined in trying to force their land to give so strange a crop. Now that they are really in danger of being ruined from losing the command of the cotton market of Manchester, we see no reason why India cannot grow our cotton as she has supplied us with rice and indigo. If in two commodities she has undersold America, there can be nothing to prevent her from supplying us with the third; and then, when we are entirely independent of slavery for any of our supplies of raw material, it will be seen

how costly a system slavery is, and that it can never thrive except under protection. In an open market free labour will beat out slave, as we shall soon see if the war lasts much longer.

If slavery produces but little wealth, it produces even less civilization. How can a return to barbarism forward the civilization of mankind. Slavery brutalizes the master even more than the servant. It professes that as all blacks are brutes, they should be treated as such: it denies them education; and the little religion it tolerates among them, it tolerates as it does dancing to the sound of the banjo—to keep up the nigger's spirits and to keep down that pining sickness which Dr. Cartwright is ready to call drupedomania, as if a pill in a gilt leaf was any thing else than a pill. Slavery brutalizes the master quite as much as the man. So much so, that in spite of newspaper threats, planters will send their children to the North to be educated and kept out of the contamination of slave hovels. Mr. Olmsted quotes cases of juvenile depravity too horrible to be referred to, arising from the licence allowed, where women are hands and marriage is only concubinage. In a Southern plantation purity is unknown, and amid such sights and scenes a Christian training cannot be given. The planters all condemn the custom of sending children up to the North, to imbibe the cursed fanaticism, as they call it, of Abolitionists, but there is no help for it. The chivalry of the South must go to the North to get its spurs gilt. The schoolmaster is not allowed in Dixie's Land, and therefore the Southern must learn his letters from the North before he can write and speak against the North as he does in Congress.

If civilization exists in the South, it is only as a man can live in a diving-bell at the bottom of the sea. The air which he breathes must be forced down to him; the luxuries and conveniences of life which are found in the South are brought there at a ruinous cost to the planter. A Southern plantation does not always raise the pork on which the negroes are fed. The negroes cannot be prevented from stealing the young pigs, and therefore it is cheaper to bring pork from Cincinnati. The cotton shirting which covers the negro's back, the hoe he rakes with, the kettle in his

hut, the mill in which the cane is pressed, the gin by which the cotton is cleaned, all come from the North. It was from Massachusetts, that state which set the example of abolishing slavery, the "lone star state" of freedom in 1787, that the inventor of the cotton gin came, which more than any thing else has made the South the great cotton field of the world. Without the North the South would have relapsed into barbarism, slavery would have died out as it has in Mexico, not because there was public virtue enough to decree emancipation, but because the country was too disorganized to admit even of slave labour. Slavery can colonize, but it cannot civilize. It is the law of slavery that it must spread or die. It is a wasteful mode of culture, and only pays on deep and virgin soils. In a few years the soil is exhausted, and then the slaveholder must move on with his gangs of men, as the shepherd in the nomad state, when his flocks and herds have eaten up all the grass around them.

Mr. Merrivale, in his lectures on colonization, delivered at Oxford so far back as the year 1840, traced the connexion between American slavery and American filibusterism. It is another proof how economical reasons lie at the bottom of political problems; and if we can grasp the one class of truths, we shall go a long way towards predicting the course of the other. The Munro doctrine, of which the Ostend Conference was the shameless manifesto, is thus the necessary consequent of American slavery. Slavery colonizes as ancient Rome did, by conquest. She opens new lands by the sword, into which the driver is ready to bring his gangs of men, and to suck the land for the largest possible profit in the shortest possible period of time.

As to the assertion that slavery is the nurse of freedom—meaning, of course, the freedom of the white race—it has only to be stated in words to feel its full absurdity. Slavery is not even democratic, it is intensely oligarchic. It was so in ancient Sparta, where the citizens decreased as the helots increased. In early times, according to report, there were ten thousand citizens in Sparta; in the times of Thucydides they had dwindled down to six thousand, and in Aristotle's time had fallen so low as one

thousand. At the battle of Leuctra Spartan supremacy was destroyed at one blow, for the citizens that survived the battle were too few to keep down their helots, much less to make head against the enemy. So it would be in America: The democracy would shrink into an oligarchy. The mean whites would degenerate, as the Roman *populus*, into a *plebs*, fed and amused at the public cost, while the senate or oligarchy would be suppressed by some commander, like Cæsar, who would cut between the senate and the people, turning the one into a court circle of sycophants, and the other into a rabble, ready to throw caps in the air for the Cæsar Imperator who provided bread and the games. Already the South has set out on the road to degeneracy of this kind. She has laid her liberties at the feet of a faction of slaveowners, and she has only to go a step further, and to call a Cæsar out of that faction. Which of her prominent leaders will be the fortunate man time only can tell, but to such a consummation she is rapidly hurrying on.

4. Thus, one by one, we have shivered the economical, religious, and political reasons for slavery; it only remains to say of it, that we are preaching to the winds in reasoning with a slave community to give up their domestic institution. As easy might we go to the ant to teach the *formica sanguinea* to emancipate the *formica fusca*, as to reason with the South. Our West India planters would have been slaveholders to this day if the provincial legislatures had their way. It was the mother country which compelled the colonies to accept the compensation which she was willing to pay; they made a virtue of necessity—we fear it was the only virtue of which the planters could boast—they took the price of redemption and let their estates run to rack and ruin.

We despair, then, of making any impression by argument on the South. The garrison is not to be taken by assault, it can only be starved out; we must sit down before it as in ancient sieges, and hunger will reduce the garrison to submission. Ruinous as the war is in every way, it is already doing this for us, it is breaking down the cotton monopoly of the South. India is ready to send us twice as many bales as last year; Jamaica,

Egypt, Natal, Queensland, West Africa, are all despatching what they can, and procuring seed and implements in prospect of a harvest of gain next year. Though the crisis will be a trying one, and a change in the usual course of trade will bring with it many losses, in a few years the gap will have closed up. Europe will be delivered from its degrading subservience to American slavery, and the Southern States forced to abandon slavery altogether, or to defy the civilized world by opening the slave-trade. As we can never allow the slave-trade to be re-opened, slavery must cease so soon as free labour is found to undersell slave labour; as soon as India is brought into competition with America; so soon as Manchester has accustomed itself to look elsewhere for cotton. These are the results which the war is bringing about—results very unlike those which Northern statesmen reckon, though far more beneficial to the world at large. The North in all probability will not succeed in conquering the South, but so much the better for emancipation. A war of conquest would be succeeded by a peace of compromise, but a war of exhaustion will so disable the South, that before it can right itself again, the cotton spinners of Europe will have got their supply from India, and not trouble American slavery any further.

What shall we say of Mormonism, the curse and delusion of the North? Slavery rests on a denial of the rights of labour, Mormonism on a denial of the rights of woman; the one treats the black race as things not persons: the other treats the weaker sex as the ministers of man's pleasure, not as the heirs with him of the grace of life. The one denies the unity of the human race, or that God made of one blood all men that dwell upon the face of the earth; the other denies that male and female are one in their origin, and one in their spiritual destiny. The one is a tyranny of the strong over the weak, growing out of the curse of labour; the other a like tyranny growing out of the curse of subjection. The strong has trampled on the rights of the weak in both cases. The dark race and the fair sex have suffered an oppression in the South and in the West, and we may carry

the resemblance one point farther before we proceed to discuss Mormonism on its own merits. The whole power of the North does not seem to be able to put down slavery by force. All that the Union can do is to outlaw it; to shut it up to itself, and cutting it off from the civilized world to leave it to perish of inanition. Whether we shall succeed in abolishing slavery by thus drawing a *cordon* around it, remains to be seen. It is certain that the attempts to put it down with a high hand have failed disgracefully. It is the same with Mormonism. All the violence of the mobs of Illinois and Missouri—mobs, let us add, marshalled by sheriffs and harangued by preachers—has not crushed Mormonism. Lynch-law, indeed, did for Mormonism the greatest act of kindness it could. It made a martyr of its prophet. The grave closed over an impostor; and from the grave there rose, to borrow Hobbes' celebrated description of the Papacy, the ghost of a religion sitting crowned upon its grave. Mankind believe in martyrs more readily than the truth to which they martyrize. Mormonism, then, was outlawed, hustled over the border, and took refuge by the Great Salt Lake. But there, in its desert fastness in the State of Desert, it has struck deep root, and no force can expel it. The United States declared war against Mormonism two years ago, as it did against slavery this year, but with like ill-success. The expedition came to nothing, and therefore we should give governments the Gamaliel advice to refrain from suppressing fanaticism by force. It may be that both slavery and Mormonism will break up from internal division if not from compulsion from without. It appears that a reign of terror prevails now in Utah. Brigham Young, the Mormon prophet, threatens that as soon as the United States troops are withdrawn, which they will soon be, on account of the civil war, he will dock the necks of some of his dupes who are discontented with this new patriarchy of the West. Under threats like these it is not to be wondered if a rival has started up to dispute the leadership with Brigham Young. The name of this new prophet is Joseph Morris, and the followers of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young are flocking after the "new Joe." He has

issued several books, which claim to be of heavenly origin, and he proclaims his mission to be to deliver the Mormonite people from bondage. There is evidently, then, a split in the camp; and whether the new impostor succeed in ousting the old or not, the Mormon delusion will wear itself out by sheer exhaustion. When rival prophets take the field against each other it is likely to happen that their pretensions will neutralize each other. All people will see that they cannot both be right; and some, at least, will draw the sensible conclusion that both are impostors unworthy of credit. In the same way, slavery shut in to itself will find the competition with free labour too strong for it. As all whites cannot be owners of slaves, the poorer ones will hire themselves out to service, and free labour, being willing labour, will always beat slave labour out of the market. Thus competition will arise between free and slave labour. The black will be hired out on the same terms as the white, or allowed a partnership in the profits like the Russian *obrok*, or rent of a serf, for the use of his own labour. This will prepare the way for emancipation, which will be all the better than abolition, as the freedom that is won is better than the freedom which is only bestowed.

Mormonism is only a coarse kind of fanaticism, which has grown rank from the richness of the soil in which it was cast. In England the Muggletonian delusion did not spread further than its native village. Joanna Southcote drew a few dupes after her, but the folly died in childbirth. It could not propagate itself and is now forgotten. So with the Welsh impostor, Prince. The proceedings of the Agapemone may have excited some disgust, but could awake no alarm that the delusion would spread. It has kept itself within high walls in its retreat near Bridgewater, and, as it does not make proselytes, we may consider it as good as dead. But transport Brother Prince or Joanna Southcote across to the United States, and, under altered conditions, their impostures might have had a very different story to tell. That it might be so the history of Mormonism is a proof. In itself not a whit more respectable than any one of our religious cheats, it has succeeded where they

failed. Nay, more: it recruits its numbers from the class who cannot be won over by Brother Prince and his temple of love. Old George Herbert sang in his day—

“ Religion stands a-tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.”

Imposture now sends out its Pilgrim Fathers. Ship-loads of dupes to Mormonism sail every year from our English ports. Its emissaries are active wherever population is dense and ignorant. Where neither pastors nor schoolmasters are abroad to protect the erring and instruct the ignorant, the Latter Day Saints carry on their operations most successfully; but as soon as their converts are made they are shipped away to Utah. The delusion would not live long on English ground; but in America it has a chance to spread, so long as there is a wilderness to be peopled, and a vast open territory offers a home and plenty to the neophyte to the new faith.

Mormonism, then, even if it could have sprung up in England, could only spread in America, and thither we must seek it out. Never did the search for the lost tribes, that romance of ingenious divines, lead to stranger results than when Solomon Spaulding, a clergyman in the State of Ohio, sat down to compose a romantic history of the ancient races of the New World. Spaulding supposed that the lost tribes of Israel could be identified with the extinct races of America; and, reasoning it out as divines are too apt to do, on the *obscurum per obscurius* principle, he came to the conclusion that the one mystery would explain the other, and so the history of the Old and the New World could be dovetailed together. To give greater originality to his composition he as far as possible imitated the style of the Bible, and called his book “The Manuscript Found.” This manuscript was, unfortunately, never printed; had it been so the world might have had one more useless book, but would have never heard of one very mischievous religion. In its manuscript form it was read and even circulated in the neighbourhood, and, among other folk, was read by Joseph Smith, the prophet of Mormonism. Smith was the fourth child of a small farmer in the State of Vermont, of

whom there is nothing remarkable known or recorded. He did as most Americans of his age and class. He made a fortune by one speculation and lost it by another; then turned schoolmaster and farmer; was converted in 1811 through his wife's prayers, and even saw visions; and died in the end, in the year 1840, a fervent adherent to the religion invented by his son. Smith's mother was the real progenitor of the prophet. She was a weak, mystical woman, who saw visions and dreamed dreams, and even went so far as to fancy that one of her daughters, named Sophronia, was suddenly cured, after having been supposed to be dead for several hours. The example of such a mother seems to have impressed Joseph Smith with the vanity and emptiness of religious worship. He saw his mother swept round and round in a whirlpool of religious emotion, and, finding how easily others could manipulate minds so impressible as his mother's, the thought seems to have grown upon him that he, too, could do a stroke of business in that way, and set up as a preacher and prophet on his own account. Mrs. Smith sought for truth; the son declared that it did not exist. The mother believed that she sometimes in her visions caught a glimpse of its radial image; the son forged imaginary visions, and, constructing out of them a fiction, offered it as truth to the homage of the credulous. So he grew to manhood—a mystic on that perilous brink between deceiving and being deceived. Lending a willing ear himself to tales of the supernatural, and then disgusted with the folly of these impostures, he avenged himself by imposing on others the same delusions which had been palmed on himself. Here was hopeful material, on which, as a spark on prepared tow, the romance of the Rev. Solomon Spaulding fell.

The result was Mormonism. The word Mormon he had coined by an uncritical jumble of the reformed Egyptian word *mon*, which means good, and the English word, *more*, Mormon thus meaning *more good*, or better. It is probable that Joseph in giving this etymology meant to insinuate that the Book of Mormon is better than the Bible, but the impostor had not the wit to see that his cheat carried a contradiction on the

face of it. He assigns to a manuscript of the fifth century, written in an unknown tongue of a lost American tribe, a word belonging to a language which did not even exist at the time, much less was spoken in that part of the world where the manuscript was found. After this every thing else is easy of comprehension. The plates of gold, the spectacles of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, which he called his Urim and Thummim, the breast-plate or pectoral, the sword of Laban, and the other apparatus of imposture, were of easy invention to the man who could turn an unpublished romance into the revelation of a new religion. In March, 1830, a revelation was made to the prophet, commanding Martin Harris, under pain of damnation, to sell his effects to cover the expenses of the publication of the Book of Mormon. A contract was accordingly made with a printer, who, for 3,000 dollars, engaged to furnish 5,000 copies. On Tuesday, the 6th of April following this revelation, "The Church of the Latter Day Saints," was organized at Fayette Seneca county, under the apostleship of Joseph Smith, the Seer, the Translator, the Prophet, the Apostle of Jesus Christ, the Elder of the Church, the Inspired of the Holy Ghost, for so his style and title runs. From that day out Mormonism has left its mark on American manners. For the first nine years it battled for existence in the Eastern States, and then took refuge in Missouri in 1839, where Nauvoo was founded as the religious capital of the new community. For five years Joseph Smith held his ground here, in spite of the menaces of death against the prophet which resounded from the Gentiles on all sides. But at last the fate which he had braved so long overtook him. Surrendering himself to justice on a charge of allowing the destruction of a printing press by the Mormons, the prison was broken open by some five or six hundred men, and Joseph Smith was made the victim of that Jedburgh justice which is common still in America, to the disgrace of any civilized community. The Mormon prophet perished, but Mormonism grew over his grave more vigorous than ever.

Brigham Young was chosen patriarch in the room of the Prophet, and

the Exodus from Nauvoo to the Great Salt Lake was resolved on and undertaken.

Here our *résumé* of Mormonism may cease. It is for the domestic institutions that we have selected it as a parallel history with that of slavery. On the 12th July, 1843, Joseph received his famous revelation respecting polygamy. The concubinage of the patriarchs had always struck him, and he resolved at last to make a clean breast of it. He had, therefore, appealed to God, who had answered, "Do the works of Abraham. If a man espouse ten virgins who are given him by the law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, therefore he is justified. Let my daughter Emma receive all those who have been bestowed upon my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous in my sight." Emma, the prophet's wife, appears not to have relished this new revelation, and showed more resistance than was becoming in the Kadijah of this new Mahomet. Then Mormonism came out at last in its real colours. "What country," says M. Rigault, "is without its Mormons?" Have we not our own—clandestine and cryptogamous, indeed, but just as much Mormon as those of the free West." But the difference is in this, that they *are* cryptogamous. What is done in Europe is done in secret. In Utah it comes to the light; it challenges censure. Nay, more, it sends its missionaries out into Christian lands to bring in proselytes: it prowls about our great cities, and cuts off our ignorant mechanics and cottagers in England and Wales, as a fox steals barn-door fowl. Such, too, is the infatuation which Mormonism exercises on the very ignorant that their faith fastens on the practice of polygamy as if it were a spiritual privilege, not a mere indulgence of the flesh. According to the Mormon theory of the future life each one will reign over his children, which will constitute his kingdom, that the more the children the more the glory, and that if they have no wives or children here they will have no glory whatever in their future dwelling-place, where no new marriage can be contracted. The savages of the Feejee Islands, M. Remy remarks, have a doctrine somewhat analogous to that of the Mormons. At the gate of

their heaven they place a female Cerberus, the Great Woman, who mercilessly prevents any unmarried person from entering.

The doctrine of a *spiritual* wife was, no doubt, adopted at first by Joseph Smith as a cloak to his licentiousness. The Mormon, desirous of securing in this world the greatest possible amount of glory in the other, was in the habit of secretly contracting apart from carnal marriage spiritual alliances, which in theory at least were to be platonic. This union for all eternity was called a "sealing," in order to distinguish it from marriage, or a union in time. But after a while Smith was able to drop the mask, and abolish the distinction between carnal and spiritual marriages. It was not till 1852, however, that his revelation of 1843 was made public to the uninitiated. It was at a solemn assembly in the tabernacle, in the Salt Lake city, that Orson Pratt, the public orator of Mormonism, unfolded to the multitudes this new practice of patriarchy, and justified it on the strange ground of the pre-existence of souls who wanted tabernacles, which the saints, by multiplying wives, could provide them with.

M. Jules Remy,* who has described Mormonism with great ability and candour, gives us considerable insight into the inner life of this polygamous society. Like slavery, polygamy has much to attract on the surface. The stranger accustomed to the social evil of our great cities, is struck with the decorum and propriety that reigns around. The scandals of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's Court are either hushed up, or do not exist at all. The vices of celibacy are gone, but what is discovered in their stead? On closer inspection we find that a Mormon community have only escaped our social evils to incur even greater. They have sought immunity from scandal, but at what a price! When the Cocyttian Venus was worshipped in Babylon, with rites we must not mention, the "one more unfortunate" was only one of a multitude. But who would exchange London for Babylon, even though unfortunates do throw

themselves in despair into the Thames, from loss of that which no woman in Babylon could retain. M. Remy lifts the veil in one or two instances, and shows that passion without purity is love without its light from heaven. Woman when degraded degrades not herself only but her master as well. Desertion of one wife for another, with all its attendant bitterness—the jealousy of the new wife of the old—the neglect of education in a household which is little better than a harem, these are among the whips with which the gods make scourges of our pleasant vices, to remind us that we cannot trifle with divine laws. One peculiar institution of this polygamy of the New World, is unlike any thing ever heard of in the East. It appears that conjugal duties may be discharged by proxy, and M. Remy divides these proxies into four classes:—1. The glorifying proxy. 2. The retroactive proxy. 3. The substitutive proxy. 4. The redeeming proxy. The last is the most curious of all. The Mormons are in the habit of baptizing for the dead, to secure the salvation of relatives who have died before the revelation of Joseph Smith was given. But as marriage is a Mormon sacrament, far more essential to salvation even than baptism, those who are baptized for the dead also undertake to marry for them, and so perform those conjugal rights which as good Mormons they would perform for themselves if alive and on the earth at present. Thus, the Mormon has always a reason for adding to his stock of wives. At one time the death of a relative, at another the departure of a friend, a visit, or a vision, call for a new marriage, so that the altar of Hymen is always smoking, and victims laid on, as caprice or a wanton eye inclines. Thus, among Mormons births, deaths, and marriages are all occasions of sympathy with the world of spirits; and as there are many mansions, and not one too many to fill them, there is a new pretext for multiplying wives, and hastening on the great end of existence, the propagation of tabernacles for these spirits.

After these observations our readers will be inclined to concur with

* "A Journey in the Great Salt Lake City." By Jules Remy and Julius Brenckley, M.A. 2 vols. London: Jeffs. 1861.

M. Jules Remy, in his judgment of Joseph Smith and his blasphemous folly:—

“The facts which belong to the life of Joseph Smith, will prove by evidence as clear as day, that he was to the whole extent of the word a cheat and impostor. Mormonism is nothing more than the product of calculation, or to speak out plainly, of *speculation*. In this respect it is impossible to conceive any thing more American than this new creed. One fine day it occurred to Joseph that it might be a capital affair to construct a new temple, that the curiosity of the thing and the originality of the enterprise, were likely to bring in much better returns than his vulgar occupation of money-digger, which up to that time had not been very successful. This idea once in his head, he begins to work it out with the same conscientious self-approval, and the same serenity of mind with which he would have set up a grog-shop, or collected a cargo of salt pork for Europe. The thirst for gold, the greed of acquiring wealth, which is so powerful a spring in the commercial and industrial activity of the United States, this was the first and fecundating inspiration of Smith's religious schemes. Nowhere else have we to seek his angel Gabriel or his nymph Egeria. Under the prophet is the Yankee; under the pastor of men the greedy speculator, without conscience and without shame. Mournful certainly it is, for the honour of humanity, to say this, but it must be said from respect for truth.”

The rise of Mormonism and Slavery

do not shake our faith in the hereafter of mankind. This is the mew-ing-time of the American eagle. She is moulting her feathers, and her eyes are scaled by dross; but presently she will renew her youth, purge her eyes, and shake off the corruptions bred of prosperity, as the eagle leaves behind the old plumage in the nest of last year. It is too soon to anticipate how the Republic will rid itself of slavery in the South and polygamy in the West, but that it will shake off these twin errors we have no manner of doubt. The sloughing off of those evils from the New England States, is a sign of the real vitality of American institutions. In New England, where the virtues of the mother country still resides. Slavery was cast out from the very first, and Mormonism only appeared to be at once ejected into the far West. The disease has fastened on the extremities, because the religious and moral life of America has not yet reached these extremities. This isolation, then, of the evil, is a sign of how it will be put an end to at last. Both Slavery and Mormonism must propagate themselves or perish; but cut off from the rest of America by a cordon of Christian civilization drawn around them, they must vanish as the brigandage of Naples, when it is shut in in Rome, and allowed no outlet into the provinces. We shall probably live to see the consummation.

SALMON FISHING IN THE CANADIAN RIVER MOISIE.

We noticed with approval in our number for January last, a little book lately issued from the press of Messrs. Longman, of London, with the title of “Salmon Fishing in Canada.” It ended rather abruptly with a few lines about the fishing of the river Moisie, leaving us literally without information on the subject. It has, however, been our good fortune since then to have made an excursion to this very river; and considering the great interest which has latterly been excited in Europe by the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to the Canadian rivers, we do not think we can gratify our readers more than by

giving them a short account of our expedition.

It should be premised that all the salmon rivers in Canada are the property of the Provincial Government, and are leased for the season, or for a number of years, according to the nature of the applications.

Hitherto the fishing in these rivers—which are all tributaries to the great St. Lawrence—has been divided into two portions, the net fishing, which extends as far up the stream as the tidal waters; and the rod fishing, which comprises all from that point to the source of the river. But the Canadian Government has wisely

come to the conclusion that for the future they will not permit nets to be set within any of their rivers, with the exception of the St. Lawrence itself, thus reserving the tributaries for the nursing of the salmon, for the recreation of the fly-fisher, and the production of a revenue—a course which will, doubtless, greatly increase sport, add to the numbers of the breeding fish, and bring larger rents to the province.

When it was our privilege to visit the beautiful banks of the Moisie there were no means of reaching them but by some friend's yacht, or by a hired schooner.

Unfortunately for us we had on that side of the Atlantic no friend who possessed a vessel of his own, and we were consequently glad to avail ourselves of the latter mode of progression, which at the best is a slow one.

We have the pleasure to learn, however, that the enterprise and zeal of some gentlemen at Quebec have induced the proprietors of a first-rate mail steamer to make arrangements to carry sportsmen, their servants, and baggage, to the several rivers, drop them at their destinations, and take them back to Quebec, after having allowed them a due portion of time for the exercise of their piscatorial skill.

This will be of immense advantage to many professional and commercial men, who could not venture on the uncertainty of a sailing vessel's motions to absent themselves from their occupations; and will, doubtless, draw many a fisherman across the Atlantic. For when it becomes known that it is possible to leave Liverpool on a certain day—say early in May—to arrive in Quebec on a day nearly as certain, and to be landed at his river without competitors and without poachers—for there are no residents on the banks of these rivers, a few wandering Indians only occasionally visiting them—the sportsman will become convinced that such an excursion will not involve the trouble, expense, and uncertainty which a run to Norway, or even to the North of Scotland, would necessitate, and that he can much more conveniently carry his baggage to the Canadian steamers than to any others out of England.

But we must set out on our excursion.

On the 2nd day of June four of us embarked from Renaud's wharf at Quebec, with our four fishermen and our cook, in the good schooner *Marie Julie*, Captain Beaumont having previously had all her bulkheads removed, and the entire of her hold from stem to stern, transformed into one apartment, along the sides of which were ranged several bunks or sleeping places formed of rough planks, and into the interior of which were pitched, with "most admired disorder," barrels of biscuit, pork and beef, porter, beer, ale, and soda water, bags of peats, of salt, of potatoes, of onions, and of clothes, fly-boxes, rod-boxes, liquor-boxes, boxes of clothes, and cases of wine and brandy, tool-boxes, and boxes of cooking utensils, and gun cases, and loose guns, especially that of Peter Dun, our cook, and his cavalry sword. Then there were three skiffs or cots, like those used at Doonaa, on the Shannon, with their oars, poles, and paddles. In addition, there were pots, kettles, and saucepans, gridirons, and teapots, cups and saucers, and dishes and plates, and tin pots, and knives and forks for present use, together with blankets, counterpanes, buffalo robes, and other bedding. In fact, a greater scene of disorder and discomfort was never witnessed. But we were elate with hope and expectation, and our difficulties in moving about and looking for our traps while the vessel was getting under way were rather causes of amusement and laughter than of grumbling or discontent.

The tide was running rapidly down, and a light breeze from the west catching "le grande voile," as we rounded Point a Carey, made our schooner, which we then discovered was completely without ballast, heel over in a manner which was much more picturesque than pleasant, for it at once produced an internal commotion in the hold, which by the rolling of barrels, the displacement of boxes, and the staggering and swearing of servants, threatened serious injury not only to our shins, but to their souls. We, however, soon got upon deck, and directing the fellows below to put things in order with as much speed as possible, wrapped our coats round us, and viewed with unalloyed

pleasure the magnificent scene around us.

Quebec and its harbour have often been described, from the days of Tommy Moore to those of that wonderful but untrustworthy correspondent of the *Times*, who was fêted and feasted in Canada, and who, in justice, it must be said, praised his hosts in the most sublime manner, whenever he could lug their names into his letters, and out of revenge, it is supposed, for having had to do such dirty work, abused every thing and everybody else with a malignancy unequalled even in his own Cockneydom. We shall not quote from the veracious writer, but there is a prettiness in Tom Moore's conceit, in a letter to his mother, dated Quebec, August 20, 1804, which is characteristic of his writings.

"MY DARLING MOTHER—After seventeen hundred miles of rattling and tossing through woods, lakes, and rivers, I am upon the ground which made Wolfe immortal, and which looks more like the elysium of heroes than their death-place. If any thing can make the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts, amidst this delicious scenery, like a hog in armour upon a bed of roses."

Our vision had not been dazzled by the bright beams of royalty, and perhaps had been so long accustomed to the usages of good society, that they did not prevent us from seeing and admiring the green pastures and well cultivated fields, backed by lofty mountains, and interspersed with white cottages and the glittering steeples of tin-roofed churches, which surround the beautiful and land-locked harbour of Quebec. We could look without prejudice upon the Waterfall of Montmorency, and admire the foaming cataract as it plunged over the rocky precipice, and fell thundering into the St. Lawrence.

Our ears were not closed to the cheerful sounds which reached them, as the current bore us onward through fleets of stately merchantmen, unfurling their canvas wings with which to fly across the ocean, bearing the produce of Canadian farms and Canadian forests to the overcrowded cities of Europe. And, as we looked upon the rugged mountains in the

background raising their heads towards heaven, Cape Tourment towering high above all, while close beside us the lovely island of Orleans spread her green forests, her picturesque villages, her quaint churches and her fertile fields, we were gladdened with the rough music of the sailor's song of labour, but of cheerfulness—

"Ho cheerly men, cheerly men, ho,"

and could from our hearts pity him who could see nothing in the glorious scene except the specs of mud which dimmed the lustre of his patent leather boots while walking through the city during a summer shower.

We must get on towards the Moisie. This, however, is more easily said than done, for the tides, and the winds, and the waves, are not always in accordance with man's wishes. The light air, which barely filled our sails when we started, gradually increased and sent us rapidly past the green island of Orleans, then by the late quarantine station at Gros Isle, where so many thousands of the famine-stricken Irish found graves in the disastrous summer of 1847. Then the beautiful village of Kamouraska lay before us, and the numerous islands which here stud the river, the lofty mountains on the north shore, the south shore in beautiful contrast, bearing a fruitful, smiling, and fertile aspect, presented to our view one of the most exquisite scenes in Canada or in any other country. The wind, as is not uncommon, went down with the sun, and the tide having turned against us, we anchored near the Brandy Pots, two islands which are so called from the number of wells of brown looking water with which they abound, water, which when viewed in the wells, appears to be of the colour of dark brandy, but which when transferred to a glass is sweet to the taste and clear as crystal to the eye.

The sea air and the unwonted exercise in getting our luggage arranged had given us keen appetites, so that when Peter Dun began to lay the table for dinner, he was received with acclamations of welcome. This table was the lid of a large box which belonged to one of our party, an American gentleman, of stalwart proportions, of imperturbable good-humour, of well-informed mind, and of great vivacity of conversation. The fact of

the table being merely a box did not in the least detract from the merits of hot beefsteaks and mealy potatoes, which were quickly laid upon it, and as quickly demolished, to be replaced by others just as savoury and just as hot.

Perhaps, too, justice was the more impartially done to this frugal meal from the consciousness that our quarter of beef would not keep many days, and that when it was finished, we should have no chance of fresh meat for perhaps a month to come.

Dinner over, two of us indulged in a glass of toddy, whilst the others filled the hold with clouds of tobacco smoke, through which objects were but very dimly visible; this, together with the undulating motion of the vessel produced sensations of drowsiness, so that we all soon turned into our bunks and were quickly covered with refreshing sleep.

About four o'clock on the following morning the well-known sounds attending the heaving of the anchor, the trampling on deck, the flapping of sails, and the rattling of blocks, rudely lifted the mantle of sleep from our eyelids; the wind had come round to the south, the tide was in our favour, and we bowled away, leaving the pretty village of Riviere au Loup on our right, and the yawning chasm which leads into the dark and dismal Saguenay on our left. On we went, passing Red Island and Caconner Head, and Green Island and Father Point, until we reached that part of the river which is not to be distinguished from the ocean, except that in clear weather one shore or the other is generally visible. Our breakfast was accomplished under difficult circumstances, from the rolling of the vessel and the obstacles presented to the culinary skill of Peter Dun by the smallness of the cabin and the confusion in the hold; but it was accomplished, and no sooner was it finished than the wind chopped suddenly round from the south, as it often does, blowing half a gale from the north-east. "Tacks and sheets" was the instant cry, and we soon found ourselves close hauled and beating against a nasty, short, chopping sea; this continued all day and all night, producing any but pleasant sensations in the digestive organs.

Our stout American friend, who for

the present we shall call Hogg, early in the morning cried out, "Oh my! oh my!"

"What on earth or on sea is the matter with you?" said the captain.

"Oh my! oh my!" answered Hogg, "I feel like a cherubim."

"Like *what*?" said the captain.

"Like a cherubim," said the other; "I feel all head, as if I had no legs, arms, or body; all head, and that aching most confoundedly."

Alluding, we suppose, to the anecdote of St. Cecilia, who having drawn down from the skies by her melody, certain little incorporeal heads and wings, politely asked them to sit down, when one of them sorrowfully replied, "Merci je n'ai pas de quoi."

However this may be, we carried on in great discomfort, first on one tack, then on another, during the whole day, which we endeavoured to make the best of by reading and conversation.

Having mentioned our American fellow-sportsman, it may be well here to say something of the rest of our companions, viz., the captain and twitcher. The captain, though not old in years, was an old sportsman, having participated under the best circumstances, in all the manly exercises of almost every country in the world, from elephant hunting in India and fox hunting in Leicestershire, to grouse shooting in Scotland and salmon fishing in Norway and Canada. His spare and wiry form was as tough as whalebone, his spirits good, his habits temperate, and his temper equable—when he was not contradicted; when he was, he admits that he is "peppery"—perhaps he has sometimes been at least as hot as cayenne. But he was a gentleman and a sportsman.

Twitcher was a large man in a very small compass, light, agile, active, cheerful, well read, with a capital memory, the heart of a lion, a capital hand with a strong fish, and a head "as bald as the palm of your hand"—never out of sorts, never disappointed, and always ready for work or for sport.

We cannot stop to describe our cook, Peter Dun, nor Paddy Shea, nor François, nor Jimmy, the captain's boatman, though well worth photographing. We must go on, till we get a view of the houses and Indian

wigwams at Godbout, and there encounter a regular gale from the east, which compels us to "'bout ship," and run before it into the harbour of St. Nicholas. Oh, what a relief it was, when the little schooner swung to her anchor in water as smooth as a mill-pond, while we could see the waves "curling their monstrous heads" in the gulf outside, and hear them thundering on the beach.

Delighted to stretch our legs, we all went ashore, and explored the little valley which lies at the upper end of this harbour, through which flows from the mountains a beautiful but very small stream, from which we hoped to allure some sea-trout, but it was too early in the season. In returning from our walk, however, we came upon a reach of damp sand on the water's edge, which had been left bare by the receding tide, when our American friend discovered indications which induced him to root into it with a piece of stick, when he cried out, "by Jove, clams!"

Paddy Shea was at once despatched to the ship for a spade and a couple of buckets, which he speedily filled with clams, a kind of gigantic cockle, of which our cook, with Bacon's instructions, made as delicious and as soothing a soup as ever was administered to stomachs recovering from sea-sickness and yearning for rest.

The wind, as usual, went down with the sun, and was succeeded by a light breeze from the west, so that when we went on deck to wash next morning, the schooner was bowling along at a beautiful rate, the sails all filled, and the foam flying from her bows. The south shore was scarcely visible, but to our left the lofty light-house of Pointe de Monts stood revealed on its rocky promontory, and Trinity Bay, with its shining sandy beach, looked invitingly beautiful. Quickly we left it, and the barren rocky Canwee Islands behind, passing the mouth of the Pentecost, renowned for sea-trout and lobsters. Soon we sighted two lofty mountains, standing almost perpendicularly out of the sea, and while flying along had several shots at seals who popped up their ugly heads, and gazed on us with a surprised look, as if they would say, "What on earth brings you here?"

Here Peter Dun summoned us to dinner, consisting of the last remnant

of our beef made into a steak-pie, a Westphalian ham, which the captain had induced the cook at Russell's hotel to prepare for him, and a second edition of the admirable clam soup, the mild saline flavour of which still clings to the palate of our memory. We did not linger long over our meal, for we were all anxious to miss nothing of the beautiful scenery which surrounds the bay of Seven Islands, which we were now rapidly approaching.

As we ascended to the deck we passed Pointe au Jambon, and shortly afterwards the mouth of the Sainte Marguerite, said to be an excellent river for salmon and trout. Then began to grow upon us the grand proportions of the seven mountains of rock which combine with the lofty hills on the shore, to form the lovely bay of Seven Islands, where safe anchorage may be found for all the navies of all the nations of the earth. The passage by which we entered it was narrow, not more, perhaps, than a mile in width; but as we moved inwards the islands appeared to recede, and the shores of the mainland to fall back to the right and left, till we found ourselves lying in tranquil water, in an almost circular basin of immense extent, surrounded by towering mountains, from the very apex of some of which fell, to all appearance quite perpendicularly, several waterfalls, evidently swollen by the recent rains, now glistening in the sunbeams, then disappearing amongst the green pines which clothed the sides of the hills with garments of verdure, and again becoming visible as they bounded over the rocky projections which churned them into foam as white as snow.

At the north end of the bay, embosomed in foliage, glitter the white houses which constitute what is called the Hudson's Bay Company's post. Here a large number of Indians of the Montagnais tribe annually assemble for the double purpose of bartering the skins of bears, minks, martens, and foxes, which they have gathered in their winter's hunt, for guns, blankets, clothing, and ammunition, and for receiving the rites of the Roman Catholic Church from the zealous missionaries who devote themselves to their instruction.

The Montagnais are not a handsome race, nor are they even picturesque, except at some little distance.

when the scarlet head-dresses and leggings of the women, and the blue smoke which curls from the apex of their conical wigwams, give an unwonted colouring to the scene of their encampment.

This station is about eighteen miles from the mouth of the Moisie; but there is a path, or portage, as it is called, which in nine miles' walking brings the pedestrian to the fishing ground. Over this path we despatched three men with some requisites for our encampment, while we again set sail on the schooner to convey ourselves and *impedimenta* to the wished-for spot. A favourable breeze wafted us on, and just before the sun disappeared in clouds of violet and gold, we let go our anchor within the sheltered mouth of the river, which was about of the same size as the Thames at Richmond. Early on the following morning the bustle and confusion consequent upon landing our stores had us all awake betimes. One of our party who was more fond of fishing than of the labours or responsibility of the commissariat department, perceiving that the tide was flowing, got his trout rod together, and having induced the twitcher to accompany him, went ashore to fish for sea-trout. They certainly were not three-quarters of an hour absent when they returned with as fine a dish of trout as ever we laid eyes upon, bright as silver, fresh as primroses, and varying in weight from two to six pounds, weighing in all within a few ounces of eighty pounds. And where else, we may ask, can two men, with light rods, single gut and small flies kill the same weight of fish within an hour? We know not whether such sport can be obtained in other countries, but we do know that there are many rivers in Canada which can afford as good.

Through the kindness of an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company we obtained a barge and a boat, with men to man them, for the purpose of transporting our stores and luggage to the spot selected for our season's sport, whither our messengers from Seven Islands Bay had preceded us. Hard work it was to pull, or pole, or paddle our light skiffs against the powerful stream, and all had to be tried in turn according to the depth and rapidity of the different parts of the river. But we were anxious to get on, and willing

to work, so we soon reached a spot called the Elbow, where the stream makes a sudden turn. On a grassy height above the shore we perceived a wigwam, and in groups around it a large family of young Indians, and were much surprised when informed by the Hudson's Bay Company's officer, who had so kindly accommodated us with his boats, that the wigwam and the family belonged to him. As he was a gentleman in manners and in education, the information excited our curiosity; and as it now began to rain heavily, and he tendered to us the hospitality of his encampment, we were glad to avail ourselves of it, in the hope of receiving some account of the occurrences which caused him to be placed in this position, and were not disappointed.

His story ought to be a warning to the parents and guardians of young men in the more civilized countries of Europe, how they send them into the wilderness to seek their fortune. This gentleman, the second son of a man of family, fortune, and respectability in England, having been guilty of some youthful indiscretions, was despatched to the most northern portion of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory as likely to be there beyond the reach of temptation.

His fate was that of many others—he was loved, and he loved in return. A young Indian maiden owned the soft impeachment—

“Wheresoe'er the boy would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh,
East or west, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.”

The result was, in plain prose, that he married her. It was some seventeen years after these events that we had the pleasure to meet him, and candour compels us to declare that a plainer squaw than his wife, or more thorough Indians than his children, it was never our lot to encounter. The latter, however, he had himself taught to read and to write, and to pray, still they were Indians, with all the tastes, manners, habits, and appearance of the native red man. He knew this, and he felt it deeply, for during the years of his banishment in the North-west his elder brother died, and he became heir to a handsome estate and a good fortune in England, and then came the con-

flict in his mind, whether he should return to the land of his birth, to enjoy the comforts and refinements of civilized life, or remain with the wife of his choice, and the children of his love, in the dreary solitudes of the Canadian forests.

"For," said he, pointing to his family, "I cannot bring *them* to my mother and my sisters in London; I cannot introduce them to my neighbours and tenants in Hampshire; I would feel disgraced, they would be miserable, and could never assimilate their manners and habits to those of English people, and I have, therefore, resolved that it is my duty to remain with them, and give them such an education as will teach them their duty towards their fellow-creatures and their God."

But how often must his heart have turned to the land of his birth and his boyhood, to the companions of his youthful sports, and to the refinements of civilized life, to which he had been accustomed, and how often must vain regrets for the indiscretions which had banished him from them for ever have agitated his bosom!

We must get to our fishing ground. It was late on Saturday night, the rain still rattling on the leather walls of the wigwam, when we all—ourselves, our boatmen, the Hudson's Bay Company's officer, his wife, and eight children—wrapped our blankets round us, and with our feet to the fire, which was in the centre of the tent, composed ourselves to sleep.

Sunday morning broke bright and beautiful. The trees, the mountains, and even the river looked refreshed from the showers of the previous evening, and all seemed to know that it was the great day of rest. No other day of the seven *could* be so delightful; for though kindred to them, and one and all children of the sun, it was *felt to be set apart*.

We were up betimes, and after a plunge into the placid but cool stream, were soon ready for the abundant breakfast which was hospitably provided for us, consisting of trout and salmon, bread and biscuits, pork and eggs, with a plentiful supply of tea. This meal was no sooner ended than we were invited by our host to be present at his family prayer, to which one and all gladly assent-

ed. The man must be utterly insensible who would not be touched with pleasure at the sight of this wild family assembled together for the worship of the Almighty in the depth of seclusion; and a graduate of T.C.D. must indeed be devoid of feeling if he could hear, without strong emotion, the beautiful and plaintive supplications of our Liturgy offered up to the Creator amidst the grandest of cathedrals, the mountains, by the voices of a father and his children under such circumstances.

We trust we felt the *religio loci*, and joined unfeignedly in the worship, and we hope not the less acceptably because shortly afterwards we embarked in our skiffs, and set forth to reach the long-wished-for camping ground. Toilsome was the work, and tiresome was the labour of pulling our skiffs against the strong stream for nearly fourteen miles; and it was with no small degree of satisfaction and surprise that, upon turning a bend in the river, we saw our tents like little airy Pyramids—

"Like some wild dwellings built in Fairy-land,

They seemed like clouds descended on the earth,

Disturbing not the Sabbath day's repose,
Yet gently stirring at the quiet birth
Of every short-lived breeze."

Gladly did we disembark and proceed to furnish, with the garniture which we had carried in our boats, the tents which our servants had conveyed across the portage, and quickly were our arrangements made for our night's repose.

When the sunbeams of the following morning touched the pinnacles of the lofty pine trees which nodded over our encampment, with gold, we could survey and appreciate the wild beauty of our situation. Our tents were pitched upon a flat and grassy bank in the depth of a deep bay; before us lay the smooth and placid water, like the liquid lustre of some

"Like that the breeze was upon,
Which broke into dimples, and laughed in the sun."

On our left were the falls of the Moisie, where the river leaps in successive bounds over the lofty cliff, worn into numerous basins and channels by the never-ceasing fall of the waters, and finally falls into an enor-

mous circular pool, studded here and there with large rocks, and broken into narrow streams by beautifully wooded islands. On our left the water flowed rapidly down a declivity, in which we subsequently found that it was extremely difficult to stop a large fish.

Pictures of our tents seemed

"To sleep, reflected far below ;

Such image as the clouds of summer make,
Clear seen amid the waveless waters glow."

Our boats "floated double, boat and shadow," in the little natural harbour, and all was quietude and stillness, except the noise of the falling waters and hum of the busy insects.

The wind was south-west, light clouds occasionally obscured the sun, and altogether the day promised most favourably for sport. The rods were quickly and firmly bound together by waxed threads ; the casting lines were selected and soaked in tea, and the largest sized flies were picked out from our books, for the water was high, and slightly discoloured from recent rain.

Our first essay was about a mile below the camp, where a batture or shallow stretches diagonally across the stream and forms some lively ripples. Into these the twitcher sent his fly, when, with a flash like lightning, and a crash that awoke the echoes of the solitude, a large fish laid hold of it, and at the same instant started rapidly down the stream. Then came the tug of war, the boat flew after him, still he went faster, making the reel "discourse most eloquent music," and running the line off it at a rate which was far from pleasant—for it looked as if he was resolved to carry us down the whole fourteen miles which we had so laboriously toiled to get up, and then to go to sea. But at last he took refuge in a small eddy by the river's bank. Here he paused to regain his wind, which was pumped out of him by the rapidity of his rush down stream. This enabled the twitcher to wind up nearly all his line, which, having gladly done, he began to lean on

"The limber rod that shook its trembling length,

Almost as airy as the line it threw,
Yet slowly bending in an arch of strength,
When the tired salmon rose at last to view."

This manoeuvre did not seem at all congenial to his feelings, for instantly he jumped at least five feet out of the water, shaking his head as if desirous to disengage himself from the hook, and no sooner did he fall back into the pool, than he attempted another rush, but in this he was frustrated, for the light rod was kept fully bent with a deadly strain, permitting him merely to make short darts to the right and to the left, but never allowing him to turn his head down the stream. Such pressure could not long be borne with patience, so he again flung himself furiously out of the river, and upon once more falling back into it, attempted another run, but in this, as in the former one, he was foiled by the ready wrist of the twitcher, which quickly brought him to the surface of the water, when Paddy Shea planted the cruel gaff in his side, just behind the dorsal fin, and lifted him struggling into the skiff—the bottom plank of which was dyed with his bright blood, and studded with his sparkling scales.

Thus died our first fish in the Moisie : but how his weight was ascertained to amount to 33 lbs. ; how he was cut into steaks ; how these savoury steaks were cooked ; how interlined they were with flakes of white curd, which betoken prime condition ; and how, having rejoined our friends when the day's sport was done, we enjoyed them in the presence of our camp fire, we are not about to inflict upon our readers. It must suffice to say, that eight fish that day fell to our lot, weighing respectively, 37, 35, 33, 26, 25, 18, 17, and 12 lbs. Every one in prime condition, and every one killed on single gut.

Neither shall we go on detailing our successes from day to day ; we prefer appending to this report a return, by a gentleman whose veracity is fully estimated in Canada, of ten days' fishing which he had in the river Moisie.

And now that our camp fire burns low, casting fitful gleams on the surrounding trees, and throwing crimson shadows on the water below us, we gradually drop off to our several tents, listening to the falling waters, till like Sancho Panza, sleep came, and covered us up, and we knew no more till the sun was streaking the East with

bars of rosy light, and Peter Dun appeared at our bedside with a small cup of hot coffee, saying, "It's a fine day, Sir, thanks be to God."

RETURN OF TEN DAYS' FISHING BY ONE ROD IN THE MOISIE, IN JUNE.

Date.	Fly.	No.	Weights in Pounds.	Observations.
June 11	Dark claret,	5	18, 25, 33, 31, 19, . .	Wind west.
" 12	Ditto,	4	12, 40, 31, 24, . .	Ditto.
" 13	Gray,	7	12, 11, 34, 33, 19, 21, 12, .	Ditto.
" 14	Light claret and gray,	6	11, 12, 28, 30, 31, 33, . .	Wind south-west.
" 15	—	—	—	Dies non.
" 16	Light claret,	9	12, 17, 18, 22, 21, 16, 12, 14, 19, . .	Wind west.
" 17	Ditto,	8	18, 22, 14, 16, 12, 11, 11, 10, .	West.
" 18	Ditto,	7	12, 14, 25, 16, 11, 12, 18, .	East wind.
" 19	Brown,	4	16, 19, 11, 12, . .	Heavy rain all day ; east wind.
" 20	Ditto,	5	14, 17, 12, 12, 11, . .	Wind west.
" 21	Gray,	4	20, 12, 17, 16, . .	West.
" 22	—	—	—	River discoloured ; gave up.

THE STORY OF A PUNJAB WIFE.

SING something, Jymul Row ! for the goats are gathered now,
And no more water is to bring ;
The village gates are shut, and the night is grey as yet,
God hath given cunning fancies to thee :—sing !

Then Jymul's supple fingers, with a touch that doubts and lingers,
Sets a-thrill the saddest wire of the six ;
And the girls sit down and quiet the children's merry riot,
And the men pile the fire high with sticks.

And vain of village praise, but full of ancient days,
He begins with a smile and with a sigh,
" Who knows the baubul-tree, by the bend of the Ravee ?"
Quoth Chunda, " I ! " and twenty voices, " I . "

" Well, listen !—there below, in the shade of bloom and bough,
Is a tomb of silver and of stone,
And Abdul Shureef Khan—I spit, to name the man—
Lieth there, underneath, all alone.

" He was Sultan Mahmed's vassal, and he wore a Chieftain's tassel
On his green silk turban, at Cabul ;
But the head that went so proud, it is not in his shroud ;
There are bones in his grave, but not a skull.

" And deep-drove in his breast there moulders with the rest,
A dagger, gleaming once like yonder ray ;
A Rajpoot lohar* whet it, and a Rajpoot woman set it
Past the power of any hand to pull away.

* *Lohar*, i.e. a blacksmith.

“’Twas the Ranee Neila true, the wife of Soorj Dehu,
The Lord of the Rajpoots of Noorpoor ;
You shall hear the truthful story, with its sorrow and its glory,
And curse Shureef Khan, the Soor.”*

In all the wide Five waters none rode like Soorj Dehu,
To foeman who so dreadful ; to friend what heart so true ?

Like Indus, through the Khyber, came down the Moslem ranks,
And town-walls fell before them as flooded river banks.

But Soorj Dehu the Rajpoot owned neither town nor wall ;
His house the camp, his roof-tree the sky that arches all :

His seat of state the saddle, his robe a shirt of mail,
His court a thousand Rajpoots, close at his Turkman’s tail.

And many a quiet twilight the men of Soorj Dehu
Broke off with horn and matchlock the Moslem “illahu.”

Nor ever shaft of archer, nor ever slinger’s stone
Could pierce the mail that Neila the Ranee belted on ;

But traitor’s subtle tongue-thrust through guard of steel can break,
And Soorj was taken sleeping, whom none had ta’en awake.

Then at the noon in durbar swore fiercely Shureef Khan,
That Soorj should die in torment, or live a Mussulman ;

And Soorj spake, “Dogs of Islam ! do with me as ye will,
The last breath of my being shall curse your Prophet still.”

With words of insult shameful, and deeds of cruel kind,
They vexed the Rajpoot’s body, but never moved his mind.

And one is come to Noorpoor, who saith to Neila Kour,
“Thy Lord is taken captive and lies in durance sore,

For Shureef Khan hath set him, like a beast, in iron cage,
And all the camp of Islam spends on him spite and rage.”

Rose every Rajpoot horseman, and buckled on with speed
The bridle-chain and breast-cord, and the saddle of his steed ;

But unto none sad Neila gave word to mount and ride,
Only she called the brothers of Soorj unto her side,

And said, “Take order straightly to seek the camp with me,
If craft may conquer malice, a thousand is as three !

If craft be weak to win him—Soorj dies, and ye return,
For where a Rajpoot dieth, the Rajpoot widows burn.”

Thereat the Ranee Neila unbraided from her hair
The pearls as great as grapes, Soorj gave his wife to wear.

And all about her bosoms, like lotus buds to see,
She wrapped the tinselled kirtle of a dancing Kunchenee :†

And fastened on her ankles the hundred silver bells,
To whose light laugh of music the Nautch-girl darts and dwells.

* Fig.

† The Punjab “Almeh.”

And all in dress a Nautch-girl but all in heart a queen,
She set her foot to stirrup with a sweet and settled mien.

Only one thing she carried no Kunchenee should wear,
The knife between her bosoms :—ho ! Shureef, have a care !

Thereat with running ditty of plaintive pain and pity
Jymul Row bids the six wires sigh ;
And the girls crowd in a tangle, and hush the tinkling bangle,
While the men let the fire fade and die.

Lay Soorj like panting tiger in Shureef's iron cage,
All day the coward Moslems spent on him spite and rage ;

No meat nor drink they gave him through all the burning day,
And done to death, but scornful, at twilight-time he lay.

But when the "gem of Shiva" uprose, the shining moon,
Soorj spake unto his spirit, "The end is coming soon !

"I would 'twere come by this time, could Neila only know."
What is that Nautch-girl singing in voice so known and low ?

"Where Soorj Dehu doth call her the Ranee Neila stands !
Faithful in life, and death too, look up and touch my hands.

"Speak low lest the guard hear us,—to-night if thou must die,
Shureef shall have no triumph, nor part our company."

So sang she like the Koil,* that dies beside its mate,
With eye as black and fearless, and love as hot and great.

But Soorj pressed on her fingers his withered lips, and dropped,
And through the cage-bars Neila felt the brave heart-beat stopped.

She turned and went. "Who passes?" challenged the Mussulman.
"A dance girl, I." "What seek'st thou?" "The presence of the Khan ;

"Ask if the great Chief-Captain be pleased to hear me sing?"
Then Shureef, full of feasting, the Kunchenee bade bring.

And all before the Moslems aflame with lawless wine,
Entered the Ranee Neila, in grace and face divine.

And all before the Moslems, wagging their goatish chins,
The Rajpoot princess set her to the "Bee-dance" which begins,

*"If my love loved me, he should be a bee,
I, the yellow champak, love, the honey o' me."*

All the wreath'd movements danced she of the dance,
Not a step she slighted, not a wanton glance ;

In her unveiled bosom chased the intruding Bee,
To her waist, and lower—She, a Rajpoot—She !

Sang the melting music, swayed the languorous limb,
Shureef's cruel heart beat—Shureef's eyes grew dim.

From his hand the Moslem loosed a priceless pearl ;
"By the Prophet!" quoth he, "'tis a peerless girl !

"Keep this ring ; and 'prithee—come and take thy pay,
I would hear at leisure more of such a lay."

* An Indian song-bird, famous in poetry.

Glared his eyes on her eyes bent in grief and pain,
Glared at the tent-purdah,—never glared again.

Never opened after unto gaze or glance,
Eyes that saw a Rajpoot dance a shameful dance,

For the kiss she gave him was his first and last,
Kiss of dagger driven to his heart, and past :

By her foot he wallowed, choked with lustful blood ;
In his breast the "Katar"* quivered as it stood.

At the hilt his fingers vainly, vainly try,
Then they stiffen, helpless—die ! thou slayer, die !

From his bloodied scabbard drew she Shureef's sword,
Cut a-twain the neck-bone of the Moslem lord.

Underneath the star-light—sooth ; a sight of dread,
Like the goddess Kali—comes she with the head :

Comes to where the brothers watch their murdered Chief.
All the camp is silent, but the night is brief.

At his feet she flings it—flings her burden vile ;
"Soorj, I keep my promise ! Brothers, build the pile !"

They have reared it—set it, all as Rajpoots do ;
From the cage of iron taken Soorj Dehu.

In the lap of Neila, seated on the pile,
Laid his head ; she radiant, like a queen, the while.

Then the torch is lighted, and the ghee is poured,
"Soorj, we burn together—oh, my love, my lord !"

In the flame and crackle dies her tender tongue,
Dies the Ranee, faithful faithfulest among.

By the dawn an outcry runs from tent to tent,
Like the wild geese cackling when the night is spent.

Shureef Khan lies headless !—gone is Soorj Dehu !
And the wandering Nautch-girl, who hath seen her, who ?

This but knows the watchman, at the lying-dawn†
Forth there fared two strangers ; by the first was borne

The urn of clay, the vessel by Rajpoots used to bring
The ashes of dead kinsmen to Gunga's holy spring.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

* A Punjab dagger worn by native ladies.

† A Mussulman phrase, describing the uncertain light that precedes, by an hour, the approach of day.

A PEEP INTO RECENT FRENCH BOOKS.

M. GUIZOT has added another volume to his *Memoires*; and this, the fourth, only takes the reader down to 1839; but the period is one which contains within itself the germ of future disasters. It would require some effort upon the part of our countrymen to enter into the subject of that particular chapter entitled the "Coalition;" and yet, of all others, it is the one most interesting to French politicians. Many think, with well-grounded reason, that the coalition of 1839, formed between Guizot, Thiers, and Odillon Barrot—a coalition supported by Legitimists and Republicans against the Minister Molé—destroyed parliamentary government, and led the way to the Revolution of July, 1848. Should this heavy charge be true, the main weight of accusation would fall upon the shoulders of M. Guizot himself. It was he, who, by drawing off the Conservative section, of which he was the leader, so weakened the Conservative minister, that he was obliged to resign; and no sooner had he resigned, than the coalition, called upon to form a cabinet, found, as might easily have been foreseen, that they could not come to any agreement. Finding it impossible to form a ministry, the king, after six weeks lost in vain negotiation, felt himself forced to adopt the pitiful expedient of a provisional council. In presence of this state of parliamentary chaos the secret societies fancied that the favourable moment had arrived for overturning a monarchy, under whom the Chambers had, as it were, broken down. A terrible *emeute* burst forth in Paris, the streets were deluged with blood, and in fear and panic the quarrelling coalition waived their pretensions in favour of a resolute soldier, and Marshal Soult, as ignorant as he was brave, took the place of the accomplished Count Molé. Soon after this event arose what has been called the Eastern Question. France wished to effect the first partition of Turkey by supporting the ambitious attempt of Mehemet Ali upon Syria and Egypt. M. Guizot was appointed ambassador to London, contrary to the wishes of Louis Phi-

lippe. His embassy was not fortunate, for the famous treaty of July, 1840, was signed without his participation. But as the subject must necessarily be treated of in M. Guizot's forthcoming volume, we must not allow ourselves to anticipate his explanation.

The volume before us reads more like the work of an indifferent historian than the personal *Memoires* of an active participator in the events described. There can be little doubt that the author's aim is impartiality. He tries to place himself, so to speak, at the historic point of view. He would, if he could, effect the miracle of forgetting his own personality. It is hardly necessary to say that he does not altogether succeed. The author unconsciously paints himself in the light in which he would desire to be viewed by posterity. Without representing himself as passionless or ambitious, M. Guizot wears the air of philosophic calmness not to be shaken or even ruffled by changes of fortune. He did what he believed to be right, and casts upon others the responsibility of failure. It used to be alleged against the minister, that under an austere exterior he knew how to practise supple acts; and it may with equal truth be asserted that the severe pen of the historian can bend with singularly well-veiled dexterity to stab a foe or soothe an adversary who may yet be of use should his strange project of the "fusion of the two branches of the Bourbon family" ever have a chance of being realized.

As it was the king, whom it will, of course, be M. Guizot's object to hold responsible for the fall of the monarchy, the way is prepared by some adroit touches for the manner in which that unfortunate monarch's character is to be presented. While parties are, during a certain ministerial crisis, fighting about the loaves and fishes—"The King, Louis Philippe (page 175), commits the fault too common upon the part of princes, who, to save themselves time and talk, put on airs of levity, of indifference, and of forgetfulness."

Here, however, is an extract from a passage (page 217), in which M.

Guizot vindicates the calumniated sovereign from the false charges current at the time, of selfish grasping of money:—

“No prince—I should rather say, no man—so often gave himself the appearance of wrong that he had not done, and of faults that he had not committed. He had experienced so many unexpected disasters, had lived amidst such scenes, and had undergone so much distress, that there remained upon his mind an extreme distrust of the future, and a vivid apprehension of the fatal accidents that might yet befall him and his family. At one time he would recall with just pride his wandering days and poverty of life; at another he would recur to the past with bitter recollection, and a look toward the future full of alarm. In September, 1843, during the first visit of Queen Victoria to the Château d'Eu, while promenading in the garden, the king plucked a peach and offered it to the Queen, who seemed at a loss how to have it peeled. Whereupon the king, taking a knife from his pocket said, ‘When one has been, like me, a poor devil living on forty sous a-day, his pocket is never without a knife.’ And he smiled, as did all present, at the recollection of his poverty. Upon another occasion I was alone with him. He talked of his domestic situation, of the future of his family, and of the hazards still hanging over them. He became warm as he entered into details of expenditure, of his debts, and of the absurdities uttered about his fortune; and taking me suddenly by both hands, said with extreme trouble—‘I tell you, my dear minister, that my children will one day be wanting bread.’ Whenever he was under the empire of this mood he sought with ardour for his family and for himself securities against the future, and would at the same time express his apprehension and his complaints with a freedom and an intemperance of language that sometimes astonished his most partial hearers, while supplying his enemies with suspicions in support of their credulity and falsehoods.”

The charge of levity against the king is repeated apropos of the other and more serious ministerial crisis that followed the victory of the coalition. “The king (page 300), assisted at this laborious confusion as a very attentive spectator, somewhat mocking in his ever too abundant conversations, but without any endeavour to raise obstacles, and without refusing any combination.” The king, it is admitted, dealt ever honestly with his ministers, whoever they were. Strange to say,

the pretext for the coalition which led to such fatal results was precisely to conquer that personal interference in the government, which, it is admitted upon the best authority, the king never exercised. His Minister Molé was overthrown upon the ground of his being the servant of the Court. It was he who negotiated the marriage of the Duke of Orleans, which he celebrated with a popular act of amnesty. The main charge against him was that he withdrew the French army of occupation from Ancona—although Austria had deprived such occupation of excuse by her evacuation of the Romagna—and this accusation was pushed home by rivals who made the doctrine of non-intervention the chief article of their creed. But, as M. Guizot confesses—*Même pour les plus honnêtes gens, la politique n'est pas une œuvre de saints.*

The Duchess of Orleans, as it was known, never sympathised much with M. Guizot. The firmness with which she refused to lend herself to the Fusion project, by which the rights of her son would have been seriously compromised, must have somewhat crossed the purposes of the author of these Memoires, who thus draws her portrait. He is describing the fêtes at Compiègne after the marriage:—

“Seated several times at table beside her we talked much together, and of all things, for she had thought and interested herself much about every thing, with the eagerness and the charm of a mind elevated, rich, cultivated, prompt, too prompt, perhaps, to accept what afforded her noble satisfaction, and more generous in her impressions than fastidious in her taste and her judgment. We did not always agree in opinion, and she submitted with good grace to any differences; a little astonished sometimes, however, and without giving me much reason to believe that she was greatly touched by my observations. I quitted her charmed with the distinction of her mind, the elevation of her sentiments, and convinced that she possessed a truly royal soul, that the trials of life would not perhaps always enlighten, but which would never subdue her courage or affect her dignity.”

The words marked in *italics* illustrate the writer's adroit method of insinuating defects, while appearing to pronounce a eulogy upon those who have excited his resentment.

A still more striking instance of decorous strangling of a political adversary with silken cords, is presented

in the references to M. de Lamartine. In regard to M. Guizot, this brilliant gentleman is a double offender. Although not a ministerialist, he rallied to Count Molé out of horror of the coalition, which appeared to him a monstrous violation of principle. Such was his first offence. His second, need we name it to any one who recollects the fall of the Monarchy and the advent of the Republic.

"I cannot meet the name of M. de Lamartine in my souvenirs, nor his person to-day in our streets, without a profoundly melancholy impression. No man has received finer gifts from God, both personal and of position, for he possesses intellectual power and social elevation. Nor have favourable circumstances been less wanting to him than these primary advantages; all chances, as well as all means of success, have met him on his way; he has seized both of them with ardour; at one particular moment he played a great part in a great drama; he touched the end of all ambitions and tasted all glories. Where is he to-day? I do not speak of reverses of public nor of the trials of private life. Who in our days has not fallen? Who has not suffered the strokes of fate, the anguish of the soul, the distresses of fortune? Labour, miscalculation, sacrifice, suffering have had at all times, and will always have their part in human destinies, even more amongst the great than the humble. What astonishes and saddens me is, that M. de Lamartine should himself feel astonished and irritated; it is not only the pains of his situation, it is especially the state of his soul as revealed by himself, that I cannot contemplate without melancholy. How can a spectator who regards events from so high a point, be so much moved by the accidents which touch himself? How can so sagacious an appreciator of men so little know himself? How can one abandon himself to bitterness who has enjoyed so much the favours of heaven and of the world? It must be that in this rich nature there must be some great defects, and very little strong harmony, when he can fall into such internal trouble and manifest it with so much anger. I have seen M. de Lamartine too little near to know him and explain this to myself completely; but he appears to me like a fine tree laden with blossom, without fruit that ripen and without roots that hold; it is a great mind which passes and repasses incessantly the regions of light into that of clouds, and which catches glimpses of truth without being able to fix them; a

heart open to all generous sympathies, and which is yet governed by personal preoccupations."

There is in this volume an account of Louis Napoleon's attempt at Strasbourg, given in a more dramatic form than is usual with the grave M. Guizot. A serious disaster had just befallen the French army in Algeria under Marshal Clausel, who, repelled from Constantina, attempted to throw the blame of defeat upon the government, which he accused of not having afforded him sufficient supplies. The charge was probably false; but Clausel, brought up in the bad Bonaparte school, did not hesitate to follow the example of his master, in sacrificing victims to his own mistake. The public vanity sought for solace in the pretended explanation of the defeated Marshal, and it was while army and populace were smarting that Louis Napoleon made his attempt at Strasbourg, which was very near succeeding. Had the Prince not turned, by mistake, up a court-way or lane without issue, called a *cul-de-sac*, in which he was caught as in a trap, an empire might have commenced in 1836, which would not have been peace.

The news of the Prince's attempt reached the government by telegraph, and as the weather was thick only one-half of the despatch could be deciphered. "30 October. This morning towards six o'clock, Louis Napoleon, son of the Duchess de Saint Leu, who had in his confidence the Colonel of Artillery, Vaudrey, traversed the streets of Strasbourg with a party of"—no more. Ministers sat up all night with the royal family waiting for details, and not knowing what course to take. The poor king felt particularly unhappy, for his mind recurred to the numerous plots by which his short reign had been disturbed, and he began to regard the crown as a heavy burthen, of which he would willingly be rid. The next morning brought an account of the prince's failure, and the government, without waiting for solicitation, resolved upon setting the bold adventurer at liberty, upon condition that he should depart for the United States. As the Prince was about to embark, he was asked what money he would find himself provided with upon his landing—"none at all," was the re-

ply, and fifteen thousand francs were put into his hands by the king's order.

M. Guizot speaks of the Prince with a respect which is not without some admixture of sympathy for his pretensions. "Under a calm, gentle, and modest exterior, he allied, a little confusedly, an active sympathy for innovations and revolutionary enterprises with the tastes and traditions of absolute power; and the pride of a great race, united itself in him to the ambitious instinct of a great future. He felt the Prince and believed himself pre-destined, with invincible confidence, to become emperor."

Having allowed the Prince to escape, the government committed the error of bringing his partisans to trial; and when the latter were acquitted through the impulsive logic of a jury wishing to rival the government in generosity, the same government adding folly to error, brought in some stringent penal laws about conspiracy, which, repelled by the Chambers covered the ministry with unpopularity. An attempt was made upon the king's life by a wretch named Meunier, and at the same time the detected author of an infernal machine, named Campion, committed suicide to escape the guillotine. Fresh troubles are coming: we shall look with interest for the future volumes, in which they will be treated with the authority of a chief actor.

The Memoires of Queen Hortense, mother of the Emperor, have just been published, or rather re-published, evidently for the purpose of meeting an accusation lately directed against Louis Napoleon, that while, in 1831, he and his mother were receiving at the hands of Louis Philippe, in Paris, the most gracious attention, the prince was conspiring with Blanqui, Barbès, and other notorious revolutionists against the person of his royal host. The Queen's account of her passage through France, and her sojourn in Paris in 1831, appears to be a direct refutation of so serious a charge. It is, besides being a candid, a most charmingly written statement, and leaves upon the mind of the reader an exceedingly agreeable impression.

Queen Hortense, then called the Duchess of Saint Leu, and her son,

the future Emperor, hunted out of Italy by the Austrian police, made their way with some difficulty to France, for every one's hand seemed to have been against the fugitives. With such admirable address did the Queen manage to pass through the French territory, that she and her son were installed in a hotel in the Place Vendôme in Paris, before the police had ascertained more than that they had succeeded in crossing the frontier. Louis Philippe, as soon as the letter of Queen Hortense was put into his hands, at once invited her to the Palais Royal, where she was received with a kindness which, described as it is with delicate minuteness, holds up the king, and indeed, the whole royal family, in the most amiable light. He assured her that he had himself experienced the bitterness of exile too sorely not to wish to abolish all laws of proscription, and talked familiarly with her about her own past life, and entered into her prospects and plans in the spirit of a confidential adviser. All this time Prince Louis Napoleon was confined to his room with an inflammatory sore throat, attended by a medical gentleman, whose name is given M. Balencie.

It does, indeed, appear, that during the short time Queen Hortense and her son were in Paris, there occurred some agitation, and it was at this period that Marshal Lobau dispersed a mob, gathered round the column of the Place Vendôme, by calling out the fire brigade, stationed close by, who discharged their engines with complete effect, showing that a pro-Bonapartist mob could have stood fire better than water. Had Prince Napoleon been affecting illness in order to cover political intrigues, it is hardly possible that his mother should, without any apparent purpose, have set down conversations with the royal family so much to their advantage, while describing in the same unaffected way the sufferings of her son, and the uneasiness which his malady occasioned herself. The attachment between Hortense and Louis Napoleon was perfect; and the description she gives of her eldest son, who fell a victim in Italy to the attempt which he made to overthrow the Papal government, and in which he was sup-

ported by his brother, is very attractive. This little work cuts two ways; for, while it throws much favourable light upon the character of the future Emperor, it is not less partial towards poor Louis Philippe, who suffered hard measure in the matter of his private property, at the hands of one whom he had treated with much consideration.

As Louis Napoleon cannot, it is to be presumed, continue the romantic *Memoires* of his fascinating mother—and what more romantically adventurous career than his own has ever been recorded—he has undertaken a work worthy an imperial pen, with which he is said to occupy as much leisure as can belong to a sovereign, who is his own prime minister, and whose way of seeking repose, and even solace, from frequent indisposition, is to turn to labour of another kind. As the sovereign's hours are under more strict surveillance than those of the humblest of his subjects, so may it be taken for granted that the current story of the Emperor being engaged upon a life of Julius Cæsar is perfectly authentic. Rumour may not be indeed so correct, when it assigns personal motives for such an undertaking. We know that during the nominal existence of the Republic of 1848, the pens that volunteered, or were hired, to prepare the public mind for a restoration of the Empire, dwelt strongly upon the analogy which they pretended to have found between the last days of the Roman republic and the then state of France. Julius Cæsar was the favourite theme of eulogy, because that he, according to the Granier de Cassagnac and Romieu, so far from having destroyed the liberties of Rome, secured a further existence of 500 years to the empire. To compare the short-lived republic, which had served as a mere transition between the monarchy of the Bourbons and the despotism of Napoleon, itself a short-lived reign of military violence, was so daring a liberty with historical fact, that it would not be possible for us to admit the idea of its receiving confirmation from so sagacious and well-informed a thinker. The present Emperor's resemblance to Augustus Cæsar is more specious, and he is said not to be displeased when this compari-

son is made between the nephew of Napoleon and the successor of Julius. He, too, has rebuilt the city—he will leave a Paris of marble. He would have it be believed that he desires an Empire of peace, in which the temple of Janus should be shut. If glory be forced upon him, he cannot help the agreeable surprise; and if he cannot force a better Horace than M. Belmontet, and if he cannot inspire a Virgil at all, it is not the fault of a government which spends as much money upon an opera-house as England has wasted upon her mouldering houses of parliament.

Like master like man—the secretary to whom the Emperor dictates his life of Julius Cæsar is himself an author. Considering his years, M. Mocquard is a prodigy of youthful feeling and juvenile activity. This lively secretary of three score and ten has just published a work illustrative of the laws, habits, and manners of the United States, which the unhappy state of the republic, torn as it is by civil war, renders peculiarly appropriate. As the imperial master seeks a refuge from the cares of government in historical composition, so M. Mocquard, wearied with financial speculations into which his innocence was entrapped by his quondam friend the Jew-banker, Mirès, turns to romance, and charms a wondering world with *Jessie, roman, en deux volumes*. Literature would seem, indeed, to possess comforts of its own for harrassed speculators; for Mirès, while the charge of fraud, for which he is now suffering a just penalty, was hanging over his head, took to writing his *memoires*. The book was intended to serve the practical purpose of a conductor to draw off the lightning from his head. But what of *Jessie*? What of the literary Benjamin of the sprightly, venerable Mocquard's old age?

To do the author justice, his work is free from the gross immorality with which the new school of light literature is tainted. *Jessie* is the daughter of a merchant of Philadelphia, who, to save her father from ruin, clandestinely goes on the stage under an assumed name. Her act is the more meritorious, as her father had already marked his detestation of the actor's profession by cutting off his

own son for having taken to the boards. Jessie, although totally ignorant of the business of the stage, by the majesty of her pretensions induces a soft-headed New York manager to advance her a sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, with which she secretly pays her father's debts. When two newspaper critics wait upon her to take her orders for eulogy at so much a line, she nobly declines an offer which, it appears is, according to M. Mocquard, only in the ordinary way of business. She is equally inflexible to the manager's proposal to pay certain customary fees to ladies of distinction, moving in the best circles of Yankee society, and who, for a consideration, fill the boxes with fashionable supporters of timid *debutantes*—nor does she fear the hostile band which is led by the rival *tragedienne*, Miss Lawrence. Her only friend is a certain banker, through whom she pays her father's debts, and we learn that all bankers are connected with theatres. We fear that M. Mocquard must have been thinking of such bankers as Mirès and Solar.

Jessie appears in *Desdemona*, and produces an effect which taxes the author's powers to describe; for, as he affirms, his countrymen have no idea of the sort of enthusiasm which attends a successful actress in New York. It rises to adoration! and as for the votive offerings which are laid upon the shrine of the divinity, they are not to be estimated by any amount of the immortal dollar! Jessie is too disinterested to add to the twenty-five thousand dollars paid in advance upon the security of her own modest, and, as the result shows, truthful estimate of her powers; she regrets the present, but retains the praise, which is, in fact, so much stock in trade. Her virtue is, however, to undergo a severe trial. After *Desdemona* she appears as Juliet, with increased success. Two acts are already over, when somebody wants her. The stranger is her father, who commands her to accompany him—she cannot—honour forbids—the house is becoming furious at the delay—the father no less furious on account of her undutifulness. In order to decide her obedience, she is informed that her mother is at the point of death, and cannot die in peace without seeing her. Was ever such a

struggle between affection and professional duty witnessed before! The manager appears, and puts the stranger out, and even the indignity cannot overcome her sense of honour—and she flies to the arms of Romeo.

The trials and troubles of Jessie do not end here. There is a lover of course—a hotheaded gentleman—whose addresses the heroine had rejected, because he being rich, her delicacy was shocked at the idea of accepting his hand on account of his money. This inconsiderate fellow, led away by a calumnious report, attributes her clandestine departure from her father's house to other motives. Her appearance on the stage confirms his suspicions, and as she leaves the theatre, he fires at her, and she falls wounded into the arms of her father, who is waiting also. With another barrel of the revolver he blows out his own brains, when, as they cannot be put back again, he dies; but Jessie recovers, to the great relief of M. Mocquard's admiring readers.

Such a story as this coming from an ordinary pen would be laughed at for its absurdity, or regarded as an additional illustration of the difficulty with which one people tries to understand another. But the Imperial Secretary would seem to think it no ungraceful addition to the duties of writing down his master's thoughts at his master's dictation, to favour the world with his own upon public questions as they arise, and through forms most congenial to his own taste. M. Mocquard leaving the *brochure* to such non-official secretaries or confidants as the polished La Guéronnière, and the witty Edmond About, conveys such original political instruction as he has to offer through the more popular forms of the drama and the novel. When it was necessary to stir up public feeling in favour of Italy, M. Mocquard seized upon the story of the little Jew-boy, Mortara, which he dressed up for the noisiest of the Boulevard theatres, and with an effect adapted for the Faubourg St. Antoine. He, in this way, contrived to effect two objects at once. He pleased the people, and captivated the wealthy members of M. Mirès' persuasion. With like readiness he turned the Syrian massacres into politico-theatrical capital. How the Maronites were made to shout from

the Astleys of the Boulevard, *vive L'Empereur*, and in the Emperor's own hearing, while the secretary-author sought for the reward of his genius in Imperial physiognomical satisfaction. No doubt this was the golden moment of the favourite's long life. After "doing" Italy, the Jews, and Syria, American affairs assumed an importance sufficient to command the profound attention of this author of politics-made-easy, or rather, of politics made agreeable; and the result is "Jessie," which is presented in the form of a novel rather than of a drama, for the purpose, perhaps, of brisker circulation through the United States. The Yankees were to be flattered into some imaginary alliance, through a picture of female virtue and devotedness, which should surpass that of Jeannie Deans; and hence the marvellous invention of a side-scene, when, rather than break faith with the manager and the public, the heroine determines to play her part out, although she disobeys her father, and incurs the chance of never seeing her mother alive. Oh! Stars and Stripes, pay homage to M. Mocquard. Has not Mirès betrayed his trusting guilelessness, and does he not stand in need of consolation?

We have done M. Mocquard the justice to acknowledge that he has avoided the prevalent literary vice of the light literature of the day, that of indecency, whether coarse or refined. This is a merit which cannot be attributed to some writers of loftier pretensions. There has just appeared the "History of French Literature," from the pen of M. Nisard, and M. Nisard is a teacher of youth, a professor whose volumes contain a repetition of his course of lectures, as delivered from his chair to university students. The professor, treating of the reign of Louis XIV., labours, in face of history, to prove that the great writers of that period derived their inspiration from his encouragement, his favour, and his example. According to the professor's conclusions, rather insinuated than expressed, the golden age of French literature, the age of Racine, and of Molière, as it was of Bossuet and Fenelon, was created by despotism. The worst is to come. History tells us that Louis XIV. was, in his personal conduct,

outrageously licentious, as in his political conduct he was a persecutor and a tyrant. Of the man who imprisoned and exiled an honourable gentleman, M. de Montespan, because he refused to sanction his own dishonour, who ordered the graves of the Jansenists to be violated, who let loose his dragoons upon the Protestants, and who revoked the Edict of Nantes, besides committing other enormities, private and public; of this sensual, inhuman despot, enough is known to render apology for his acts very difficult even for the most intrepid sycophant. The success of Capefigue, in rehabilitating, as the phrase is, the Pompadours and Du Barrys, would seem to have excited the ambition of M. Nisard, who undertakes, not only to justify the immoralities of this monarch, but to represent the people of the time, his subjects, as approving his behaviour. If this were true, this golden age of literature would have been an age of filth and mud; the people would have been accomplices of their ruler's adultery. But that they are libelled by this learned professor is proved by the fact, that this monster's reign was one of continued persecution, proving that there was a perpetual protest against vice.

Only to prove that we do not misrepresent the author, we will quote one passage:—

"A certain favour encouraged this fault, and no one felt indignant that a young, charming, and adored Prince, after having accepted for the good of the State, the constraint of a political marriage, should have yielded to a serious passion, while treating the Queen with respect and kindness, and not neglecting any duties of the King. The literature of the time, which is full of condescension for all that belongs to man, and especially for the weaknesses of great souls, expressed under a thousand forms this favour of opinion. At no epoch has love been better painted, nor under more noble and touching traits. Its image was beheld in Louis XIV. himself; in him, whose love was at once so impassioned and so restrained, besides being accompanied with that decency which marks the merit of sacrifice to public propriety. Love is only touching in great souls, because in them it is accompanied by the reason which renders it natural, in taking away all air of imitation, and honest in rendering it subordinate to duty, or in sacrificing itself to it."

M. Nisard, who thus elevates into doctrine the right divine of kings to set aside the Ten Commandments, provided they observe external decency, in other words, cover their crimes with hypocrisy, fills the important post of Director of the Superior Normal School. He is the teacher of teachers—the instructor of those who are to instruct—the mirror in which masters and pupils are to see reflected the purest principles of morality and of science. If literature is thus corrupted, as it were, at its source, is it not only according to the due course of things, that the young talent fed upon such teaching, should colour with the master's precepts the monstrous sophistries by which, in novel and drama, vices are poetised into ideal models for sinless adulterers.

M. Carnot, who was for some time Minister of Public Instruction under the Republican Government of 1848, has published the first volume of his long-promised Memoirs of his father, that famous man, whom Napoleon called the Organizer of Victory. The simple, kindly, deeply affectionate, and profoundly reverential spirit in which the son enters upon his labour, gives promise of one of those rare performances, in which the writer, merging himself in the subject, inspires his readers with the like feeling; and both go on together, making acquaintance with the innermost heart of a truly fine character.

Carnot was the moderator, as far as it was possible in such times to be the moderator, of the Committee of Public Safety. He is said to have saved more lives than Robespierre sent to the scaffold. It was he who organized the fourteen armies which the Republic called into action for the defence of the country, and the extension of its vigorous propagandism. This essentially man of science was alive to the charms of society and of letters, was chivalrous in his demeanour towards women, wrote poetry, and was adored in his household. When Napoleon was in the height of his power, Carnot singly protested against the First Consul declaring himself Emperor; and when, in 1815, the cause of the Emperor looked desperate, offered his services to save France from invasion, and was ap-

pointed Governor of the Citadel of Antwerp, which he defended with a skill and courage equal to his reputation. Such is the man whom his son undertakes to present worthily to the world.

The most immediately interesting portion of this first volume is the author's introduction, extending to a fifth of the whole, and which is a sort of political treatise applicable to the present circumstances of the country. M. Carnot is too good a patriot, and, as a Frenchman, too susceptible of the honour of his countrymen, not to attempt some explanation of the anomaly presented by a despotic power resting upon the universal suffrage of a people whom he will maintain, nevertheless, to be thoroughly democratic. His theory is, that the French care less for law than for progress; and that provided their ideas be advanced, they are not scrupulous as to modes and forms. They would thus rather be led by an enlightened chief, imbued with the prevailing sentiments, than enjoy the security of inactive institutions, no matter how well framed:—

“The Frenchman,” says M. Carnot, “is endowed with an impatience of movements which renders restraint of law irksome; so soon as it galls him, he makes an effort to escape, and rather than wait for its being reformed, breaks it. The pretext of public safety justifies in his eyes every arbitrary act, and he accepts and acclaims an enlightened despotism, because he always hopes from it greater progress than the law could promise. This explains many phenomena that could not be otherwise comprehended. There is not a country in Europe—not even Austria or Russia, looked upon as they are to be the chosen domains of absolutism—where illegalities, great and small, dared be perpetrated in the way which takes place daily in France. Everybody here is a revolutionist or a counter revolutionist, and each allows without scruple any violation of the law in the interest of his opinions. A Government respectful of law would be regarded as timid, incapable, and disqualified for progress.”

This explanation of the social disposition does not, however, satisfy the writer, who adds:—

“The domination of man over man may sometimes aid vast enterprises, but sooner or later it leads to the reign of caprice and of moral servitude. The

sovereignty of the law puts sometimes obstacles to reforms, but it guarantees personal dignity itself the source of great thoughts and great virtues. In a word, under law, no matter how severe, a man feels himself free; he is not so under arbitrary rule, be it ever so moderate."

How, then, is something like steadfastness in the government to be reconciled with what M. Carnot admits to be an appetite for change, which he says there would be no use in denying to be insatiable! M. Carnot's remedy, like that of the late M. de Tocqueville, is education of the people. The advent of democracy which the latter foresaw, with feelings of sadness derived from his apprehension, the former hails with all the ardour of conviction, and with unrestrained expression of delight. Taught, however, by the severe experience of the failure of 1848, the ex-Minister of Public Instruction seeks to provide for the security of future political institutions by directing the passion for change against the men charged with administration, and by whose quick succession the idea of standing still—so intolerable to the French people—will, as the author fancies, be removed. But, in order that individuals may not be recklessly sacrificed, the greatest possible enlightenment of mind and conscience upon the part of the democracy becomes essentially necessary, and accordingly M. Carnot rests the safety of France upon the education of the masses.

Justice is at length done to the memory of a most distinguished man by M. de Barante's life of Royer Collard (*La vie Politique de M. Royer Collard ses discours et ses écrits*). And yet it is not complete justice, for it requires something more than a mere account of a great man's public career to satisfy the minds of all who feel interest in a benefactor to humanity. A philosopher and a politician, the founder of the *Doctrinaires*, as he is somewhat loosely called, wrought a more permanent influence upon the mind of France than did any other individual who could be named. It was he who demolished the materialist philosophy of the eighteenth century; and yet it was by accident—rather say it was by the directing hand of Providence that his mind became directed to ethics. One day, while looking over a book-

stall, his eye lighted upon a volume of Reid, which he took home, and became so charmed with the acute common-sense views of the founder, after the Irishman, Hutchinson, of the Scotch school of philosophy, that he read the work over and over again. Nothing was said to be known save through the deceptive medium of the senses; and what men called knowledge was reduced to ideas, for which there was no sufficient base. There was, accordingly, no certainty allowed even for external existence. With such a system of negation, of course, there could be no religious belief, nor indeed belief of any kind. Royer Collard, sprung from a family of pious Jansenists, was, no doubt, predisposed in favour of a train of reasoning founded upon close observation, which placed natural theology in harmony with revelation, and in his capacity of Professor of Moral Philosophy at the Sorbonne, created that school of spiritualist as opposed to materialist philosophy, which his early disciple, Cousin, continued with such brilliant success. Reid, contrary to the doctrine of Condillac, established the certainty of human knowledge as far as it went. He proved by appeals to irrefragable common sense, that our senses did not deceive, and that our instincts are true. He proved the mind to be an active power, and not a sort of mechanical recipient. He re-established the force of will, the certainty of consciousness, and restored the thinking man to his true godlike place in creation. To reduce to dry powder, and scatter as barren, worthless sophistry to the winds, an atheistical philosophy, was certainly to clear the ground for higher inquirers, and this work was triumphantly accomplished by Royer Collard.

As a politician, his career was no less remarkable, although unhappily not destined to be crowned with equal success. Born in 1763, Royer Collard, a practising advocate at the bar, and his mind in maturity of vigour when the Revolution broke out, his life became exposed to peril, because that after sharing the hopes with which that great event was hailed by all generous minds, he ventured to mask his horror and disgust of the designs of M. Marat. When the Prefect of Vitry paid a visit to his mother's house, where he was concealed, he

was so struck by the pious Jansenist's nobleness of manner, that he left her, saying, "I came resolved to save her son's life without risking my head; now I would mount the scaffold for her."

Elected a member of the *Conseil des Cinq-Cents*, in 1797, and witnessing the violent end of the Republic by the *Coup d'Etat*, which turned the government of France into a military dictatorship, he concluded that there remained only one way of restoring rational liberty with security, and that was the restoration of the legitimate monarchy with a liberal constitution. Having formed a council of friends, communications were opened with Louis XVIII.; and it was in conformity with their advice that the future king adopted a line of conduct by which he gave offence to the Jesuits and the ultramontanists, with the Count d'Artois, afterwards the unlucky Charles X., at their head, but rendered more easy the re-establishment of the Bourbons than it otherwise would have been. It was through Royer Collard that his disciple, M. Guizot, was, in 1814, upon the first restoration, introduced to public life as Secretary-General of the Minister of the Interior. Before the Battle of Waterloo M. Guizot was despatched to Ghent with a plan of a constitution prepared by Royer Collard and his friends, and which the king altered into the charter which he issued upon his second return to France. From the institution of the Chamber of Deputies until the Revolution of July, the position assumed by this eminent man was peculiar. Endowed with the highest eloquence, taking part in all important questions, exercising over the debates an influence beyond that of any other member, and with past services to the Crown of rare value, we never find him in office. On the contrary, he upon one occasion incurred the anger of the Court, and was deprived of his rank of Privy Councillor (we so designate the title rather for the analogy it suggests than for its technical correctness). If Royer Collard was no supple courtier, neither was he factious partisan. He was, in fact, a man of principle in the most enlarged sense of the word. It was not principle limited to his own personal sense of propriety, but principle which tested every question brought under discussion. There can be no

doubt that the training and discipline which his mind underwent, while building up the grand fabric of a spiritualist system of metaphysics, gave both the inclination and the power to deal with a society which was to be restored upon foundations that were to be partly renewed and partly created. He found that the Revolution had made a clean sweep of the past. Never had, in the history of the world, revolution been so complete. The only principle to be rescued from the past was that of legitimacy; but, armed with this principle of legitimate royal succession, Royer Collard believed that liberty could be made to rest secure upon the necessary basis of respected authority. Hence he took his station upon his lonely watchtower. All was to be created again. The power of the Crown, of the Peers, of the Deputies, of the jury, of the press, and of various branches of administration, needed to be defined, and Royer Collard sought for their proper rights, privileges, and limitations, in the regions of ample science. To the Crown he awarded rights which at the present day would be deemed excessive, but having fixed the line, he would resist with inflexible sternness the least attempted encroachment. In the same way he became the most vigilant guardian of the privileges of members, the most strenuous advocate of the liberty of the press. As he lived in a period of reconstruction, holding his ground between blind and bigoted reaction upon the one side, and turbulent illusions upon the other, so he commenced each discourse by an exposition of principle, or, as he would say, doctrine; hence the word *Doctrinaires* applied to his followers; and bringing the proposition to the test of this doctrine, tested its value.

His speeches are noble monuments of genius. There are no other speeches like them, for there are none which, so divested of ornament, either of metaphor or of the relief of wit or pleasantry, and which enforcing that strain of attention demanded by abstract principle, logically reasoned out, yet bear you along by their inherent force. His speech is as it were the ample generalizations of Edmund Burke in the matchless terseness of Plunket. Like Burke, his opinions are, or used to be, the most frequently referred to by parliament-

ary orators as authorities; and, like Plunket, he stands at the head of modern parliamentary speakers. Indeed, there are some points of his position which bear no slight resemblance to that held by the former. One may have already struck the reader in the circumstance common to both, of never having held any post in the Government, although wielding the highest authority over debates and councils. His detection of the baselessness of the successive revolutionary governments came somewhat later than that of our sagacious countrymen; but his remedies were such as clearly Burke would have proposed. The revolution of 1830 renders the similarity more striking. In Royer Collard's eyes the revolution was unfortunate, as had been the overthrow of the monarchy in those of Burke. He withdrew from his own old friends who rallied to the Throne of the Barricades, as Burke withdrew from Fox. He witnessed, with personal pain, the destruction of the fabric to which he had devoted his life, and seeing the very basis, as he conceived the principle of legitimacy to be, torn up, regarded the Orleans dynasty as a house built upon sand, and lived to see his melancholy prophecies fulfilled.

Notwithstanding his disbelief in the stability of the new institutions, M. Royer Collard continued to perform his duty to his country by taking part in the debates of the Chamber, affording his support and encouragement to that great minister, Casimir Perrier, over whose too early grave he pronounced a beautiful oration. As events progressed, his distrust grew stronger, until losing confidence in the power of the statesmen and writers of the time to ward off approaching evils, he took refuge in a renewal of his old studies. "I read no more," he said: "I re-read."

We cannot compliment M. de Barante upon his performance even of the limited task he has taken upon himself. All that he proposed to himself to do was to bring the recorded speeches of his friend out into higher relief by brief narratives of the circumstances under which they were delivered, as well as by short accounts of the arguments of adversaries, to which they were replies. The idea grew out of a conversation

with the great orator himself, who expressed an opinion that the fame of speakers could hardly survive their own generation, because future races could not be supposed to feel interest in events that had passed away. In order to reawaken sympathy with the orator, the combat should be vividly renewed to the imagination. But M. de Barante is no painter. Nothing can be more dry than his narratives, or less terse than his accounts of parliamentary contests. Roger Collard's private life he does not touch at all. He has collected and arranged materials for a good biography, and merits thanks for his zeal and industry.

That which M. de Barante could not satisfactorily achieve for his friend M. Dupin has undertaken to perform for himself. This famous lawyer and statesman has just terminated, in a fourth volume of memoirs, a collection of his speeches, forensic and parliamentary, to the year 1848. The date is significant; yet M. Dupin would be sorry, no doubt, to cast any reflexion, direct or indirect, upon the Imperial Government which he serves in the double and doubly lucrative capacity of senator and Procureur-General. His tongue has not been tied during the Imperial regime; but it is to be remarked that up to within a year the senate has sat with closed doors, and reporters are still excluded from courts of law in cases of crown prosecutions. We gather from M. Dupin's historical notes that he was exceedingly intimate with King Louis Philippe and every member of the royal family. He had the *entrée* to the palace at all hours, was consulted upon private affairs, family matters, and legal questions, and did not hesitate, as a friend, to tell the King what was thought of his ministers, and offered his advice without being asked. Whenever the King escaped assassination, or suffered domestic affliction, M. Dupin wrote to express congratulation or sympathy, and in like manner the King wrote to him when he lost relatives, or was indisposed.

M. Dupin tells us that he never desired to sit in any cabinet, because he felt conscious of the unmanageableness of his temper, and because of his preference for legal pursuits.

And in this description of his personal position under the monarchy, it is intended, as we surmise, that the key is to be found of his actual condition. He was not the King's minister, but his legal adviser, and he only holds a brief from the Empire, as he did once from the Crown of the Barricades. M. Dupin evidently desires to be thought a plain-spoken man, who spared nobody, and cared for nobody. He fired off his sarcasms right and left, and very pungent they generally were. And yet this plain dealer concealed, under a rough and slovenly exterior, more vanity than he would have been suspected of had he not chosen to please his enemies by writing a book. Who could have supposed that this sharp censor of others' weaknesses was carefully collecting little newspaper paragraphs laudatory of his speeches, in order to convince the world upon anonymous evidence that "M. Dupin's appearance at the Tribune was an *événement*."

The end of the fourth volume and closing part of M. Dupin's memoirs is undoubtedly interesting, because it is an account by an eye-witness of the last meeting of the Chamber of Deputies, throwing some new and important light upon the ever memorable proceedings attending the overthrow of the monarchy. He tells us, that on the morning of the 24th February he and M. de Grammont walked into the Tuileries, and found the Duchess of Orleans alone. There was no man of political importance with her, no minister, no marshal of France, no member of the royal family. There she was with her two children. M. Dupin was struck with the dignity of her demeanour and presence of mind. Taking his arm, and leading the Count de Paris, while M. de Grammont took charge of the other prince, they set forth for the Chamber of Deputies. At this time, M. Dupin declares, there was no mob in front of the Tuileries, so that the story of the Duc de Nemours having made a rampart of his body is mere fiction. As they passed through the garden and by the Place de la Concorde the Duchess and her son were cheered by the National Guard, and they were received with like demonstrations by the Chamber. Had the President Sauzet acted with ordinary presence of mind the Count de Paris would

have been acknowledged king, with his mother for regent. What the President should have done, when M. de Lamartine called for the withdrawal of the Duchess, was to have declared that the presence of the Count de Paris, the king by virtue of his grandfather's abdication, rendered the sitting *une Séance Royale*, during which no member is entitled to speak. But why did not M. Dupin offer to the President the benefit of that legal and constitutional lore, of which he is now so profuse. He is very severe upon M. Sauzet, upon M. de Lamartine, and upon M. Odilon Barrot. The first, because of his weakness; the second, because of his having proposed the Republic; the third, because that having been called upon by the King to act as his minister, he should, according to rule, as in the case of a demise of the crown, have considered the Government to be still in his hands, until such time as the new sovereign should declare his wishes, and, as minister, seized upon the direction of the proceedings of the Chamber. Why did not this occur to M. Dupin at the right moment? And if it did, where is that superiority of moral courage to which he would seem to lay claim? What we do see is fidelity to their convictions upon the part of those three who come under the censure of the ex-Orleanist, Dupin, now Attorney-General of the Empire, with a seat in the Senate by the side of his ex-Orleanist brother, Charles. M. Dupin treats with scorn every member of the ex-royal family except the Duchess of Orleans, whose conduct he proclaims to have been heroic. The only one who displayed manly qualities was this noble woman.

Like other remarkable orators, M. Dupin is a very poor writer, who, like other weak writers, deals copiously in italics, notes of admiration, and other typographical efforts at emphasis. His sentences read like hasty notes written down as suggestions of points not to be omitted when addressing an assembly, for in nowise do they partake of the character of thoughtful composition, and yet we rather think they paint the man. These short, sharp, abrupt, jerking sentences, do bring the man before the mind's eye, with his shrewd combative looks and his slovenly causticity; and yet his

rude frankness no more indicated honest fidelity to a cause than did those hobnailed shoes, so often the subject of caricature, imply indifference about the honours and good things of this world.

We have had enough of politicians. Let us take up *Etudes Orientales*, by Adolphe Franck. When Mr. Disraeli, in a certain remarkable chapter of *Coningsby*, opened the Walhalla of the Jews, he did seem to be aware of the existence of this remarkable scholar, this acute metaphysician, this man of genius. M. Franck is a Member of the Institute, Professor of *droit naturel* at the College of France, and a Member of the Council of the University. Associated with Cousin in that great work, the Philosophical Dictionary, he is known to have contributed as his share some of its best biographical and critical articles. The Eastern studies were undertaken with a view to trace the sources of jurisprudence in the philosophical ideas and religious sentiments of the people of antiquity. He accordingly passes in review the old Eastern nations, but in a way altogether different from that dry disquisition with which previous historians have contrived to repel the general reader. Franck, with the most penetrating subtlety of mind, is blessed with a rare enthusiasm, which gives fire and beauty to his language, in combination with true power and precise knowledge. A thinker so original cannot be expected to take received theories for granted, and it is with more interest than surprise we find an opinion asserted regarding the religious ideas of the Bouddhists, which, as it disagrees with all previous statements, will probably challenge controversy.

It cannot be expected that in this rapid summary more can be offered than indications sufficient to excite the attention of readers by directing inquirers to sources of information. We believe the ordinarily received opinion regarding Bouddhists is, that they seek refuge from the miseries of Brahminism, teaching the doctrine of transmigration of souls, in annihilation. Now, inasmuch as Bouddhists number a third of the human race, it becomes an important inquiry whether their worship may not have been

misunderstood. Franck decidedly says, yes. He proves, out of their own sacred books, that they believe in a future life, which is to be the reward of those who escape through ecstatic contemplation of the divine from the world of sense. They are simply mystics, like (according to M. Franck) Jacob Boehm, or Madame de Guyon and the Quietists. The mistake entertained regarding the religious ideas of the Bouddhists may probably have grown out of a misunderstanding of the character of the reformation which it wrought in Brahminism.

The metempsychosis is the most melancholy of human errors. A creature who supposes that his death is to be a renewal of life under some animal or vegetable form—he who thinks that to the end of the world his existence is to be an experience of every sort of physical suffering and debasement, may well look to annihilation as a blessing. Bouddha, or Bouddhism, teaches annihilation truly, but with a spiritual meaning. We, of the Western world, detach metaphysics from revealed religion. The Eastern mind, on the contrary, attaches to religion a system of metaphysics more subtle than that of Berkeley's denial of matter, while instead of treating philosophy as theoretical speculation, they impenetrate their belief with it. The world of matter is treated as a thing whose existence depends upon our senses; but then follows the practical conclusion, that it is by constant holy contemplation the soul shakes off the chain of sense, and renders transformation into other animal forms impossible.

This is, indeed, a very partial and imperfect attempt at describing a doctrine which it would possibly require an oriental mind to comprehend, or at all events to be satisfied with. Yet there is no point upon which M. Franck dwells with more earnestness than his objection to the principles that have been raised upon abusive interpretations of differences of race, and we agree with him. It is owing rather to long familiarity with certain trains of thought, than because of physical conformation, that one people can better appreciate what another people, differently educated, may fail to understand.

M. Franck's book is full of pregnant suggestiveness: with respect to the

Jews, for instance, he says, that they have been not a nation, but a faith. Ever subject to one foreign domination or other, they never could be said to have formed a distinct independent people, able to maintain itself in the face of hostile powers, and capable of exercising control over dependent provinces. What an idea of the vitality of a faith does not this view of the Hebrew people present—of a faith that has survived captivities and oppression, and unites a race scattered over the earth. But the book abounds in beauties, and must be read.

The most eloquent and complete vindication of the United States people and Government that has yet appeared is due to a French pen. Under the title of *Un Grand Peuple qui se Relève*, the Count Agenor de Gasparin has produced a volume which, had it come from an English hand, (and would, for the honour of England, that it had), would have infallibly so wrought upon public opinion as to have prevented the hesitation which has led to unpleasant misunderstanding in America. It is such a work as a Wilberforce or a Clark would have written, and of which a Brougham or a Buxton cannot fail to approve. M.

de Gasparin shows, in terms the most convincing, that the question at issue involves far more than production of sugar or of cotton. A great people found themselves on a crisis of life or death—already were they on the inclined plane; when, by an effort of heroism beyond praise, they recover their position, resolve upon making the last sacrifices for the cause of human liberty involved in their own, and to bring the question of slavery to a final issue. Had not the anti-slave party resolved, under President Lincoln, to submit no longer to the enfeebling compromises, if not treachery, of the Buchanan system, there would soon have been an end to law, to morals, and to religion in the American States. Slavery and endless civil strife would have reduced the glorious Republic of Washington to the condition of the Spanish settlements. As this glowing, this *entrainant* production has been already translated in an abridged form (why abridged?), it is only necessary to add a recommendation to every one who desires to understand the American struggle, to obtain this admirable work, after reading which it would be impossible to doubt the side to which his best sympathies belong.

A GOSSIP ON EATING.

"Nec sibi cœnarum quivis temere arroget artem
Non prius exacta tenui ratione imporum."

A GOSSIP about eating! With a suspension of cash payments at home, and no credit operations abroad, not even with a condescending uncle at the corner, the ground is as airy and mythical to me as it must be the contrary to my neighbours. Why then occupy it! As well ask the hungry boy why he presses his nose against the steaming window of the pastry cook! Or the old maid, why the stuff of her conversation is still marriage! Or my retired friend Montaigne, why he delights in that delicious rail of his at greatness! The cat looks at the king—and perhaps with juster notions than the courtier; the man condemned by French law has nine days to abuse his judge, with about equal chance of being right; and next

to having or being the good thing ourselves, must be the joy of examining, criticising, and railing at it in relation to others.

In point of fact, too, airy and mythical as is the subject, I have business with it that is neither the one nor the other.

"Time may come when men
With angels may participate and find
No inconvenient diet nor light fare."

but it is not come yet, as I well know; and as Barrington picked pockets by warning owners of their danger, and as wise men try to catch their hare before engaging in its cookery, I see no clearer way just now to a dinner than by writing about one. To-day, at all events, I must earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, the primal

curse reaching—by strong hereditary right and special appropriateness—all those who, despite warnings, will still go on eating of that old weird Tree of Knowledge; though how Paternoster-row was foreseen in the dispensations which created a paradise, or how it should prove for us, poor authors, both the serpent that tempts and the angel with the flaming sword who punishes, puzzles my best reason to fathom.

Oh, divine literature! Oh, dear abstractedness of a heavenly poesy! Oh, delicious empire of ever so many muses! How sweet to the hearts that dote on ye are the fields of ever-changing fancies ye open to them! A paradise whose door once opened no man may shut against us. Alas! that we cannot enter it free of pre-occupations about things so earthy as legs of mutton and Barclay's stout, or that eyes so upward-tending must be reduced at times—as mine now—to look with envy on that dirty-faced cook over the way, carving delicious slices of boiled beef, for any one of which—recreant Esau that I am—I would assign my whole interest in Olympus.

It seems, then, that to epitomize my defence of the coming gossip—for hungry men must defend every thing they do—it consists substantially in that of the truant boy at Bow-street, "I must eat;" and though the magistrate failed to see the necessity, and though there are public-spirited publishers, who in the case of some dozen or two Chattertons have experimentally convinced themselves that the magistrate was right, I humbly submit that they have lapsed into as damnable a heterodoxy as any condemned in the Athanasian Creed, and with their good leave will continue to hold that catholic faith—without which, certainly, no publisher in this world shall be saved with my consent—that eating is an institution to be upheld; and that even in the case of poets it takes rank among the duties, to say nothing of the necessities.

Ah! if the necessity which has been called "the mother of invention," had a law by which "invention's highest heaven" should be at the call of the first writer who wants a dinner, what a pen were ours! If the discovery of a new dish be a greater boon to hu-

manity than that of a new planet, how call the pen which may marshal a hungry man the way to a whole dinner? A magnum bonum, certainly.

And yet 'tis an eloquent thing that may well of itself give apt inspirations to a dull fancy, that earnest word, Food. It hails the first, it knells the last act in the great drama of every being. As the child born in tears seeks its first solace in its mother's milk, so on the brink of eternity we find some sweet oblivious antidote to soothe the parting sorrow. The watchword of many a secret hour, the master-passion of the long passing moment, how often has it swollen from the beggar's whine into the dark might of a tornado, startling the once placid heaven of power with portents of woe to dynasties, and change to nations! The cry of all humanity, the tenure of life, the basis of existence, the mother of science, the source of industry, the very founder of civilization!

When all is done, what is a man but what he eats, and what are the rulers of men that now are, but the animals and vegetables that are no longer? With all nature's elective powers for good, and repellent powers against evil, she cannot give what she does not possess; and we must be, for all that may be seen of us, but our nutrition in organized vitality. The metempsychosis poetically attributed to another world exists unnoticed in our own, and it is not "to consider things too curiously" to suppose, that the very men who made the glory of the great epochs, from a Homer and Virgil down to a Shakspeare and Byron, have physically been but the extinct generations that passed through their maw. If the fancy of one of them taking the forward course, could follow Alexander the Great until it discerned him stopping a bunghole, will any one say why ours may not follow the poet himself up to that course of stewed fowl or roast mutton, which, after due process of assimilation, became all that the world saw of him?

There is something then—ay, a great deal—in the maxim, that nations are of the stuff of which their food is composed, a truth expressed in the parody of the elegant Frenchman, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you who you are."

Look at the lower animals—does their food not represent their activities? Is not mildness as much the characteristic of the gramnivoræ as ferocity of the carnivoræ? Do not opposite images suggest themselves in the sheep and the tiger? Do not the aspects of the lion, eagle, shark, and boa-constrictor mingle the idea of ferocity with a voracious use of animal structures? Is not an overfed poodle as sluggish and snarling as an overfed valet? Does not the same horse seem two different animals—now on a diet of oats and beans, now on a diet of the grasses? The mighty hunters of mankind—the Nimrods of the world—fed as rudely as the North American Indians, who in our times alone remain to represent them, and, with both, the appetite of destruction seems to have grown on what it fed. The descendants of our own colonists, living under the same influence of climate as the Indians, and consuming largely, like them, the ready-made produce of the same pastures, do not show as the weakest of men in the internecine conflict their political acerbities have at last brought them to. The kid and venison which Achilles rudely broiled over fires of green wood for his tent full of kings, are in keeping with the Homeric epic of “wrath.” The bravest of savages—the New Zealander—finds his best regalement in a steak cut from the fattest of his foes, and is so selfish in his enjoyment of it as to protect the carcase from the rival attention of his ladies, by placing it under the religious sanction of a taboo. Even John Bull, whose courage is a thing of proverbs all the world over, has been charged with having “no stomach for the fight”—as Harry the Fifth called it—unless preliminarily the said stomach be furnished with beef; and our own writers countenance the charge, by holding that our great battles were won by a beef-eating race, over men accustomed to soups and ragouts. The great Guy, Earl of Warwick, is accused of eating up a dun cow of his own killing; and if we wanted further national testimony, that strong meats and bravery have been convertible terms with us, it is found in the Royal Institution of the illustrious order of Beef-eaters. Wellington’s successes have been called commissariat victories. Lord Peterborough—was it? it was cer-

tainly some general like him—said, “Let us at ’em at once, while our men have the beef in their bellies;” and Germans are now explaining the loss of Solferino, by the mistake of hurrying the Austrian soldiers into battle before they had eaten their breakfast.

It is humiliating to admit, that the diurnal motion and annual revolution of man, are a question of such and so much food. Can there be any part, even of the soul, that must not sympathize with the food nourishing the organs through which it performs its functions? When the muscles are ill-organized, the tissues ill-woven, the nerves ill-composed, the blood of a bad quantity, can all these things be and not touch the bent of temper, the force of will, the reach of thought, the power of judgment, the worth of character?

We know that our due or normal constitution—the being in the scale of existence what we ought to be—involves a nice proportion and admirable mixture of a great variety of elements, and may easily enough conclude that if food fail to maintain the necessary equilibrium, the best man becomes, to borrow Ophelia’s image, a ring of bells, more or less jangling and out of tune. Certain substances have special effects upon us, others direct themselves to special localities; some will strengthen, others paralyze the nerves; some change the colours of the bones, others alter the character of the tissues; some clear, some sully the current of thought; nay, atoms smaller than the suicidal drop Hannibal carried in his signet-ring shall extinguish in an instant all that vital action which yesterday re-organized a world under the name of Cæsar, to-day convulses it under that of Napoleon, and to-morrow, perhaps, shall overturn it under that of—God knows whom!

But, though certain broad facts run all in one direction, we are obliged to distrust any very sweeping generalizations they would tempt us into by the existence of others, which show that human nature is more complex than all this supposes, and that there are certain natures and phases of character not so easily operated upon. Just as effeminacy here will find the food its nature feeds on in animal structures, rude races there, exposed

to inclement climates, will maintain their ferocity despite questions of dietetica. The terrible gorilla, the new-found lord of the African forests, in whose hands man is a child and his rifle but a reed, is a vegetarian. Near by, in the next village, you encounter a negro—a coward of the first water—who has dined on his grandfather, to whom all his neighbours are but so many walking larders, and who, indeed, may see what they are coming to in the hams, breasts, and chines hanging from the cross-beams of his out-house. The Irishman, *once* fond of faction-fight, *was* raised on potatoes. The Yorkshireman, whose pride is in his business-acuteness, has had no stint of Old England's roast-beef. Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour, who were allowed three rumps of beef per diem for their breakfast, differed little in maiden modesty from their successors of to-day. The Esquimaux, who feed wholly on animal matters, are as peaceful as the Hindoos. The Chinese, though as omnivorous as rats, are certainly not as brave. Some of our victories in the Spanish campaign were achieved by men fighting their way to a dinner. The greatest battle ever fought at great odds was won at Agincourt by a sick band of hungry bowmen; and though it must be owned that our generals have not looked on the hunger of their men as a strategic agency, their patience in accepting the accusation of stomach-bravery proves rather their good sense than the justice of the enemy.

There is, however, some clue out of this maze of conflicting facts. The stomach is the centre of the system. All goes there; all comes thence. We might as well expect a steam-engine to act without fuel or water as a man to do efficient service with an empty interior. The thousand streams which renew, freshen, strengthen life to the minutest fibre in the furthest extremity of the body find their source in the food, the electric power of a benignant nature, selecting their true aliment with a busy discrimination which almost defies the best efforts of our ingenuity to poison them.

In special cases we may modify this or that specific tendency of food—as John Hunter taught sheep to live on mutton, and as Mithridates learned to swallow poisons with impunity.

Nature has adaptabilities which make life compatible with almost contradictory conditions, supposing the conditions to be produced slowly and gradually. But, as a rule, the *empire of food* must be despotic, and every violation of its laws is followed by a proportionate punishment of collapse or weakness, touching, physically, the strongest athlete quite as nearly as the cachetic professor of some recluse study. Nature is the law; and it is the modification of nature by use which gives us the exception.

In some men, however, the moral or intellectual element has a power on actual life beyond any thing we can satisfactorily explain by our physical combinations. Inside this man there is a man; inside this second there is nothing—yet the same soil and food have bred both. Shake the one and 'tis a mere crust; test the other—he is with you to the death struggle. There is a game principle in some natures which seems to set them, without teaching, above a mean or cowardly action, which enables them not only to confront danger, but to die resisting—to carry the mortal conflict with clenched teeth and an unyielding grasp of the hand into the new world into which they enter with it. We import the Arabian horse; we prize the English game-cock and bull-dog for an invincible pertinacity of the same order. Is it some finer quality of tissue and fibre? and, if so, how dis sever it from the influences of nutrition? Or are we to explain it by supposing the existence of some higher plane of intellectual being? Even in that case how separate it from a power which is every instant evidencing itself in all the play of life down to the most inconsiderable of its developments?

Napoleon galvanized into his army a certain feeling, or sentiment, or furor which helped this quality where it existed and substituted it where it did not; and it was to this element of power he referred when he said that the moral was to the physical, in such aggregations of soldiers as he commanded, as three out of four; and Virgil must have meant the same thing when speaking of the Trojan fellow-labourers of Eneas. He says—

“*Possunt quia posse videntur.*”

But there is this difference. The false sentiment, though it give double power for prosperity, is worthless in adversity. It is only the true that wins such battles as that of Agincourt.

Yet, even in the highest natures, it would seem that exterior influences, and, therefore, those of nutrition, will have way. "The greatest hero is nobody in a certain state of the nerves," said Lord Bolingbroke, who was essentially of the Positive School of Philosophy. "There are times when anybody might thrash me without fear of reprisals," says Lord Byron, whose admirable genius had the singular quality of being unable to conceal any thing. Just as our food is the basis of our life, its subsequent modification decides our manner of using it. One machine may be of twenty horsepower, another of fifty; but the motive power is equally the measure of action in both.

Julius Cæsar was a judge of the value of men and things—probably the greatest the world has ever seen, for never before or since has so much genius been united to so much experience. In his choice of Antony as a friend, and his estrangement of Cassius, he appears, from Plutarch, to have relied on a gastronomic diagnosis of character—

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep
o' nights.
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

Cæsar's theory is, that food furnishes not only the criterion of power, but of the bias that may characterize it; and Ben Jonson, in his "Bartholomew Fair," lends it his authority—"Come; there's no malice in fat folks. I never fear thee, an' I can 'scape that lean moon-calf there."

Cassius is made by Shakspeare to think that there is something in the prognosis of Cæsar—

"——If you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous."

For here we have him suggesting that his abstinence from the pleasures of the table offers the guarantee of danger Cæsar feared and of fidelity Brutus counted upon.

Shakspeare seems to have been fas-

cinated by the view into character opened for him by "the foremost man of all this world," for he returns to it in twenty shapes. In "All for Love, or the World well Lost," he formally introduces Sextus Pompey using the feeding refinements of Antony as an instrument of policy—

"Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;
Keep his brain fuming. Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his
honour
Even to a Lethe'd dulness."

The "enormous surfeiter," however, had shown that, when there is a man underneath, the sterner stuff will come out on an emergency after the longest courses of luxury. In the retreat over the Alps, which followed his disastrous defeat by the Consuls, the hardiest of his legionaries did not face cold and privation with more of the old Roman, as Augustus is made to recall to him with a vividness of dramatic description history may not rival—

"Antony.
Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou
once
Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirsius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience
more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate
then did deign
The roughest berry in the rudest hedge:
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets,
On the barks of trees thou browsedst: on the
Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on. And all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not."

Everybody knows, of course, that British politics have a fundamental dependence on the dinner, and with us, therefore, it is a meal which recalls none of the enervating associations of the Roman *Coena*. It is a venerable English institution which we can piously trace to King Arthur, who was accustomed to meet his knights before a roast ox on his celebrated Round Table, and insist that its discussion should precede that of any other state matter. When an Englishman dines in public you can observe the influence of this fine tra-

dition in his grave demeanour and abstracted air of sacrificial solemnity; you see that he has the feeling of being a participant in a sort of Eleusinian celebration in the constitutional religion of his country, a celebration to which it would be profane to admit any but the illuminati of a bettermost society. And hence I suppose it is that when the high priests of our political sects have to initiate some great national movement, the orthodox plan is to do it from the Mecca of a city feast.

An ill-conditioned fellow gets worse when drunk, but every one is bettered by a dinner. A laughing-gas that warms up the better essence of life that had retreated to the last hiding-places in the economy, it seizes, it elicits, it invigorates all that is genial, cheerful, and free, in our natures; and I do not wonder at the philosopher who confessed that it offered the only scene where he could always spend an hour secure against ennui. It is held that fasting is potent against some devils, praying against others, and that the two agencies combined are irresistible; but with much submission I must hold, that for the evil spirits I have encountered in life, there is no exorcism better than a good dinner. There is no resisting that teacher of the charities of life. It is in itself a temporary conversion—a brief empire of revival; in fact, it has always seemed to me that some good spirit has introduced himself into the vessel with the dinner, and holding the ship's helm, is steering straight to the harbour of an universal benevolence. Alas! that the influence must be ephemeral. Were it otherwise, we might cease to keep gaols, man ships of war, raise armies, or look after the elixir of life.

It seems strange that so animal a function as that which accompanies mastication and precedes deglutition should furnish the word which summarizes the appreciation of all that is beautiful in art, literature, nature, life—Taste. But the true epicurean, to whom dinner is the *summum bonum* of existence, sees no compliment in the analogy, and will even hold that the original is the higher use of the word. He claims that he has the special susceptibilities of appreciation which make his pleasure from a *chef d'œuvre* of cookery as æsthetic as the connoisseur's from the survey of a

masterpiece of Correggio, and with it a sensuous enjoyment that must be unknown to any merely intellectual operations of the soul. He will tell you that he is the only man who attains the fruition of what he professes, for give him a full larder and a good cook, and you place him above fate—

“*Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi simul ac contempletur in—*”

The style, for example, with which a Brillat Saverin writes about a dinner betrays an enthusiasm which we do not meet in the connoisseurs of the other arts—“Elsewhere we feed: it is only at Paris we dine.” “Animals feed: man eats; the man of intellect alone knows how to eat.”

“Every phrase,” says another, “that one has commenced at a dinner, must be suspended the moment a truffled turkey makes its appearance.”

Montaigne speaks of cooks who talked of their “science de gueule” “with a gravity and magisterial air, as though speaking of some weighty point of theology, displaying their views with elevated and important considerations, and in the magnificent terms which we employ in treating of the government of an empire.

“To excite those stomachs of papier-maché we acquire with age”—again Brillat Saverin—“to stimulate the jaded organs, in which appetite remains but as a matter of traditional remembrance, and which, even so, is always on the brink of extinction, the cook should have more genius, more penetration and industry, than are required to solve one of the most difficult problems of geometry.”

There is no cause, too, in which men are prone to do greater things or make greater sacrifices. Henry the Eighth gave a manor to the inventor of a new pudding. Antony could only do justice to the sensations that tingled about his palate after an excellent dinner by giving the cook a great city. The respectable tradesmen who govern our great metropolis have been known to spend £20,000 on one of their civic banquets. Domitian, with a reach of policy which has been indifferently comprehended, called his senate about him to consider the cooking of a fine turbot. Vatel, the cook to the great Conde, disappointed about a dinner he was preparing for Louis

the Fourteenth, killed himself, to show the world that the fanaticism of glory may extend to the kitchen, and that the great cause of the spit may have its Catos and its Hampdens as much as politics. Some wealthy Roman senator, in the days of Augustus, threw an occasional slave into his fish ponds, to expedite the fattening of his lampreys. We are not told that he was more cruel than the average of his countrymen. We may, indeed, infer the contrary from his accomplished sense of the pleasures of the table. But though wonderful how much the old Roman did for his belly, he might have done more—an omission I explain by supposing that by some defect in the institutions of that time he had not been able to insure the lives of his sister, brother, and nearer relatives. Nero made no more ado about his mother than about his slave of a teacher, Seneca. But, then, Nero was a prince, and the susceptibilities of the gullet have scruples unknown to ambition.

I am not going to applaud the Roman gentleman, nevertheless, or his distinguished countrymen, Apicius, Heliogabalus, or Vitellius, but surely if men are to have a vice it is as well it should be a gentlemanly one, that hurts nobody, and implies some hospitality to one's neighbours. I vastly prefer Lucullus breaking eggs for his omelettes, since omelettes may not otherwise be made, to Lucullus battering down city walls to cut the throats of the inhabitants. How admirable to me is the devotion of the hundreds of provincials making a yearly pilgrimage to Paris to enjoy the last refinement of a Salmis at the Frenes Provenceaux, or some well remembered perfection of a "pudding a la chippolate" at the Café Foy, albeit assured by past experience of returning to the country with a gastritis that will cost them three weeks to cure.

What a noble death in the service was that of Beauvilliers, the great chief of the classical school of French cooks. He fell on the field of battle in the arms of victory. He had dined as he alone could dine. He had retired to his perfumed bijou of a boudoir, the very perfection of a bachelor's study. After a time the silence seemed greater than usual, and as his servant looked in he saw him stretch-

ed on the luxurious canopy with a countenance simulating life, but with the pulse of death. Physicians were called in, but as the epitaph says, "in vain." The great epicure looked so well, the colour was preserved so, there was that airy-radiant satisfaction on his countenance he always possessed after dining, that they doubted his death. They bled him: the veins gave forth but a luminous gaseous bubble. They pierced the stomach: it yielded a detonation like that of a pocket-pistol. His transcendental mode of life had lifted him to a plane of existence above humanity: en revanche, the fluid he had so benignantly catered for was ready to consume its last drop in a *feu de joie*, and the stomach that had so long been his debtor acknowledged its obligations in a parting salvo.

The glory of eating much is, perhaps, not more reasonable than that of killing much; but ennobled by as much danger, it is probably more agreeable.

But even the fancy of the most enthusiastic gourmet hardly raises the dinner to the importance it takes in the every-day policy of some very matter-of-fact clever people. The inexorable, inevitable diner-out, whose ambition is to be worth his dinner, and who measures beforehand the amount of joke that will compensate the obligation, must rate the thing at a price that would startle even the philosophers of the garden, with their Greek notion, that a substantial meal was worth any amount of moral or intellectual sacrifice. Better don at once the lacquey's livery, and take the chances of the fragments as they descend to the kitchen.

"If thou couldst have lived on cabbage," said Diogenes, running to Aristippus with a specimen in his hand he had just washed, "thou wouldst never endure the slavery of a court." It may be, as Aristippus suggested, that Diogenes, had he known the slavery of a court, would not have been content with cabbage. So much the worse for Diogenes.

The great writers and wits, from the last reigns of the Stuarts nearly to our own, were content to eat and drink in small rooms of dim and dingy coffee-houses, in which a journeyman would now disdain to sip his porter. Building St. Paul's, they

quartered themselves in dog-holes in dark alleys of the city, the flashes of their genius irradiating atmospheres of poison as the lightnings love to play about the miasms of a tropical swamp. We, too, have our magnificent structures, but our St. Peter's and our St. Paul's are the gin palaces of one end of London and the clubs of the other.

The age of faith is superseded by that of good living. The golden calf—the veau d'or—has been deposed in favour of one of its own fricandeaus; and the old rule, “eat and drink, for to-morrow you die,” sums up once more the popular theology. We have reached, in fact, an era of material enjoyment. Man is grown an universal want, and all external nature to be considered as so much matter for satisfying it. Our philosophy is not to abridge our wants to our means, but to increase our means to our wants, and make both illimitable. In Caligula's fashion, we would have all the instruments of pleasure with one neck, that we might reach their fruition at a stroke. We are become *gustative papillæ* all over, and clutch enjoyment with every member and sense nature has afforded us.

It is a sad avowal to make, but your very great men are rarely of great force as regards the enjoyment of the table. *Non omnibus contingit, &c. N'est gourmet qui veut.* Cæsar swallowed his train oil at dinner without moving a muscle. The great Duke had a weakness for dining on a chop. Bonaparte thought *that* the best dinner which could be devoured in the shortest time; and I am afraid that Shakspeare, from the jesting style in which he fleers at the “feasters,” and makes Touchstone ridicule the “knight who swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught,” was not quite up to the mark. The man who has the true zest for a good dinner does not write in this way about mustard and pancakes. On what shall a man literally pledge his honour, if not on the great event of each day's existence? How much better spoke the Duke D'Escar, the Grand Maitre d'Hotel of Louis the Eighteenth. “The French Revolution was necessary, that in the grand break up poor Bechamel should be decorated

with this glory” (*le veau à la Bechamel*). “Alas, he goes straight to posterity: I shall end by leaving no monument of remembrance behind me.”

Listen again to Brillat Saverin: “What can be refused to a science which nourishes us from our birth until our death; which increases the enjoyments of love, the pleasures of friendship; which disarms hatred, facilitates business, and offers, in the short passage of life, the only enjoyment, which, not being followed by fatigue, relieves us from all others.”

Taste, the uncertain arbitress of judgment in every thing that is exquisite in intellect, is nearly as uncertain on matters where the animal instincts might be supposed to furnish an infallible guide, and it may be laid down, that the utmost excellence of the most positive of arts will depend for its appreciation on its opportuneness.

“How many things by reason assured, are,
To their regret, praise and due perfection!”

Sicilian feasts, says Horace, do not bring with them the zest that secures their enjoyment, and hence a wise instruction has been deduced, for the poor to dine when they can, for the rich, when they have appetite.

Taste, with us, will mean no more than a very homely and sensuous faculty of receiving impressions from food through the mouth. Physiologists have disputed whether its seat be in the tongue or in the palate, but have at length avowed that it is divided between the two, and that the popular instinct was not in error which so long made the palate a chief authority. Possibly the power of taste begins with the lips—for I hold with “the divine philosophers” referred to by Parson Evans, “that the lips are part of the mouth.”

The faculty of taste, in distinguishing good food from bad, and yielding us pleasure in the distinction, is one susceptible of cultivation. No doubt the natural taste undergoes modification in the process. The child who repels wine, soon imbibes it with pleasure. The man who sickens under his first use of tobacco, soon looks forward to it as a chief enjoyment. What is “caviare for the general,” is a luxury for the few. What is loathsome to the few, will be a delight to

the many. The wonder is, that such powers of discrimination may co-exist with the faculty of being biassed so easily in opposite directions.

The old Romans knew by the quality of a fish whether it had been caught above or below the bridges, and were able to distinguish the flavour of a goose fed on fresh or dry grapes. Connoisseurs will tell you the latitude in which a wine has been grown, from its taste; and Cervantes has immortalized the two Spaniards, one of whom distinguished the leather, the other the iron, which a thonged key had imparted to a hoghead of sherry.

Who shall explain by what refinements human flesh acquires epicurean associations for the cannibal? We know that the New Zealander, in eating the body, believes that he destroys the soul of his enemy, and that, with the flesh passing through his mouth, the vital power that distinguished the original organization enters into his own—an æsthetic principle of feeding, which, if true, places mutton-eaters under a disadvantage, and may explain satisfactorily some recent military achievements of theirs no other theory reaches which British valour can approve of.

The inhabitants of a certain part of Sumatra, without being so religious, have a more fastidious sense of the enjoyment of human food. For them it loses its savour if the victim do not witness the repast made from his own members, and they heighten the enjoyment by making the meal a festival in honour of justice. A thief, an adulterer, a murderer, is eaten in the presence of the friends he has offended, who, to make him savoury, come doubly armed—Cayenne pepper in one hand, and Chili vinegar in the other—a compendious way of disposing of their criminal population worth the consideration of our own Parliament in its straits on the subject.* It is curious and consolatory to find that Europeans are not in request for these savage symposiæ.

We are found *too salt*, a fact which will enable intending emigrants to make themselves uneatable at small charge.

Montaigne doubted whether the cat played with him or he with the cat; and in this branch of dietetics the doubt has sometimes occurred to me, is it we or the aborigines that are here in the dark? The vegetable devours minerals, the ox devours the vegetable; we eat the ox, and have the benefit of the preceding assimilations. The Oceanic epicure goes a step further, and reserves his festive appetite for an animal—John Bull for example—who has already assimilated ox, and vegetable, and mineral. Dispensing with intermediate processes, he flies at once at the most highly organized of all tissues, and devours the devourer. The order of Nature is to live on our inferiors. The New Zealander rises at a bound above such prejudices, and leaving the initial assimilation of viler materials to his neighbour, looks to that neighbour to supply, in one dish, all he requires. How curious it is to find savages anticipating, under forms so natural, our great invention of “concentrated essences,” and practising them *à nos frais*.

To go to another extreme, how foolish the aspiration of poetry, especially when in love. Pretty women, forsooth, must not eat, for fear of offending Parnassian susceptibilities. The female “quintessence of dust, the paragon of animals, the beauty of the world, in apprehension so like a god, in action so like an angel, in form and moving so express and admirable,” must not open her mouth at a dinner-table except to acknowledge the love-sonnets made to her eyebrows. We understand the feeling. The poet does not like to see those pearls of teeth, innocently canopied under vermilion lips, soft as velvet, and presenting the lover no association but as the finishing grace and last evidence of a lovely intellectuality—a smile—engaged, like a carding-machine, in tearing the nerves and muscles of some poor sheep

* See Raffles' “Life and Public Services,” 4to. Perhaps we should give the Sumatra people the benefit of the defence which the Almanach des Gourmands makes for the gastronomic amateurs of the Robin Redbreast. “Le rouge gorge est la triste preuve de cette vérité que le gourmand est par essence un être inhumain et cruel. Car il n'a aucune pitié de ce charmant petit oiseau de passage que sa gentillesse et sa familiarité confiante devroient mettre à l'abri de nos atteintes. Mais s'il falloit avoir compassion de tout le monde on ne mangerait personne!”

or ox to pieces, those seraph lips assisting in saturating the mass with saliva, and the whole beautiful mouth dedicating itself to delivering the dinner to the operations of the cavernous stomach, pouring out meanwhile volumes of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, like a steamer's funnel—the bright brow, the sparkling eye, the tresses of a heavenly freshness, the bosom of paradise-like formation, all moving in sympathy—this, all this, I admit it—is not the utmost ideal of beauty a poet's fancy can form for itself. But what would he have? Must the divine creatures starve? Or bolt their food in dark places? 'Twere cheaper, Master Poet—even if thy name be Byron—to have no morbid fancies, for there shall be cakes and ale, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth of woman just as of man, though the æstheticism of thy virtue heap Ossa on Pelion to the contrary.

Instead of turning every young woman into "a heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb," better let us have her a "neat handed Phyllis," cooking savoury messes, and looking at lambs, like Lady Walter Scott, with a chief eye to their speedy appearance in pasties. She holds all the husband who holds his stomach. That is the true pianoforte for the accomplished instrumentalist to play upon, who wishes to be mistress of her own household. The ear never tires, the heart never nauseates of that music, if pitched at the right key. Literature, drawing-room accomplishments, graceful manners, a fine bearing, an elegant conversation, are admirable charms no doubt; but they don't make, and they don't keep a home. The woman who, in middle society—I hardly know why I make the limitation—has quartered herself upon a husband whose future is but a contingency, and cannot be cook, nurse, sempstress, housekeeper on an emergency, enjoys her establishment under false pretences.

A word about feeding the thousands suspended between society which rejects them, and the workhouse which refuses to accept them. Our poor are not like their Roman predecessors, who, with their theatres open gratis, were happy when they could soak their dole of bread in vinegar, or the liquor of sardines. Juvenal, who made

it a reproach to the wealthy epicures around him, that they sought everywhere all sorts of pleasures at all sorts of prices—

"Gustus elements per omnia querunt
Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus,"

would be startled if he could see how much work will have been done in all parts of the globe before a costermonger now-a-days can have his breakfast. The dustman, with his sou-wester and knee-breeches—contrived to show the proportions of his forehead and legs—puts more countries under contribution for a meal which costs him a shilling, than the Imperial master, on whom Juvenal's life depended for a dinner, which cost a thousand pounds. But without his wages, and away from his cook-shop, there is no animal so helpless as the poor Cockney. The French people come into the world with a culinary taste and knowledge a collegiate education would hardly give ours—

'Tout Francais à ce que j'imagine,
Sait bien ou mal faire un peu de cuisine."

The only exception I ever heard of was a valet, who claimed "sentiment" as a substitute. There are fifty little artistic instruments, and as many artistic secrets familiar to French housekeepers that are not dreamt of in the arid philosophy of our households. Yet what is the best point of civilization if this be not? And if this be not the reason why diplomatic princes marry fools, and Lord Chancellors, cooks—pray what is it? Here is wisdom; who will satisfy deficiency by superfluity?

"Mihi quod desit, tibi quod superest dolet,"

said Martial. The enormous waste of good food by one class, and enormous need of it by another is a fact in London life, palpable as its atmosphere, and almost as widespread. With the French labour is cheap; nobody's pride stands in the way of systematically selling any thing on one side, or buying it on the other. Hence the remnants of a first-class restaurateur of to-day will figure at the table of second or third class restaurateurs tomorrow, and by the end of the week portions will be under cookery for the twentieth time at the gargotier's, near the Barrière. In this way I suppose it was that before the recent demolitions, you could have dined at

the *Rue Marché Neuf*, for a penny. Your dinner was called *à la pêche*—that is to say, you had it on the fishing principle. A cauldron prodigious as that of the bottomless pit, seethed brimful of the food of all tribes and nations, collected by half the beggars and cheffoniers of Paris. Here was the leg of a fowl, or the dismembered carcase of a turkey; there the half of a sole or fag end of a mackerel. Elsewhere a bit of beef, or what passed for it, and so on to the bottom of the boiler. The Bohemian population had known it through centuries as “the Harlequin,” and when in funds would disburse an extra sou for the “supplement” of a favourite luxury—a morsel of lobster. We smile—we ought to sigh. Who knows between how many Parisians and the Seine that basin of odd mixtures has stood as a saving Providence. We shall some day learn from the recording angel—who, if tear-dropping, as Sterne paints him—must have shed many a one on this serious chapter of celestial statistics.

In the *Rue de la Mortellerie*, in a large unfloored reception-room, you get in a dinner for five sous, served through a squirt, in tin basins inlaid at proper distances in the tables. This is known through Paris as “*Le diner à la syringe*.” At the *Marché des Innocents*, thousands of workmen receive daily, under a huge umbrella, cabbage soup, a glass of wine, a plate of meat, and a slice of bread, for four sous.

The waste food of London laid hold of by individual enterprise, or organized philanthropy, and doled out thus in savoury messes, at nominal prices, would feed two-thirds of that shifting, promiscuous population, who haunt among us the mid-ground of freedom and eleemosynary inclusion, and form the casualties and supernumeraries of our hospitals, infirmaries, poorhouses, and other charities. No doubt, in making the attempt we should encounter difficulties unknown to our neighbours. The Cockney has an invincible repugnance to make a leap in the dark on questions of food. Beyond his much-loved sausage, under which form he would devour his neighbour’s ass, or his man-servant, or his maid-servant, or any thing that is his, he prefers, as he tells you, to know what he is eating, and would

decline expedients which satisfy the vagabond appetites of Paris. Like Lord Elgin, inquiring if a delicious Chinese dish were “quack, quack,” and answered that it was “bow, wow,” an invincible curiosity, a certain silly scrupulosity stands between his appetite and the best of dinners. It were wiser if, like the French cook visiting a brother artist, he waited till he learned to-morrow that his horse’s saddle had furnished the admirable dinner of to-day. Especially in such things, “when ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise.”

But that my conclusion may not be one of those “that conclude nothing,” I must make a few discriminations.

Expense is no essence of good feeding, though half England thinks the contrary. The dinners that weary distinguished foreigners, and fail to satisfy ourselves, are more a homage to Mammon than the muse *Gasteria*. In all sorts of fashions, and under all sorts of forms, we make our sandwiches of ten pound notes, like the sailor with his mistress; we melt our pearls in the wine, like Cleopatra for her lover; we spend a fortune in nightingales’ tongues, like the Roman emperor, and wonder that, instead of the offerings being encountered by the interesting salvos of response with which nature has provided certain secret glands as a homage to superior cookery, the guests look on with palled appetites and apathetic demeanour. We forget that they came to enjoy themselves, not to feel that superiority of wealth in their host which of all the dishes he can offer them is the most indigestible.

I don’t quarrel, again, with the Epicurean mottoes, “*carpe diem*,” “*dum vivimus, vivamus*,” and the rest of them. I admit their wisdom, and know that “there is nothing better than that a man should see good in his day.” To use the day, however, is a different thing from abusing it. To live is not to swoon in a long opiate of feasts. “To eat and drink” is not to have the appetite cloyed with Epicurean dishes, that the brain may fume and honour be “prorogued.” To eat that we may live, is the law of life; to live that we may eat, is the philosophy of idiots.

The truth affirmed of medicines, that they are things of which we know little, introduced into bodies of

which we know less, is as applicable to food. We eat by custom; without purview, on authority, under considerations altogether alien from the act itself. We literally open our mouths and shut our eyes, and await what cooks please to send us. A palate poisoned by sophistications learns at last to tolerate but poisons, and it is just as well that we should remember in time, that health and pleasure well understood speak the same language, and just as to a sound constitution food in its purest form is the most adapted, to a pure taste it is in these forms that it is the true luxury. Alexander the Great, entering on a new campaign, dismissed his cooks with the assurance that his new labours would substitute their sauces. A glass of cold water gave the jaded

French beauty so high an enjoyment, that she thought it could only be heightened by the feeling that it was a sin.

So through nature. She has a subtle law that enjoyment shall be in the ratio of our conformity to her ordinances, and she seems to suggest what is best for us in the prodigality with which she purveys it. In the same spirit of a provident liberality she has given the stomach marvellous powers. It will turn poisons into an aliment, and sweeten even putridity; but ply it daily with cloying crystallizations and stimulating messes out of the order of its aptitudes, and you strip it of that elastic energy and recuperative force which explain the wonders, and tempted your abuse of them.

UPS AND DOWNS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

A KERN observer of human nature has declared that the most grievous and lasting disappointment a man can suffer is to be disinherited of a fair patrimony. The loss of so much is implied, such a sore sense of degradation remains, and such room for envy and jealousy, as are enough to evoke even more anger than Bolingbroke avows in his rage, exclaiming that he has been—

“ Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
 Whilst you have fed upon my seigniories,
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest
 woods;
 From my own windows torn my household
 coat—
 Raz'd out my impress—leaving me no sign—
 Save men's opinions and my living blood—
 To show the world I am a gentleman.”

Wherever, on the other hand, it has been the happy lot of a family to have continued for centuries in honourable possession of their ancient residence, there is in this fact a proof of hereditary qualities so justly balanced as not to lead into extremes, whether of ambition or extravagance. Instances of this enduring prosperity, and sense of the duties involved in it, are neither few nor far between in these kingdoms. From time beyond the memory of man, the excellent conduct of many an old race—a heritage of virtue as well

as of high station—has endowed antiquity of descent with merit in the popular mind, and is the true origin of that respect for the British aristocracy which enables them to do good service to the State, and thus continue to deserve their authority. This traditional sentiment, as old as history, and embalmed in the words of Lord Bacon, is strong, active, and useful in our times:—“It is a reverent thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber-tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an ancient, noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time.”

The vicissitudes of great families supply the striking and touching elements of real romance in the history of mankind. On the grand theatre of human life the almost “divinity that doth hedge a king” invests crowned heads, when they are the heroes and heroines of tragedy, with an interest that is not accorded to any one in the vulgar crowd. It is because Mary Stuart wore the Scottish crown and claimed the British, that her conduct as a queen and a woman excite our highest curiosity, whether we regard her career in the courts of Paris and Edinburgh, her imprisoned existence in Loch Leven

and Fotheringay, her connubial and coquetting comportment, the ill fates of her three husbands, the behaviour of her throned rival, Elizabeth, to her, or her own under the trying circumstances of Darnley's murder, the rebellion of her subjects, temptation to conspiracy, and death on the scaffold. The interest attaching to personal fortunes, being of individual human character, will always arouse more sympathy than can be evoked by the decline and fall of empires. Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" is more read than Gibbon's "Rome." This is so clear to dramatists and novelists, that whenever the acts they represent are laid in lordly scenes, with accessories such as dazzle our imagination, and when, above all, the plot derives its principal pathos from the feelings called forth by the decadence of an ancient house, our sensations of regret are evoked, as for the hapless *Master of Ravenswood*, who experienced more than the ordinary heart-burnings caused by living within view of the fine inheritance from which he was expelled.

At the same time, genius has proved its power to choose characters of lowly condition, and to depict them by touches of nature which make all men kin, so as to give them as high or a higher interest than unreal kings and queens. But the page of history, if we have faith in it, has, in this fact of belief, an immense, lasting advantage over the most life-like work of fiction. The romances surest to live, indeed, are those which, by blending history with truthful pictures of human life, impress the reader with an idea that they are altogether faithful. Hence, although books like Sir Bernard Burke's* yield the palm to a half-dramatic narrative executed by talents such as penned "The Last of the Barons," some of this serious sort impart truer and more durable delight, since their deep interest, un-mixed with the fanciful, appeals to our hearts as a record of what really happened to the illustriously unfortunate of our country. This proximity to ourselves is, again, no small reason for sympathy, which dimin-

ishes with distance; therefore we are gratified to see how largely notable vicissitudes of Irish families have entered into our accomplished countryman's popular publication.

Sir Bernard Burke explains, in a single sentence, why it is harder to compile veracious memoirs than to write a play or a novel—"The requisite details," he observes, "are seldom close at hand"—while to indite fiction one has but to take pen and paper, and draw at sight upon the funds of fancy and memory. The task is not easy when facts must be sought for and adhered to. Here, again, when research is made, the yield is rich as regards royal and eminent personages, but barren respecting the ignoble and obscure; so that these latter cannot be portrayed but fancifully. The attempt to illustrate the chequered lives and sufferings of the poor is a modern, almost a recent, invention. But from the days when the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were sung, and Boccaccio's "Fall of Princes" written, mankind has delighted in stories of the magnates of the earth. To revert to the reasons our author gives why domestic tales, such as he offers, of the decay of distinguished families—*per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*—have not hitherto been collected, it is well to note, apart from the difficulty of compilation, the need of epitomizing or abridging, often to the exclusion of details which would form the truest touches in each picture. There is also the labour of discriminating, and separating the probable from the improbable. The novelist, unfettered by this consideration, enjoys a freedom denied to the biographer, whose work, if praiseworthy, derives its best merit from the credibility attached to it. But who and what are to be believed? When the mighty are fallen, who has written of them impartially? Are legends and hearsay to be admitted as evidence? History is so full of "historic doubts," we ask, in the perplexed temper of Pilate, "What is truth?" Of late years historiography has been more a work of destruction than construction. All who, unlike the Pagan

* "Vicissitudes of Families and other Essays." By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms. Fourth Edition. London. 8vo. 1860.
Second Series. London. 8vo. 1860.

satrap, wait in patient search for answers to his question on mere human affairs, cannot but prefer that such monstrous legends as disgrace most ancient histories, standing like misty, giant forms in the dawn of national annals, should have been disenchanted, as it were, by the touch of an Ithuriel spear. Yet, if we disbelieve that a yawning gulph was closed by Curtius leaping into it, and that Mutius Scævola held his hand in burning flames, however vividly these fables are told in "Lays of Ancient Rome," every one must lament that the chivalrous fortunes of Percy and Douglas may not, according to sceptic critics, receive lustre from that old song of Chevy Chase, which stirred the heart of Sir Philip Sydney more than a trumpet. Who, again, shall measure out posthumous fame—that tomb in the Abbey—the dead reward for which the living man yearned so passionately?—

"Pride, bend thine eye from heav'n to thine estate;
See how the mighty sink into a song!
Can volume, pile, preserve the great?
Or must thou trust tradition's tongue,
When flattery sleeps with thee and history
does thee wrong?"

Sir Bernard Burke, enjoying—from his professional position as Ulster King of Arms, and his authorship of several well-known valuable genealogic works—extraordinary facilities for compilation of his present volumes, has produced a repertory of the strangest vicissitudes of old and new families, a variety of the most surprising and entertaining instances of social *bascules*, or see-saw ups and downs, of which England, Scotland, and Ireland have furnished countless cases, because here, more than in other countries, the law of attainder pulled down the old mighty from their seats, and peaceful pursuits, more than elsewhere, exalted new men to riches and rank. Our author has also presented a few of the most notable phenomena of this kind in foreign climes, as the fortunes of the Bonapartes, and the trite story of "The Dethroned Monarch," Theodore Palæologus, another Corsican sport of the goddess of fortune, who never appears in a more extravagant humour than when, by a revolution of her wheel, a monarch sinks to a mendicant.

The present century has seen more

degradations of crowned heads than occurred in any other. One minute the cry is, with Lear, "A king! a king!" but the next, the Fool is right in exclaiming, "No, he's a yeoman." In Voltaire's "Candide," eight travellers meet in an obscure inn, and some of them without money enough to pay for a dinner. In the course of conversation, they are discovered to be eight European sovereigns, who had been deprived of their crowns. The satiric Frenchman alluded to the eight monarchs who, at that very time, were wanderers on the earth; a circumstance which recurred in this age, before the king-deposer was himself banished to an ocean rock.

Our three kingdoms supply the vicissitudes of the Royal Stuarts and House of Albany; the rise and fall of the Cromwells, a name forcibly illustrating *The Vanity of Human Wishes*; "the Doom of Buckingham," the fall of Conyers, and other instances, proving the principle of decadence in this diorama of social changes and characters which pass before us, including the gaunt forms of two monster misers of the Elwes family, and the once jovial figures of two spendthrifts, Jack Mytton and Sir Henry Hungerford. Our author occasionally enters into philosophic and moral comments on the general features of the cases he presents to view, classifying them, and accounting for the decline of families in some very interesting observations.

"Miser's wealth," remarks he, "seldom prospers;" and he adds, "a friend of mine, learned in the vicissitudes of genealogy, assures me that he never knew four generations of an usurer's family to endure, in regular succession." The fact is, the miser himself is generally a broken link—a fragment at the end of a family line—without children, and therefore without the strongest human attachment.

When the notorious Sir Hervey Elwes died, possessed of an immense fortune, the only tear that was dropped on his grave fell from the eye of a servant. But if the miserly disposition in excess has usually failed to found a family, on the other hand, extravagance has done more to overturn ancient houses than all other causes put together. Nature, providing human spiders, who instinctively

accumulate, also furnishes flies, who squander and consume. Moderation in expenditure is, of course, as in other actions, true wisdom, and the best security for stability. This virtue in the English character accounts for the large number of families which have preserved their patrimonies through many generations, in a land where a higher rate of living than in any other has tempted to extravagance. To cite the most remarkable cases: there are some thirty houses, such as the Fulfords of Fulford, Townleys of Townley, Wrottesleys, Sandfords, and Cholmondeleys, who retain the very lands from which, when surnames first came into use, they received their names. Their length of possession dates, probably, from before the Conquest; yet they have continued to reside on the same spots, and most of them have not been raised to the peerage, while none have dissipated their wealth. No other kingdom in the world possesses such proofs of the spirit of economic moderation.

The decay of great families, when it occurred in remote times, was ordinarily caused by forfeitures consequent on political commotions; and in recent days, is generally to be traced to individual extravagance. Many a melancholy instance could be given, showing how low pursuits and base pleasures have sullied the noblest names, and have wasted estates which distinguished progenitors acquired honourably and preserved carefully. The ancient cause of sudden falls, namely attainder, is now happily obsolete, not having been enforced since the Rebellion of 1715; but was formerly rife, the feudal law of escheat for treason having, in England, more than in any other country, overthrown the landed aristocracy. So fatal, indeed, was the operation of that law that, of the twenty-five barons who were appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta, there is not now in the House of Peers a single male descendant! Other causes, not necessary to notice, combine to extinguish the male issue of the Conqueror's barons, and to enable men of mid rank to rise to wealth and power. This consideration might lead us to some reflections on the facts, that the British peerage represents no more than a small section of the best

blood of the aristocracy. In England, very happily, nobility conferred no exclusive privileges, no immunities of caste; and to represent the Commons in their house, soon came to be considered a high civil honour. It was stated, when the first parliament of Charles the First's reign met, that the lower house could buy out the upper. That period was the time of the great legal strife between the new and old aristocracy, which dated from the day when the Yorkists, the liberals of their age, rose to power, and began the policy of cutting off the nobility of the opposite party. Queen Elizabeth, whose throne rested on the Protestantism and affection of the middle class, showed little favour to the peerage. Yet with the exception of Lord Burghley, hardly one of her ministers, whom she selected from that class, amassed wealth. The autobiography of Sir Henry Sydney, who governed this country during many years, shows that, so far from growing rich in the Queen's service, he diminished his patrimony to do it honour, and died miserably in debt; and Sir Francis Walsingham also impoverished himself to enrich the state, selling his lands to buy political intelligence from all parts of Christendom. Such was the patriotism actuating our statesmen in the Elizabethan age, and this spirit of generous devotion is by no means extinct.

This retrospect, indeed, gives rise to the reflection, that perhaps since the time when the British aristocracy became the actual governors of the country, as many estates have been sacrificed as have been gained in its service. Under a self-governing constitution, possession of a large landed property entails so many obligations, and opens the door of legitimate ambition so widely, the temptation is extreme to exhaust a noble patrimony in contested elections and popular expenditure of various sorts. In no other kingdom is so much required of a great landlord; in none other, therefore, is his position so honourable; and in none other can the purchaser of a fine estate, by fulfilling the duties annexed to it, instal himself so quickly in public respect. In the jealous eyes of the despotically-governed French, our political society is "a colossus of brass, with feet of clay." Be it so, provided the feet stand, homogene-

ously firm, in the broad lands of the Three Kingdoms. The conservative feeling is naturally so strong in landed proprietors, that every one must concur in our author's remark, that transfer of great estates from old to new races is an immense benefit to the country.

By an admirable mechanism, our ancient corps of aristocracy continually opens its ranks to receive recruits, and as frequently empties them by dismissing its cadets and broken veterans into the mass of the nation; thus incessantly rejecting such as fail to reach its high standard of requirements, and admitting the most active and successful members of society. Like Antæus, it derives its strength from the soil; and this simile is exact in the case of some old families which, on being, like the Titan, cast to the ground, regained their estates, and with them, the vigour or influence arising from them, as in the instances of Edmund Antrobus, who repurchased, in 1808, the domain whence he derived his surname; and of Warren Hastings, whose master-passion was to recover, as he did, his ancient patrimony. In a memoir of this great Indian statesman, Lord Macaulay describes, in glowing words, how the desire to recover the estate of his fathers actuated him who determined to become, and became, "Hastings of Daylesford."

Ruin by attainder is exemplified by one of its highest and latest instances, the story of the Charles Neville, sixth Earl of Westmoreland, who, in 1569, concerted with the Earl of Northumberland, "the Rising of the North," when these "two stars shot madly from their spheres" in their attempt to overthrow the newly-erected Protestant throne. Besides the design of re-establishing the Roman Catholic form of worship, jealousy of the class of men to whom Queen Elizabeth committed the management of public affairs was a principal grievance to these proud chieftain-peers, who were enraged at her Majesty preferring mean-born men as her councillors in the place of the old nobility.

"And now the inly-working North,
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
A potent vassalage, to fight
In Percy's and in Neville's right."

The insurrection resulted in total

defeat, and the utter destruction of the Nevilles of Raby, whose chief, Lord Westmoreland, effected his escape to the Continent, where, his vast patrimony being confiscated, he suffered the extremity of poverty. In the touching words of the old ballad:—

"The sun shone bright and birds sang sweet,
The day we left the north countree;
But cold is the wind and sharp the sleet
That beat the exile over the sea."

A petition to the King of Spain for a small pension gives a pathetic description of the wretchedness of this once mighty nobleman, whose estates were estimated as worth the vast sum, at that time, of £150,000 a-year, but who is declared to have "neither penny nor halfpenny."

The story of the decline of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, is told by Sir Bernard Burke, but without the secret histories of the seventeenth Earl's voluntary exile from the court of Elizabeth, and of his reason for dissipating his vast and ancient patrimony, as narrated in Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" where, however, the motive for ruining his family seems to us misunderstood. Our first authority, indeed, quotes one which states that the Earl's idea was to spite his father-in-law, Lord Burghley; and our second declares, that when this powerful minister would not consent to save the life of the Duke of Norfolk, the friend of this proud, irritable nobleman—the latter swore to revenge himself on his wife, the countess, out of hatred to his father-in-law; and not only forsook her, but studied every means to waste that great inheritance which had descended to him through a long and brilliant line of ancestors. By a few years of splendid prodigality, which, at Florence threw the court of Tuscany itself into the shade, he reduced his ancient earldom to poverty.

Scotland furnishes several notable cases of the vicissitudes that befell some of her most distinguished families; from her royal line, the Stuarts, proverbially unfortunate, to the House of Albany, the Earls of Stratherne, St. Clair of Roslyn, the Lairds of Calendar, and Laird of Lawriston. Yet these are exceptions to the general but extraordinary rule with regard to the Gaelic lords of that country, who, contrary to the common fate of their

kindred race in Ireland, contrived to preserve their lands from generation to generation, in large degree, through all the social storms that swept over the kingdom, having, it would seem, in an early age, adopted the law of primogeniture of chieftaincy and estate, yet adhered to the old custom of excluding females from inheritance.

The once vast and scattered possessions of the Macdonells have, in recent days, passed under the hammer of the auctioneer to some of the millionaires of commerce: as Isla, one of the largest island territories of the old Hebridean kings, sold to Mr. Morrison, the rich London merchant; Glengarry, purchased some years ago by the prince of Staffordshire ironmasters, Earl Dudley; and Knoydart, by the iron magnate of Gartsherrie. Our learned authority's account of the fierce genealogic controversy which raged among the clan Macdonell for the honourable and profitable office of senior-elect, or chief, shows how such a dispute, which in this instance is known to have lasted for five centuries, often rendered Celtic clansmen more dreadful to their cousins than to their external enemies. It would be a curious point in clan history to trace out when the thanistic practice of choosing a king, because he was "the most worthy of the senior line of his name," came to be generally disused in favour of male primogeniture succession. Persistence in the old principle of selection raised so many chiefs, not to speak of wars, that their posterities, particularly in the instance of the Macdonells, claim as many chieftaincies or heads as a hydra. In the beginning of this century, Macdonell of Glengarry, chief of Clanronald, being ambitious of recognition as head of the entire clan, revived, with considerable ardour, the ancient controversy; and accordingly put forward his pretensions in a letter to the second Lord Macdonald, to which the peer laconically replied,—“Till you prove that you are my chief, I am yours—MACDONALD.”

“Ulster” prefaces his brief account of the recent rise of the Bairds of the Gartsherrie Ironworks by citing the verse from the *Magnificat*, which glories in the fact, that the mighty have been put down from their seats,

and they of low degree exalted. Our King of Arms writes on this text a short homily, in which the sentimental loyalty of a genealogist for old families yields to the feeling of a man of sense, that such changes serve as the props and bulwarks of the social and political institutions of Great Britain. The present generation of Bairds, masters of those thriving ironworks, regarded as they are by the public among the richest commoners of Scotland, have good reason to be proud that their industry and prudence have raised them from a lowly origin. Others easily inherit wealth: they acquired it. Their just pride, therefore, arises from the fact, that their father was, at the end of the last century, a small farmer living in humble circumstances in the district near Glasgow, the natural resources of which, in coal and iron, have since been drawn forth with such profit to themselves. A single generation has effected the change from poverty to opulence in this family. Between the year 1820 and last year, the sons of that farmer, applying their sagacity and enterprise to the development of the iron trade, have, by dint of judgment, honesty, and self-denial, raised themselves to the position of the first ironmasters in Scotland, and rival the Guestes and Baileys of South Wales. The Gartsherrie Iron Kings have not yet won their way to a coronet, but are on the royal road to a title which, in seating their sons on the same bench with representatives of houses founded at the Conquest, will not yield to many of its peers in the meritorious character of its origin.

In one of his essays, on Beaconsfield, Sir Bernard Burke gives a pleasing memoir of his illustrious namesake, Edmund Burke, and makes the timely suggestion, that a public, open air monument ought to be raised to this pre-eminent statesman in the metropolis of the land of his birth. “Burke,” observes he, “in thought, word, and act, had Ireland ever near his heart, and he it was whose first act of power, when in office, was to procure for her that independence, the credit of which fell entirely to Charlemont and Grattan, his able coadjutors in the struggle.”

Turn we now to the storyology of our own country. Ireland is, indeed, a theatre royal of innumerable trage-

dies of family vicissitude. Time out of mind her fields have been the prey of spoilers, who deposed her aboriginal kings, and set up Norman lords, who were in large measure rooted out by Elizabethan, Cromwellian, and Williamite colonists, many of whose descendants, again, have disappeared in the recent alienation of property under the Incumbered Estates Court. Each of these three ranks of races furnish, therefore, their quota of proofs of the mutability of fortune, and as our King of Arms is naturally most at home here, his corps in the long drama of Irish decadence is a full one. Unlike Banquo's mirror, his vision of kings is retrospective, and he passes before us the O'Melaghlin, who, as kings of Meath, were ordinarily considered masters of the entire island, unless some extraordinarily bold provincial, as Brien Boromhe, or Roderic O'Connor, was strong and hardy enough to contest the sovereignty. This royal race, however, disappeared from the scene soon after the Conquest, for their region was accessible and fertile; but the remoter toparchs, strong in the possession of forest and mountain fastnesses, held their own for several centuries. In a sketch of the fortunes of the O'Neills, that energetic race which mediævally dominated the north of this island, our author renders account of a branch of the Claneboy line, one of whom, Colonel Bryan O'Neill, was among the guard that saved the life of Charles I. at the defeat of Edgehill. A baronetcy was conferred on this brave and loyal officer; but his descendant, the sixth baronet, on losing a lease of lands by the cruel operation of the penal laws, sank to the condition of a farmer, and his posterity are now reduced to the rank and file of society. "The O'Donnells in Exile" gives occasion for relating the fall of those great chiefs in their native land, and the rise of several eminent warriors of the name in foreign service. "Mac Carthymore" and "Mac Carthy," are names illustrated by some curious intimate accounts of the decline of this once mighty southern tribe; and the series of Celtic-Irish stories is completed by portraits of three notorious characters, as the duellist, "Captain Bryan Maguire," one of those hotheaded men, who, inheriting no-

thing but weapons and bravery in the use of them, gave detestable celebrity to the name of Irish gentlemen; and in "The O'Connors of Connorville," we read most amusing sketches of Roger of that ilk and his once hopeful son, Fergus, the "picturesque agitator," who led out a band of unfortunate Chartists, his admirers, almost to perish on some desert land they were to hold free and to fructify. The Anglo-Irish race, which partook of some of the higher qualities of the original children of the soil, and shared their calamities, furnish, in the vicissitudinous destinies of the Geraldines, three separate episodes. "The Desmonds," whom the learned author truly characterizes as a gifted line of nobles, give occasion for introducing the unique story of the famous old countess of this name, who saw twice the span of years ordinarily accorded to man, having lived to the age of 140! Born in 1464, she was, while yet in her teens, wedded in England to a cousin who, forty-six years afterwards, became the twelfth Earl of Desmond. As a bride, she danced with Richard of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., and her testimony to his personal appearance has been traditionally quoted in proof that he was not the misshapen creature he is described by some historians. In the last year of her protracted life, in 1604, she visited the court of James I., as an impoverished, ultra-superannuated dowager. What a volume of memoirs this modern, female Methuselah could have dictated! She had witnessed and suffered by "the fall of Desmond," which fills another chapter in this book; but was spared from seeing twined around a minion's head the ancient coronet which her and her husband's race had worn so long.

The "Island of Destiny" presents, among her many contrasts, the phenomena of numerous and extreme cases of decay from regal rank and station, with instances of extraordinary length of endurance of old families. Of these latter, it suffices to mention the Kavanaghs of Borris, whose landed property has continued in their line, during a period coequal with the Christian era; and, in the vicinity of this city, Howth and Malahide, as having been the seats of the same families for nearly seven hun-

dred years. Permanence has, however, been the exception, and loss by forfeiture, or decay, or extravagance, the rule. There is an amusing passage in a letter from Viceroy Sydney, written after visiting Connaught, describing the broken condition of some of the Norman noblesse of that province, who, under the combined action of war with the natives, and of having adopted the national customs as to property, were so impoverished, that the dozen barons who came to a court he held, could not muster half as many nags to carry them; and the Viceroy remarks that even their surnames had degenerated. St. Aubyn had become Tobin, De Bermingham was transformed, first into Mac Piers, then M'Pheoris, then Corish; St. Leger into Slegger; Nangle into McHostello, or Costello; and De Uvedale into Dowdall. Colonization had accomplished little, even four centuries after the first attempt. The island may be said to have been submerged three times by the wave of invasion, yet must certainly be considered still as a less loyal portion of the British dominions than either Wales or Scotland, which were not subjected to such deluges. In the substitution of a new landed proprietary we see the cause of the isolation of the Irish people, and, as a very minor consideration, the reason why little has been done to elucidate the history of this country, and to preserve the ruins, monumental and literary, of the ancient aristocracy. "What cared," says our author, "the Williamite for the bones of the Jacobite, or the Cromwellian for the relics of the Norman, or the Norman for those of the conquered Irish?"

In one of his chapters our King of Arms demonstrates the uses of genealogy, his favourite pursuit, the value of which to legal proceedings as to titles to property and rank, is to be added to the debts due by biography and history to this branch of knowledge. Unless its practice, however, is professional, it is too usually confined within the narrow orbit of its devotee's immediate ancestry, rarely extending, like the circle in the water, to take cosmopolitan interest in fates and fortunes, whence, as in the book before us, a moral can be pointed and a tale adorned. The passion for pedigree, in truth, has a tap-root in

the heart of every man, and generally clings, like a parasitic plant, to his family "tree." A regard to the origin and fame of ancestors has existed in all nations in the world, and most in those who depended for records upon tradition, such as our Irish Gael, because they based their choice of their kings or seigneurs upon seniority of descent. Of this common feeling a striking proof was furnished by Benjamin Franklin, a democratic republican on principle, who, while remarkable for simplicity and exemption from vanity, yet traced up his ancestors, and recorded their names and characters through a series of village peasants and mechanics for two hundred years.

The gentle science of armoury forms the theme of one of "Ulster's" essays; and it would seem to be a divine institution, or at least, was the mode of ennobling or making known the chosen people, when, according to the command to the children of Israel, on their effecting a settlement among the barbarous hordes of Canaan, every man was ordered to "pitch by his own standard, with the *ensign* of their father's house." Here we have the origin of clan cognizances, such as, with slogans, or cries of tribes, were almost the only means of discriminating friend from foe in battle during ages before national uniforms were invented. The "coat-of-arms" was also useful throughout mediæval Europe, in its hieroglyphic quality, as a technical language that appealed to the eye when men enveloped in armour could alone be recognised by some ensign, such as blazons on their surcoats and "crests" on their helmets. Of such use, under those circumstances, were these marks and tokens, that acquaintance with the emblems of illustrious houses formed part of a civilized education.

Sir George Carew, the indefatigable transcriber of Irish and Anglo-Irish pedigrees, at a time when intimate knowledge of claims and affinities in this kingdom was a part of its statecraft, gives the genealogy of the Irish branch of the Joinville family, one of whose lords was the crusading companion and biographer of St. Louis, King of France, and which itself was an offset from the Counts of Boulogne and Dukes of Lorraine, that *stemma illustrissima*, the early scions of which

were the Godfrey immortalized by Tasso, and the "kings of Jerusalem," and whose later lines were Princes of Guise and Emperors of Austria. Of this renowned stock, an English branch closed by an heiress, who became the wife of the great Mortimer, hero of the scandal with the "she-wolf of France;" while the Irish branch closed by coheiresses who were married to some principal lords of the Pale; subsequently the royal family of England quartered, through the Mortimers, the arms of this distinguished continental race, and this emblazonment, with the appearance of this coat, under other eminent circumstances, gave rise to the following curious "ancient ryme," which Carew quotes:—

"He is not worthie in court to dwell,
That knowes not the armes of Genevell."

The story of "the Prime Minister Ward" forms the most agreeable chapter of these volumes, being a well-told narrative of the rise of a Yorkshire groom, by honesty and natural abilities, to the condition of an honoured statesman and diplomatist in Italy. The hero, Thomas Ward, is presented under another name in one of Lever's cleverest novels, "The Fortunes of Glencore." Our present author, after a rapid but admirable sketch of Italian politics at the time this low-born but high-minded Englishman took a part in them, gives us his full history. His grandfather was a farm-labourer at Howden, in Yorkshire, and his father head lad in a racing stable. Being sent abroad in care of a horse, he entered a foreign nobleman's service, and subsequently became principal valet to the Duke of Lucca.

"It has been already stated that Ward had in his early years received a religious education, and that he did not fail to profit by what he had learnt. He always faithfully adhered to the Church of England. He was unlearned in doctrines, but he cultivated the fruits of sobriety, chastity, and honesty; and he regarded it as a point of duty and honour to remain faithful to the communion of the Church in which he had been born and bred. There never was a man less ambitious; greatness was thrust upon him without his either wishing for it or expecting it, and he pursued the quiet tenor of his way, always acting according to the dictates of his prudent integ-

rity and shrewd simplicity, and adopting as his motto, 'Honesty is the best and surest policy.'

"His extraordinary good sense and practical ability became gradually more and more apparent. The Duke soon began to see that his advice was good in matters far beyond the departments of his stables and his wardrobe. He accordingly consulted him in many perplexed and difficult cases as they happened to occur. And he invariably found such benefit from the advice of his new counsellor, that he began to regard him as almost infallible. Ward soon became the prime adviser in all that regarded the personal expenditure and the household economy of his master. Among the natives of Lucca the English valet was much more popular than is usually the case with the foreign favourites of princes. It was evident that he was acquiring a very great share of influence, but then it was quite as evident that he was not abusing that influence in order to compass any selfish ends. All that he did was characterized by straightforward plainness and simplicity. He never boasted of favour; it was evident that he was always entirely actuated by a desire to promote the really best interests of his master, and the people soon learnt to distinguish between his sincere downright attachment to his duties and the timeserving fawning of court parasites. As his influence increased, and as he was consulted on weightier matters, he obtained a growing esteem among the people, and 'Signor Tommaso' was one of the most popular personages in the ducal court. He never manifested the slightest wish to rise above the level of his early rank. He had married a young woman of Vienna, of excellent character, but of his own station in life, and he inhabited a neat little house in Lucca, in the vicinity of the palace. And when he was practically the keeper of the Duke's privy purse, and his adviser in some of the most important concerns, he went about his humble duties with the same modest and unassuming demeanour as when he had no other occupation than that of overlooking his master's wardrobe and arranging his toilette. The knowledge that he possessed on the subject of horses gained for him a considerable amount of influence. He became superintendent of the ducal stud, and almost every year he made journeys to his native Yorkshire, in order to purchase fine English horses. On such occasions he never omitted to visit his father and his old grandfather and uncles at Howden."

In course of time, the Duke's embarrassed condition, both financially and politically, received such inva-

luable services from the searching and straightforward conduct of his faithful and attached servant, that the Prince bestowed on him the office of Minister of Finance, and created him a Baron. Combining the astuteness special to his native county, with integrity and directness of purpose, Ward, if not a "heaven-born minister," was an excellent type of English diplomatists; first seeing what was the right point, and then going straight to it. The following extract of a letter to his father, from Florence, 12th January, 1848, allows us to see the writer's character through his own plain words:—

"And now I am settling the liquidation betwixt the Duke of Parma and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and I have four secretaries and ten writers at this present moment here, at Florence, under my direction, to get done as quickly as possible, as the Duke of Parma wishes me to take part in his government there. However, I shall retire, if possible; I have had enough of this life. They will finish me with fatigue; I have not a moment's rest, and have much to fear for my health, as really I feel I cannot go on this way. I thought it necessary just to give you a sketch of my past life, not for vanity's sake. I am, and I hope God will maintain me so, always the same, nothing has altered in me; only I feel burthened by what many envy me for possessing. In it, law and honour will be my guide through life. Though humble, God has raised me above many thousands that sneered upon me. But he has likewise blessed me with a noble mind, and I feel his blessing in all that I do. My path is straightforward, and here they call it talent."

After the Revolution of 1848, Ward retired to Brighton, where he was visited by Metternich—the *facile princeps* of continental diplomacy—and who, appreciating the simple Englishman's natural talents and honourable successes, greeted him as a "heaven-born diplomatist." The ingratitude of the people of Parma was the signal for Baron Ward's retirement to those occupations which were his original destination, but from which he had so strangely been raised to fill the position of a statesman. Taking a large farm, near Vienna, he spent his few last years in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, and died in 1858, at the age of forty-nine, leaving a memorable example, how integ-

rity, talent, and courage, can raise a man from a low position to stand before kings, and widely renowned as an honour to his native country.

Sir Bernard Burke, as author of the "Extinct Peerage," discovers one of the causes of the collapse of our most eminent families in that part of the law of inheritance, which, in the absence of direct male heirs, allows the estate to pass to an heiress, while the title devolves on a collateral line, devoid of wealth and education. In other words, the property goes out of the family, and the dignity falls to a branch incapable of supporting it. For this severance of an estate from a title, the law could not provide a remedy, without interfering, improperly, with the existing private power over property. The choice, whether land shall be entailed or bequeathed to male or female heirs, should be left a matter of family arrangement. On this latter question, Dr. Johnson gave his opinion strongly and humorously in favour of excluding daughters in the case of long descended estate. "But," said he, "if the land is recently bought, you may leave it to the dog Towzer, and let him keep his own name." People talk of "entail laws," as if they compelled entail, whereas they were framed to restrain it within due bounds. In the belief of the majority, who follow the custom of entailing, it is one of the foundations of the country's welfare. Certainly, the permanence of English society is attributable to the national law of primogeniture. A short time since, in one of the admirable leaders of the *Times*, this subject was most ably discussed:—

"It matters not," says the journalist, "how or where we got our patriarchal traditions, but they are deep in the blood, and centuries would not wear them out. The whole of a family conspire to create a head. Temporary inconvenience may betray itself in murmurs, but all naturally fall into the hereditary arrangement. The childless leave the property generally to the one who can best keep up the family. They feel it safest and most profitable to invest what they leave in the eldest son of the eldest. Experience amply confirms the wisdom of this course. The eldest son keeps up the place; makes his house the general rendezvous; sustains the social consideration of the family; links it with other families, equal or higher in the social scale;

in a word, fights the life battle of his race. He is the chief. His one name has more influence than twenty smaller ones. If the juniors of his race have less than their deserts, their deserts are measured by his position, and their inferiority to him is their strong, though silent, claim to a share in the prizes of life. When it is objected that the estate is settled on the elder, and the younger are thrown upon the public institutions of the country, that expresses a universal fact; but the fact is, the younger get, what they do get, by the aid of the elder, and by the effect of his position. Instead of the estate being frittered away in subdivisions, its concentration makes it the nucleus of increase. The vitality of the seed is uninjured; it germinates, and bears fruit. Thus, small families become great. Were it once the custom to divide landed property as soon as it had been got together, it would never be collected. Nobody would buy out every smaller man about him, at an extravagant price, to make a property for the mere pleasure of dividing it neatly in his will, or leaving his sons to do so. Yet, that great estates are better than small ones, both for agriculture, for social improvement, and for the political balance of the country, will hardly be questioned by any one who gives one candid thought to the subject. If churches, schools, roads, farm-buildings, cottages, and drainage, are to be done, it is of little use to look to small proprietors, still less to those who are obliged to live just on a fourth, or a tenth, of the income enjoyed by their fathers."

The principle of primogeniture in fact, is stability, while that of partition is division. At the same time we entertain no bigoted prejudices that could prevent us from acknowledging that the prayer, *esto perpetuum*, should never be transformed into the shape of laws for perpetuating either particular families or dynasties. The elastic freedom Britons enjoy in this respect is one of the best parts of their general liberty. The institutions of their country do not, indeed, admit of a Bonaparte rising to empire, or of a Lincoln obtaining the highest office in the State; yet less barriers than exist in France oppose themselves to a man capable of elevation in British society, the manners of which, moreover, admit of more calm and real enjoyment of its various dignities than is possible in the Transatlantic Republic. While high birth retains its due value, this con-

sideration is held insignificant compared with great personal merit. An examination of the British Peerage-book will show that the House of Lords has been recruited without regard to ancestry, though, at the same time, the honour of admission to that assembly is enhanced by the circumstance that it contains men of the most illustrious lineage. Uninformed persons sometimes speak as if it were an exclusive, antique, feudal caste; but the bulk of the peerage is composed of comparatively modern titles, which have been acquired, for the most part, in the profession of the law, in the military, naval, and civil service of the Crown, and, to a large extent, by rising from the ranks of industry. Some of these latter instances furnish striking examples of that energy of character which enabled the founders of those titles to raise their posterity to hereditary permanent wealth and rank; and the accomplishment of this result, to which our laws sanction and favour, was, in all likelihood, their strongest incentive. In fact, the peerage has received continual accessions in an eminently commercial country, where every fifty years has, by developing some vast source of riches, seen a new and powerful class rise up. First, the Turkey merchants, then the planters enriched in the West Indies, and then the nabobs of the East, who mostly merged in the squirearchy or lordship of their native land. The enormous contracts and expenditure of succeeding wars created the loan-mongers; the application of steam and science to industry developed the manufacturers, and enriched ship-owners and merchants; and the vast railway works have increased the great and still growing class of capitalists, most of whom have, in turn, aspired to take well-merited place among the landed aristocracy. The transfers in England during the first half of the present century, the comparatively larger in Scotland, and superlatively vast in this country, prove how extensively the soil is put up for sale; and we believe we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that any capitalist who may prefer the smaller per-centage land renders to either the high profits of speculation or early returns from the funds, can select to invest in the purchase of an

estate in any county in the three kingdoms that pleases him best. Such being the freedom of the British soil, how are we to understand orators who harangue about the evils of the existence of "feudal laws and tenures" in Great Britain? If they know what they mean by these terms, we do not. Excepting a very few estates feudally held—such as those settled by the nation on Marlborough and Wellington—every landed property is liable to alienation; and there is neither legal nor conventional barrier raised against the admission of a man of the people into the highest circle of the aristocracy.

It has often been remarked, that the nearer a country is to the capital—whether London, Dublin, or Edinburgh—the less lasting are its landed families, because its proximity to a centre of luxury draws the aristocracy into a vortex of expense, which sometimes engulphs the unguarded. Quaint old Fuller illustrates this action of a metropolis by the fable of the contest between the sun and the wind, which first should force the traveller to put off his clothes. The heat of the sun soon made him part with them, while the wind had only caused him to wrap them the closer round him. "This," observed he, "is moralized in our English gentry. Such as live near London in the warmth of wealth, and plenty of pleasures, quickly strip themselves of their estates; whilst the gentry living on the confines of Scotland in the wind of war, buckled their lands, like their armour, the closer unto them, and since have no less thriftily defended their patrimonies in peace than formerly maintained them in war." Happy for the social fabric of the three countries has been the freedom with which wealth newly made in counting-houses frequently supplanted ancient but decaying families. The aim of prosperous traders to settle their posterities in honourable and permanent positions in the neighbourhood of the cities where the accumulations were made, has probably acted as the strongest motive for making those accumulations. But the two processes of sale and purchases are continual, particularly within widening circles round the capitals; and the instances, near Edinburgh, in which families, raised to

wealth in the first generation, launched into ruinous expense in the second, and disappeared in the third, have been so numerous, that this social revolution was hitched into a proverb: "The grandsire digs, the father bigs, the son thigs," or, in ordinary parlance, the grandfather worked and made a fortune, the father built a fine house, and the son, "an unthrifty heir of Linne," took, when lands and goods were gone and spent, to thieving. Merchants are proverbially princes to-day and beggars to-morrow; and so long as the genius for speculation is exercised by a mercantile family, this talent, which gave them landed property, may deprive them of it, unless the prudent step of settling and entailing be taken by each succeeding heir. Such an act is a deed of insurance in favour of posterity, a fortification against extravagance. When omitted, there is no safeguard for the permanent prosperity of even the highest noble family;—

"And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's
delight,
Slides to a scrivener, or a city knight."

It was because the Duke was proud that the favourite seat of this vain-glorious Villiers passed into other hands: pride in extreme preceding his fall, and giving place to humble and honest industry. As our author shows in his chapter, called "The Doom of Buckingham," a singular fatality has attended every family that has borne this title. Our own day has witnessed the sale of much of the estates of Richard Plantagenet Nugent-Grenville-Temple, the late wearer of this ducal coronet, proving that the possession of a princely revenue is no security against running into the real poverty of debt. The vast treasures of art and literature collected at Stow, one of the finest show-places in England, have been sold and scattered, and the splendid seat itself—

"How chang'd! Those oaks that tower'd
so high,
Dismember'd, stript, extended lie."

Allegorically viewed, this has been the fate of innumerable proud families. But while those oaks of the British forest of society have fallen, other stems have risen in their place, and gradually taken rank among the old timber of the land.

AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THAT bloody field was won. The first cares had been given to the wounded, the last offices to the dead. In bestowing the former, on the field itself and in the camp-hospital, Max Gervinus had won golden opinions. He was voted as fine a fellow in his own way as the Serene hussar in his, whose cool and intrepid bearing on the General's staff had been the admiration of the army.

A group of those whom the fresh-hearted though fiery veteran delighted to call "his boys," were clustered in and about his tent, bringing reports or taking orders, recalling the incidents of the terrible day and commenting upon the gossip of the camp. The German medico was hail-fellow with them all, as might be gathered from the frequent interpellations addressed to "Max, my boy."

"I say, Max, old fellow, is it true that his Serenity was hit by a spent matchlock ball?"

"You, Max, there, the chief wants the return of the Borderer's surgeon. Brigadier Blunt says it was given to you to put in. Hand it over."

"Lend us a whiff of your meersch-chaum, Max, if not in immediate use. My stomach's had fighting enough for one bout, and craves the calumet of peace."

"Max, my boy," said Captain Annesley, "the General wants to know whether you saw that mad thing of Locksley's with Paddy O'Brien. Some one said you could tell him all about it. Come along in then, and let him have it."

"Yes, mine General," answered the young German to the question, when once more put to him inside the tent, "I have seen this ride-and-arms-feat of Mr. Locksley and the Irish officer. It was herrlich, very fine, to see. There was a mass of Beloochs behind one great dry river-bank. They had—how do you say?—scarped it, and made almost a fort. In front was the old river-bed, like a deep dry ditch, along which it must be marched to attack. In once place, the opposite bank which falls everywhere

else away makes a kind of promontory, a narrow platform hanging over the Beloochs, with a broad gap, I think you call it, and a very high drop. Two infantry-companies will storm the bank, coming along the river-course, under the old Brigadier-Colonel, with name Blunt, I believe. Mr. Locksley had his men dismounted, a little way from our bank, waiting for the Colonel Pattle's orders. It were two wounded, and I did for them as I could. Mr. O'Brien rode up on a fine gray horse. They shake hands. By-and-by Mr. Locksley shows him the infantry advancing along the dry torrent. Then he points out the platform and says something. O'Brien laughed, and answered how I could not quite understand; something about a boy of soup: no, not soup, the other word, eh?"

"Said he was a broth of a boy?" perhaps, suggested Annesley, amidst general laughter.

"Ah, yes; just so, mine General, he said he was a boy of broth; then they both spoke with that old one-eyed horseman, Nusredden."

"They asked for three volunteers. All the squadron would go."

"Mr. Locksley said there was no room for more to ride. They fix their saddles and take rank. Mr. Locksley, on his red horse, at the widest place; then Mr. O'Brien, Nusredden, and the three Rajpoots. Just when the infantry column reached the redoubt-bank, Mr. Locksley cried 'charge!' Mr. O'Brien 'hurroo!' and the troopers 'wallah!' It is not to believe how they rushed and sprung the cliff over. I ran on foot to the edge and saw them fallen in one plump among the Beloochs. With that the infantry made an effort to crown the parapet. It opened all for them. Good Himmel! that was a thing to see!"

"A daring deed, sir!" said the chief, with kindling eye. "The fruit of combination of character in war. A crack-brained Irish adjutant of infantry, a sober Englishman—half-Quaker some one said—and four bold

riders of Mussulman horse! How many killed and wounded?"

"One sowar of each," answered Annesley. "Paddy O'Brien has broken his right collar-bone, and the one-eyed Jemadar has an ugly gash on the forehead, but not dangerous."

"Did nothing happen to Locksley then, himself?"

"Not a scratch; but his horse was killed."

"What, that vicious chestnut?" asked some one. "He was a fine brute."

Even so. Poor Abool Harg's carcase feasted the Scindian vultures; and, soon after Hyderabad was fought, the rising waters swept his bones away. Before that second day of Scindian slaughter, the prize which he had helped to win for his master, the black Kattiwaree, had a busy time of it. Now scouring the Shikargahs to dislodge lurking bodies of the Ameer's cavalry, now riding long and dangerous stretches almost across the line of Shere Mohamed's army, to communicate with reinforcements on the march from above.

Ned had scarcely a day unoccupied of all the month and more which intervened between the two great fights. His Serenity had a lazy fit, a subjective-philosophical being's-phase, as he would have it, after the hot struggle at Meeanee; lying upon a divan in Hyderabad itself, imbibing such cool drinks as were procurable, and making a moonshee read the Shastras with him. Max was free to ride up and down with the Trans Nerbuddahs, and availed himself of the privilege to the utmost. Spite of the reverence wherewith the One-eyed looked upon a "hakeem" of the Fer-inghees, that grim swordsman beheld him with a suspicion, which even the success of his styptics on his tulwar-cut could not remove at first. The dried herbs, the corked beetles, the skinned snakes, and the bottled lizards, seemed to point to nefarious arts. Nusreddeen, with some hesitation, as if treading consciously on delicate ground, went so far as to ask of his commander, whether it was for fear or favour that the Sahib-log got on such easy terms with magicians like that young hakeem, and whether he, the commandant, was not in nightly fear of afreets, with such a brother of evil spirits to sleep in the tent with him.

But a scuffle which took place in an out-lying village, one fine evening, stopped all his scruples. Max was no Centaur—your central German rarely is—but he had been president and champion of a sword-club, at his own university. It was all the worse, therefore, for the Lugaree tribesman who set upon him, that he was afoot and armed with a straight German blade. At least it would have been, but for Max's perfect good-humour, who contented himself with slicing his adversary's wrist, making him drop his tulwar like a live coal.

His quick and quiet skill won the sword-grinder's heart. Magician or not, such a performer with the weapon was thenceforth secure of his admiration and esteem.

But now Major Stack's column, from Muttaree, had effected its perilous junction. Upwards from Kurachee, downwards from Sukkur, the flotillas, which brought reinforcements by the Indus, had all safely reached head-quarters. Five thousand fighting men were under arms in the British camp outside Hyderabad. Man and beast were resting to gain vigour for the coming shock.

Spite of all means and appliances against the scorching heat, the thermometer had stood at 130° in Brigadier Blunt's tent that day. It was now cooler: moisture from the river rising towards sundown abated the fiery breath of Indian day.

Ned and Max were both in the old soldier's tent. The former in Sybaritic luxury, stretched out on two bullock-trunks, the latter in a camp-chair skinning a lizard with a pen-knife. The Brigadier was absent, in attendance upon the chief, who was giving his final directions. When he came in, he unbuttoned his uniform coat and threw it across the tent towards his bed. His little book dropt out. Max, with ready good-nature, jumped off his chair to pick it up. His eye caught the writing on the fly-leaf.

"Pardon me, mine Brigadier. Dare I then ask you where you became—ah, I always make that mistake—I mean where you did get this little book?"

"I took it from a dead man's hand upon the field of Waterloo."

"Dare I then look at it again?"

"By all means. What strikes you,

Max, about it? I believe the little manual is common enough in Germany."

"Yes; but this handwriting, this name of Gretli Steiner! Tell me, mine Brigadier, do you remember what for a man that was from whom you took it."

"A strapping fine fellow. A death's-head Brunswicker."

"Ah, then, the book was her's. My good Aunt Grettel! How wonderful is this!"

There was a quaver in Max's voice as he gave way to this exclamation, and something very like a tear in his big blue eye.

Ned sat bolt upright on the bullock-trunks to stare at him, and the warbeaten features of the old Brigadier were troubled.

"My good aunt, Grettel. Yes! That was her love, her life, that death's-head Brunswicker. Her bride-clothes were made when he must join the regiment. She never wore them till they put her in her coffin, not five years back. I saw her lie dressed out in them. She was just as my mother, was Aunt Grettel. My mother died before I can remember. You will forgive me, mine Brigadier!"

And the big round drops, for which he tendered his apology, came brimming over. Neither elder nor younger soldier found a word. So Max laid down the book and took to skinning the lizard again, opening out his heart to the two stranger-comrades whose silence carried sympathy.

"Yes, my mother died; so did my father; so did, later, my little sister Lieschen. But Marguerite Steiner, Gretli, as you say, Maggy, my mother's sister, she did nurse, and feed, and educate me. Ah, that was an heaven's woman, Aunt Grettel! So still, and thin, and white; but then so liebensvoll—what is it? such loving heart.

"One day when I was a spitz bube, a little fool-boy, eh? I asked her so: 'Aunt Grettel, why have you no husband like Frau Mandelheim, your friend, or Frau Tischling, the pastor's wife, or the other ladies whom we know?"

"'I had one, my brave Max,' she said, 'but the Father in heaven wanted his life for the fatherland on earth, and I must spare him; so he

went to the war and came to me therefrom never more.'

"She counted him her husband, you see, because they were vertraut, promised, engaged; but not yet married. She had a picture of him in a black frame, with a little silver skull and cross-bones. It hung over a little Dresden vase, which one of his sisters had given her. No flowers but the myosotis were ever put in it. You call that in English, as we do, the 'Forget-mine-not,' eh?"

The lizard was skinned by this time. Max rose and went out, saying, "I will rub in arsenic-soap."

Ned stretched himself upon the bullock-trunks again. The Brigadier sat in his camp chair, with the Brunswicker's book open at the place where the bloodspot rusted. After a long pause, he said—

"Max must have it. My use of it is out."

"He is too good a fellow," answered Ned, "to deprive you of what you have used so well, and prized so long."

"That may be. But a man must make restitution before he closes his accounts. I shall not carry this book into the field to-morrow."

"Don't say so, Brigadier. I'm sure Max would be very sorry"—

"It's the ould one-eyed Jimadhar would have word of Misther Locksley, yer 'onour, outside," said Molony, appearing with a salute at the veteran's elbow.

"I thought we had been too long quiet," observed his younger comrade, buckling on his sword, and offering his hand to the old Colonel.

"Good night, if I should'nt see you again."

"Good night, my dear good fellow. God in heaven bless you. Good night, Ned;" and he wrung his hand with an unusual force.

"Meanin' no offence, yer 'onour," ventured Molony, as Ned passed out from the tent; "it's yerself would maybe spake a word for uz to the Ordnance Sthorekeeper?"

"What on earth do you want of him, Corporal?"

"Sarjint, plase yer 'onour. And its thanks to yerself it is."

The corporal had won his promotion where Aboul Harg's bones lay bleaching.

"I'm heartily glad to hear it,"

Locksley said. "But what do you want of the Storekeeper?"

"Iv he'ud plase to sarve uz out stout umberellas apiece, it might be useful to uz Light Borderers."

"What? For the sun? It won't rain to-morrow, Sergeant, you may take your affidavit."

"Ah now, yer'onour, maybe t'would rain 'irrigular khavilry?' Sure an' it did the last time! Worse than 'cats and dogs, and pitchforks.' By the same token, thim's the marks of yer iligant hunter's hoof on me schako."

He tendered the head-piece for closer inspection. Both laughed heartily.

"A miss is as good as a mile, Sergeant, so good night to ye," said Ned, rejoining Nusreddeen, and making with him for the quarters of the Trans-Nerbuddahs.

Their place in the next day's line was on the British left, in support of Leslie's dashing horse-artillery. Thus, when the cavalry of that wing came scrambling twice across the Fullaillee river, through the scrubby jungle on its farther banks, and with spurs deep in their horses' sides, clearing the nullahs in front of the village of Dubba, they were among the foremost of the reckless chargers who forced their way into its outskirts, among houses carefully loopholed and swarming with matchlock men.

The contemplation-phase of his Serenity had fled with the shrill bugle-call that had forewarned the dawn of that fierce encounter. He and his little suite, Max in the midst of them, were at that crisis well up with Ned and his leading sowars. An abbatis of trees and prickly bush checked, however, their headlong assault in one of the village lanes. Max and his Highness were out of the saddle as quickly as Ned himself and the most active of his horsemen, tearing away with frantic energy at the provoking obstacle. On their left, they could hear the tramping gallop, and victorious cry of the squadrons who had ridden clear of this entangling lane; on their right, the crash of musketry, the mingled roar and shriek of grim and desperate contest kept ever increasing. But the surging tide of Napier's war was rolling back the forces of the enemy. Red-coated Sepoys came swarming over the mud-

walls and joined themselves to the troopers in the effort to clear the way. Ned thought that one of them had hailed himself as "Locksley Sahib!" with a shout of exultation. The sticks and branches at his corner were almost cleared. He was trying to coax the Kattiwaree, who had turned shy and restive, across a fallen trunk, too heavy to be lifted. At that instant there was a cry of "Allah! Allah! Deen! Deen!" and a band of devoted fanatics, sworn to die in massacring the infidel, rushed out of a dwelling-house immediately at hand. His back was turned and his sword dangling at his wrist. Nothing could have saved him, but the devoted sacrifice of the strange Sepoy, who had shouted out his name. The lad—he was a mere boy, indeed, and wore a drummer's uniform—without attempting any stroke in self-defence, sprang with outstretched arms between the English officer and his assailants, whose tulwars gashed his body with a dozen cruel wounds. Locksley was untouched, but the blades of the sword-grinder and of his troopers were already red with vengeance on the "Ghazees" that would have slain their leader.

"Max! In the name of mercy, see to this poor lad for me. I must push on."

At the word, he was in the saddle again, and galloping forward with his men.

Some of the camp followers, who already scented victory and possible plunder, were not far off. His Highness, who like the rest there present, had seen the boy's admirable devotion, and who was generous as becomes a man of his rank, bribed them with promise of a handful of rupees, to sling a sort of impromptu dhoolie and bear him to the rear as soon as Max had done all that he might upon the spot, to secure him against bleeding to death of his ghastly wounds.

The villages and lanes beyond Dubba, with the nullahs which had been vain to protect it were gorged with dead and dying. The tent-pitchers, therefore, grass-cutters, sycees, and the like, received orders to encamp almost upon the ground which the army had occupied before the action began. When Ned returned thither, some four or five hours afterwards, he found his tent-bed occupied by the wounded

drummer, in close attendance on whom sat Max Gervinus.

"Shall you save him, Max?"

He shook his head doubtfully.

"Is he sensible?"

"I can hardly say. He lies so very still."

But the boy hearing voices, though he knew no English, turned towards them; and seeing Ned, said in Hindustani, audibly, though feebly—

"You will bear me witness, Sahib, I have paid the debt."

"What debt, my brave boy? It is I owe you one, that will be hard to pay. You gave your life for mine."

"What a father owes, a son owes," answered the lad, with a shiver, that Max noted anxiously.

Ned had no notion of his meaning; but the words smote with strange familiarity upon his ear. They carried him back in instantaneous vision into the by-gone time, far away from the scorched plain of slaughter. His own father, Robert Locksley, trod the green lawn from Cransdale House towards the Lodge, and he himself, a curly-headed boy, went side by side with him, watching the play of sunlight between the waving outspread of the cedars, and uttering the same words which had fallen from the bleaching lips of the dark Hindoo lad.

"Promise me, Sahib," he resumed, "that you will let my father know."

"Who is your father, my dear boy? Where does he live? And tell me exactly what you would have him know."

"Let him know that I saved from the Ghazees the Sahib who treated him like a brother Christian."

Then little by little the story was gathered.

The lad's father was the man whose master had mocked at his profession of faith before assembled guests, and whose hand Ned Locksley, by a generous impulse, had taken in his own with honour.

The young ensign's name had been thenceforth a household word of joy and pride with him. When the regiment, in the band of which the lad was drummer, was ordered upon service, Panjerah, who had contrived to learn that Ned was now a commandant of horse, had charged his son most solemnly to find out Locksley Sahib, properly of the Bombay

Europeans, and to prove his gratitude by word or deed.

Nobly had he done his father's bidding. Poor lad! He said he was a Christian, too, in answer to Ned's questioning upon the point. "Not such a good one as my father, Sahib!" Ned would not tell him, fearful of misleading a soul fast ebbing out of life, how splendid a confirmation his own action was of the Great Master's word: that there are "last which shall be first." Yet he spoke to him of that Great Master—spoke of him as the Pardoner—spoke of him as the Captain of Salvation; and so the name of names was on the lips of the boy-hero when, before midnight, his last syllable was breathed.

Day had scarcely broken when Locksley left his tent again. Outside, crouching over a camp fire with the One-eyed, sat the Irish sergeant. A grasscutter had just thrown on an armful of dry canes, which blazed up red and glaring. The sergeant rose and saluted. By his countenance, Ned knew that his tidings were heavy.

"I hope to Heaven the Brigadier is not hurt, Molony?"

"Niver was a sweeter corpse to look upon, yer' honour," was the too significant answer.

Strange to say, no hint of the calamity had reached the younger officer in hurried sentences exchanged with comrades, yesterday, on the return from arduous pursuit. The shock was great, even to nerves strung for such sights and sounds as soldiers face with manliest resolution.

"Lord rist his sowl!" said the Irishman; "he was a grand soldhier, inthirely. 'Tis a bitter black day for the Queen's Light Borderers!"

"Not a man in this army will dispute it, Sergeant. Where was he hit?"

"Behind the right ear yer' honour. He marched up a big bank, and looked over as cool as a cowcumber. 'Quick wid yez, boys,' he ses, 'it's full o' thim!' They let fly their matchlocks, and back he fell, dead, amongst us, the sowl."

"Where is he, Sergeant?"

"In his own tint, shure, laid out bheautiful."

Ned followed him, and found what the Irish soldier thus insisted on, quite true. The expression was painless, almost smiling, not defiantly, as some younger warrior might smile at

death in battle, but quietly and wistfully, as a veteran might smile on the brave lads whom he was calling up the deadly steep. The quick and tender penetration of the Celt had read it right.

"Shure, that was his look always, yer 'onour, whin the rigiment had its work cut out for it. Sorra the Cornel iver loved his boys betther."

The genuine warmth with which he spoke, thawed for a moment the reserve of British discipline. Ned laid his hand on Molony's shoulder, and said:

"You are a fine fellow, Sergeant. An officer may be proud to lead such lads."

"Faix it was foiner than gittin a meddhal, Mither Macpherson," was his own commentary on the condescension, when talking it-over with the Scotchman, later.

At the time, however, he only made a formal military salute, taking out of his inner breast-pocket a large square paper, inscribed by the Brigadier's own hand—For Edward Locksley, Esq., Bombay Europeans, Commanding Trans-Nerbuddah Irregular Horse.

When the seal was broken, Ned found it to contain a small packet of documents and vouchers, tied with red tape; a paper marked, "my will," and a note, with his own name upon it.

DEAR NED,

I have got "the route" this evening, and do not look to march back from the field to-morrow. Tell Max I shall give his love to Grettel and the Brunswicker, if, as I hope and believe, I come across them in those quiet cantonments. I have neither chick nor child, brother nor sister, so I do no man injustice in leaving you my goods and chattels, pay and

prize money; partly for your grandfather's sake, still more for your own. Cox and Co. are the regimental agents, and know all about my affairs. You'll find them in strict order, I believe. Good-by, Ned, and God bless you.

Your old friend,

JOHN BLUNT,
Brigadr. Col.-Comd. Q. L. R.

Under this touching proof of personal affection Ned broke down, threw himself into the camp-chair, and fairly sobbed. The sergeant, with innate delicacy, stepped out forthwith, leaving him alone with the dear old Brigadier.

By-and-by came officers of the Light Borderers, whom imperative necessities had hitherto kept absent. Few enough they were to discharge the most urgent military duties on the morrow of a fight, in whose thickest and deadliest fray the flower of their admirable regiment had gone down before the scythe of Death. Not knowing what scant time might be theirs for formalities or ceremony, the will was opened in their presence. It was, as Ned's letter announced, a simple declaration that the old Colonel left him his universal legatee, with charge to let each regimental officer have some useful keepsake from his campaigning kit, and to restore the Brunswicker's prayer-book to Max Gervinus, with fifty guineas to buy a mourning ring. Soon after, came the Chief himself, to take a last look at his old Peninsular comrade, and to provide that the victorious army should honour his burial with such military pomp as the short halting time allowed. For infantry drums were already rolling, whilst bugles called the troopers to indefatigable advance.

CHAPTER XXV.

"WHAT'S all that signalling from the Admiralty flag-staff?" asked Lord Royston of his secretary. "Fleet not going to sea just yet again?"

"Oh, dear no! It's the mail from Alexandria. Broken a shaft or something, and the Admiral ordering out the Firebrand to fetch her in."

It was early in the autumn. Furious equinoctial gales had swept the

Mediterranean; but its purple waves dash laughter after tempest against the glowing rock of Malta.

The government of that dependency was an office scarcely compatible with the position to which the former Under-Secretary of State had risen. But the home authorities had begged of him to undertake the introduction of certain changes and reforms, which

would come with fuller grace from a statesman having occupied a seat in the Cabinet. Lady Royston, moreover, was a little anxious about the health of her third child—another Constance—and had thrown her whole influence into the scale of accepting a charge, which, without relinquishment of public duty, would secure a winter under a southern sky. The request and the determination had alike been sudden. Ned Locksley, standing with Max Gervinus on the paddle-box, to make out with a spy-glass what craft came dashing out to meet them from Valetta, had little thought towards what meeting H.M. steam-sloop *Firebrand* was come to tow him. As little had Lady Royston and her husband of what friend the brokendown “overland” was bringing to the Palazzo; for Ned’s run home was unexpected and unannounced.

The Scindian sun had stricken him down one day on his return to Hyderabad, from a successful raid upon the robber tribes. Nusredden had carried him at once into the city, where Max was still in attendance upon the German prince. Bled in both arms, he had a short sharp struggle for life, and won it. But the British medical officers joined with Max in forbidding him from getting too soon into the saddle again. The Chief himself, who took much interest in him, was peremptory. He, indeed, it was who insisted upon, rather than suggested, a short trip home. A steamer of the Hon. Company’s Navy was at Kurrachee, in which his Serene Highness was to have passage with his suite to Suez. There they would fall in with the mail. What could fit better? As for the *Trans-Nerbudahs*, O’Brien, who was long since about again, should have temporary command, for which, his performance in their company at Meeanee had shown him to have considerable dispositions. At Alexandria, the Prince embarked in an Austrian man-of-war for Trieste. Max, who had now fulfilled his charge, accepted Locksley’s pressing invitation to accompany himself to England, by way of Malta and Gibraltar.

The “*Oriental*,” which had brought them to the island, had left Egypt with a clean bill of health. She was no sooner, therefore, moored in the still harbour of the quarantine, than

“free pratique” was granted, and her passengers might disembark.

As they landed at the *Marsa-Mussette*, and strolled up the broad stone steps, a great printed sheet of paper, headed by the Queen’s Arms, and pasted against a side wall, was noticed by Max Gervinus.

“Let me see, mine good fellow, what for a government’s proclamation is that?”

But as soon as Ned’s eye rested on it, the signature at the bottom drew his attention.

“Royston! Royston! Malta, September the third, Royston, and no Christian name! It must be his!”

“Whose, mine good fellow? Whose what?”

“His signature. The Governor’s—whom I take to be an old acquaintance.”

“Bravo then!” added Max. “We shall have fallen well, with friends at Court, till the steamer mends her machine.”

At the hotel in the *Strada Reale* the landlord at once removed all doubt.

“Yes, Lord Royston—the same who was member of the Cabinet, now represented her Majesty in Malta. It was six weeks since he came out. Lady Royston and their illustrious family were also here.”

Being the man he was, Locksley’s impatience to see Lady Royston was quite healthy. The true and tender memories of boyhood were what he longed to look for on her noble countenance—not the false dreams, however tender, of his youth.

Within two hours he presented himself at the Palazzo.

“His lordship was engaged with the members of the municipality. Her ladyship was at home, but this was not an usual hour of reception.”

On his card he wrote in pencil—“Half-way home to Cransdale.”

“Her ladyship might, perhaps, waive her rule for once.”

The gilt ceiling of the grand saloon in which the servant left him was emblazoned with the eight-pointed cross of Malta. Its walls held full-length portraits of Grand-masters who had here swayed the power of the sovereign order of St. John. Their histories had often been of kin to his. Some clouds upon the rosy skies of youthful fancy, some lining of those darkling vapours with redder glare of

warlike longings, had oftentimes first sent such men as these into a willing exile. He, like them, had heard the war-cry of the unbeliever. He too, upon a tilting field of desert sand, had felt sword clash with scimitar. He, too, had uttered other law than the mere shout of soldierly command. And he, too, amidst poor, wild, out-cast men, had found occasion for deeds of charity such as would not ill have graced the Brethren of the Hospital. His spirit was in sympathy with much of what the canvas showed upon their manly features. Yet, was it not beguiled of that strong tedium, foretaste of time's expansion into eternity, which makes each moment infinite when our waiting mood is not of listlessness, but of intensity.

At last she came. In grander and more touching royalty than even that of sweet and stately maidenhood. Either hand held the fairy fingers of a little daughter, and before her ran a bold and handsome boy.

"See, children! Here's dear uncle Ned."

With that she dropped the tiny soft fingers in her own, and seized the sinewy sun-burnt hands of the brave Indian officer.

So sisterly the light was, which beamed welcome, full and strong, upon him from her kind eyes, that they seemed open windows whence all the dear familiar faces smiled on his return—Robert's and Lucy's, Lady Cransdale's and dear old Phil's, as well.

"Uncle Ned, mamma! Kind uncle Ned, so good to the wild people; and who built them villages?" Such was the question of her eldest daughter, Catherine.

But Reginald, the eldest-born, cried out—

"What! our brave uncle Ned, who killed the wicked robber that chopped the children's hands off? Hooray! mamma."

"Constance," said Lady Royston, "what uncles do you pray 'God bless' at night, dear child?"

"Why, uncle Phil and uncle Ned, of course, mamma."

"You hear, Ned, I have kept my word, and not forgotten that I have two brothers."

Not one word came. He only pressed her taper hands; but let them loose at last, and stooped to kiss the children.

"Mother," asked Reggy, as if "mamma" were womanish, "how soon shall I have a big beard, like his?"

But little Constance said—

"It's not so *very* like the ugly giant's in my picture-book."

Then their pent-up feeling found issue in kindly laughter at the little maid's left-handed compliment. She was in his lap, however, and Reggy at his knee, and even Catherine, more shy in elder girlhood, standing with one arm on the back of the great easy-chair in which he sat, when presently Lord Royston came in, to wonder who might be the stranger treated so familiarly. The chorus of childish trebles solved the momentary enigma.

"Here's uncle Ned, papa—the uncle we have never seen—from India!"

"Ned Locksley, Royston," said their mother. "Don't you recognise him?"

Her husband gave him hearty greeting. His was not among those smaller souls which nurse a grudge against the loser of the priceless prize which they themselves have won. And if an imperceptible confusion troubled Ned's acceptance of his cordiality, that was because the younger man was strong enough of heart not easily to pardon unforgotten faults within himself. This slight disturbance was but for an instant. Lord of Rookham and kinsman of Cransdale, before his marriage with the lovely daughter of its house, Lord Royston had no scanty share in the old associations springing up, faster than even winged words could follow, in conversation fraught with memories, between his wife and Ned. No need of effort, therefore, to keep off that awkwardness which checks the flow of old remembered household talk, by times, when mates of childhood and of early youth meet in the unaccustomed presence of those with whom their later years have mated closer still. The charm of that first hour's intercourse was perfect and unbroken; sudden and unexpected to a marvel, yet unrestrained and easy with the accustomed ease of home.

"Indeed, you are at home, Ned, if Con's privilege may be mine, to give old Cransdale names again. Let me send for your things at once. The broken shaft will take some days to mend, I hear; and there is even talk of turning over passengers and mails to the next boat from Gibraltar."

"And that's the boat by which his cousin comes, if he should come at all," cried Lady Royston. "His dropping from the clouds among us after this sort, had driven that out of my mind entirely."

Then followed explanations. Keane Burkitt, it appeared, had written word that they need not be startled should the next packet from Southampton bring himself to Malta. Besides certain matters of importance to the finance of Rookenhams, there were political matters touching my lord's free and independent borough of Cawsley, on which he should be glad to confer personally with my lord, a general election being now most certainly at hand. Moreover, he had been much worked of late; and even Mrs. Burkitt was anxious for him to take the sea trip, though it would part them for a month or two.

"Of course you'll stay for him then, and return together. Are they expecting you at home?"

"How should they be? I came away at eight and forty hours' notice, and the mail's on board the boat which brought me."

"You may write to-morrow by the Sicilian steamer *via* Marseilles, I think."

"No! I am almost superstitious on the cup and lip doctrine. Joy breaks no hearts, however it bursts in on them; but disappointment sickens. If you write home by the Sicilian, pray, say nothing of my being half way there."

Then there was Max Gervinus to consider; but on his case the Roystons would suffer no debate.

The official, despatched in quest of Ned's goods from hotel, custom-house, and steamer, was bearer of a note, which took upon themselves the blame of Ned's desertion for these last few hours, and summoned Max with peremptory politeness to become himself at once an inmate of the Palazzo.

"There's only one thing I regret, Ned, on such a happy day as brings you," Lady Royston said.

"Which is?"

"That there is a grand reception here to-night, a dinner, a dance, and I don't know what. All Valetta, besides the garrison. We are not our own, alas! and can't be yours from five o'clock into the smaller hours of night."

Well, it was rather provoking; but there was strange compensation in store for him. After the state-dinner, Ned and Max Gervinus retired to the lofty balcony of their adjoining rooms upstairs. The view was far and wide over the sea, whose waves had now begun to dance instead of dashing, brightening their angry amethystic purple into more limpid hues of sapphire. No speck of cloud remained upon the vault of heaven. None in the west, where the great golden glory was ablaze, although the last rim of the bright orb was sinking. None in the east, where yet the white sails of feluccas glowed with the far refraction of prismatic splendours. But, looking northwards, Ned presently exclaimed—

"Yes, Max! there is one after all. See, how filmy white, yet flushed with filmy pink, and cooled with even filmier shades of blue! Oh, what a lovely cloud, out yonder!"

"Wonder-fine!" Max answered; "but it is too sharp and regular to be a cloud-mass. See what a perfect cone. Ah! I have it now, that is the snowy peak of Etna, pink with even-shine."

"Well, I believe you're right, Max."

He went in to fetch his telescope, and having found the focus, gazed long and patiently. Presently he said:

"I see a smoke, like the puff of far-off artillery. Now it rolls out thicker and darker. The wind in Sicily must be blowing our way this evening; for the smoke hangs towards us like a pall, and has put out my bright cloud altogether."

Then all the sky fell dark, though not with grimy darkness. The sudden southern night had left the heavens blue-black, and the studded diamonds of the stars began to flame and twinkle. By the time they went down into the state rooms again, her ladyship's reception was well crowded; and, in one large saloon, the dancers were keeping joyous time to the strains of a full orchestra. Here and there, among the men in uniform, Ned was greeted by old acquaintances, who had served in Queen's regiments in India. But he knew no lady. The hostess found a moment to ask him if he would not dance, as she would introduce him to Maltese signorina or English girl, as he might fancy. He

declined her offer. But Max, with all his scientific gravity, was too much of a Teuton to remain indifferent to the waltz-music. Lady Royston soon made him happy with an accomplished partner. Ned stood more than ever alone. By-and-by, a lady of somewhat more than middle-age came and sat down by an open window near him. Off her winsome countenance his eyes refused to wander when once they had lighted on it. When their fixed gaze attracted hers, she gave no token of any recognition; but something in her look put an end at once to all Ned's hesitation. He stepped forward, held out his hand, and said:

"Surely I cannot be deceived in you. It seems but yesterday since you and your good husband were so kind to me at Chatterham. I fear, dear Mrs. Grant, you have forgotten your former 'griff,' Ned Locksley."

"Not when the voice had spoken half a sentence," she exclaimed, with look and tone and gesture of most friendly reminiscence. "And now I see the old play on the features, and am more glad to see it, Mr. Locksley, than I can easily express."

"And how is the Captain?"

"Major—as I know you will be glad to hear—quite well, I thank you; and will be as much delighted at this meeting as myself."

"Still with the old corps?"

"No:—I am almost sorry to say. For the regiment had become a home to homeless folks like us. But, with our small income, a permanent and better paid appointment such as he holds here, was not to be refused, you know."

"And little Amy?"

"Ah! you would not know *her*. She is not gigantic, yet you would hardly call her little Amy now. But here she is, upon her father's arm."

Yes! There she was! Not short, nor yet of any disproportioned height: as winsome, and even prettier, than ever her mother had been. Of womanly carriage; but of girlish grace. Coy, but lively; with glance of mingled tenderness and mirth; with bright complexion, and features perfectly refined, framed in undiminished wealth of the fair golden hair.

Ned was, in peace, a grave enough magistrate, and a soldier grim enough in war; a man who ruled and led

successfully, by virtue of no mean might of self-control. He was no fantastic youth, by this time, with dreamy mind, half awe-stricken, and half cajoled, by the first dawn of passion: yet it befell him that, at this first sight of Amy Grant's unremembered and unfamiliar beauty, he felt his heart kneel down at once to own its sweet dominion.

Sudden as this emotion was, it was so calm as to appear, even to his inmost self, deliberate. Neither his manner, nor his voice, nor yet his look was troubled. He greeted her father partly with the old deference of the recruit for the veteran, partly with the new sense of comradeship, grown of experience, in the same manly school of war.

Amy, at her mother's bidding, gave him her soft hand, as if in old acquaintance, and, little by little, began to gather her childish recollections of him.

They were confused. But a broken-nosed Indian doll, and some name—was it of a "Lady Constance?"—were inextricably bound up with them.

Ah! Ned was not going to startle her with his exultation at his suddenly revived reminiscence of their last parting. Yet, as the sheen of her golden hair shifted with the sway of her graceful head, he almost marvelled not to detect the place whence she had shorn the ringlets for him. The frown which knit severity on his bronzed forehead, came of the effort to recall where the too-long neglected treasure might lie hid in his possession.

So completely did the effort absorb his mind, that when the frown relaxed, in the radiance of solution, he was quite surprised to find that Amy Grant was gone, to dance the next quadrille with Max, whom Lady Royston had introduced to her.

The major-domo of their Excellencies was a very good-natured man: but he did think it somewhat unreasonable that, in those smaller hours of night, and when the household were worn out with the fatigues of the great entertainment, this unexpected guest should insist upon his finding two stout lads to carry from the basement-story to his own apartment, up the lofty palace stairs, a ponderous hide-bound trunk, which he had expressly said, need not be

moved until it went on board the steam-packet. But the lads forgave him; for, in his generous satisfaction, he forced a dollar into the hand of either, whilst yet their fingers were crooked upon the knotted cords.

He bolted the door on them as they went out, unlocked the trunk, pounced on a little writing-case, and, opening it, tossed its contents out on the bed, to get at the spring of its so-called "secret drawer." He actually shut his eyes on touching it, with nervous fear, lest, after all, proof should jump out of memory's having played him false.

But there the silken coil lay glittering, on a handful of dull brown moss, a few dried rose-leaves scenting it.

It was the most natural thing in the world that, years ago, he should have laid them there together; but to-night it seemed a marvel of delicious omen to find this emblem of a love which might bud unforbidden, cushioned on the memorial of a love to master which had been among the foremost duties of his early youth.

Strange and sweet enchantment, which brought him face to face again with Amy Grant, under the sisterly smile of Constance Cranleigh. Magical compensation! He lay awake, much pondering how soon after the sun was up the jewellers in the Strada dei Orefici would take down their shutters. It must be a locket of the purest crystal, lest the gleam should anywhere be dulled: the plain rim would serve to show how poor a burnish art can put on mere metallic gold.

Unaccountable, perhaps, all this; perhaps unwise. But, once before, I ventured to set down that observation has not shown me what advance men make beyond the wisdom of their generous boyhood, in matters such as these.

At breakfast the next morning Lady Royston said:

"I was so glad, Ned, that you chanced on old acquaintances. I felt less compunction, though not less regret, at leaving you to your own devices all the evening."

"It was the second pleasing wonder of the day," he answered. "I had no notion this time yesterday, outside the harbour, that I should light on you, or on the Grants. You

have no notion how kind they were to me when I was a raw recruit at Chatterham."

"I can imagine it. The Major's a thoroughly good-hearted man. His wife is charming. There's no one here in Malta that I like half as well. Amy must have been a child when you were at Chatterham. She is a very nice girl, too."

"A very nice girl," indeed! It was the first falling off that Ned had yet remarked in Lady Royston. She *used* to have exquisite taste and singular felicity of expression.

"I shall ask them all here to dinner, of course."

She had kept her good sense, at least, if her good taste had weakened.

"But not till to-morrow. We must have you one whole evening to ourselves."

Good patience! Had Lady Royston no notion how many minutes make four-and-twenty hours? Not till to-morrow! Was it so certain then that even her good sense was unimpaired. Happily, morning calls, if not often made in the Trans-Nerbuddah, are not abhorrent from the usages of British garrison towns in the Mediterranean. Consolatory thought, whose consolations he lost but little time in seeking to realize. He had no reason to doubt, when he did so, that Mrs. Grant was truly glad to see him; but glad as he was to see her, he would have been gladder not to see her alone. The Major's absence at his office, though to be regretted, might be borne. But that the Grants should know their next-door neighbours, and that their next-door neighbours should have a garden, were things intolerable. What business have people with gardens in Malta, where the soil for the flower-beds must be brought over in speonares all the way from Sicily? Had the garden indeed been at the Grants' own house one might have suggested a passion for cactus and other prickly beauties of the rocky Maltese flora as a good and sufficient reason for an immediate adjournment thither; but at the next-door neighbours—whom one doesn't happen to know!

How lengthy, deliberate, and minute were his inquiries, not only for the Andersons, but for every soul of the old Chatterham society. His

memory seemed to have acquired a sudden faculty for recalling all manner of obsolete names. Mrs. Grant was driven to declare that though her acquaintance with the Major's brother officers at Chatterham was large, it had necessary limits. When the excuse of questioning was at last exhausted, he turned to narrative; and being no setter-forth of self-done deeds, which indeed would have interested his good-natured auditor, he proceeded to ransack his brains for anecdotes, however trivial, of any personages out in India whose most casual acquaintance he could contrive to fasten on her. With all her good-nature, Mrs. Grant began to think him prosy, and the protraction of his call unreasonable; but her woman's wit was quick enough to explain all, and to make allowance for it, when she saw what change came over him, as, at last, the door opened gently, and Amy, with a faldette over her head, came in.

A sallow skin and dark black eyes are generally what that variety of the mantilla shadows under its black silk folds; but when from out their gloom such radiance and such freshness brighten as those of Amy Grant, the unusual contrast has its charms.

"Good morning, Am—I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Grant; but I was thinking of the time when you laughed at me for not knowing the difference between a Spanish mantilla and a Maltese faldette. I have not forgotten it since, I can assure you."

"Indeed!"

"What a wonderful box of dolls that was, Miss Grant. What have you done with them?"

"I gave them to some little cousins, two or three years ago now."

"Well, I hope they did not break their noses, as the rude schoolboys did."

"Which rude schoolboys?"

"Those young ruffians who tied knots in your beautif—in your hair," said Ned, with the absurdest vehemence.

Mrs. Grant could not but smile. Amy, who was indeed "a very nice girl," as Lady Royston had said, and who was free from any undue consciousness of her own attractions, began, nevertheless, to blush rosy red.

Sparks of association run quick in

the tinder of memory, and are very luminous besides. His reminiscence of the tangles in her hair began to disentangle some reminiscences of hers. When the least self-conscious of young ladies feels that honest manly eyes are looking no disparagement upon her, when she hears how hard it is for the honest manly voice to keep itself from calling her by her own Christian name; it is a little embarrassing to remember, on a sudden, that, of her own accord, she had once thrust a cluster of her golden curls into the honest manly hand. Even the undoubted fact that it was some nine years ago or more will not dispel the blush, though it may justify the reckless act of childish generosity.

Happily for her confusion the Major intervened; then lunch, with bitter beer, and so much Chatterham talk again, that even Ned could not resent poor Mrs. Grant's withdrawal from its repetition, though hers determined Amy's.

To-morrow was certainly still very far off, but not quite so distant now as when her ladyship had spoken of it in the morning. He went lionising Max Gervinus about the forts and harbours till late afternoon. Then, an evening spent in company with such people as the Roystons was certainly no grievous infliction. The less so that they were truly alone and at their ease, his lordship's secretary having taken Max off to an opera. Without any such dire necessity for stringing questions against time, as had been on him in the forenoon, Ned had plenty to ask and answer.

Phil was still in the Guards, but much less extravagant, and had acquired a taste for fat cattle, which promised well for future landlordism at Cransdale. He always attended the Baker-street show at Christmas. The Maude Cassilis affair had ended long ago to everybody's satisfaction, she having married a gouty marquis. Katey Kilmore, too, had married a clergyman—she was a pattern of grave parochial matrons now. Phil's latest indications had been towards Lady Rosa Barrington. The Buffer, by the way, had lost his father as well as his elder brother, an old bachelor, and so come in to the Bamford title. Thus Rosa was "her lady-

ship." Mamma thought her a little too saucy, perhaps, but she had improved, even on that score, and was such a bright good-natured girl that if Master Phil and she were to grow serious, the banns would not be forbidden. Hebblethwaite minor was in the heavy dragoons; was six feet high, and rode over fifteen stone. Young Mapes, of Maperley, the squire's son, had turned out much cleverer than any of them had given him credit for, and was doing well at the Chancery Bar. Yes, old Mrs. White was still alive at Rookenhams, and in nominal possession of the keys, but her asthma would hardly let her mount the first flight of stairs, so that Martha, who was head housemaid formerly, was a sort of coadjutor and successor-designate. Police-Constable Hutchins had risen to be chief-inspector under the captain superintendent of the county police. He was married, and had divers children. Ah, poor Benjy! he was drowned after all, in a pool not far from the Pixie's pillar. Rizpah's desolation had been at first most lamentable, but as the poor lad's reason had grown dimmer, if any thing, it was really merciful that he had not grown up to helpless manhood on her hands.

Then Lady Royston turned examiner, and Ned must needs, with what modest reserve he might, disclose to her wherein old aspirations after action on the great Eastern field had been fulfilled or frustrated.

That was a charmingly spent evening, after all. When Max and the Secretary came in for a late cup of coffee, the stay-at-homes opined that it must have been a very short opera.

A choice not wisely made is often not unwise in itself. Happy the man to whom so great and undeserved a grace is given. When judgment may rest content where fancy has been toiled, large indeed is the debt that hearts owe to heaven. Hardly shall they write it in sufficient figures upon their tablet of obligations.

Not that Ned's judgment had put off, next day, the tinted spectacles of fancy, nor bound on again the bandage which shuts all illusion out; nor yet that his decisions on points raised for consideration were as deliberate and as impartial as if he sat in magisterial "cutcherry" among his Bheels.

But even had Lucy Locksley, or

some critic of equally keen sight, been scrutinizing Amy Grant, the verdict on her looks and bearing could not have been unfavourable. The tests applied, as if by chance, to both were certainly severe. Though mother of three children, Lady Royston had lost little of the lustre of her beauty. Wife and companion of a man of higher mark in politics than even in society, she had but added loftier dignity to the exquisite grace which always had distinguished her.

It was impossible, as it would have been unfair, to institute comparison between her and the younger girl. Yet excellence of any real kind creates around itself an atmosphere of light, in which all other excellence shows gem-like, whilst every coarser or defective thing is seen for what it is, dulling the ray which falls, or refracting it distorted.

Now, Amy Grant, even side by side with Lady Royston, still seemed attractive, lady-like, and full of graceful animation. She sat at dinner between Ned and Max Gervinus, he having Lady Royston on his other hand. Max had a gift of conversation, possessing not only the erudition of a scientific German, but the German poetic temperament as well. His was good talk, full-bodied, well-flavoured, and of rich hue, as wine of some choice vintage in the fatherland. The party was small and the table oval. There was not that tying of talk to couples, which, perhaps, under these peculiar circumstances, Ned might not have thought as irksome as do most times the condemned to dinner customs. Both he and Amy had to take their part in the conversation of Max and Lady Royston. When Amy spoke it was with spirit and intelligence.

Another ordeal remained for her that evening, which Ned himself might better be trusted to watch with jealous keenness. A whole batch of young officers came in, as if her Excellency had held a levée for the Queen.

Brought up among such types of womanhood as his own mother, Lady Cransdale, and her daughter Constance, it was little wonder that Ned, when he first went to Chatterham, should have felt strong distaste for the character of a garrison-belle. The word, though somewhat indefinite, is perhaps sufficiently expressive. Bom-

bay society, and such sparse experiences as occasional visits from his remoter district to more European "stations" had afforded him in India, had certainly done nothing towards lessening the original distaste. Few men would have been quicker to detect a trace of the obnoxious characteristics; none would have been more instantaneously disenchanted by the detection. Major Grant's business brought him in contact with almost every officer in Malta, and chary as he and his wife might be of vulgarizing introductions to their daughter, it was impossible, short of excluding her, to prevent her from

having a wide circle of military acquaintances.

Ned watched—without misgiving, it is true, yet with appreciative observation—not only how the lady of his thoughts received her soldier friends, but in what tone and with what carriage they ventured to address her. He exulted, not unpardonably, at perceiving that scarcely did their stately hostess command more genuine deference than his winsome Amy. Here was indeed a token, to the coldest prudence, of her true loveliness—a token, doubtless, too, to Ned, that his own choice was meritorious and his intuition deep.

THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

FROM GÖETHE'S FAUST.

Raphael.

THE sun sounds forth in fashion old among
His brother spheres the sempiternal song
That from the first in cirque prescribed has rung,
And with a tread of thunder moves along;
From his great orb the angel world gain power,
As from the influence of some mighty soul;
Inscrutable as in creation's hour
Thy wonders, Spirit, everlasting roll.

Gabriel.

And swift as swiftest thought, half dark half bright,
Earth's varied globe majestic rolls in sight;
Now lapt in splendrous paradisial light,
Now plunged in awesome shudder-thronging night.
The dazzling oceans, myriad-waved and vast,
Foam ever round their rocky bastion bars,
And rock and ocean crossed with flame and blast
Roll on eternal through the countless stars.

Michael.

And storms from sea to land, from land to sea,
Roar, waging gloomy battle mightily,
Enweaving round each orb perennially
Their airy anthem's endless harmony.
There lightning's flaming shaft of desolation
Heralds the thunder vapours sombrous way:—
But we, oh Lord, await in adoration
The love-bright dawn of life's celestial day.

Chorus.

From the great sun th' angelic world gain power
As from the influence of some mighty soul
Inscrutable as in creation's hour
Thy wonders, Spirit, everlasting roll.

THOMAS IRWIN.

POLISH CUSTOMS AND INCIDENTS.

WITH the close of the day popularly known as the festival of St. Stephen, end, in Cracow and its neighbourhood, all religious ceremonies in which the clergy take any part; those which follow, and which are of a grotesque rather than a holy character, are conducted entirely by young peasants, who, providing themselves with movable theatres called "shopki," go about from place to place representing the "Death of the Innocents." Sometimes these theatres are as large as the waggons or caravans in which the itinerant showmen of our own country carry from one village to another their giants and dwarfs and other world's wonders, and then the performance takes place within them; but, in general, a shopki is nothing more than a roll of canvas and some light boards, which a young peasant carries without inconvenience on his shoulders, and erects into a stage in a few moments, at the end of a room or barn. The scenery is alike in all, invariably representing the stable at Bethlehem, with the Holy Family in dangerous proximity to horned cattle. Little automaton figures, which had been folded up in the painted canvas, moved by means of wires, are the *dramatis personæ*, to whom the peasants, concealed behind the scenes, supply the necessary dialogue and music.

The performance commences with the appearance of a group of mountaineers, who dance a mazur with amusing and astonishing precision, joining hands, dispersing, interlacing, and chasing each other, until, one by one, they disappear from the stage, and are succeeded by a parcel of brokers, carrying their wares on their heads, their shoulders, and their hips, who also go through the tangled mazes of a mazur, intertwining, scattering, forming zigzagged circles, then long files, and then flitting off the stage at one end, just as a Jew and Jewess enter at the other. The peculiar mode of speech, and rich nasal twang of these are rendered in perfection, as they hold a long dialogue on domestic affairs; flashes of humour occasionally breaking through, and

lighting up pleasantly the faces of the audience. Last of all appear the only group harmonizing in the least with either the title or the scenery of the exhibition—Herod, his queen, Jewish priests, scribes, and soldiers. The little king wears an ominous frown, and the poor queen, in soiled velvet and satin, crumpled flowers, and mock gems, stands before him, with her head bent, as if she feared to meet his eyes. After a moment she kneels and implores him to revoke his cruel decree, and spare the lives of the infants.

Considering who the actors and managers really were, I thought this scene admirably performed on the evening I witnessed it in one of the farm-offices of a friend who resided in the neighbourhood of Cracow and with whom I was staying at the time. The voice of the little queen was full of deep pathos, expressing alternately hope and fear, as she continued to urge her petition. At length a loud, sudden, yelling refusal from the relentless king sent her flying in a panic, with the priests and the others, off the stage, while his satanic majesty, in the hideous form of a skeleton, carrying a scythe in his right hand, simultaneously appeared, seized the king, whirled him about for a few seconds in a rapid but well-measured mazur, struck off his head, and then, amidst the applause of the audience, dragged the body down between the boards of the stage.

Thus ludicrously ends a Polish "miracle play," which is enacted in Cracow, and every village and farmhouse in its neighbourhood, from the festival known as Holy Innocent's Day, to the eve of Les Jours des Rois, or Twelfth Day; and is also, I believe, represented all over Poland, except where the Italian tableau of the Holy Family is substituted.

For this latter spectacle a church is made use of, and the bright sunshine of a clear winter's day being excluded, a softened light from curtained lamps partially illumines the aisles, while the concentrated rays of what looks like a glorious star, fall on a fine painting, hanging in front of the altar,

of the stable at Bethlehem with the Magi entering, and on a living group, which seem as if embodied in the picture, of an old man of ennobled presence, a beautiful woman, and a lovely child. It is said that to a tableau of this description, seen when he was twenty-five years of age, Pietro Perugino, the *fattorino*, or shop-boy of a nameless print-seller in Castello della Pieve, owed the discovery of his magnificent genius, and the world these marvellous pictures, "The Infant Jesus and Mother," and "The Dead Christ."

No doubt the great charm of such a scene, and that which gives it a vivid and lasting interest, is the feeling of reality with which we gaze upon it. Like Wilkie's "Rent Day," it owes its impression to its wonderful faithfulness; though there are not a few who think that a portion of the effect may safely be ascribed to the melodious sounds which float through the edifice, entrancing the ear, and holding one sense at least in captivity. On such occasions the music does not peal in the fulness of sound from an organ, nor rise mellifluous in the sweet familiar voices of young choristers or nuns, nor roll in an unexpected gush of harmony from stoled priests, but steals along as from sweet silvery-sounding instruments, far, far away; and so perfect is the illusion, that you see everyone unconsciously bend forward and turn their heads in the same direction, holding in their breath, as if but one heart was touched—the heart of the multitude.

Meanwhile the music draws near; it increases in breadth and richness of sound—changeable, cheerful, yet grand symphonies are heard—they are close by, and in an instant the trembling edifice is filled with a gush of mighty harmony, which sweeps along the shadowy aisles, and through the twilight chapels, and up into the groined roof, and then resting, or to the strained senses seeming to rest, as if it had bodily presence, over the altar, in a strain so sublime, so unearthly, that there is little difficulty ever found in persuading the greater number of the hushed and wondering crowd that they are listening to the voices of angels proclaiming the Saviour's birth.

In Italy, it is said, this ceremonial, or tableau, is concluded with a sermon

from a child; but this is not done in Poland.

I remained with my friends at Kielkie until the eve of Twelfth Day, when I returned to Cracow to be present at the celebration of a midnight mass, and to witness the ceremony of blessing the "memorial boxes," containing gold, frankincense, and myrrh. It was near midnight when I left my home—a first story in a tall gray house on the plantacye—accompanied by a friend, for the church of St. Michael. It was a lovely night, bright and frosty. High up in a firmament darkly and intensely blue, amidst myriads of brilliant stars, the moon was rolling on, or seeming to roll, over the spires and towers of the cathedral of twenty chapels; over the venerable old castle of Königsburg, whose history is an epitome of the history of Poland; over the broad river, tracing a line of light on its waveless surface; over the tall gray houses of the street Krasciki, and its pretty Lutheran church of St. Martin; over the Town-hall, with its square towers and heavy weather-stained walls, looking like an ill-constructed fortification; over the noble towers and graceful spires of the University—the Alma Mater of Poland—named by its founder, the Daughter of Sarbonne, and known in later years as Schola Regni; and over the pretty street Radzwill, where it seemed to greet us with a flood of its "mild religious light," as we entered the old porch of St. Michael's church.

We arrived just in time, that is, before the stream of people set in which fills up a church so rapidly during the five minutes previous to the commencement of the service; and without difficulty we reached the sanctuary where my friend rented a seat. I had frequently visited this church before, and believed myself familiar with its magnificent paintings, its gorgeous decorations, its beautiful proportions, its clustered pillars, and spreading roof, yet on that occasion it appeared to me strange and new: it was, I suppose, the effect of the hour, of the ceremony, and of the sudden change from the cold shadowy streets where the hurrying groups indulged in jests and laughter, to the light and warmth, and pomp and splendour within.

We were seated opposite the altar,

and not far from the railings which surround it, and it seemed to me as if the blaze of light was almost too great which fell from innumerable tall wax candles in silver candelabras of Italian workmanship, on the marble altar, and all its gorgeous symbolical ornaments and superb decorations, relieved only by vases of white lilies and a floor of blue and white mosaics. The greater portion of the population of Cracow are Roman Catholics, and as there is a universal feeling of anxiety to be present at this midnight mass, their sacred edifices are always crowded with persons of every age and condition. I was amazed when I looked round and beheld the dense crowd swaying to-and-fro, as priests, in close-fitting black gowns, resembling cassocks, glided from place to place with a murmured "benedicite," as they put into the hands of those not already provided little "memorial boxes," receiving in return pieces of silver or gold coin. After a short time a side door near the altar opened, allowing a priest to pass through, followed by other priests, and a number of youths in lawn surplices, bearing in their hands tall wax candles. The priest who had taken precedence ascended the richly carpeted steps to the altar, the others kneeling below; his gorgeous vestments literally flashing back the light as he moved from one side of the altar to the other, arranging its splendid typical and emblematical decorations.

In nothing, however, save their costliness, did his robes differ from those worn on like occasions by Irish priests. His "amice," or little hood, meant to represent the napkin with which the face of our Saviour was covered when the Jews bade Him prophesy who it was that struck him, was of the finest cloth of gold; his "chasuble," emblematic of the purple robe which in mockery was placed on the shoulders of the King of Kings, was of scarlet velvet, having a cross, symbolizing the cross which He was compelled to carry, worked in seed pearl on the back; his "maniple," which hung from the left arm, was of rich white satin, real gems sparkling from the corollas of the passion-flowers which were delicately and elaborately embroidered round the border; his "stole" was of the same colour and material, skilfully wrought at the

ends in curious emblematical devices; his "cincture" was a gold cord with heavy jewelled tassels, and with the maniple and stole were intended to represent the bands and cords with which the Saviour was bound. Some of these he wore during the entire ceremony with his "cope," which was also curiously worked, while others were put on and removed by either himself or the attendant minister, who also carried from one side of the altar to the other as occasion required, the gorgeous missal, illuminated in blue and gold, and deep brilliant crimson.

During all this time the most melodious strains rolled from the organ, now harmonizing with the rich tenor voice of the priest, and then adding depth and volume to the fine bass voices of those who responded. The "thurifer," a handsome youth, in a robe of finest lawn, stood in front of the altar on the lowest step, flinging jets of the fragrant steam of Arabian balm towards the consecrated elements, from a "thurible" of pure gold, whose delicately wrought chains tinkled and sparkled each time he sent forward with a graceful impulse fresh clouds of odours. At the commencement of the service the thurible or censer had been put into his hands by the officiating priest, after he had himself first perfumed the altar, the cross, the host, and all the images and relics on or near the altar.

No sooner had the prolonged notes of the final sentence, "Benedicamus Domino," used on this occasion, instead of "Ite missa est," and the response, "Deo gratias," died away, than there was a general movement, and a suppressed murmur through the body of the building, each one endeavouring to press nearer the centre of the aisle. Meantime, the priest descended from the altar, and, preceded by a cross-bearer, and followed by the other clergy and the children bearing wax tapers, passed through the door in the railings into the sanctuary. A lane was at once opened in that dense, eager crowd, each one holding up his right hand, on the palm of which shone a little box containing a piece of gold engraven with a passage from Scripture, a very small bit of frankincense, a morsel of myrrh equally diminutive, and a little piece of chalk. With arms outstretched the priest

passed on, still followed by the others, pronouncing rapidly as he went blessings on the memorial boxes and their contents. Through the aisle, with its long line of graceful pillars and arches, then round by the pictured walls, until he stood once more within the rails, he had never lowered his arms, nor ceased to repeat the blessing. In some churches this ceremony differs in its minor details from that we have described, the boxes being blessed during the mass, not after it. He then ascended to the altar, and, bowing on one knee, turned his face to the congregation and dismissed them.

In an instant, as if the edifice had suddenly taken fire, there was a rush towards the doors, through which the people streamed into the cold, bleak streets, my friend and myself with the rest; and as we hastened home, which we soon reached—though we no longer had a bright moon guiding us, and but scanty artificial light—we could hear the half-suppressed screams and low pleasant laughter of various groups, as some, less clear-sighted than others, mistook the ridges of snow for the footpaths, and had a tumble or a fright.

Immediately on entering the house we divested ourselves of our furs and bonnets, and proceeded to complete the special rite of the evening—I assisting, at least so far as carefully dusting with my handkerchief the doors of our rooms, while my friend wrote on them, with the bit of chalk which she took from her memorial box, within and without, the names of the Magi who had come from the East to worship the infant Saviour.

It is supposed by many that there is no pure, unadulterated frankincense now brought to Europe, and only a very small quantity of myrrh; but if either of these gums are to be found in their original purity anywhere it is in Poland—the Jews, from whom the Christians purchase them at their weight in gold, being most careful to procure them direct from Arabia for their own religious ceremonies.

Myrrh, like frankincense, is a gum exuding from an odoriferous tree (*Balsamodendron myrrha*) found in Arabia. Like it, too, it has its singular history—partly romantic, partly fabulous, yet so connected with the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church and the synagogues of the Israelites,

that it seems worthy of a few words. We learn how high was the value set upon it four thousand years ago from the circumstance of Jacob's including it in the propitiatory present which he sent to Joseph; and that this value had rather increased than diminished with time we know from the fact of its being offered by the Magi two thousand years later. The learned Egyptians, in their anxiety to separate decay from death, and to give to the noxious tomb the odours of Araby, used it profusely in embalming; and the voluptuous queen, who did not hesitate to refresh herself with dissolved gems, planted a garden of myrrh trees in Heliopolis, in the hope of renewing her beauty after youth and strength had departed. Though the poor queen was disappointed, however, in her garden of myrrh, it became famous all over the world as the "balm of Mataria." The great and the rich dissolved it in the water used at baptisms, and it was mingled with the oil at the coronation of sovereigns throughout all Europe.

Sir John Mandeville, and, after him, Lord Lindsay, give an account of the trees of this "field of balsam," which would not bear fruit anywhere else, nor even there "unless under the culture of Christians." By degrees their number diminished, "whether through carelessness of the gardener, through fraud or envy of the Jews, or through religion or piety being offended, no one can tell," but certain it is that one solitary tree alone was left, and that one perished in an inundation of the Nile. The belief, however, in the miraculous properties which induced Cleopatra to plant the garden is far from being extinct. Myrrh is purchased at fabulous prices for the toilettes of Turkish ladies, and our own countrywoman, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, tested its qualities, and recommends it as an astonishing "mender of the complexion."

But there is another and more wonderful, though less desirable, quality ascribed to myrrh. Van Helmont, the chemist and philosopher, who studied so long and so anxiously the principles of all subtle fluids and material substances, who was the first to employ the term "gas" to denote all elastic fluids which differ from atmospheric air, wrote, that "by any means myrrh could be made to

solved in the liquids of the human frame, man would become immortal." The Jews purchase it from the Arabians at double its weight in silver, and Christians and others purchase it from them at its weight in gold. It is said, however, that the Jews rarely sell it unadulterated, keeping what is pure for the manufacture of the incense which they burn in their synagogues and in their private dwellings.

I do not know whether the interior of Jewish houses and Jewish places of worship are similar in Poland and England, never having seen any in the latter country, while the descriptions of them which I have read bear very little resemblance to the dwellings and synagogues which I have visited on the Continent.

An English Jew gives one but a faint idea of a Polish Jew. In England the Jews, though to all intents a distinct people, yet conform so much in habits, language, and dress to those around them that their identity is lost, while in Poland they retain their national costume, their oriental customs, their ceremonials, their language, and, as far as possible, each family preserves the purity of its descent, and keeps a correct genealogical tree. Through the kindness of a young Jewess, named Sarah Levi, I was enabled to be present at many of their religious ceremonies, both private and public; not that it is necessary to have a friend in order to obtain admission to their synagogues, except at particular festivals, but having one facilitates the object. I remember once going to her father's house in the beautiful street Grodka, with its magnificent shops, resembling in their arrangement the gay stalls of the London bazaars, on the eve of their Sabbath, to arrange time and place of meeting next day, previous to our going together to the synagogue. We were sitting at a table near a stove, having satisfactorily determined on our plans, when she happened to look at her nails. They were very long, and I was about to make some sportive remark, when I observed her suddenly assume a serious demeanour, and rising from her seat procure a pair of scissors, a small piece of paper, and two little sticks, which she drew from a bundle of the same description, prepared, no doubt,

for occasions of like grave formalities, and then commenced to pair her nails so carefully, and with such an anxious expression on her countenance, that I had no doubt she was secretly reprimanding her previous negligence. In a moment or two she began to regard her pretty tapering fingers in every possible position and light until satisfied that they did not require one touch more of the scissors to perfect their beauty, when she carefully folded the paper over the horny fragments, with the two little sticks for witnesses, and opening the stove burned them all together.

It was the first time I had been present at one of these puerile ceremonials to which the Jewish women attach so much weight, frequently neglecting for them important duties; and I no longer felt surprised, that, shut up in a great measure as they are from intercourse with the world, they should have every high attribute of the mind vitiated, and become exclusive, superficial, mean, and cunning. While thus pondering, I was sensible of the first sudden outburst of a thorough household fuss, and knew that the shop was closed, that the baths were being filled with perfumed water, that the lamps were being lighted, and the various viands in course of preparation for the luxurious Sabbath Eve's supper, and the sumptuous fare for the next day, when no fires would be lighted.

In a short time the master of the house entered the room, carrying the magnificent Sabbath lamp, which "may not be lighted with the moss which grows on cedars, nor with undressed flax, nor with pieces of silk, nor with a wick made of ozier, nor with thread of the wilderness, nor with the scurf which gathers on the surface of the water, nor with pitch, nor with tallow, but with oil of olives only and a wick of dressed flax." "He that is accustomed to take great care in trimming his Sabbath lamp well will have children who shall be disciples of the wise."

When Eleazar Levi had placed the lamp on a centre table in his dining-room, he turned to the members of his household who had followed him to the door, and in a low solemn voice inquired—

"Have you lit the lamp? Have you prepared the meats? Have you

separated the tithe? Each question having been answered affirmatively, the domestics proceeded to cover the tables with the finest of snowy damask, richly cut crystal, and exquisitely painted china; while on the side-boards they placed dried fruits in silver baskets, delicate cheese from Holland, bearing the secret mark by which the Israelites attest the cleanliness of an article, which means that it is of Jewish manufacture; wines, bearing the same private stamp, from the "Gute Leiste," which is so small and so valuable a vineyard, and is withal so vigilantly guarded by good Christians, that the King of Bohemia believes its vintage is to be found only on his own table; delicate white port from Alto Douro, green Cotnar, as intoxicating as aqua vita; and fine old Xeres, of which it is remarkable that amongst the Jews its price never varies, though Christians may have it at almost any figure. All these wines had been imported from Spain and Germany, where they had been stamped "coshur," or clean. Of these wines Polish Jews partake without scruple.

I did not sup with the family of Eleazar Levi, but I met my friend Sarah the next day at the door of the synagogue, in the Kazimierz. We entered by a side door, near which there was a small box to receive contributions for the poor, and ascended a few steps to a gallery which fills the east end, and commands a full view of the interior. None but females sit in the gallery, which has a pretty lattice work in front sufficiently open to allow the daughters of Israel to see distinctly through, at the same time affording that partial screen which is necessary to the enjoyment of the pleasant and confidential conversation in which they freely indulge. I sat close by the lattice, and looked down upon what had ever been to me a great mystery—a Jewish synagogue.

It is a large edifice, built due east and west, ornamented in bad taste, as if the architect had some dim notions of the gorgeous splendour of the ancient temple, but lacked sufficient richness of imagination to associate it with any thing more splendid than numerous columns, a profusion of carved wood-work and heavy gilding. Several beautiful lamps are suspended in different parts of the build-

ing, and on a table at the west end, on which is a cover of rich purple velvet, heavily fringed with gold, there are magnificent candelabras, whose tall wax tapers, looking pale and dim in the streams of glorious sunlight, are meant to be typical of the Divine Presence. Near to this, and at the east side of it, two beautiful light pillars upheld a veil richly embroidered in many-coloured silks, and gold and silver thread. On solemn festivals the veil is of pure white silk, richly worked in silver, concealing a gilt chest or ark, in which the rolls or books of the law are kept. In the centre of the edifice is an altar or slightly raised platform, covered, as are also the steps leading to it, with a soft carpet from the looms of Persia, having a reading desk of delicately carved cedar wood, and at the back several luxuriously cushioned benches or seats; a tasteful railing, bright with gold, surrounds the whole.

While I was mentally taking note of all this, the men were crowding in, no one removing his hat; and each one, as soon as he entered his seat, adding something to his dress; not, however, the phylacteries, which I learned are never worn on the Sabbath, but the "garment of fringes," or synagogue veil. This garment of mock holiness is simply a long scarf, not unlike a Scotchman's plaid, and worn something in the same fashion. As soon as a Jew takes it from the little box under the bench, or seat, which he rents in the synagogue, he repeats, in an audible voice, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast sanctified us with thy commandments, and didst command us to be enveloped with the garment of fringes;" he then throws it over his shoulders, and repeats a second blessing. I observed that when the garment of fringes had blue borders at the ends, the wearer changed his ordinary hat for a singular looking three-cornered one. Regarding the covering of the head as emblematic of humility before God, a Jew never prays without having his head either wrapped in his garment of fringes, or covered with his hat. By the time the congregation were all assembled, the seats in the reading desk were fully occupied; they were the "chief seats" in the synagogue, and appropriated to the use of the chief

rabbi, the rulers of the synagogue, the angel or minister, or overseer, the interpreter, and the deacons.

The service was commenced by the minister, who went forward to the desk, on which lay the Talmud, and began the Shemonah Esrah, a prayer of eighteen blessings, which, it is said, was composed by Ezra. Every one instantly stood up, and turning towards the veil which hung over the ark, repeated it after him in a careless monotonous tone. Many portions of this prayer are full of sublime and holy aspirations; but, as it is always repeated in the Hebrew language, only a few amongst the multitude understand what they are giving utterance to, except in that one portion when beating on their breast, they cry, "we have sinned; we have greatly sinned;" and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at if their minds wander, and if their accents prove traitors. After the prayer, all sat down, and conversation became almost general. Singing followed, then the reading of the Scriptures; but, previously, the roll had to be taken from the ark.

This scene mocks description. Through all the synagogue are sprinkled, here and there, men wearing cocked hats, and broad blue borders on their garments of fringes. Suddenly, and almost simultaneously, every one of these stand up, and, with flushed and eager faces, rush, rather than walk, towards the reading desk, in which are seated the men already mentioned, the borders of whose garments of fringes are ostentatiously broad; and who also wear the three-cornered hats. In front, and leaning slightly over the desk, is the hassan, between the men occupying the chief seats and the crowd in front of the railings. He is a man of middle age, whose wasted meagre features bear traces of severe conflicts with either strong griefs or passions. His eyes are dark and penetrating, and he scans the fierce ambitious applicants with the haughty contempt of one who is no stranger to the secret motive of their zealous anxiety for office, and feels his own power to gratify or disappoint them. His lips are thin, and firmly closed, as if he had determined to hear every claim which each had to urge, before he uttered a word; but though he should hearken with the patience of a Job,

he must still have remained in ignorance of the justness of pretensions so angrily asserted for the honour of performing the numerous puerile ceremonies with which the Jewish religion is encumbered and disfigured, were he not already aware of the amount of right possessed by each individual, every one of whom had purchased by auction, under that roof, in his presence, the privileges which, with such unseemly importunity, they are now seeking to exercise. Many of them had bought the right to the performance of the same duty, hence the discreditable clamour; hence the excitement with which his words are waited for, who has the unenviable prerogative of making a choice of the officers for the day. At length he raises his hand for silence, and then slowly and distinctly calls over the names of twenty men, three of whom at once step into the reading desk, while the other seventeen, separating from the throng, proceed, with the gravity of fools, to perform such duties as are assigned to them.

A Jew from whose age one might hope for wisdom went forward, and raising the gorgeous curtains displayed the golden ark; a young man followed him, with a face so full of intellect and vigour that you wondered to see the perfect satisfaction and pride with which he went through his duty, merely raising the lid of the ark. Another lifted up the scroll; another held it above his head while he displayed a small portion of it to the congregation; while a fifth carried it in triumph through the synagogue, the sweet tinkling and ringing of the bells suspended at the ends of the laths on which it was rolled being regarded as symbolical of the sweet sounds of the law and the prophets. At length it reached the hands of one of the three men who had been selected as readers, who read a portion called "Kerioth shema," from the words with which it begins in Deut. vi. 6. When he had finished he handed it to the second, who read the "Paraschoith," or a section of the law; while the third read the "Haph-toroth," or a portion of the prophets. An interpreter stood beside each reader, and translated the portions of Scripture from the Hebrew into Polish. The hezen, or hassan, watched over both, and when a word was either

omitted or mispronounced he pointed out the error and had it corrected. An exhortation followed the reading, and then the scroll was wrapped carefully in its richly embroidered silken coverings, and passed from hand to hand with absurd and wearisome ceremony until it was once more deposited in the ark, and the gorgeous veil allowed to fall, which proud rabbins twice caught up before the golden fringe was suffered to sweep the floor. Utterly nonsensical as all these ceremonies are, the Jews regard them as acceptable acts of worship, and as conferring high honour in the eyes of men. I was glad when I got out of the synagogue, and doubly glad when I reached my own pretty, quiet home.

The next day was the Christian Sabbath, though it bore no resemblance in Cracow to the Sabbath of Christians. The shops were all open, and more than ordinary care had been exerted in arranging their miscellaneous contents, because, added to the usual throng which business, pleasure, or idleness brings to the streets on ordinary days, there was a goodly number of professing Christians going to their various places of worship,

who might be expected, on their return, to become purchasers. I was abroad with the rest, making my way to the quiet little church of St. Martin, the only Protestant church in Cracow, through picturesque crowds of Austrians and Germans, Hungarians and French, Poles and Polish Jews. The picture of life around me would have been too gay and bright were it not relieved and diversified by the sombre tints of the ungraceful dress of some English travellers, and the dark gray and brown coat and trews of the Polish Scotchmen, many of whom were shouldering their way to the same "kirk" as I was, with their plaids of the Fraser or Johnston tartan crossed on their broad chests, and their blue bonnets set as jauntily on their heads as if they had but just come "frae the Land o' Cakes," instead of being, as they were, the descendants of the brave men who, three hundred years ago, fled for refuge into Poland, when James V. sought to propitiate the favour of heaven, after a life of falsehood and licentiousness, by persecuting to the death believers in what was then termed the "new heresy."

A STROLL OVER DONNYBROOK FAIR-GREEN.

THE household word, Donnybrook, has been for a long period loosely associated with Ireland, and more intimately with its capital, though very little to the advantage or credit of either.

A Fair was established at Tailtean, now Teltown, in Meath, during the old Pagan times, in honour of a virtuous queen of the race of the Danaans. A large assemblage met there once a year, the greater part consisting of young marriageable persons of both sexes; matches were made, terms of service were arranged, and scenes of dissipation probably marked the fasti of Tailtean, as well as those of Donnybrook. It may be taken for granted, that a social picture of the great Tailtean collection, sketched while its memory was still fresh, and discovered a few months since in an old chest in Nuremberg, would excite great interest among our Archæological, Celtic, and Ossianic Societies,

and confer a new lease of life on Drs Todd, Petrie, O'Donovan, and Professor Curry. Now, though posterity has done no more for us than it did for Sir Boyle Roche and his anti-Union contemporaries, we will be generous, and sketch as perfect a picture of the successor of Tailtean as circumstances allow, both for the O'Gradys, and Hacketts, and Windeles, of A.D. 2500, and for those stay-at-home dwellers in Saxon-land, who know nothing of that disreputable old institution of ours but by report of enterprising neighbours who venturing beyond the Western sea, and among the modern wild Irish dwelling on the Leinster coasts, have haply returned to their pleasant fields.

A traveller wishing to make himself acquainted with the locality of the famous Fair, and proceeding south-east from Dublin for that purpose some few years since, would meet the old Rose Tavern fronting him at the

entrance of the village, and if he passed through the house he would find himself in a tea, punch, beer, wine, and whiskey garden behind, furnished with its summer houses, tables, and rustic seats. Following the curved line of the street, with its grocers' shops and small taverns, he advances to the point where the street ends and the village green commences, sees the little whitewashed chapel on his right, adjoining the ancient church-yard, and some years earlier he would have discovered the parish church.

Our model traveller now looks south-east along an irregular row of houses (one having a sort of air of a castle), embedded in, and backed by trees and gardens, till they end at the steep bank of the Dodder. Then turning his eyes partly northwards they wander along a short row of houses, a small canal or mill-race issuing from their rear, a broad foot-path by its side, a ruined windmill on its farther edge, and a picturesque green bank sloping down from the path to the stream—stream, bank, and mill-race leading down to Ball's Bridge.

Now his eye passing along the stream to where the south-tending row of houses ends, rests on a bridge over which passes the unhedged road, leading from the opening of the village where he stands, and with the upper part of the stream as base, and the southern row of houses as the other side, enclosing a triangular portion of the green for the eating and drinking portion of the Fair. At the traveller's left-hand side of the road stretches a smooth meadow narrowing as it goes down stream; and in its angle just at his feet, a little lower than the road, stands a very small farm-house with its bawn, surrounded by elder bushes and its little cow-house and stable. From this abode of apparent quiet and industry to the bank of the stream, and extending from the road along the meadow northwards, formerly were arranged the travelling shows, and behind them and nearer the bridge and stream, stood, or pranced, or reared the horses brought for sale.

If the traveller chose to walk down by the mill-race towards the factory, and then turned his eyes backwards, he would have before him a scene of

great beauty, formed by the undulating grassy bank of the clear stream, the little canal, with its farther edge overgrown with great dock leaves, the village green intersected by the road from the opening of the village to the bridge, the picturesque scattered houses of the village shaded by the old trees, and the purple side of the Dublin Mountain for background.

Some features of the scene have undergone change, and as far as artists' purposes are concerned, not for the better. The pleasant looking tavern already mentioned is minus its sign, and presents a shabby and poverty-bitten exterior; some of the village cabins are unroofed; changes are being effected in the houses of the southern boundary of the green, and unsightly scaffolding offends the eye. The road is provided with walls; the triangular portion of the green on its south is girt with a paling fence.

The earliest fact concerning Donnybrook is, that it was granted in 1174 to Walter de Riddlesford, Baron of Bray, by Strongbow. In 1204 its lands were in possession of Henry de Verneuil; and in that same year, John, King of England and Lord of Ireland, granted to the citizens of Dublin the privilege of building a castle, enclosing their city, and holding a Fair annually at Dovenabrok, commencing on 3rd May, and lasting eight days. In 1252, his son, Henry III. appointed it to begin on 7th July, and to continue for fifteen days. The next change, made at the instance of the citizens, advanced the opening day to the 10th of the same month, but it rested at last on the 26th of August.

The use and benefit of the institution in the way of tolls for the space of two days, the festival and its eve, were made over to the Archbishop of Dublin for the time being. But if some few of the old churchmen occasionally mistook the mace or battle-axe for the crozier, we hear of none that condescended to discount bills, or take toll of hogs or horses at a fair. No mention is made of any Archbishop of Dublin having availed himself of Lord John's ill-omened gifts.

How different the framework of society when the Fair of Donnybrook was established, from that in which we of the nineteenth century find our places. Imagine the Prince of Wales appointing a week's or fortnight's

saturnalia at Crumlin for the inhabitants of Dublin and its liberties, to show his appreciation of their cordial and loyal attachment to his august mother and himself! But when it was no more than safe for peaceful burgher, or artificer, or franklin, to travel with goods of value beyond the shadow of the Seignor's turrets, or the moated city wall, and when business in the way of exchange had to be done, it was a matter of convenience to be able to bring in safety, cattle or their hides, or well-tempered plate and mail-armour, or buff jerkins, or bales of cloth, to the green of Donnena-brook, under the protection of the spearmen of the city, and of the neighbouring raths or castles of Kilgobbin, of Rathfarnham, of Baginbally, and that in the immediate neighbourhood of the assemblage.

No record has been left of any raid of the Wicklow clans, the "Three Scourges of the Sassenach," on the business or pleasure-seeking crowds; so we may take for granted that the garrisons—Anglo-Norman or Danish—kept trusty watch and ward, and that nothing more serious occurred than occasional brawls between the citizens themselves, or between the men-at-arms and the long-haired wild-looking galloglachs or kerns of some native chief, at friendship with the lords of the Pale.

The annual return of the great meeting was joyfully greeted by all classes within the city. The municipal seigniors looked to its tolls and duties for the replenishment of their chest, the merchants and manufacturers for the sale of their wares, and the young for some additional relaxation. The jongleurs were sure to be there, many coming from beyond the Irish sea to exhibit their wonderful feats in legerdemain, in tricks with sharp weapons and balls, and in wonderful "tours de force;" nor were the minstrels, the glee-men, and glee-women, likely to be unmindful of the last week in August.

The meeting at its first institution, and for some three hundred years, was distinguished by a large amount of business, much earnestness, and some dissipation. It would be interesting to trace the change wrought in its economy by the decay of feudalism, the progress of refinement, the ceasing of hostilities between the neighbouring mountaineers and the citizens, the better facilities for traffic within the city,* in consequence of its enlargement and the widening of its streets, and many other causes. From a condition of much business and some dissipation, it came by degrees to exhibit a character of thorough dissipation and the mere shadow of business.

Looking on the quiet little village, its men and women encumbered with little occupation, its pigs, cocks and hens, and unroofed cottages, it is hard to bring before the mind's eye as once parading that waste ground, knights and nobles, with the pointed shoes, close dresses, and small caps, that distinguished the Yorkists and Lancastrians; the Tudor nobles with their wide frills, baggy doublets, and ugly hats; the dashing cavaliers in their plumed sombreros, fringed and ugly hose, and tawney boots; Williamites and Jacobites rejoicing in huge periwigs, buff coats, corselets, buckskin-breeches, and jack-boots; and next in time to our fathers, the Whigs and Tories of the Georgian era, with their rich but tasteless dresses.

"Happy are those nations whose histories are tiresome," said a French philosopher. In this sense it might be said that the fortunes of Donnybrook were of a happy character, as historians, fearing its history would be too tiresome to their readers, did not venture on the writing of it at all. It is a fact somewhat curious, that though lives in thousands have been shortened in consequence of their owners' temporary residence in its tents, and reputations lost in corresponding greatness of number, few instances of murder, or even man-

* As all our old cities were at first mere places of defence, their distinctive features were, strength in the buildings, narrowness in the streets, lack of open places, except in the neighbourhood of the citadel and cathedral, and no ground unoccupied. Such strongholds were, owing to these circumstances and the restricted intercourse with outside dwellers, eminently unfitted for large traffic; and hence the annual assemblies in free open spaces outside the walls. The gatherings at St. John's Well boast as high an antiquity as those of Donnybrook.

slaughter, have been recorded in its annals.

Once the Corporation of our city would not have sold their charter of Donnybrook for a "king's ransom;" but times changed, money was needed, and, perhaps, the mace was at the pawnbroker's. Sir Michael Creagh, Lord Mayor in 1688, had "levanted" with the Collar of SS, and never returned with or without it; and, 'till the latest instance of the triennial riding the franchises, Sir Michael Creagh, the unprincipled, was always summoned at Essex-gate to come and appear, and restore the collar. As the charter for holding the Fair was in the possession of the Ussher family in 1697, a suspicion might arise that the sum they handed over for the privilege was devoted to the purchase of a new collar. That was not the case, however, for King William had generously presented them with another in the interim. On the demise of Henry Ussher in 1756, the sovereignty of the Fair was conferred on Sir William Wolseley.

In making explorations for this domestic history some time since, we unearthed a certain small volume, with "Donnybrook Tea House," or some such name, as the title. It was dated in the earlier part of last century, and we opened it with eagerness, hoping to find some interesting anecdotes or descriptions to secure our readers' attention. Alas! some clergyman—no friend of the author's—had satirized the company that resorted to a house of entertainment in Stephen's-green, and the author of the little volume fills it with abuse of his reverend unfriend and sketches of the characters of the living habitués of the "Tea House by the Dodder."

At the period to which we have arrived, and for many years later, the Corporation were accustomed to dine in the Fair one day in every year. The tents were arranged in two rows, facing each other, from near the village entrance to the bank of the stream, leaving space between them, varying in breadth in places, but gradually widening as it drew near the brook. These tabernæ varied much in appearance and size—quilts, sheets, table-cloths, and other household and personal conveniences screening the inmates of the smaller ones next the city; while one or two of the larger

and more stylish, towards the east or river-side of the green, boasted of a first-floor, and had the honour of entertaining the worshippers of venison and turtle. We should hardly be accused of travelling out of our record if we supposed that some musical and loyal alderman, in his mellow moments, would lift a stave of the "Boyne Water" or "The Protestant Boys," leaning his head against the elastic canvas wall, and that an unsympathizing cudgel on the outside, whose owner entertained peculiar musical theories, would come in hard and disagreeable contact with it through the same canvas medium.

The upper classes of society were in the habit of taking their recreation at the Brook in 1775; and if they indulged more in swearing, and were readier to settle amicable discussions with lead and saltpetre than their staid descendants, their presence and friendly recognition of their humble friends, dependants, and admirers, tended to impose a certain moral restraint on the inferior classes and prevent outrageous offences. The labourers and tradesmen at the Brook in 1835 were in small peril of being recognised in any *faux pas* by counsellor, merchant, or large manufacturer, as he would be perambulating the green in the evening, Mrs. Counsellor or Mrs. Merchant on his arm, and their delighted young folk following in their wake, or making short, hasty excursions to the right or left. The spirit of caste is stronger among us than it was in the eighteenth century; and if we are more polite to our political and religious opponents, we entertain rather less cordiality towards them than our out-spoken, blustering grandfathers did towards their differing contemporaries. Far be it from us to uphold the Fair in those good old times as a model of a respectable assembly. In 1765, the proprietors of drinking booths paying no attention to the moral observations of the civic authorities on the timely closing of the festival, the Sheriff of Dublin, accompanied by a strong guard and twenty-five cars, invaded the camp—took down tents, loaded his cars with the canvas-coverings, pots, forms, and tables, and drove with them in triumph to the Tholsel.

In 1778 Sir William Wolseley made a lease of his charter to Joseph Mad-

den; and so the matter rested till 1812, when the then baronet received £750 from John Madden for the absolute disposal of his right to all the privileges and tolls secured by the original grant made by King John to his beloved citizens of Dublin, of a fair to be holden at Doniburn.*

The year 1790 was memorable for a visit paid by Sir Jonah Barrington† to Donnybrook, in company with Counsellor Byrne, who wanted to purchase a quiet horse. We quote part of his own account from Vol. III. of his "Personal Memoirs," p. 244:—

"Into the fair we went; and, riding up and down, got here a curse and there a blessing; sometimes a fellow who knew one of us starting out of a tent to offer one of us a glass of the 'cratur.' When we had satisfied our reasonable curiosity, and laughed plentifully at the grotesque scenes interspersed through every part, we went to the horse-fair on the Green outside. There the jockeys were in abundance; and, certainly, no fair ever exhibited a stranger melange of the halt and blind, the sound and rotten, rough and smooth—all galloping, leaping, kicking, or tumbling—some in clusters, some singly; now and then a lash of the long whip, and now and then a crack of the loaded butt of it."

A quasi-quiet horse was purchased and mounted by the counsellor; but, as he and Sir Jonah were riding home quietly through the tents, a hereditary cobbler of the Barringtons ran out of a tent, bottle and glass in hand; swore a lusty oath that *Barnton* should take a drink from him; ran under the neck of Byrne's horse, and held out the glass, requesting Sir Jonah to "open his gob!" found him-

self entangled in the bridle; struck the head of the animal furiously with the bottle to keep him quiet; and, by dint of such persuasion, induced the beast to throw the counsellor clean on his head some yards in advance, and the other to ease his back of Sir Jonah, and drag him along by his legs, which, somehow, had got entangled in the bridles of both horses. Away went the steeds, and away, between them, went Sir Jonah on his back, and the cobbler, obliquely on his soles, Sir Jonah's steed varying the course by an occasional kick, and the cobbler using his bottle as before, for the purpose of allaying the fury of the animals. Thus on they went—horses, cobbler, knight, and bridles. Sir Jonah wonders how he escaped.

The bridles were eventually cut by the bystanders, the horses freed from the thongs, and Sir Jonah from imminent destruction. The report reached Dublin that the two counsellors were killed; but, meantime—

"The mare my servant rode, though she did not know what all this row was about, thought proper to imitate so good an example; but, being fonder of galloping than rearing, she fairly ran away; and the lad being unable to hold her in, they upset every thing in their course, till, having come in contact with the cord of a tent, and being entangled therein, down went horse and rider plump against the wattles, which (together with the quilts) yielding to their pressure, Byrne's mare and my groom made an unexpected portion of the company inside.

"My readers must picture to themselves a run-away-horse and his rider tumbling, head foremost, into a tent among from ten to twenty Irishmen who had got the drink in them. Many were

* The other varieties of spelling used for this name are—Donenachbroc, Dovenachbroc, Dovenalbrok, Donabrok, Donbrok. The word may either mean "Little Brook," or the "Dun of the Badger or Trout," or Church of St. Broc (*Dunabroch* Broc). The last is given on the authority of the Rev. Dr. Todd. The reader is referred to "Brief Sketches of Booterstown and Blackrock," by the Rev. B. H. Blacker, for nearly every piece of information concerning the annals and statistics of Donnybrook that could be procured, or references to the books in which they are preserved. His very valuable little work is full of curious and out-of-the-way bits of information connected with the old families of Dublin and its suburbs since the days of Meyler Fitzhenry, John's locum-tenens.

† The work quoted is a most interesting one to all who wish to obtain information of the state of society, and of the chief personages of the Irish Parliament and courts of law before the Union. Sir Jonah, though a native Irishman, makes many blunders in Irish pronunciation and phraseology, and in topographical details; and he occasionally sacrifices truth to effect. A mower making a stab at a salmon with his scythe, cuts his own head clean off! and other not very probable things of the kind are gravely told—ungravely rather, for the work is written in a very roistering style.

the bruises and slight scarifications of the company before they could get clear of what they thought nothing but the devil or a whirlwind could possibly have sent them thus, without the least notice, to destroy them. In fact Byrne had, a few months after, a considerable sum to advance to satisfy all parties for broken ware; but the poor fellows would charge nothing for broken heads or damaged carcasses.

On being disengaged, the son of Crispin limped off to the next tent, where (everybody flocking round him) he held up the bottle, of which he loudly swore he had never quitted his grip—"Not," he said, "for the lucre of a glass bottle, but for the sake of the cratur that was in it, though that was all spilt."

Donnybrook was near being a fatal locality to Sir Jonah Barrington on another occasion. He received an invitation one evening, while a resident in College, to meet the celebrated duellist, Richard Daly, next morning on the Green. The invitation, though unwelcome, was accepted, the challenger not having the slightest cause for an appeal to pistols. They met on a raw morning in March, Sir Jonah's opponent furnished with a tremendous squint, and arrayed in a pea-green coat, large tucker, adorned with a diamond-brooch, gold-looped, three-cocked-hat, and silk stockings. His second advanced and explained to Barrington's second—Balloon Crosby, brother to Sir Edward Crosby of Carlow—that the challenge had been given under a misapprehension, and that his principal begged to apologize. Jonah (he was not yet knighted) was thoroughly satisfied, but so was not Crosby.

"We cannot do that *yet*, sir," said he. "I'll show you we can't (taking a little manuscript book out of his pocket). There's the rules.* Look at that, sir," continued he. "See No. 7—'No apology can be taken after the parties meet *without a fire*.' You must feel that a young man on his

first blood cannot break rule, particularly with a gentleman so used to the sport as Mr. Daly. Come, gentlemen, proceed."

Of necessity, shots were exchanged, and Daly escaped death through the intervention of a brooch. The fight being over, Jonah asked for an explanation; but Daly's second quoted Rule 8:—

"'If a party challenged accepts the challenge without asking the reason of it, the challenger is never bound to divulge it afterwards.'"

The wicked old Green saw its own reasonable share of the numberless duels that were fought, at and before the period of the Union. The great Bully Egan of Kilmainham, and the Master of the Rolls came to deadly arbitrament on its sod. The Master, after delivering his fire, was coolly walking away on pretence of his honour being satisfied, but that did not meet the wishes of his opponent. Egan, large in body, and easily affected to tears at sight of another's pain or misery, was thoroughly fearless where his own safety was in question, and also of a guileless disposition. He lifted his pistol, but immediately lowered it. "What use would it be to me," said he, "to take your life? Shake hands, and let us be good friends." The man whose life was in the balance desired no better. In 1789 Lord Mountgarret and Francis Hely Hutchinson met at Donnybrook. This meeting was not so bloodless as the others. The stingy, but ostentatious peer received two wounds, which obliged him to a state of retirement for a month or two.

Any reader who has attentively followed us thus far will scarcely expect to find Donnybrook ever invested with a halo of poetry or sentimentality. The attempt was made, however, in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, for April 1793, but the bacchanalian subject was unable to bear her

* Readiness to accept a challenge being considered in Sir Jonah's youth an indispensable quality of a gentleman, and many lives having been lost through inadequate causes, the delegates of Tipperary (famous with the pistol), Galway (renowned at the small-sword), Mayo (well spoken of at both), Sligo and Roscommon—agreed on twenty-five articles, which every fire-eater was to preserve in manuscript in his pistol-case. Admitting the necessity of duelling, the rules were judiciously adapted to prevent unnecessary hostilities, and to regulate such as were unavoidable. They exhibited a good instance of the reasonings of madmen.

unsuitable drapery with ease or grace. Here are three out of the fourteen verses contributed by L. Q.:—

"Hail sweet retreat! hail balmy rest,
Unruffled by the brow of care!
Hail hallowed shrine by learning blest!
Extending each revolving year.

Old Dodder from his pregnant source,
In clear meanders purling on;
Breaks on these walls his rapid force,
While zephyrs wing the shepherd's song.

Howth's threatening top, high o'er the seas
Appears to soar tow'rd yonder sky:
Lo, at his feet the trembling waves!
His brows the thunder's force defy."

Nothing can exceed the smoothness of the remaining verses except the absolute inanity of the ideas. It is probable that the editor soon received some disagreeable communications on his want of judgment in matters poetic; for we find these among other verses of a similar character in the June number of the same year:—

"Ah, Muse Debonnair, let us haste to the Fair!

'Tis Donnybrook tapsters invite:
Men, horses, and pigs are running such rigs,
As the cockles of your heart will delight.

But ah, how false the joys we so desire!
Like Jack O'Lanterns gleaming in the bogs,
That souse the silly traveller in the mire,
Making him look like one of Circe's hogs.
The Lord Mayor comes with all his bums;
Pulls down the tents, nor e'er relents,
Till all the jolly blades and wenches frisky
Are forced—O sad reverse! which grieves
me to rehearse,
To Bridewell and water, from the Fair
and whisky."

At times, in the journals, complaints were made of the continuance of the Fair, when there was no immediate necessity of recruiting for army or impressment for navy. Though no press-gang would venture into Donnybrook* during Fair time, crimps and recruiting sergeants improved the occasion by treating unwary peasant or smoked city-tradesman to the villainous potations of the tents, and regaling their ears with the stirring patriotic songs of the day, so redolent of devotion to the Crown of England, and of hatred and contempt for the

Mounseers and Boney. In *Walker's Magazine* for August, 1811, the illustration presents a sergeant with a tumbler up in one hand, while the other is stretched to a countryman; and the scroll from his mouth announces "Fine living, plenty of drink, and a promotion." The letter-press gives his entire oration, but our readers must put up with a selection:—

"Come all loyal, brave, and patriot Irishmen, whose hearts are animated by a joint love of king, country, and glory, at the sound of a warlike drum! . . . From the naked African that pants under the Line to the freezing Laplander beneath the Pole, all admire and celebrate Irish heroism. As to the common enemy—he and his banditti dread the name of Irishman; and your presence in the field appals them as the armour of Achilles on Patroclus. The fancy of a French soldier is impressed with the like dread of an Irish hero as a child by the idea of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

"The Irish soldier advances at the charging step, or mounts the breach with as much indifference as he would enter the 'Bang-Up' to partake of a jug of punch. Come then, my jolly, jocund, gay, and thrice valiant hearts of Shillela! join your fellow-soldiers of the triple alliance of the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock. Bang, haste, buffet, batter, and send to Beelzebub, the Duke of Turnback, the Duke of Low Buttock, the Duke of Smalltrash, Prince Scrubbado, and Count Snatchit. . . . Come, my lads, wet your throats, as it is time to wet my own. Look at this net—sixteen gold fishes! See how their fins glitter in the sun. . . . And, my friends, you will not want for whisky; but you must drink it neat. Any man known to put water in his whisky in our regiment stands a chance of promotion to the halberds."

If an individual escaped the lures of the red-coated tempter outside, and took refuge within, with his back to the side of the tent, whisky poisoned with aquafortis, or porter doctored with quassia and coculus Indicus before him, a dance on the spring-door delighting his eye, the jig maddening his ear, and the touter for the army or navy not far off, his case was not much improved, his capture

* In the beginning of August 1790, twenty-seven poor hay-makers, while waiting at the Pigeon House, were seized and carried off by a press-gang.

only deferred. Looking on the punch-jug, he found depicted, John Bull with jack-boots, leather breeches, and ugly yeoman-cavalry helmet, one hand holding Bonaparte by the ear, and the other drawn out for the administering of a genuine box, the legend bearing this threat, "You contemptible Corsican ruffian! only you're such a little bit of a fellow, I'd smash yourself and your cocked hat to atoms with my fist." The rat being thus effectively drowned, some additional water was thrown on him in these verses:—

"What! to conquer all England how dares
he pretend,
This ambitious but vain undertaker!
When he knows, to his cost, that where
Britons defend,
He's unable to conquer one Acre."

Before entering the unsanctified bounds of the Fair, in much more modern days, we had a foretaste of its delights, in the inspection of three truncated cones of felt, standing in three holes scooped out of the sod, three pennies curiously balanced on their narrow tops, and their proprietor offering the chance of obtaining them at the sacrifice of one halfpenny. The candidate was presented with a stick by the banker; and if, by a wonderful union of skill and good-fortune, he could succeed in striking the pieces of money out on the sod, they were his. Some adventurers, impatient to realize without delay, would give a sweep to the weapon sufficient to break the legs of a score of the bystanders; but the more forcibly the flexible support was struck, the more quietly and determinedly did the coins fall into the bottoms of the pits. If a quiet tap touched the supports at the bottom there would be a chance of luck; but the only really successful coup occurred, when the cudgel, advancing horizontally, took the very coppers in its course, a very unlikely occurrence. The upper portion of the banker's person was a picture, the features expressing the perfection of low cunning and sensuality, and the battered hat leaving two inches of a vacancy between itself and the low forehead.

The angular portion of the Green next the street being too narrow for the erection of tents, was occupied by the stalls of confectionary, fruit, and toy merchants, and here indulgent

mothers and nurses and happy children were collected. A few steps brought us to the entrance of the double row of tents, improving in size and appearance the farther we advanced. Sir Jonah Barrington did not choose the humbler class of publicans to get up a tent in the ordinary hum-drum style, for Duke Michael of Russia having honoured the Fair with his presence in 1819, was expected to take home some valuable hints for making his Cossacks comfortable at little expense to themselves or him. The receipt was easily accomplished. The Cossack finding himself in the neighbourhood of a wood, was to cut down the longest saplings he could find, strip them of their bark to prevent them being recognised, sharpen the broad ends, stick them in the ground in two rows at convenient distance, bring the tops into semicircles, tie them with ropes of hay stolen from the most convenient rick, lengthen his line of hoops *ad libitum*, and then cover all with winnowing sheets, quilts, and other bed gear, and (eking out the lion's skin with the fox's tail) patch unsightly vacancies with gowns and "praskeens."

The interior economy was of a simple character. A railed bar was improvised on one side of the entrance, forms ran close to each canvas side the whole length of the structure; guests sitting on these forms, with their backs to the tent wall, had their eating or drinking materials placed before them, and leisure and opportunity to witness the performances of the dancers on the board laid flat on the sod between the two rows of tables. The culinary operations were performed at the rear; and wherever a favourable spot occurred outside, a large hole was scooped out, a triangle securely rigged over it suspending a pot, and beef and mutton—not of the prime quality—boiled and served with the broth, to those who were philosophic or poor enough to be satisfied with a form or box, or their lap, for a table, and to dine *sub dio* in the sight of gods and men.

Towards the eastern part of the avenue, close by the steep bank of the stream, the tents have an aristocratic air, the beer is purer, the punch is freer of aquafortis, the ministers of Bacchus are better robed, the guests

more refined in manner. We get outside, and at the back descry in every quiet spot a gambler with his tools, ready to evacuate his ground at the approach of the civic guardian. Roulette tables, boards loaded with nuts and the revolving iron arm; men netting the sixpences and shillings of the gaping crowd in long strips of listing, whose loop is not to be found except by an adept, and professors descanting on the ease with which any common pair of eyes could discover the place of the pea among the three cups of deceit.

After the outdoor spectacles came the shows. Admiration was first bestowed on the portraits (outside two caravans) of the charming Hottentot Venus, the very large and beautiful Miss —— (name, alas, forgotten), the cross-looking little dwarf, the gaping farmer in blue coat, brass buttons, breeches, and boots, his wife dressed a-la-Queen-Caroline, and their children; and the whole family made to look so diminutive beside the exhibited ladies. We paid brief court to the overgrown, undergrown, and unhappy occupants of the caravans. They looked on every fresh batch of visitors as so much additional weight added to the burden of their daily existence; and we quitted their presence to pity their exceptional condition and isolated loneliness during the intervals of exhibition.

But, oh, powers of nature and art! Are the lions and tigers within this caravan so large and fierce; and is the boa constrictor so thick and long and diabolical as represented on this tremendous canvas? and shall we see these mighty tropical forests within, with the flame, and emerald, and topaz-coloured scarlet parrots and parroquets, housing among their branches; and the wild Man of the Woods, the sad-looking Ourang Outang, with his club and rude cabin. Most impotent conclusion! Mangy-looking, overgrown, tawny, and striped or brown cats, lying on their dirty boards, winked at us with their wicked eyes. Monkeys whom not to see we should at any time gladly pay a trifling bribe, chattered for the visitor's offerings, and quarrelled among each other with as much spite and as little respect for themselves as individuals of the human race. The hor-

rible-looking alligator, springing at an Indian maid to devour her, body and sleeves, dwindled to an ugly drab-coloured lizard four feet long, and the boa constrictor reposed at its ease in a folded blanket about the size of a two-year-old eel.

We enter the Theatre Royal of the Fair-green. There is nothing very remarkable about the style of the proscenium. The movable portion occupies a little more than half of the breadth, the rest being probably one boundary of the green-room. A female figure, apparently painted from a wooden model, guards each side of the drop; one holds a mask, the other a dagger. The lower portion of the scene is a terrace bounded by a low wall. A dusky garden, faint in colour, runs from this wall down to the edge of a lake; but in the garden is a kiosk, whose deep blue cupola would have driven the surrounding walks and parterres to the end of the world if they were possessed of moving powers. The wide lake lies beyond, but its appropriate colours having been wasted on the garden, it glows in salmon and orange hues. A long red hill smoking in places, and crowned by trees as high as the pyramids, close the view.

There was a tinkle, and up went this specimen of landscape gardening. A dreadful-looking baron stepped forth in all the terrible dignity of long black wig, short cloak, slashed hose, russet boots and spurs, all much used. After him came the usual down-looking villain of the melo-drama, two lines drawn from his chin and his low forehead forming an angle of 96° at his nose, and the following dialogue ensued:—

“So, as you know well enough, this dagger drank my hated brother's blood, while you, vile coward, held him by the legs; and thus his broad lands and title-deeds, which lie in yonder chest, within the donjon of the northern tower's gloom, became my own.”

“All right, my lord, but my part of the spoil is very small. You have privileged me to put up the ‘White Eagle’ of the Barons Trufaldini on my sign, but customers are few, and the gloomy cloud that wraps the castle in its coat spreads its long skirt even to my dusty tap-room.”

“Peace, vassal—slave—and mark

me! His infant son escaped, aided, as I suspect, by that traitress, Rosalbina, the nurse of my angelic child, the lady Rosaletta. I once caught her outrageous fingers on the dark chest of hammered iron that enwraps my precious deeds. One of my thousand spies scattered through the land informed me yesterday that a young officer, with the black hair and the high cheek bones of the Trufaldini, had been sighted a day's journey to the east, bending thither his wearied and revengeful steps. 'Tis he! 'tis the child of my murdered brother! Watch for him like a sleuth hound, entice him to the 'White Eagle,' and do for him."

"And what's to be the price of his innocent blood, great master?"

"Five shillings per acre reduction in your rent, and the custom of my three domestics. The curse of the foul fiend on the other seven that gave warning—now seven revolving years elapsed! You know your duty. As you value your life, remember and be mute. I hasten to my towers. Oh, when will the angel of sleep place his heavy hand on my aching eyelids!"—*Exit.*

A middle-aged man, with a cast in one eye, striving to assume the air and manner of twenty-one, was now seen picking his steps along a plank that crossed the stage at the back. He was evidently as much intent on performing his transit in safety as on making a good impression on the audience. Being lost for a moment behind a projecting scene, he emerged and took the stage—

"Hilloa! my friend, how far from hence to the Black Castle of the Bloody Ash?"

"Nine long leagues, my noble captain. But come and partake the hospitality of my humble roof, famous for its unadulterated beer and gin."

Then ensued the night attack on the heir, his rescue by the faithful nurse, his first sight of his cousin, the fair Rosaletta, his seizure by the tyrant, and chance of being broken on the wheel, his second rescue, the conflagration of the castle (represented by the ignition of a few wisps of tow), and the union of the lovers. A comic scene, a pantomime, some five minutes long, and a comic song concluded the entertainment, and all within three quarters of an hour.

During the short interval between the acts a conversation occurred between a couple of elderly men sitting on a form behind—

"You never knew it, maybe, but it is true for all that. It was the first victory the same Duke of Wellington gained, and I saw some of it. He was only Arthur Wellesley then; and I suppose was not dreaming of being one day hand and glove with the King of England, or conquering the great Boney himself. He made a wager with the great Buck Whaley, of Stephen's-green, and walked from the five-milestone, as you go to Bray, through this very Green, and to the corner of Leeson-street, and kept the other gentlemen's horses in a smart trot to keep up with him. He was always a determined man; and sign's on it, he would not let himself be beat in any thing."

As the crowd gradually get free of their canvas enclosure, their appearance begins to assume something more of a dissipated character, and the sounds that arise from separate groups are less pleasant to the ear. Our party are scarcely out on the Green when we are attracted to a crowd; and, by dint of a little pushing, get sight of a couple of men engaged, not with the favourite chivalric shillela, but their vulgar knuckles. One is a drayman, much superior in size, and strength, and temper to his antagonist, and, as often as they come to close quarters, he knocks him down with ease. Every quarter of an hour adds to the uncomfortable character of the assembly. The faces of tradespeople and little shopkeepers, ordinarily bearing the unpleasant marks left by the teasing struggles for the mere necessities of life for themselves and their families, are now invested with that fatuous, imbecile expression, which drugged drink so surely confers, the effect being that of sunshine on a marsh. But one of the most unpleasant features of this institution is stamped on it by the swaggering and insolent demeanour of the city buckeens—the clerks in pawnbrokers' offices, assistants in various descriptions of shops, and the sons of shopkeepers in middling circumstances. They traverse the fair in all directions, in parties of threes and fours, every one elevated more or less—every one with a cigar in his mouth—

every mouth emitting oaths, ribald language, or slang—and every quiet or modest person, having the misfortune to be in their path, getting to one side with all expedition.

As the evening advances, the *abandon* of the various groups is disagreeably developed. Wilder shrieks and laughter come from the swings, louder singing, deeper marks of intoxication, and more disorderly dancing mark the economy of the tents. It is far from pleasant to witness the maudlin or quarrelsome moods of drunken men, either striving to get home or sitting helpless in the canvas temples; to look on the anxious faces of the tent-keepers or the mechanical movements of their sodden-faced waiters; on the excited girls dancing with thorough strangers; on the kicks, flings, and whoops of their half-drunk partners; and on the numbers lying insensible in quiet or unquiet corners. It is not cheering to dwell on the fifteen hundred pounds drawn, during the Fair-week of 1828, from the saving banks, even though the Green was visited on that week by the Marquess of Anglesea and Prince Puckler Muskaw.

The German prince saw many things in Donnybrook in that year which came under the notice of very few visitors before or since. The things eaten before his eyes filled him with disgust. He saw *many hundred* tents as ragged as the people—their signs being tawdry rags, or, by way of variety, a dead cat.

“A third part of the public lay or rolled about drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted, and fought. The women rode about, sitting two or three upon an ass, pushing their way through the crowd; smoked with great delight, and coquetted with their sweethearts. . . . Two beggars were seated on a horse, whose wretched plight seemed to supplicate for them. A pair of lovers, horribly ugly, treated each other with the greatest tenderness and the most delicate attention. Nothing could be more gallant, and, at the same time, more respectful, than his chivalrous efforts to preserve his fair one from falling, though he had no little difficulty in keeping his own balance. From his ingratiating demeanour, and her delighted smiles, I could perceive that he was using every endeavour to entertain her agreeably, and that her answers, notwithstanding her *exalté* state, were given with a coquetry and an

air of affectionate intimacy, which would have been exquisitely becoming and attractive in a pretty woman.

“Not the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived (we doubt it). They were more like French people; but their gaiety was mingled with more humour and genuine good-nature, both of which are national traits of the Irish.”

Poor Charles O’Flaherty, whose adventures of “Diarmuidh O’Nowlan Mac Figg,” nearly entitled him to have been the Poet Laureate of the festival, could never see any harm in Donnybrook—he could only look on the fun, the frolic, the excitement of the Fair. The most serious misfortune he records in his sketches of 1822 and 1823 is, that of the poor piper, whose tumbler of punch was abstracted before his eyes by an unprincipled hand reaching from the adjacent tent, the hand’s owner calculating that he would not interrupt the “Rakes of Mallow” in the middle, even to recover his liquor.

It is getting later and later, amusement diminishing, and brutal recklessness every moment on the increase. At last the tired proprietors of tents succeed, some time between 11 P.M. and 2 A.M., in ejecting their most determined patrons, securing the openings of their caverns with boards and cloths, and lying down on tables and mats to snatch a few hours of disturbed sleep. We quit the scene, and would have a pleasant walk to town except for the spectacle of the reeling, staggering home-seekers on foot, and the drunken yells and shouts of those returning on cars. We scarcely dare to dwell on the state of those incapable of returning for the whole night, many of whom, men and women, will be found by early visitors of to-morrow morning, lying by the waysides, and along the banks of the Dodder, sunk in that lethargic sleep, the awakening from which will be agony to mind and body.

To our mutual good wishes at parting was added the general hearty one, that the reign of the powers of the Devil in the picturesque old village might have a speedy termination. This desirable event did not take place till 1855, when the patent was purchased from the representatives of John and Peter Madden, and the Fair virtually abolished. From the establishment of the New Police, the tents were

closed at 6 P.M., and the night-life of the Fair lost some of its hideousness. It is not necessary to trace the evil effects of street education on young children, and it is little less than a miracle, if a boy of twelve, brought into companionship with seniors hardened in vice, in workshops and manufactories for seven or eight years,

turns out a good young man at twenty-one. The assemblage of such men and boys at an annual outburst such as Donnybrook was, could never be considered a happy specimen of Irish social enjoyment : hence the want of reality in the spirit-stirring song of "Donnybrook Fair," by Lysacht.

A NEW LEAF TURNED OVER, A.D. 1861.

IF Ireland makes less noise in the world than formerly, the world makes more noise about her. "He that wants money, means, and content" is not only, as the play saith, "without three good friends," but stands in danger of finding no friend at all. There is a superstitious French apothegm to which we practical Britons give a vigorous application in the version, "Aid yourself, and men will aid you." To be unlucky is to be set down as vicious. Society is virtuous in this at least, that it hates vice in the poor. It is proverbially easier to get a reputation for piety with a full than an empty pocket. Graces of character show best in a golden sunshine. Clouds and shadows rest upon the meekest and purest of the unsuccessful ones. No less true is this of communities than individuals. We ourselves furnish an example. Since the tide of our fortunes in this portion of her Majesty's proud dominions has taken the turn, the most assiduous and flattering court is paid to us. Less in need of friends than at any previous stage of our history, we have them in abundance. Unconscious that we are very remarkably improved in our ways, we stand astonished at the goodness and promise suddenly discovered in us. Accustomed for so long to consider ourselves everything but what we ought to be, we smile, almost incredulously, at the portraits of recent painters. We were never, perhaps, quite so ugly and wicked as their precursors represented : if we have somewhat mended, they, on their part, have become more just. We blush to discover ourselves the most popular subject of discourse, and the tone of recent observations about us

in high quarters, it must be confessed, is only too generous. Critics, whose slightest allusion to Ireland some time ago was pointed by a sneer, whose every glance westward was one of scorn and loathing, have grown civil and reasonable. They conclude at last that we are not quite irreclaimable, and prophesy smoothly of better days in store for us. Since the change is at least partly due to our later independence of patronage and compassion, we may be excused for expressing our satisfaction somewhat loftily. The fame of our prosperity has even passed beyond the Straits of Dover, and the French journalist and book-maker, as well as the Special of the London broadsheet, proclaim our recent rise in the world. *Times'* correspondents are jostled at Killarney by M. de Lasteyrie, or by the reporter of a Parisian imperial print, who saw nothing provocative of his spleen during her Majesty's gracious visit save our outside cars, quaint and primitive vehicles that are passing away, alas, as we may inform him for his comfort, before a malignant invasion of modern Hansoms and other vehicular abominations. Books of two and three hundred pages, substantially bound, and, for the present day, high priced, have but just issued from the press, in a dull season, replete with rejoicing testimonies to our amelioration in wind and limb, purse and temper. There is clearly a market for us, otherwise the Row, of all places in the world, would not take us by the hand, and expend its hard cash in ambitious generalizations of our past history, or sanguine arithmetic regarding our future achievements. Alike among servants and sciolists we form the attrac-

tive topic in this to be remembered Autumn of 1861. Papers on Ireland drew the fullest audiences at Manchester, we have heard, as well as in Dublin, the acutest observers and the most practical philosophers following each with eulogies and prognostications, all cast in the same mould. We make our best bow, and trust we may be kept humble under this shower of felicitations and flatteries.

Much as has been said and written of Ireland's new and prosperous era, neither the facts nor the charms of them are exhausted. Here and there, day after day, in many and varied lights, interesting proofs of the same great change are reflected upon the observer. The providential removal of a surplus population to lands where greater scope is afforded for their activities has already been traced in these pages along its instructive course. For the happy moral and physical effects upon those that remain behind, it were enough to say—look around. There is literally no part of the country where the improvement is not visible. Our agriculture has advanced to such an extent as to astonish the competent and candid Commissioner sent over during the present month by the leading journal. His notes have presented our farmers to the English public in a new aspect. It was generally known before that Irish agriculturists were expending capital in manure and machinery, and watching every new improvement with a keen eye; but the universality of the impulse that had been given to our farming interest was scarcely appreciated in the sister island. We have had it illustrated more than once of late by the figures of the Registrar-General; but somehow statistics, however clear, large, and important, fail to make the impression that a run through the country leaves upon the mind. The *Times*' writer, by telling what he actually saw, of the general excellence of our crops, and the entire absence of poverty and misery, has convinced his countrymen that this portion of the kingdom is worthy to rank with any other, and can no longer be justly derided, or pitied with impunity.

It is a remarkable fact, not, as we recollect, noticed by him or by recent essayists on the same theme,

that in the consolidation of farms consequent upon the emigration of thousands of small holders, it is the Irish farmer, the true-born Celt, who has reaped benefit, and not a stranger. The English and Scotch settlers—of whose intrusion, as some still would call it, so much has been made for political purposes—reach after all but a small number. It may be affirmed that the total of non-Irish farmers among our people, introduced during the existence of the Incumbered Estates Court and the prevalence of emigration, does not much exceed nine hundred; and these bear a small proportion to the number of those Irishmen who have acquired additional land, often in no inconsiderable quantity either, from the departure of their neighbours to America. The wealth and stability resulting from this most natural and salutary revolution—for such its extent entitles it to be considered—have fallen to the lot chiefly of the Irish race, the children of the old inhabitants. It is they who have been elevated and enriched by the sweeping off of their miserable fellow-countrymen. There is no foundation whatever for the complaint that the Irish soil is passing from Irish hands. That is an entirely erroneous description of what has occurred within the past eight or ten years. It would be more correct to say that the Irish soil has, during this period, become so consolidated in Irish hands, that there is at this moment less likelihood of its being taken from the native race than at any previous period.

The pauper farming class is gone—for such a class there was, strangely as the phrase may sound to English ears. Those only a trifle better circumstanced, who barely survived the pressure of bad seasons and visitations of epidemics, are now in hundreds of instances prosperous beyond what they ever could have hoped or believed possible. A tourist, say in the counties of Tipperary, Cork, or Limerick, is particularly struck with this. He will not seldom find a well-to-do farmer with twice or thrice as much land as he held in 1849 or 1850, successive small holdings of his neighbours who have emigrated having been added to his original acres. And the whole surface under the care of

such persons has every year become better tilled or stocked, as the results of larger dealings have from time to time enabled the cultivator to extend his enterprise.

One instance came recently under the writer's own observation. A farmer, who was little better than a beggar twelve years ago, though then the nominal occupant of a patch of land, has, for some seasons, been the holder of what constituted four farms at that period, and is now a considerable employer of labour, giving wages, as he boasts, which he would have conceived himself immensely fortunate in obtaining when he was the so-called farmer of a fifth of the soil now traversed by his ploughs and trodden by his oxen. He is a sturdy native, too, and in those old times expended no little labour and money in the patriotic duties of a Repeal warden. Now, however, he is singularly disinclined to agitation, and more anxious, in fact, that his newspaper shall report correctly the prices of stock at the great fairs of Munster, Banagher, and Ballinasloe, than the speeches of The O'Donoghoe himself, or certain Pastorals of some repute for pith and ability. This man is but the type of a steadily increasing class, who cannot, of course, quite forget their earlier prejudices, sensations, and impulses—their patriotism or fanaticism—though their hatred of social turmoil and distaste for unpractical aspirations is, nevertheless, earnest and decided. They indulge no subversive ideas. They are not willingly ultramontanists, though occasionally deceived or coerced into joining or conniving at extreme movements. They will defend their religious rights. They will, naturally enough, seek the aggrandizement of their faith. At elections, if at few other times, they will be governed by antiquated and fading principles and modes of thought; but they have no dreams of a French invasion of Ireland. They do not think things would be much better for them or theirs if the Pope had it all his own way in these latitudes. What is stranger still, they never spontaneously utter a word in disparagement of the Established Church or its ministers. The latter, indeed, are usually held in esteem by Roman Catholic farmers of respectability. The

occasional eccentricities of these thriving and peaceful agriculturists—their infrequent outbursts of political zeal—must not be construed to mean more than a flickering revival of all but forgotten memories and habits.

That an analogous improvement characterizes higher grades of the population may be inferred from the temperateness and propriety with which knotty questions were discussed during the late meeting of the Social Science Association. It would be impossible to conceive more strongly marked differences of opinion than exist amongst us, for example, on the subject of education. Yet principles and details in this department were both debated with much spirit, but no breach of decorum. The parties are not worse friends as individuals than before; and if nothing has been done towards a settlement of the question, it is, at least, proved that conscientious convictions, which every one is bound to respect, and not a dishonourable spirit of faction, cause these irreconcilable differences and life-long disputes. One fact seems to have been proved to demonstration, if nothing else came of the logomachy: that the existing governmental system, if upheld on its present basis, will never be considered by either of the great religious sections sufficient to release it, as a creed, from the responsibility of imparting a special religious and secular education to such young persons as it can attract to its schools. With or without the assistance of the State, schools will be maintained in which religion will leaven daily instruction; and it must be admitted by the coldest politician that the sacrifices made for so long a time by the clergy and lay members of the Established Church to give this principle effect are an unexampled exhibition of sincerity and self-denial.

Next in importance of the matters introduced to the late Congress (since this term has become accepted) were the Irish reformatory system and the changes agitated for in the management of the poor. The eulogists of the reformatory scheme were numerous; its critics few. This fact illustrates one of the drawbacks to the dignity and usefulness of the society of which Lord Brougham is prophet and apostle. What is everybody's

is nobody's business. An institution or project, consequently, provided it savours of benevolence, may, even through its authorized apologists or paid officials, occupy the attention of the society, and receive its formal sanction, for whatever that may stand. Statements privately prepared for such occasions are likely to pass unquestioned, and to be accepted as settled experiences, or set down as axioms. Whether they are challenged or not is purely an accident. Supposing no one present armed with the facts or arguments to meet them, their authors may crow forth a triumph; and this were little matter if the platform of the Association did not lend an adventitious value to unsifted theories, the attractive exterior of which may often lead even distinguished persons to utter rash commendations. These expressions are duly quoted at succeeding meetings by amiable hero-worshippers as certain of the fixed principles of the new Social Science, points removed from the field of inquiry and experiment, although the outside public—the superior tribunal whose decision must be given to lend the axiom its final and real value—have by no means agreed as to its wisdom. In the summer of 1862 we shall not be surprised to find it averred, as a thing determined in Dublin, that the rearing of Irish pauper children in religious or other institutions outside the work-house, managed by extraneous bodies, and the separation of the children from their parents, is preferable to the existing or any other system. This, it need scarcely be added, was not proved either in the Four Courts or before the Parliamentary Committee at Westminster, which, indeed, reported to quite an opposite effect.

A colour is lent to this over-estimate of the papers read before the body by their subsequent publication in a large and useful volume. We know few more interesting books than the "Transactions of the Association for the year 1860," when it met in Glasgow, and, were this a fitting opportunity, many curious facts might be picked from that source; but it is necessary to bear in mind that the articles of which it is composed receive no special authority from being read before a crowded Section, in a public

hall, to an audience that may chance, or may not, to know any thing of the topic. The name of the author of a particular essay may give it weight; but, in general, the papers are only written contributions to the public argument of important questions, and occupy the same footing as if they had turned up in a pamphlet or newspaper. The only value of the association, in truth, is as a medium for the publication of facts that otherwise might not come to the knowledge of the social philosopher, and for eliciting the experience of such persons as are actually engaged in prosecuting any special scheme of benevolence.

Whether the Social Science body is framed on the best possible model for the purposes in view may probably be questioned. Several of the projectors had been previously interested in the British Association, and abandoned it from finding that its strict limitation of subjects and modes of treatment fettered them in dealing with matters of great practical moment. It is not insinuated that they acted unwisely in founding a society with more extended views in a particular direction, but it may fairly be doubted whether all was done that was necessary when the machinery of the older body was copied identically in the new one. The peculiar scope of the Social Science Association, and the nature of the topics, possibly required a considerably modified organization. One fact it is impossible to conceal, that the papers read at Manchester, for the most part, were the composition of a higher class of thinkers than those produced here. Their authors were persons whose position and pursuits gave them a title to address the public. Essays were submitted to the daily audiences in Dublin, supposed to be made up of highly accomplished persons, which were little above the themes of school-boys, containing not a solitary fresh fact or principle, and scarcely the shadow of a motive beyond the gratification of individual vanity. It cannot be a wholesome state of things when persons in subordinate positions in public offices may lecture the public flippantly from the centre of a company comprising the leading intellects of the time. This is to bring discredit upon science, and to impair

the usefulness of an important institution. Much more efficient checks are necessary against the reception of unimportant papers from persons of no standing, locally or otherwise, if the Society is to preserve the respect of the public and continue to perform a useful function.

Neither this looseness of supervision, however, nor the mistakes of strangers in applying English principles and experiences to several social problems peculiar to ourselves alone, marred the effect of an important convention, by which our views have been widened and our range of thought liberalized. The net result of all the discussions on specially Irish affairs was the conclusion to "let well alone;" and to fasten attention upon that lesson of the Congress is a principal aim of these remarks. The departments are few at present in which Ireland requires any Social Science cobbling. The best papers read during the meeting were explanatory of our progress, or a history of our development, rather than suggestions for multiplied reforms. No composition awakened more real interest, for example, than Judge Longfield's retrospect of our progress, delivered as introductory to the business of the Social Economy Department; and it may be said to have conclusively shown how independent we are of all empirical schemes of amelioration, how much the natural course of events is doing for us, and to what an extent our best social policy may be said to be conveyed in the single word, *patience*. The facts stated by Judge Longfield were open to anybody, but this in no wise detracts from his merit in having recognised that they were the right thing to bring forward on the occasion, in preference to any speculative topic upon which greater originality of mind might have been exhibited.

That we have lost nothing by the diminution of our people may be gathered from the following facts. In 1841, there were in round numbers, thirteen millions and a half acres of arable land in Ireland; in 1860, the total had risen to fifteen and a half millions, or an addition of about fourteen per cent., represented by reclamations, enclosing, embanking, and largely by draining of bog lands. To

say nothing of what has been spent upon the arable land, to increase its value, the amount of which there is no means of ascertaining, we know that a million sterling of the sum placed at the disposal of the Board of Works by Parliament has been lent to landed proprietors for draining purposes. This sum, however, went but a short way to the accomplishment of the results already noticed, and it would be highly unjust to our landholders to assert that they have reposed supinely upon State aid. While the acres reclaimed by means of loan number for the period mentioned 200,000, those brought into cultivation by private effort approach 2,000,000. What a view does this give of the elasticity of our resources? What the State has done for us bears but a small relation to what we have done for ourselves. For every pound lent us from the public purse we have expended ten pounds.

It seems a fair estimate—we state it on the authority of practical men, familiar with the country—that, during the same interval the capital employed in farming has been trebled. Take the article of live stock. In 1841 its total value in Ireland was twenty-one millions sterling; it is now thirty-four millions, or thereabouts—an increase of fifty per cent. in twenty years. Even this, as Judge Longfield observed, does not show the full increase, as the cattle have been valued by the Registrar-General at the same figure year after year, though they have become greatly improved in breed and condition. Nor need a limit be fixed to the capital so invested, since the demand for Irish-fed beasts is still increasing, and the temptations to our farmers to put every shilling they earn into profitable use are irresistible. Ten years hence, in all probability, the story of prosperity will be the same, only augmented in degree.

The steady influx of wealth during the last ten years, is, at first sight, scarcely credible. Of the savings of the people two millions and a third have been invested in Government stock—a very large sum when it is borne in mind that during the same period eight hundred miles of railway have been constructed at a cost of eleven millions sterling; and, although

at first a large amount of English capital was invested in these enterprises, for some years there has been a steady tendency to its replacement by Irish money. Irish railways will soon be almost wholly the property of Irishmen. The traffic on the branch lines is increasing, and, as yet, improvident branches have not been made, except in cases of small importance. Wherever these minor lines have run they have been demanded and mostly subscribed for by the residents in the districts through which they pass, a large portion of the money being that of the farmers themselves, who seem to think it a proud thing to have even a few pounds in their district railway. The gross receipts of the Irish lines, excluding a few where the traffic is not yet developed, pay nearly four per cent. upon the capital expended.

But there are a class of persons amongst us who entertain a mortal enmity to sheep and oxen, and are not quite clear whether railways also should not be anathema as an exterminating influence. We are not concerned to argue with them about the motives of emigrants, or the extent to which the removal of the people to America or Canada must be referred to an invasion of horned cattle or screaming steam-engines; but we know, from unquestionable data, that the residue of the population are very comfortable, and we may conclude that this comfort will last as long as pasture-farming and the outlet of emigration continue. With a return to an undue proportion of tillage and a stoppage of emigration, all our former difficulties would begin to grow upon us again, and another famine might become necessary, in the ways of Providence, to restore the balance of society. Ireland might or might not support, as some assert, ten millions of people; but no one will deny that the experiment of employing and feeding a much less number is not one to be coveted. Far better for us to have a smaller population adequately provided for by the modes of farming best suited to our social and geographical position. There will be less apprehension of dreadful crises, more buoyancy, contentment, and peace between classes. Even an inconveniently large population is a source of

numerous evils. Its disposition, necessarily riotous, not only disturbs confidence, but tempts the agitator to seek the gratification of a pestilent ambition; and artificial miseries thus arise to render the natural ones doubly fatal. Supposing emigration to occur spontaneously, and not to be promoted by evictions or oppression, up to a certain point it is an unmixed blessing to a country circumstanced like ours. Those sympathies of race which would rather see an Irishman starve at home, and keep his neighbour starving with him, than prosper in a young settlement abroad, are much too exalted and subtle for ordinary comprehension.

In the marvellous chapter of Irish statistics the most curious leaf of all is that which relates to the wages of labour. Persons of less than middle age recollect the harrowing details of the Devon Commission Report. Some years hence, when the generation which could corroborate them from ocular experience has flitted away, their successors will be incredulous about statements that will seem so extraordinary respecting a country flowing in their day with milk and honey. Fourpenny-a-day labourers have long been unknown in Ireland. In very few districts would over three times that rate of wages satisfy the labourer now. His pay, on an average of the year, is fully 1s. 6d. over two-thirds of the island, and employment is steady for every hard-working and well-behaved man. The Irish labourer feeds as well as the English. He has as merry a heart, and, from his vivacious disposition, perhaps enjoys life better. Nor is there much of the serfdom remaining which in former times attached to the condition of the farm-labourer. When a man can almost immediately find fresh employment if ill-treated, he must acquire self-respect, and his employer will regard him with different feelings than formerly. The increase in his daily pay is but a part of the improvement effected by circumstances in the condition of the Irish peasant. He is never seen barefooted now. He will seldom be found drunk. The entire absence of rags in most of the villages of the South would drive a Lancashire papermaker distracted. In like manner, from the operation of the

Poor Law system and the Medical Relief Acts, there are no mendicants on the road-side exhibiting dirty sores to touch the hearts of passers-by.

In one remarkable respect we are still very backward. Our labouring population are wretchedly lodged. The mud hovel continues, with all its filthy appurtenances, as a reproach to the landlords of the country. The agricultural labourer earning as much as second-rate tradesmen in large towns eats and sleeps in a hut often without either chimney or window. A large family herd together in one miserable earth-floored apartment, amid damp, foul air, and deficiency of light. But of this misery, which it is entirely unnecessary the labouring population should endure, they are themselves beginning to make bitter complaint. The sign is hopeful, especially as it is frequently accompanied with rude attempts to make things better. The lower animals are now as a rule thrust forth from the cabin of the labourer to such a shed as he can build with road-stuff and wattles at the rear. Glass is more frequent than boards or rags in the poor man's window, and a nearer approach to internal cleanliness is discoverable by such visitors as recollect the state of these dwellings ten years ago. Still, this reform in house accommodation is not one which the labourer can accomplish for himself. It is a common complaint with the wives of the poorer field-workers that it is impossible to make their cottages more comfortable, from their wretched construction and the materials of which they are built. Before any greater neatness and propriety are brought about the lower class of mud cabin must be abolished. It is an eye-sore beside our well-cropped fields and wealthy pastures, and there would be no column of the Census-tables more encouraging than that which tells how many cabins have disappeared, if we were sure that an injustice had not been done in any case, or a harsh proceeding resorted to with a good motive. No one wishes to throw down cabins in order to leave the people houseless, but every friend of the agricultural labourer and cottier will do what in him lies to promote a change which would go farther to prevent the pea-

santry from relapsing into idleness, turbulence, and dissipation than any other conceivable measure.

At the period of the former Census there were in Ireland 135,589 "fourth-class houses," or cabins, with one room for all the members of the family of every age and sex. These were distributed thus:—In Leinster, 30,203; in Ulster, 23,613; in Munster, 50,187; in Connaught, 31,586. The number has been considerably reduced since, as the forthcoming Census Reports will show, and this change has occurred through no violent process of eviction. The evictions of the last decade have been comparatively few. In addition to emigration, the cause has been the erection of a better class of cottages for their labourers by many landed proprietors and large farmers; and it would be an interesting fact if we could learn to what extent this species of improvement has gone forward, with the districts in which it has chiefly taken place. That our landlords are more alive than formerly to their duty in this respect is proved, among other things, by the establishment of a special department in the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland for promoting the improvement of the dwellings and domestic condition of the agricultural population. Many noble ladies and ladies of high family have become associates of the society for the purpose of advancing this benevolent design, and there lies before us a list of these excellent persons, who are distributed over almost every county in the four provinces. It would be impossible to say too much in praise of the spirit in which this good work has been undertaken. The existence of such a project shows how truly it is recognised that, permanently to improve the peasant and his family, it is chiefly necessary to give him a decent lodging. With clean and sound walls, a comfortable chimney-corner, and pleasant window, will come a desire for tidiness and dislike of riot and debauch. There is no peasantry in the world upon whom such salutary influences ought to operate more rapidly and strongly than upon the Irish. The society already named offers one of its large gold medals, to be called "The Associates' Medal,"

(or the value in money) to each county in Ireland from which £5 is contributed by associates, to be competed for by landlords who shall, within the year 1861, build and complete upon their property, or on land in their occupation, the greatest number (and not less than four) of the most approved cottages, with not less than half a statute rood of land, or more than half an acre attached, suitable for the occupation of agricultural labourers, or tradesmen usually employed on a farm. The expense of each cottage is not to exceed £80. The project might be made even more useful if it had another department offering a stimulus to the erection of a second class of houses, a trifling degree inferior in character, rudely but comfortably built, each with three apartments and a slate roof. It is not sufficiently known, perhaps, that under the Act 23 Vic., cap. 19, loans may be obtained from the Treasury for providing improved house accommodation for the labouring classes in Ireland, and papers of instruction as to the mode of application, and other matters, may be had from the proper authorities.

Of two rather elaborate essays recently published on Ireland,* that which bears no author's name is possessed of less practical interest. The other, by Mr. Goldwin Smith, will be read with unflagging attention even by those who but partially agree with the often too broad and sweeping generalizations of the writer. The title of the first book is somewhat deceptive. Opening it with the expectation of finding a discussion relative to the character and influence of the public men among whom we move, and the principles at present in contention, we are disappointed to see that it is a memoir, with nothing very new in it either, of Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell. Having no taste for travelling back to the days of the former three, we come, with a skip, to the chapters on O'Connell—a name, marvellous to say, but seldom mentioned in Ireland—a

memory entirely without influence. The writer is the eulogist of the agitator, and attributes to him a higher character than do the very Irishmen whom for many years he led through long political campaigns. It is in the closing chapter, however, that his general views on our affairs are stated. He does not believe in the permanence of our existing prosperity and comparative content: he thinks the representations common respecting it "absurdly overcharged." He was present at a lecture delivered in Dublin to an assembly "of the middle classes" by "one of the most popular of the Irish priests," in the course of which the lecturer having announced his opinion that England would sooner or later lose India, an incident occurred, on which he remarks, "The prophecy, one would fancy, was not very startling, or very novel; and it was delivered in a simple conversational tone, without any of those rhetorical artifices that are employed to excite enthusiasm. It was responded to by a burst of the most impassioned and unanimous applause, and it was some time before the lecturer could resume." "This," he adds, "is a fair specimen of the prevailing feeling. These things are not trivial, for they indicate an intense and a deep-rooted aversion to England." We, who are more familiar with such incidents than a superficial observer, here for a holiday, seeing all things Irish through English spectacles, do not start at matters of the kind. We assign their simple and proper value to these ebullitions. They are—*vox et præterea nihil*. When such demonstrations were universal; when this popular will, which, in our case, judging hastily by cast-iron rules, the writer so greatly fears, was carefully organized after years of labour, to whose aims high genius had lent its force—what came of it all? Leaders were not wanting then; the material to be worked upon was in far better condition for the agitator than it ever again can be. Numbers, the great element of strength in the hands

* "Irish History and Irish Character." By Goldwin Smith. Oxford and London: J. H. and James Parker. 1861:

"The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland." London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1861.

of those who would promote rebellion, would fail whatever successors of the former enthusiasts a wicked fate should stir up. With all respect to the author, moreover, even in a country where sectarian influences and those of race still exert a powerful control over the popular mind, material prosperity is an effective guarantee against rebellious inclinations. The agitators, old and young, were more mighty because the people were poor than because they were patriotic. It would have required very decided and trying religious or political grievances to swell the Repeal movement, had the country, between 1841 and 1848, not suffered from bad harvests and an overplus of labour. As long as these forms of evil do not recur, we can smile at the lingering tokens of a rebellious spirit, whose importance is here hurriedly exaggerated. If we admit its continued existence, we see no reason to fear its power, or to give such an exaggerated representation of its prevalence as the following :—

“Public opinion (in Ireland) is diseased—diseased to the very core. Instead of circulating in healthy action through the land, it stagnates, it coagulates, it corrupts. The disease manifests itself in sullen discontent, in close warfare, in secret societies, in almost puerile paroxysms of hatred against England, in a perpetual vacillation on all points but one—antipathy to the existing system. . . . Those who examine the popular press, or who attend the popular meetings in Ireland, will easily appreciate the extent of this antipathy. During the few years that followed the famine it was supposed to have passed away, but the Russian war, the Indian rebellion, and the Italian question, dispelled the illusion; and the journals that once dilated most eloquently on the tranquillity of Ireland have since confessed that the people are at heart as discontented as ever.”

The writer has conjured up this horrible phantom, we must think, in order to form a groundwork and pretext for the suggested demolition of the Established Church, which really seems to be the only conclusion he has a desire to arrive at. The

mention of this fact may indicate enough as to the tendencies of his mind; and save us the trouble of showing from another of his works,* how little capable he is of interpreting the religious aspects of national life, or of comprehending those less easily recognized but more important signs of the times, in comparison with which latitudinarian affectations sink into insignificance.

Mr. Goldwin Smith traces our history in a more practical spirit, and with great show of candour. He has clearer ideas on the recent changes through which we have passed. “Nature,” he says, “took the remedy at last into her own hands.” “The torrent of emigration,” he adds, “has now probably reduced the population nearly to the point at which plenty and comfort will become attainable, and the moral checks will begin to operate.” “Growing prosperity will diminish the evil of absenteeism.” “Civil and agrarian disturbance are passing away in the train of famine and despair; and justice finds no work for her hands in Tipperary.” In opposition to his anonymous rival, he continues :—“No one, who is not interested in keeping up discontent pretends to doubt that Ireland is rapidly becoming a more prosperous and a happier country. But there are some persons who are interested in keeping up discontent, and the calamitous past has but too surely left them materials for some time to work on.” “Irish agitators,” he fears, “may long be able to prevent the continuance of such unbroken and secure tranquillity as is requisite in order to encourage a sufficient influx of the now common riches of the empire into its most backward portion, and to raise Ireland to the level of English and Scotch prosperity;” but he is of opinion that destiny has no more civil wars in store for Ireland. Like the writer previously spoken of, however, Mr. Goldwin Smith, who delivered those sentiments before a literary society in Oxford, inveighs against what he calls the Anglican establishment, and with an extraordinary perversion of facts and principles, de-

* “The Religious Tendencies of the Age.” London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1860.

clares that "nothing can afford a shadow of excuse for the state of things existing in Spain, unless it be the state of things existing in Ireland." In pressing this view, the author forgets the leading features of our actual condition. He fixes upon what is no grievance to Roman Catholics, and is never represented as such except to point a newspaper article, or elicit applause from an unthinking audience. What remains of Irish disaffection has nothing to do with the revenues of the Established Church. He might as well say that the difficulties which the Emperor Napoleon or King Victor Emmanuel find in the French or Italian priesthood arise from a similar cause. Mr. Goldwin Smith's panacea of Irish voluntarism, equally with the counsels of his competitor in authorship against "clerical influence," do not touch the real difficulties, which we can only hope that time, natural prosperity, moderation, and a growing mutual respect, will modify and deprive of their worst sting. We have fortunately no occasion to consult these oracles. Their advice, well meant and sincere, is quite gratuitous. They are even obliged to allow themselves that the natural progress of things, under favour of Providence, has disappointed revolutionaries, weakened faction, diminished sectarian rancour, and bound the two countries more closely together. It is our more rational conclusion than theirs, that the same influences, in their

steady operation during a further period of material prosperity, will produce the same results in a still more marked degree; and we are content to trust to this *vis medicatrix nature*, in preference to the dangerous and unjust principles of treatment recommended by physicians at a distance, who, having made a rash diagnosis, without due personal examination of the patient or continued observation of his habits, are all the more unsafe from their overweening confidence in their own undoubted abilities. As may have been judged from these remarks, we hold the more cheery view of Ireland's prospects. We believe her material prosperity, if it shall continue for a score of years to come, will exert a powerful effect in quelling revolutionary impulses, and will create a sounder national feeling—that of simple personal contentment—than any rallying cry of race, or creed, or equality of constitutional position. We flatter ourselves that we have got already a good way on the road to this result, and that against difficulties which can scarcely recur in worse forms than those which have been successfully encountered. All thoughtful men will deprecate any such impatient artificial efforts to remove social anomalies as have been empirically recommended. Ireland is working out her own regeneration by the instrumentality of her industry, and he is no friend who would displace this process for any political specific whatsoever.

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SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NEW IRISH TALE.

"THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-YARD:

A SOUVENIR OF CHAPELIZOD."

This Tale, the Second Part of which appears in our pages for the present Month, November, will be continued in succeeding numbers.

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VOL. LVIII.

THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-YARD—A SOUVENIR OF CHAPELIZOD.

BY CHARLES DE CRESSERON:

CHAPTER V.

SHOWING HOW TWO GENTLEMEN MAY MISUNDERSTAND ONE ANOTHER, WITHOUT ENABLING THE COMPANY TO UNDERSTAND THEIR QUARREL.

LOFTUS had by this time climbed to the savage lair of his garret, overstrewn with tattered papers and books; and Father Roach, in the sanctuary of his little parlour, was growling over the bones of a devilled turkey, and about to soothe his fretted soul in a generous libation of hot whiskey punch. Indeed, he was of an appeasable nature, and on the whole a very good fellow.

Dr. Toole, whom the young fellows found along with Nutter over the draught-board in the club-room, forsook his game to devour the story of Loftus's Lenten Hymn, and poor Father Roach's penance, rubbed his hands, and slapt his thigh, and crowed and shouted with ecstasy. O'Flaherty, who called for punch, and was unfortunately prone to grow melancholy and pugnacious over his liquor, was now in a saturnine vein of sentiment, discoursing of the charms of his peerless mistress, the Lady Magnolia Macnamara—for he was not one of those maudlin shepherds who pipe their loves in lonely glens and other sequestered places, but rather loved to exhibit his bare scars, and roar his tender torments for the edification of the market-place.

While he was descanting on the

attributes of that bewitching "creature," Puddock, not two yards off, was describing, with scarcely less unction, the perfections of "pig roast with the hair on;" and the two made a medley like "The Roast Beef of Old England" and "The Last Rose of Summer," arranged in alternate stanzas. O'Flaherty suddenly stopped short, and said a little sternly to Lieutenant Puddock—

"Does it very much signify, sir (or as O'Flaherty pronounced it 'sorr'), whether the animal has hair upon it or not?"

"*Every* thing, thir, in thith particular retheipt," answered Puddock, a little loftily.

"But," said Nutter, who, though no great talker, would make an effort to prevent a quarrel, and at the same time winking to Puddock in token that O'Flaherty was just a little "hearty," and so to let him alone; "what signifies pig's hair, compared with human tresses."

"Compared with *human* tresses?" interrupted O'Flaherty, with stern deliberation, and fixing his eyes steadily and rather unpleasantly upon Nutter (I think he saw that wink and perhaps did not quite understand its import.)

"Ay, sir, and Miss Magnolia Macnamara has as rich a head of hair as you could wish to see," says Nutter, thinking he was drawing him off very cleverly.

"As *I* could wish to see?" repeated O'Flaherty, grimly.

"As *you* could desire to see," reiterated Nutter, firmly, for he was not easily put down; and they looked for several seconds in silence a little menacingly, though puzzled, at one another.

But O'Flaherty, after a little pause, seemed to forget Nutter, and returned to his celestial theme.

"Be the powers, sir, that young leedy has the most beautiful dimple in her chin I ever set eyes on!"

"Have you ever put a marrowfat pea in it, sir?" inquired Devereux, simply, with all the beautiful rashness of youth.

"No, sir," replied O'Flaherty, in a deep tone, and with a very dangerous glare; "and I'd like to see the man who, in my presence, id presume to teeke that libertee."

"What a glorious name Magnolia is!" interposed little Toole in great haste; for it was a practice among these worthies to avert quarrels—very serious affairs in these jolly days—by making timely little diversions, and it is wonderful, at a critical moment, what may be done by suddenly presenting a trifle; a pin's point—at least, a marvellous small one—will draw off innocuously, the accumulating electricity of a pair of bloated scowling thunder-clouds.

"It was her noble godmother, when the family resided at Castle-mara, in the county of Roscommon, the Lady Carrick-o-Gunniol, who conferred it," said O'Flaherty, grandly, "upon her goddaughter, as who had a better right—I say, *who* had a better right?" and he smote his hand upon the table, and looked round inviting contradiction. "My godmothers, in my baptism—that's catachism—and all the town of Chapelized won't put that down—the Holy Church Catachism—while Hyacinth O'Flaherty, of Coolnaquirk, Lieutenant Fireworker, wears a sword."

"Nobly said, Lieutenant!" exclaims Toole, with a sly wink over his shoulder.

"And what about that leedy's

neeme, sir?" demands the fireworker.

"By Jove, sir, it's quite true, Lady Carrick-o-Gunniol *was* her godmother;" and Toole ran off into the story of how that relationship was brought about; narrating it, however, with great caution and mildness, extracting all the satire, and giving it quite a dignified and creditable character, for the Lieutenant Fireworker smelt so confoundedly of powder, that the little doctor, though he never flinched when occasion demanded, did not care to give him an open. Those who had heard the same story from the mischievous merry little doctor before, were, I dare say, amused at the grand and complimentary turn he gave it now.

The fact was, that poor Magnolia's name came to her in no very gracious way. Young Lady Carrick-o-Gunniol was a bit of a wag, and was planting a magnolia—one of the first of those botanical rarities seen in Ireland—when good-natured, vapouring, vulgar Mrs. Macnamara's note, who wished to secure a Peeress for her daughter's spiritual guardian, arrived. Her ladyship pencilled on the back of the note, "Pray call the dear babe Magnolia," and forthwith forgot all about it. But Madam Macnamara was charmed, and the autograph remained afterwards for two generations among the archives of the family; and with great smiles and much complacency, she told Lord Carrick-o-Gunniol all about it, just outside the grand-jury room, where she met him during the assize week: and being a man of a weak and considerate nature, rather kind, and very courteous—although his smile was very near exploding into a laugh, as he gave the good lady snuff out of his own box—he was yet very much concerned and vexed, and asked his lady, when he went home, how she could have induced old Mrs. Macnamara to give that absurd name to her poor infant: whereat her ladyship, who had not thought of it since, was highly diverted; and being assured that the babe was actually christened, and past recovery, Magnolia Macnamara laughed very merrily, kissed her lord, who was shaking his head gravely, and then popped her hood on, kissed him again, and, laughing still, ran out to look at her mag-

nolia, which, by way of reprisal, he henceforth, notwithstanding her entreaties, always called her "Macnamara;" until, to her infinite delight, he came out with it, as sometimes happens at a wrong time, and asked old Mac—a large, mild man—then extant, madame herself, nurse, infant Magnolia, and all, who had arrived to pay their duty at the castle, to walk out and see Lady Carrick-o-Gunniol's "Macnamara!" and perceived not the slip, such is the force of habit, though the family stared, and Lady C. laughed in an uncalled-for way, at a sudden recollection of a tumble she once had, when a child, over a flower-bed; and broke out repeatedly, to my lord's chagrin and bewilderment, as they walked towards the exotic.

When Toole ended this little family anecdote, which, you may be sure, he took care to render as palatable to Magnolia's knight as possible, by not very scrupulous excisions and interpolations, he wound all up, without allowing an instant for criticism or question, by saying, briskly, though incoherently,

"And so, what do you say, Lieutenant, to a Walsh rabbit for supper?"

The Lieutenant nodded a stolid assent.

"Will *you* have one, Nutter?" cries Toole.

"No," said Nutter.

"And why not?" says Toole.

"Why, I believe Tom Rooke's song in praise of oysters," answered Nutter, "especially the verse—

'The youth will ne'er live to scratch a gray head,
On a supper who goes of Welsh rabbit to bed.'

How came it to pass that Nutter hardly opened his lips this evening—on which, as the men who knew him longest all remarked, he was unprecedentedly talkative—without instantaneously becoming the mark at which O'Flaherty directed his fiercest and most suspicious scowls? And now that I know the allusion which the pugnacious lieutenant apprehended, I cannot but admire the fatality with which, without the smallest design, a very serious misunderstanding was brought about.

"As to *youths* living to scratch

gray heads or not, sir," said the young officer, in his most menacing tones; "I don't see what concern persons of your age can have in that. But I'll take leave to tell you, sir, that a gentleman, whether he be a 'youth,' as you *say*, or aged, as you *are*, who endayvours to make himself diverting at the expense of others, runs a murdering good risk, sir, of getting himself scratched where he'll like it least."

Little Nutter, though grave and generally taciturn, had a spirit of his own, and no notion whatever of knocking under to a bully. It is true, he had not the faintest notion why he was singled out for the young gentleman's impertinence; but neither did he mean to inquire. His mahogany features darkened for a moment to logwood, and his eyes showed their whites fiercely.

"We are not accustomed, sir, in this part of the world, to your Connaught notions of politeness; we meet here for social—a—a—sociality, sir; and the long and the short of it is, young gentleman, if you don't change your key, you'll find two can play at that game—and—and, I tell you, sir, there will be wigs on the green, sir."

Here several voices interposed.

"Silence, gentlemen, and let me speak, or I'll assault him," bellowed O'Flaherty, who, to do him justice, at this moment looked capable of any thing. "I believe, sir," he continued, addressing Nutter, who confronted him like a little game-cock, "it is not usual for one gentleman who renders himself offensive to another to oblige him to proceed to the length of manually malthrating his person."

"Hey! eh?" said Nutter, drawing his mouth tight on one side, with an ugly expression, and clenching his hands in his breeches pockets.

"Manually malthrating his person, sir," repeated O'Flaherty, "by striking, kicking, or whipping any part or member of his body; or offering a milder assault, such as a pull by the chin, or a finger-tap upon the nose. It is usual, sir, for the purpose of avoiding ungentlemanlike noise, inconvenience, and confusion, that one gentleman should request of another to suppose himself affronted in the manner, whatever it may be, most intolerable to his feelings, which request I now, sir, teeke the libertee of

preferring to you ; and when you have engaged the services of a friend, I trust that Lieutenant Puddock, who lodges in the same house with me, will, in consideration of my being an officer of the same honourable corps, a stranger in this part of the country, and, above all, a gentleman who can show paydagree like himself (here a low bow to Puddock, who returned it); that Lieutenant Puddock will be so feelin' and so kind as to receive him on my behalf, and acting as *my* friend to manage all the particulars for settling, as easily as may be, this most unprovoked affair."

With which words he made another bow, and a pause of inquiry directed to Puddock, who replied—

"Thir, the duty ith, for many reathons, painful ; but I—I can't refuthe, thir, and I acthept the trutht."

So O'Flaherty shook his hand, with another bow, bowed silently and loftily round the room, and disappeared, and a general buzz and clack of tongues arose.

"Mr. Nutter—a—I hope things may be settled pleasantly," said Puddock, looking as tall and weighty as he could ; "at present I—a—that is, at the moment, I—a—don't quite see—the fact is, he had not a notion what the deuce it was all about—but your friend will find me—your friend—a—at my lodgings up to one o'clock to-night, if necessary."

And so Puddock's bow. For the moment an affair of this sort presented itself all concerned therein became reserved and official, and the representatives merely of a ceremonious etiquette and a minutely-regulated ordeal of battle. So, as I said, Puddock bowed grandly and sublimely to Nutter, and then magnificently to the company, and exit Puddock.

Nearly a dozen gentlemen broke out at once into voluble speech. Nutter was in a confounded passion ; but being a man of few words, showed his wrath chiefly in his countenance, and stood with his legs apart and his arms stuffed straight into his coat pockets, his back to the fire-place, with his chest thrown daringly out, sniffing the air in a state of high tension, and as like as a respectable little fellow of five feet six could be to that giant who smelt the blood of the Irishman, and swore, with a "Fee!

Faw!! Fum!!!" he'd "eat him for his supper that night."

"None of the corps can represent you, Nutter, you know," said Captain Cluffe. "It may go hard enough with Puddock and O'Flaherty, as the matter stands ; but, by Jove! if any of us appear on the other side, the General would make it a very serious business, indeed."

"Toole, can't you?" asked Devereux.

"Out of the question," answered he, shutting his eyes, with a frown, and shaking his head. "There's no man I'd do it sooner for, Nutter knows ; but I can't—I've refused too often ; besides, you'll want me professionally, you know ; for Sturk must attend that Royal Hospital inquiry to-morrow all day—but, hang it, where's the difficulty? Isn't there?—pooh!—why there must be lots of fellows at hand. Just—a—just think for a minute."

"I don't care who," said Nutter, with dry ferocity, "so he can load a pistol."

"Tom Forsythe would have done capitally, if he was at home," said one.

"But he's *not*," remarked Cluffe.

"Well," said Toole, getting close up to Devereux, in a coaxing, undertone, "suppose we try Loftus."

"Dan Loftus!" ejaculated Devereux.

"Dan Loftus," repeated the little doctor, testily ; "remember, it's just eleven o'clock. He's no great things, to be sure ; but what better can we get?"

"Allons, donc!" says Devereux, donning his cocked hat, with a shrug, and the least little bit of a satirical smile, and out bustled the doctor beside him.

"Where the deuce did that broganer, O'Flaherty, come from?" said Cluffe, confidentially, to old Major O'Neill.

"A Connaughtman," answered the Major, with a grim smile, for he was himself of that province, and was, perhaps, a little bit proud of his countryman.

"Toole says he's well connected," pursued Cluffe ; "but, by Jupiter! I never saw so mere a Teague ; and the most cross-grained devil of a cat-a-mountain."

"I could not quite understand why

he fastened on Mr. Nutter," observed the Major, with a mild smile.

"I'll rid the town of him," rapped out Nutter, with an oath, leering at his own shoebuckle, and tapping the sole with asperity on the floor.

"If you are thinking of any unpleasant measures, gentlemen, I'd rather, if you please, know nothing of them," said the sly, quiet Major; "for the General, you are aware, has expressed a strong opinion about such affairs; and as 'tis past my bed-hour, I'll wish you, gentlemen, a good night," and off went the Major.

"Upon my life, if this Connaught rapparee is permitted to carry on his business of indiscriminate cut-throat here, he'll make the service very pleasant," resumed Cluffe, who, though a brisk young fellow of eight-and-forty, had no special fancy for being shot. "I say the General ought to take the matter into his own hands."

"Not till I'm done with it," growled Nutter.

"And send the young gentleman home to Connaught," pursues Cluffe.

"I'll send him first to the other place," said Nutter, in allusion to the proverbial alternative.

In the open street, under the sly old moon, red little Dr. Toole, in his great wig, and Gipsy Devereux, in quest of a squire for the good knight who stood panting for battle in the front parlour of the "Phoenix," saw a red glimmer in Loftus's dormant window.

"He's alive and stirring still," said Devereux, approaching the hall-door with a military nonchalance.

"Whisht!" says Toole, plucking him back by the sash; "we must not make a noise—the house is asleep. I'll manage it—leave it to me."

And he took up a handful of gravel, but not having got the range, he shied it all against old Tom Drought's bedroom window.

"Deuce take that old sneak," whispered Toole, vehemently, "he's always in the way; the last man in the town I'd have—but no matter:" and up went a pebble, better directed, for this time it went right through Loftus's window, and a pleasant little shower of broken glass jingled down into the street.

"Confound you, Toole," said Devereux, "you'll rouse the town."

"Plague take the fellow's glass—it's as thin as paper," spluttered Toole.

"Loftus, we want you," said Toole, in a hard whispered shout, and making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, as the wild head of the student, like nothing in life but a hen's nest, appeared above.

"Cock-Loftus, come down, d'ye hear?" urged Devereux.

"Dr. Toole and Lieutenant Devereux—I—I—dear me! yea. Gentlemen, your most obedient," murmured Loftus, vacantly, and knocking his head smartly on the top of the window-frame, in recovering from a little bow. "I'll be wi' ye, gentlemen, in a moment." And the hen's nest vanished.

Toole and Devereux drew back a little into the shadow of the opposite buildings, for while they were waiting, a dusky apparition, supposed to be old Drought in his night-shirt, appeared at that gentleman's windows, saluting the ambassadors with mop and moe in a very threatening and energetic manner. Just as this demonstration subsided, the hall-door opened wide—and indeed was left so—while our friend Loftus, in a wonderful tattered old silk coat, that looked quite indescribable by moonlight, the torn linings hanging down in loops inside the skirts, pale and discoloured, like the shreds of banners in a cathedral; his shirt loose at the neck, his breeches unbuttoned at the knees, and a gigantic, misshapen, and mouldy pair of slippers clinging and clattering about his feet, came down the steps, his light, round little eyes and queer quiet face peering at them into the shade, and a smokified volume of divinity tucked under his arm, with his finger between the leaves to keep the place.

When Devereux saw him approaching, the whole thing—mission, service, man, and all—struck him in so absurd a point of view, that he burst out into an explosion of laughter, which only grew more vehement and uproarious the more earnestly and imploringly Toole tried to quiet him, pointing up with both hands, and all his fingers extended, to the windows of the sleeping townfolk, and making horrible grimaces, shrugs, and ogles. But the young gentleman was not in the habit of denying himself

innocent indulgences, and, shaking himself loose of Toole, he walked down the dark side of the street in peals of laughter, making, ever and anon, little breathless remarks to himself, which his colleague could not hear, but which seemed to have the effect of setting him off again into new hemi-demi-semi-quavers and roars of laughter, and left the doctor to himself, to conduct the negotiation with Loftus.

"Well?" said Devereux, by this time recovering breath, as the little doctor, looking very red and glum, strutted up to him along the shady pavement.

"Well? *well?*—oh, ay, *very* well, to be sure. I'd like to know what the plague we're to do now," grumbled Toole.

"Your precious armour-bearer refuses to act, then?" asks Devereux.

"To be sure he does. He sees *you* walking down the street, ready to die o' laughing—at *nothing*, by Jove!" answers Toole, in deep disgust; "and—and—och! hang it! it's all a confounded pack o' nonsense. Sir, if you could not keep grave for five minutes, you ought not to have come at all. But what need *I* care? It's Nutter's affair, not mine."

"And well for him we failed. Did you ever see such a fish? He'd have shot himself or Nutter by mistake, to a certainty. But there's a chance yet: we forgot the Nightingale Club; they're still in the Phoenix."

"Pooh, sir! they're all tailors and green-grocers," said Toole, in high dudgeon.

"There are two or three good names among them, however," answered Devereux; and by this time they were on the threshold of the Phoenix.

"Larry," he cried to the waiter, "the Nightingale Club is *there*, is not it?" glancing at the great back parlour door.

"Be the powers! Captain, you may say that," says Larry, with a wink, and a grin of exquisite glee.

"See, Larry," said Toole, with importance, "we're a little serious now; so just say if there's any of the gentlemen there; you—you understand, now; quite steady? D'ye see me?"

Larry winked—this time a grave wink—looked down at the floor, and up to the cornice, and—

"Well," says he, "to be candid with you, jest at this minute—half-an-hour ago, you see, it was different—the only gentleman I'd take on myself to recommend to you as perfectly sober is Mr. Macan, of Petticoat-lane."

"Is he in business?" asked Toole.

"Does he keep a shop?" said Devereux.

"A shop! *two* shops;—a great man in the chandlery line," responded Larry.

"H'm! not precisely the thing we want, though," says Toole.

"There are some of them, surely, that *don't* keep shops," said Devereux, a little impatiently.

"Millions," said Larry.

"Come, say their names."

"Only one of them came this evening, Mr. Doolan of Stoneybatther—he's a retired merchant."

"That will do," said Toole, under his breath, to Devereux. Devereux nodded.

"Just, I say, tap him on the shoulder, and tell him that Dr. Toole, you know, of this town, with many compliments and excuses, begs one word with him," said the doctor. "Hoo! Docthur dear, he was the first of them down, and was carried out to his coach insensible jist when Mr. Crozier of Christ Church began, 'Come Roger and listen;' he's in his bed in Stoneybatther a good hour and a half ago."

"A retired merchant," says Devereux; "well, Toole, what do you advise, now?"

"By Jove I think one of us must go into town. 'Twill never do to leave poor Nutter in the lurch; and between ourselves that O'Flaherty's a—a blood-thirsty idiot, by Jove—and ought to be put down."

"Let's see Nutter—you or I must go—we'll take one of these songster's "noddies."

[A "noddy," give me leave to remark, was the one-horse hack vehicle of Dublin and the country round, which has since given place to the jaunting car, which is, in its turn, half superseded by the cab.]

And Devereux, followed by Toole, entered the front parlour again. But without their help the matter was arranging itself, and a second, of whom they knew nothing, was about to emerge.

CHAPTER VI.

NOW A SQUIRE WAS FOUND FOR THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE.

WHEN Dr. Toole grumbled at his disappointment, he was not at all aware how nearly his interview with Loftus had knocked the entire affair on the head. He had no idea how much that worthy person was horrified by his proposition; and Toole walked off in a huff, without bidding him good-night, and making a remark, in which the words "old woman" occurred pretty audibly. But Loftus remained under the glimpses of the moon in perturbation and sore perplexity. It was so late he scarcely dared disturb Dr. Walsingham or General Chatterworth. But there came the half-stifled cadence of a song—not bacchanalian, but sentimental—something about Daphne and a swain—struggling through the window-shutters next the green hall-door close by, and Dan instantly thought him of Father Roach. So knocking stoutly at the window, he caused the melody to subside and the shutter to open, when the priest, looking out, saw Dan Loftus in his dish-able. I believe he thought for a moment it was something from the neighbouring church-yard.

However, his reverence came out and stood on the steps, enveloped in a hospitable aroma of broiled bones, lemons, and alcohol, and shaking his visitor affectionately by the hand—for he bore no malice, and the Lenten ditty he quite forgave as being no worse in modern parlance than an unhappy "fluke"—was about to pull him into the parlour, where there was ensconced, he told him, "a noble friend of his." This was "Pat Mahony, from beyond Killarney, just arrived—a man of parts, and conversation, and a lovely singer."

But Dan resisted, and told his tale in an earnest whisper in the hall. The priest made his mouth into a round queer little O, through which he sucked a long breath, elevating his brows, and rolling his eyes slowly about.

"A jewel! And Nutter, of all the men on the face of the earth—though I often heard he was a fine shot, and a sweet little fencer, in his youth, an' game, too—oh, be the powers! you can see that still—game to the back-

bone—and—whisht a bit now—whose the other?"

"Lieutenant O'Flaherty."

(A low whistle from his reverence). "That's a boy that comes from a fighting county—Galway. I wish you saw them at an election time. Why there's no end of diversion—the diversion of *stopping* them, of course, I mean (observing a sudden alteration in Loftus's countenance). An' *you*, av coorse, want to stop it? And so, av coorse, do I, my dear. Well, then, wait a bit now—we must have our eyes open. Don't be in a hurry—let us be harrumless as sarpints, but *wise* as doves. Now, 'tis a fine thing, no doubt, to put an end to a jewel by active interference, though I have known cases, my dear child, where suppressing a simple jewel has been the cause of half a dozen breaking out afterwards in the same neighbourhood, and on the very same quarrel, d'ye mind—though, of coorse, that's no reason here or there, my dear boy! But take it that a jewel is breaking down and coming to the ground of itself (here a hugely cunning wink), in an aisy, natural, accomodating way, the only effect of interference is to bolster it up, d'ye see, so just considher how things are, my dear. Lave it all to me, and mind my words, it *can't* take place without a second. The officers have refused, so has Toole, *you* won't undertake it, and it's too late to go into town. I defy it to come to any thing. Jest be said be me, Dan Loftus, and let sleeping dogs lie. Here I am, an old experienced observer, that's up to their tricks, with my eye upon them. Go you to bed—leave them to me—and they're checkmated without so much as seeing how we bring it to pass."

Dan hesitated.

"Arrah! go to your bed, Dan Loftus, dear. It's past eleven o'clock—they're nonplussed already; and lave *me*—me that understands it—to manage the rest."

"Well, sir, I do confide it altogether to you. I know I might, through ignorance, do a mischief."

And so they bid a mutual good-

night, and Loftus scaled his garret stair and snuffed his candle, and plunged again into the business of two thousand years ago.

"Here's a purty business," says the priest, extending both his palms, with a face of warlike importance, and shutting the door behind him with what he called "a cow's kick;" "a jewel, my dear Pat, no less; bloody work, I'm afeared."

Mr. Mahony, who had lighted a pipe during his entertainer's absence, withdrew the fragrant tube from his lips, and opened his capacious mouth with a look of pleasant expectation, for he, like other gentlemen of his day—and, must we confess, not a few jolly clerics of my creed, as well as of honest Father Roach's—regarded the ordeal of battle, and all its belongings, simply as the highest branch of sporting. Not that the worthy Father avowed any such sentiment; on the contrary, his voice and his eyes, if not his hands, were always raised against the sanguinary practice; and scarce a duel occurred within a reasonable distance unattended by his Reverence, in the capacity, as he said, of "an unauthorized, but airnest, though, he feared, unavailing, peacemaker." There he used to spout little maxims of reconciliation, and Christian brotherhood and forbearance; exhorting to forget and forgive; wringing his hands at each successive discharge; and it must be said, too, in fairness, playing the part of a good Samaritan towards the wounded, to whom his green hall-door was ever open, and for whom the oil of his consolation and the wine of his best bin never refused to flow.

"Pat, my child," says his reverence, "that Nutter's a divil of a fellow—at least he *was*, by all accounts; he'll be bad enough, I'm afeared, and hard enough to manage, if every thing goes smooth; but if he's kept waiting there, fuming and boiling over, do ye mind, without a natural vent for his feelings, or a *friend*, do ye see, at his side to—to *resthrein* him, and bring about, if possible, a friendly, mutual understanding—why, my dear child, he'll get into that state of exasperation an' violence, he'll have half-a-dozen jewels on his hands before morning."

"Augh! 'tid be a murther to baulk

them for want of a friend," answered Mr. Mahony, standing up like a warrior, and laying the pipe of peace upon the chimney. "Will I go down, Father Dennis, and offer my sarvices?"

"With a view to *reconciliation*, mind," says his reverence, raising his finger, closing his eyes, and shaking his florid face impressively.

"Och, bother! don't I know—of coorse, reconciliation;" and he was buttoning his garments where, being a little "in flesh," as well as tall, he had loosed them. "Where are the gentlemen now, and who will I ask for?"

"I'll show you the light from the steps. Ask for Dr. Toole; and he's *certainly* there; and if he's not, for Mr. Nutter; and just say you came from my house, where you—a—pooh! accidentally heard, through Mr. Loftus, do ye mind, there was a difficulty in finding a friend to—a—strive to make up matters between them."

By this time they stood upon the door-steps; and Mr. Mahony had clapt on his hat with a pugnacious cock o' one side; and following, with a sporting and mischievous leer, the priest's hand, which indicated the open door of the Phoenix, through which a hospitable light was issuing.

"There's where you'll find the gentlemen, in the front parlour," says the priest. "You remember Dr. Toole, and *he'll* remember you. An' *mind*, dear, it's to make it up you're goin'." Mr. Mahony was already under weigh, at a brisk stride, and with a keen relish for the business. "And the blessing of the peace-maker go with you, my child!" added his reverence, lifting his hands and his eyes towards the heavens. "An' upon my fainy!" looking shrewdly at the stars, and talking to himself, "they'll have a fine morning for the business, if, unfortunately"—and here he re-ascended his door-steps with a melancholy shrug—"if, *unfortunately*, Pat Mahony should fail."

When Mr. Pat Mahony saw occasion for playing the gentleman, he certainly did come out remarkably strong in the part. It was done in a noble, glowing, flowing style, according to his private ideal of the complete fine gentleman. Such bows, such pointing of the toes, such grace-

ful flourishes of the three-cocked-hat—such immensely engaging smiles and wonderful by-play—such an apparition, in short, of perfect elegance, valour, and courtesy, were never seen before in the front parlour of the *Phoenix*.

"Mr. Mahony, by jingo!" ejaculated Toole, in an accent of thankfulness amounting nearly to rapture. Nutter seemed relieved, too, and advanced to be presented to the man who, instinct told him, was to be his friend. Cluffe, a man of fashion of the military school, eyed the elegant stranger with undisguised disgust and wonder, and Devereux with that subacid smile with which men will sometimes quietly relish absurdity.

Mr. Mahony "discoursin'" a country neighbour outside the halfway-house at Muckafubble, or enjoying an easy *tete-a-tete* with Father Roach, was a very inferior person, indeed, to Patrick Mahony, Esq., the full-blown diplomatist and pink of gentility astonishing the front parlour of the *Phoenix*.

There, Mr. Mahony's periods were fluent and florid, and the words chosen occasionally rather for their grandeur

and melody than for their exact connexion with the context or bearing upon his meaning. The consequence was a certain gorgeous haziness and bewilderment, which made the task of translating his harangues rather troublesome and conjectural.

Having effected the introduction, and the object of his visit made known, Nutter and he withdrew to a small chamber behind the bar, where Nutter, returning some of his bows, and having listened without deriving any very clear ideas to two consecutive addresses from his companion, took the matter in hand himself, and said he—

"I beg, sir, to relieve you at once from the trouble of trying to arrange this affair amicably. I have been grossly insulted, and nothing but a meeting will satisfy me. He's a mere murderer. I have not the faintest notion why he wants to kill me; but being reduced to this situation, I hold myself obliged, if I can, to rid the earth of him finally."

"Shake hands, sir," cried Mahony, forgetting his rhetoric in his enthusiasm; "be the hole in the wall, sir, I honour you."

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEAD SECRET, SHOWING HOW THE FIRE-WORKER PROVED TO PUDDOCK THAT NUTTER HAD SPIED OUT THE NAKEDNESS OF THE LAND.

WHEN Puddock, having taken a short turn or two in the air, by way of tranquillizing his mind, mounted his lodging stairs, he found Lieutenant O'Flaherty not at all more sober than he had last seen him, in the front drawing-room, which apartment was richly perfumed with powerful exhalations of rum punch.

"Dhrink this, Puddock—dhrink it," said O'Flaherty, filling a large glass in equal quantities with rum and water; "dhrink it, my sinsare friend; it will studdy you, it will, upon my honour, Puddock!"

"But—a—thank you, sir, I am anxious to understand exactly" — said Puddock. Here he was interrupted by a frightful grin and a "ha!" from O'Flaherty, who darted to the door, and seizing his little withered French servant, who was entering, swung him about the room by his coat collar.

"So, sorr, you've been prating again, have you, you desateful, idle old dhrunken miscreant; you did it on purpose, you blundherin' old hyena; it's the third jewel you got your mather into; and if I lose my life, divil a penny iv your wages you'll ever get—that's one comfort. Yes, sorr! this is the third time you have caused me to brew my hands in human blood; I dono' if it's malice, or only blundherin'. Oh!" he cried, with a still fiercer shake, "it's I that wishes I could be sure 'twas malice, I'd skiver you, heels and elbows, on my sword, and roast you alive on that fire. Is not it a hard thing, my darlin' Puddock, I can't find out." He was still holding the little valet by the collar, and stretching out his right hand to Puddock. "But I am always the sport of misfortunes—small and great. If there was an ould woman to be handed into sup-

per—or a man to be murdered by mistake—or an ugly girl to be danced with, whose turn was it, ever and always to do the business, but poor Hyacinth O'Flaherty's—(tears.) I could tell you, Puddock," he continued, forgetting his wrath, and letting his prisoner go, in his eager pathos—the Frenchman made his escape in a twinkling—"I was the only man in our regiment that tuck the mazles in Cork, when it was goin' among the childhren, bad luck to them—I that was near dyin' of it when I was an infant ; and I was the only officer in the regiment, when we were at Athlone, that was prevented going to the race ball—and I would not for a hundred pounds. I was to dance the first minuet, and the first country dance, with that beautiful crature, Miss Rose Cox. I was makin' a glass of brandy punch—not feelin' quite myself—and I dhressed and all, in our room, when Ensign Higgins, a most thoughtless young man, said something disrespectful about a beautiful mole she had on her chin ; bedad, sir, he called it a wart, if you plase ! and feelin' it sthrongly, I let the jug of scaldin' wather drop on my knees ; I wish you felt it, my darlin' Puddock. I was scalded in half a crack from a fut above my knees down to the last joint of my two big toes ; and I raly thought my sinses were laving me. I lost the ball by it. Oh, ho, willis-thrue ! poor Hyacinth O'Flaherty !" and thereupon he wept.

"You thee, Lieutenant O'Flaherty," lisped Puddock, growing impatient, "we can't thay how thoon Mr. Nutter'th friend may apply for an interview, and—a—I mutht confeth I don't yet quite underthtand the point of differenth between you and him, and therefore"—

"A where the divil's that black-guard little French wazel gone to ?" exclaimed O'Flaherty, for the first time perceiving that his captive had escaped. "Kokang Modate ! Do you hear me, Kokang Modate," he shouted.

"But really, thir, you mutht be so good ath to plathe before me, before me, thir, clearly, the—the cauth of thith unhappy dithpute, the exact offenth, thir, for otherwithe"—

"Cause, to be sure ! an' plenty iv cause. I never fought a jewel yet, Puddock, my frind—and this will be

the ninth—without cause. They said, I'm tould, in Cork, I was quarrelsome ; they lied ; I'm not quarrelsome ; I only want pace, and quiet, and justice ; I hate a quarrelsome man ; I tell you, Puddock, if I only knew where I'd find a quarrelsome man, be the powers I'd go fifty miles out of my way to pull him be the nose. They lied, Puddock, my dear boy, an' I'd give twenty pounds this minute I had them on this flure, to tell them how *damnably* they lied !"

"No doubt, thir," says Puddock, "but if you pleathe I really mutht have a dithtinct anthwer to my"—

"Get out of that, sorr," thundered O'Flaherty, with an awful stamp on the floor, as the "*coquin maudit*," O'Flaherty's only bit of French, such as it was, in obedience to that form of invocation appeared nervously at the threshold, "or I'll fling the contints of the r-r-oo-oo-oom at your head, (exit monsieur, again). Be gan-nies ! if I thought it was he that done it, I'd jirk his old bones through the top of the window. Will I call him back and give him his desarts, will I, Puddock ? Oh, ho-hone ! my darlin' Puddock, every thing turns agin me ; what'll I do, Puddock, jewel, or what's to become o' me !" and he shed some more tears, and drank off the greater part of the beverage which he had prepared for Puddock.

"I believe, thir, that thith ith the thikth time I've ventured to athk a dithtinct thtatement from your lipth, of the cauth of your dithagreement with Mr. Nutter, which I plainly tell you, thir, I don't at prethent underthtand," said Puddock, loftily and firmly enough.

"To be sure, my darlin' Puddock," replied O'Flaherty, "it was that cursed little French whipper snapper, with his monkeyfied intheruptions ; be the powers, Puddock, if you knew half the mischief that same little baste has got me into, you would not wondher if I murdered him. It was he was the cause of my jewel with my cousin Art Considine, and I wanting to be the very pink of piliteness to him. I wrote him a note when he came to Athlone, after two years in France, and jist out o' compliment to him, I unluckily put in a word of French ; come an' dine, says I, and we'll have a dish of chat

I knew u-n p-l-a-t (spelling it), was a dish, an' says I to Jerome, that pig-gimy (so he pronounced it), you seen here at the door, that's his damnable name, what's *chat* in French—c-h-a-t—spelling it to him; 'sha,' says he; sha? says I, spell it if you plase, says I; 'c-h-a-t,' says he, the stupid ould viper. Well, I took the trouble to write it out, 'un plat de chat;' is that right, says I, showing it to him. It is, my lord, says he, looking at me as if I had two heads. I never knew the manin' of it for more than a month afther I shot poor Art through the two calves. An' he that fought two jewels before, all about cats, one of them with a Scotch gentleman that he gave the lie to, for saying that French cooks had a way of stewing cats you could not tell them from hares; and the other immediately afther, with Lieutenant Rugge of the Royal Navy, that got one stewed for fun, and afther my cousin Art dined of it, like a man, showed him the tail and the claws. It's well he did not die of it, and no wondher he resented my invitation, though upon my honour, as a soldier and a gentleman, may I be stewed alive myself in a pot, Puddock, my dear, if I had the laste notion of offering him the smallest affront!"

"I begin to dethpair, thir," exclaimed Puddock, "of retheiving the information without which 'tith vain for me to attempt being uthful to you; onthe more may I entreat to know what ith the affront of which you complain."

"You don't know; raly and truly now, you don't know?" said O'Flaherty, fixing a solemn tipsy leer on him.

"I tell you *no*, thir," rejoined Puddock.

"And do you mean to tell me you did not hear that vulgar dog Nutter's unmanly jokes?"

"Jokes!" repeated Puddock, in large perplexity, "why I've been here in this town for more than five years, and I never heard in all that time that Nutter once made a joke—and upon my life, I don't think he *could* make a joke if he tried—I don't, indeed, Lieutenant O'Flaherty, upon my honour!"

"And rat it, sir, how can I help it?" cried O'Flaherty, relapsing into pathos.

"Help what?" demanded Puddock.

O'Flaherty took him by the hand, and gazing in his face with a maudlin, lacklustre tenderness, said:—

"Absalom was caught by the hair of his head—he was, Puddock—long hair or short hair, or (a hiccough) no hair at all, isn't it nature's doing, I ask you, my darlin' Puddock, *isn't* it?" He was shedding tears again very fast. "There was Cicero and Julius Cæsar, wor both as bald as that," and he thrust a shining sugar basin, bottom upward, into Puddock's face. "I'm not bald; I tell you I'm *not*—no, my darlin' Puddock, I'm not—poor Hyacinth O'Flaherty is *not bald*," shaking Puddock by both hands.

"That's very plain, sir, but I don't see your drift," he replied.

"I want to tell you, Puddock, dear, if you'll only have a minute's patience. This door can't fasten, divil bother it; come into the next room;" and toppling a little in his walk, he led him solemnly into his bed-room—the door of which he locked—somewhat to Puddock's disquietude, who began to think him insane. Here having informed Puddock that Nutter was driving at the one point the whole evening, as any one that knew the secret would have seen; and having solemnly imposed the seal of secresy upon his second, and essayed a wild and broken discourse upon the difference between total baldness and partial loss of hair, he disclosed to him the grand mystery of his existence, by lifting from the summit of his head a circular piece of wig, which in those days they called, I believe, a "topping," leaving a bare shining disk exposed, about the size of a large pat of butter.

"Upon my life, thir, it's a very fine piethe of work," says Puddock, who viewed the wiglet with the eye of a stage-property man, and held it by a toplock near the candle. "The very finetht piethe of work of the kind I ever thaw. 'Tith thertainly French. Oh, yeth—we can't do thuch thingth here. By Jove, thir, what a wig that man would make for Cato!"

"An' he must be a mane crature—I say, a mane crature," pursued O'Flaherty, "for there was not a soul in the town but Jerome, the—the threacherous ape, that knew it. It's

he that dhresses my head every morning behind the bed-curtain there, with the bed-room door locked. And Nutter could never have found it out—*who* was to tell him, unless that ojus French damon, that's never done talkin' about it;" and O'Flaherty strode heavily up and down the room with his hands in his breeches pockets, muttering savage invectives, pitching his head from side to side, and whisking round at the turns in a way to show how strongly he was wrought upon.

"Come in, sorr!" thundered O'Flaherty, unlocking the door, in reply to a knock, and expecting to see his "ojus French damon." But it was a tall, fattish stranger, rather flashily dressed, but a little soiled, with a black wig, and a rollicking red face, showing a good deal of chin and jaw.

O'Flaherty made his grandest bow, quite forgetting the exposure at the top of his head; and Puddock stood, rather shocked, with the candle in one hand and O'Flaherty's scalp in the other.

"You come, sir, I presume, from Mr. Nutter," said O'Flaherty, with lofty courtesy. "This, sir, is my friend, Lieutenant Puddock, of the Royal Irish Artillery, who does me the honour to support me with his advice and"—

As he moved his hand towards Puddock he saw his scalp dangling between that gentleman's finger and thumb, and became suddenly mute. He clapped his hand upon his bare skull, and made an agitated pluck at that article, but missed, and disappeared, with an imprecation in Irish, behind the bed curtains.

"If you will be so obliging, sir, as to precede me into that room," lisped Puddock, with grave dignity, and waving O'Flaherty's scalp slightly toward the door—for Puddock never stooped to hide any thing, and being a gentleman, pure and simple, was not ashamed or afraid to avow his deeds, words, and situations; "I shall do myself the honour to follow."

"Gt' me *that*," was heard in a vehement whisper from behind the curtains. Puddock understood it, and restored the treasure.

The secret conference in the drawing-room was not tedious, nor indeed very secret, for any one acquainted with the diplomatics langin which such affairs were conducted might have learned in the lobby, or indeed in the hall, so mighty was the voice of the stranger, that there was no chance of any settlement without a meeting, which was fixed to take place at twelve o'clock next day on the Fifteen Acres.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME TALK ABOUT THE HAUNTED HOUSE—BEING, AS I SUPPOSE, ONLY OLD WOMEN'S TALK.

OLD Sally always attended her young mistress while she prepared for bed—not that Lilia required help, for she had the spirit of neatness and a joyous, gentle alacrity, and only troubled the good old creature enough to prevent her thinking herself grown old and useless.

Sally, in her quiet way, was garrulous, and she had all sorts of old-world tales of wonder and adventure, to which Lilia often went pleasantly to sleep; for there was no danger while old Sally sat knitting there by the fire, and the sound of the rector's mounting upon his chair, as was his wont, and taking down and putting up his books in the study beneath, though muffled and faint, gave evidence that that good and loving influence was awake and busy.

Old Sally was telling her young mistress, who sometimes listened

with a smile, and sometimes lost a good five minutes together of her gentle prattle, how the young gentleman, Mr. Mervyn, had taken that awful old haunted habitation, the Tiled House "beyant at Ballyfermot," and was going to stay there, and wondered no one had told him of the mysterious dangers of that desolate mansion.

It stood by a lonely bend of the narrow road. Lilia had often looked up the short, straight, grass-grown avenue with an awful curiosity at the old house which she had learned in childhood to fear as the abode of shadowy tenants and unearthly dangers.

"There are people, Sally, now-a-days, who call themselves freethinkers, and don't believe in any thing—even in ghosts," said Lilia.

"A then the place he's stopping in

now, Miss Lilly, 'ill soon cure him of freethinking, if the half they say about it's true," answered Sally.

"But I don't say, mind, *he's* a free-thinker, for I don't know any thing of Mr. Mervyn; but if he be not, he must be very brave, or very good, indeed. I know, Sally, I should be horribly afraid, indeed, to sleep in it myself," answered Lilius, with a cosey little shudder, as the aerial image of the old house for a moment stood before her, with its peculiar malign, scared, and skulking aspect, as if it had drawn back in shame and guilt among the melancholy old elms and tall hemlock and nettles.

"And now, Sally, I'm safe in bed. Stir the fire, my old darling." For although it was the first week in May, the night was frosty. "And tell me all about the Tiled House again, and frighten me out of my wits."

So good old Sally, whose faith in such matters was a religion, went off over the well-known ground in a gentle little amble—sometimes subsiding into a walk as she approached some special horror, and pulling up altogether—that is to say, suspending her knitting, and looking with a mysterious nod at her young mistress in the four-poster, or lowering her voice to a sort of whisper when the crisis came.

So she told her how when the neighbours hired the orchard that ran up to the windows at the back of the house, the dogs they kept then used to howl so wildly and wolfishly all night among the trees, and prowl under the walls of the house so dejectedly, that they were fain to open the door and let them in at last; and, indeed, small need there was there for dogs; for no one, young or old, dared go near the orchard after night-fall. No, the golden pippins that peeped so splendid through the leaves in the western rays of evening, and made the mouths of the Ballyfermot school-boys water, glowed undisturbed in the morning sunbeams, and secure in the mysterious tutelage of the night, smiled coyly on their predatory longings. And this was no fanciful reserve and avoidance. Mick Daly, when he had the orchard, used to sleep in the loft over the kitchen; and he swore that within five or six weeks, while he lodged there, he twice saw the same thing, and that was a

lady in a hood and a loose dress, her head drooping, and her finger on her lip, walking in silence among the crooked stems, with a little child by the hand, who ran smiling and skipping beside her. And the Widow Oresswell once met them at night-fall on the path through the orchard to the back-door, and she did not know what it was until she saw the men looking at one another as she told it.

"It's often she told it to me," said old Sally; "and how she came on them all of a sudden at the turn of the path, just by the thick clump of alder trees; and how she stopped, thinking it was some lady that had a right to be there; and how they went by as swift as the shadow of a cloud, though she only seemed to be walking slow enough, and the little child pulling by her arm, this way and that way, and took no notice of her, nor even raised her head, though she stopped and curtsied. And old Clinton, don't you remember old Clinton, Miss Lilly?"

"I think I do, the old man who limped, and wore the odd black wig?"

"Yes, indeed, *acushla*, so he did. See how well she remembers? That was by a kick of one of the earl's horses—he was groom then," resumed Sally. "He used to be troubled with hearing the very sounds his master used to make to bring him and old Oliver to the door, when he came back late. It was only on very dark nights when there was no moon. They used to hear, all on a sudden, the whimpering and scraping of dogs at the hall-door, and the sound of the whistle, and the light stroke across the window with the lash of the whip, just like as if the earl himself—may his poor soul find rest—was there. First the wind 'id stop, like you'd be holding your breath, then came these sounds they knew so well, and when they made no sign of stirring or opening the door, the wind 'id begin again with such a hoo-hoo-o-o-high, you'd think it was laughing, and crying, and hooting, all at once."

Here old Sally resumed her knitting, suspended for a moment, as if she were listening to the wind outside the haunted precincts of the Tiled House, and she took up her parable again.

"The very night he met his death in London, old Oliver, the butler, was

listening to Clinton—for Clinton was a scholar—reading the letter that came to him through the post that day, telling him to get things ready, for his troubles were nearly over, and he expected to be with them again in a few days, and maybe almost as soon as the letter; and sure enough, while he was reading, there came a frightful rattle to the window, like some one all in a tremble, trying to shake it open, and the earl's voice, as they both conceited, cries from outside, 'let me in, let me in, let me in!' 'It's him,' says the butler. 'Tis so, bedad,' says Clinton, and they both looked at the windy, and at one another—and then back again—overjoyed and frightened all at onst. Old Oliver was bad with the rheumatiz in his knee, and went lame like. So away goes Clinton to the hall-door, and he calls, who's there? and no answer. Maybe, says Clinton, to himself, 'tis what he's rid round to the back-door; so to the back-door with him, and there he shouts again—and no answer, and not a sound outside—and he began to feel quare, and to the hall-door with him back again. 'Who's there? do you hear, who's there?' he shouts, and receiving no answer still. 'I'll open the door at any rate,' says he, 'maybe it's what he's made his escape, for they knew all about his troubles, and wants to get in without noise, so praying all the time—for his mind misgave him, it might not be all right—he shifts the bars and unlocks the door; but neither man, woman, nor child, nor horse, nor any living shape, was standing there, only something or another alipt into the house close by his leg; it might be a dog, or something that way, he could not tell, for he only seen it for a moment with the corner of his eye, and it went in just like as if it belonged to the place. He could not see which way it went, up or down, but the house was never a happy one, or a quiet house after; and Clinton bangs the hall-door, and he took a sort of a turn and a thrembling, and back with him to Oliver, the butler, looking as white as the blank leaf of his master's letter that was fluttering between his finger and thumb. 'What is it! what is it!' says the butler, catching his crutch like a waypon, fastening his eyes on Clinton's white

face, and growing almost as pale himself. 'The master's dead,' says Clinton—and so he was, signs on it.

"After the turn she got by what she seen in the orchard, when she came to know the truth of what it was, Jinny Cresswell, you may be sure, did not stay there any longer than she could help; and she began to take notice of things she did not mind before—such as when she went into the big bed-room over the hall that the lord used to sleep in, whenever she went in at one door the other door used to be pulled to very quick, as if some one avoiding her was getting out in haste; but the thing that frightened her most was just this—that sometimes she used to find a long, straight mark from the head to the foot of her bed, as if 'twas made by something heavy lying there, and the place where it was used to feel warm, as if—whoever it was—they only left it as she came into the room.

"But the worst of all was poor Kitty Halpin, the young woman that died of what she seen. Her mother said it was how she was kept awake all the night with the walking about of some one in the next room, tumbling about boxes and pulling open drawers and talking and sighing to himself, and she, poor thing, wishing to go to sleep and wondering who it could be, when in he comes, a fine man, in a sort of loose silk morning-dress an' no wig, but a velvet cap on, and to the windy with him quiet and aisy, and she makes a turn in the bed to let him know there was some one there, thinking he'd go away, but instead of that, over he comes to the side of the bed, looking very bad, and says something to her—but his speech was thick and queer, like a dummy's that id be trying to spake—and she grew very frightened, and says she, 'I ask your honour's pardon, sir, but I can't hear you right,' and with that he stretches up his neck high out of his cravat, turning his face up towards the ceiling, and—grace between us and harm!—his throat was cut across like another mouth, wide open, laughing at her; she seen no more, but dropped in a dead faint in the bed, and back to her mother with her in the morning, and she never swallied bit or sup more, only she just sat by the fire holding her

mother's hand, crying and trembling, and peepin' over her shoulder, and starting with every sound, till she took the fever and died, poor thing, not five weeks after."——

And so on, and on, and on flowed

the stream of old Sally's narrative, while Lilius dropped into dreamless sleep, and then the story-teller stole away to her own tidy bed-room and innocent slumbers.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME ODD FACTS ABOUT THE TILED HOUSE—BEING AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF THE GHOST OF A HAND.

I'm sure she believed every word she related, for old Sally was veracious. But all this was worth just so much as such talk commonly is—marvels, fabulæ, what our ancestors call winter's tales—which gathered details from every narrator and dilated in the act of narration. Still it was not quite for nothing that the house was held to be haunted. Under all this smoke there smouldered just a little spark of truth—an authenticated mystery, for the solution of which some of my readers may possibly suggest a theory, though I confess I can't.

Miss Rebecca Chatterworth, in a letter dated late in the autumn of 1753, gives a minute and curious relation of occurrences in the Tiled House, which, it is plain, although at starting she protests against all such fooleries, she has heard with a peculiar sort of interest, and relates it certainly with an awful sort of particularity.

I was for printing the entire letter, which is really very singular as well as characteristic. But my publisher meets me with his *veto*; and I believe he is right. The worthy old lady's letter is, perhaps, too long; and I must rest content with a few hungry notes of its tenor.

That year, and somewhere about the 24th October, there broke out a strange dispute between Mr. Alderman Harper, of High-street, Dublin, and my Lord Castlemallard, who, in virtue of his cousinship to the young heir's mother, had undertaken for him the management of the tiny estate on which the Tiled or Tyled House—for I find it spelt both ways—stood.

This Alderman Harper had agreed for a lease of the house for his daughter, who was married to a gentleman named Prosser. He furnished it and put up hangings, and otherwise went to considerable ex-

pense. Mr. and Mrs. Prosser came there some time in June, and after having parted with a good many servants in the interval, she made up her mind that she could not live in the house, and her father waited on Lord Castlemallard and told him plainly that he would not take out the lease because the house was subjected to annoyances which he could not explain. In plain terms, he said it was haunted, and that no servants would live there more than a few weeks, and that after what his son-in-law's family had suffered there, not only should he be excused from taking a lease of it, but that the house itself ought to be pulled down as a nuisance and the habitual haunt of something worse than human malefactors.

Lord Castlemallard filed a bill in the Equity side of Exchequer to compel Mr. Alderman Harper to perform his contract, by taking out the lease. But the alderman drew an answer, supported by no less than seven long affidavits, copies of all which were furnished to his lordship, and with the desired effect; for rather than compel him to place them upon the file of the court, his lordship struck, and consented to release him.

I am sorry the cause did not proceed at least far enough to place upon the records of the court the very authentic and unaccountable story which Miss Rebecca relates.

The annoyances described did not begin till the end of August, when, one evening, Mrs. Prosser, quite alone, was sitting in the twilight at the back parlour window, which was open, looking out into the orchard, and plainly saw a hand stealthily placed upon the stone window-sill outside, as if by some one beneath the window, at her right side, intending to climb up. There was nothing but the hand, which was rather short,

but handsomely formed, and white and plump, laid on the edge of the window-sill; and it was not a very young hand, but one aged, somewhere above forty, as she conjectured. It was only a few weeks before that the horrible robbery at Clondalkin had taken place, and the lady fancied that the hand was that of one of the miscreants who was now about to scale the windows of the Tiled House. She uttered a loud scream and an ejaculation of terror, and at the same moment the hand was quietly withdrawn.

Search was made in the orchard, but no indications of any person's having been under the window, beneath which, ranged along the wall, stood a great column of flower-pots, which it seemed must have prevented any one's coming within reach of it.

The same night there came a hasty tapping, every now and then, at the window of the kitchen. The women grew frightened, and the servant-man, taking fire-arms with him, opened the back-door, but discovered nothing. As he shut it, however, he said "a thump came on it," and a pressure as of somebody striving to force his way in, which frightened *him*; and though the tapping went on upon the kitchen window-panes, he made no further explorations.

About six o'clock on Saturday evening, the cook, "an honest, sober woman, now aged nigh sixty years," being alone in the kitchen, saw, on looking up, it is supposed, the same fat but aristocratic-looking hand laid with its palm against the glass, near the side of the window, and this time moving slowly up and down, pressed all the while against the glass, as if feeling carefully for some inequality in its surface. She cried out, and said something like a prayer, on seeing it. But it was not withdrawn for several seconds after.

After this, for a great many nights, there came at first a low, and afterwards an angry rapping, as it seemed with a set of clenched knuckles, at the back-door. And the servant-man would not open it, but called to know who was there; and there came no answer, only a sound as if the palm of the hand was placed against it, and drawn slowly from side to side, with a sort of soft, groping motion.

All this time, sitting in the back

parlour, which, for the time, they used as a drawing-room, Mr. and Mrs. Prosser were disturbed by rappings at the window, sometimes very low and furtive, like a clandestine signal, and at others sudden and so loud as to threaten the breaking of the pane.

This was all at the back of the house, which looked upon the orchard, as you know. But on a Tuesday night, at about half-past nine, there came precisely the same rapping at the hall-door, and went on, to the great annoyance of the master and terror of his wife, at intervals, for nearly two hours.

After this, for several days and nights, they had no annoyance whatsoever, and began to think that the nuisance had expended itself. But on the night of the 13th September, Jane Easterbrook, an English maid, having gone into the pantry for the small silver bowl in which her mistress's posset was served, happening to look up at the little window of only four panes, observed through an augur-hole which was drilled through the window-frame, for the admission of a bolt to secure the shutter, a white pudgy finger—first the tip, and then the two first joints introduced, and turned about this way and that, crooked against the inside, as if in search of a fastening which its owner designed to push aside. When the maid got back into the kitchen, we are told "she fell into 'a swoonde,' and was all the next day very weak."

Mr. Prosser being, I've heard, a hard-headed and conceited sort of fellow, scouted the ghost, and sneered at the fears of his family. He was privately of opinion that the whole affair was a practical joke or a fraud, and waited an opportunity of catching the rogue *flagrante delicto*. He did not long keep this theory to himself, but let it out by degrees with no stint of oaths and threats, believing that some domestic traitor held the thread of the conspiracy.

Indeed it was time something were done; for not only his servants, but good Mrs. Prosser herself, had grown to look unhappy and anxious, and kept at home from the hour of sunset, and would not venture about the house after night-fall, except in couples.

The knocking had ceased for about

a week; and one night, Mrs. Prosser being in the nursery, her husband, who was in the parlour, heard it begin very softly at the hall-door. The air was quite still, which favoured his hearing distinctly. This was the first time there had been any disturbance at that side of the house, and the character of the summons also was changed.

Mr. Prosser, leaving the parlour door open, it seems, went quietly into the hall. The sound was that of beating on the outside of the stout door, softly and regularly, "with the flat of the hand." He was going to open it suddenly, but changed his mind; and went back very quietly, and on to the head of the kitchen stair, where was "a strong closet" over the pantry, in which he kept his "firearms, swords, and canes."

Here he called his man-servant, whom he believed to be honest; and with a pair of loaded pistols in his own coat-pockets, and giving another pair to him, he went as lightly as he could, followed by the man, and with a stout walking-cane in his hand, forward to the door.

Every thing went as Mr. Prosser wished. The besieger of his house, so far from taking fright at their approach, grew more impatient; and the sort of patting which had roused his attention at first, assumed the rhythm and emphasis of a series of double-knocks.

Mr. Prosser, angry, opened the door with his right arm across, cane in hand. Looking, he saw nothing; but his arm was jerked up oddly, as it might be with the hollow of a hand, and something passed under it, with a kind of gentle squeeze. The servant neither saw nor felt any thing, and did not know why his master looked back so hastily, and shut the door with so sudden a slam.

From that time, Mr. Prosser discontinued his angry talk and swearing about it, and seemed nearly as averse from the subject as the rest of his family. He grew, in fact, very uncomfortable, feeling an inward persuasion that when, in answer to the summons, he had opened the hall-door, he had actually given admission to the besieger.

He said nothing to Mrs. Prosser, but went up earlier to his bedroom,

where "he read a while in his Bible, and said his prayers:" I hope the particular relation of this circumstance does not indicate its singularity. He lay awake a good while, it appears; and as he supposed, about a quarter past twelve, he heard the soft palm of a hand patting on the outside of the bedroom door, and then brushed slowly along it.

Up bounced Mr. Prosser, very much frightened, and locked the door, crying, "Who's there?" but receiving no answer but the same brushing sound of a soft hand drawn over the panels, which he knew only too well.

In the morning the housemaid was terrified by the impression of a hand in the dust of the "little parlour" table, where they had been unpacking delft and other things the day before. The print of the naked foot in the sea-sand did not frighten Robinson Crusoe half so much. They were by this time all nervous, and some of them half crazed, about the hand.

Mr. Prosser went to examine the mark, and made light of it, but, as he swore afterwards, rather to quiet his servants than from any comfortable feeling about it in his own mind; however, he had them all, one by one, into the room, and made each place his or her hand, palm downward, on the same table, thus taking a similar impression from every person in the house, including himself and his wife; and his "affidavit" deposed that the formation of the hand so impressed differed altogether from those of the living inhabitants of the house, and corresponded exactly with that of the hand seen by Mrs. Prosser and by the cook.

Whoever or whatever the owner of that hand might be, they all felt this subtle demonstration to mean that it was declared he was no longer out of doors, but had established himself in the house.

And now Mrs. Prosser began to be troubled with strange and horrible dreams, some of which, as set out in detail, in Aunt Rebecca's long letter, are really very appalling nightmares. But one night, as Mr. Prosser closed his bedchamber door, he was struck somewhat by the utter silence of the room, there being no sound of breath-

ing, which seemed unaccountable to him, as he knew his wife was in bed, and his ears were particularly sharp.

There was a candle burning on a small table at the foot of the bed, besides the one he held in one hand, a heavy leger connected with his father-in-law's business being under his arm. He drew the curtain at the side of the bed, and saw Mrs. Prosser lying, as for a few seconds he mortally feared, dead, her face being motionless, white, and covered with a cold dew ; and on the pillow, close beside her head, and just within the curtains, was the same white, fattish hand, the wrist resting on the pillow, and the fingers extended towards her temple with a slow, wavy motion.

Mr. Prosser, with a horrified jerk, pitched the leger right at the curtains behind which the owner of the hand might be supposed to stand. The hand was instantaneously and smoothly snatched away, the curtains made a great wave, and Mr. Prosser got round the bed in time to see the closet-door, which was at the other side, drawn close by the same white, puffy hand, as he believed.

He drew the door open with a fling, and stared in ; but the closet was empty, except for the clothes hanging from the pegs on the wall, and the dressing-table and looking-glass facing the windows. He shut it sharply, and locked it, and felt for a minute, he says, "as if he were like to lose his wits ;" then, ringing at the bell, he brought the servants, and with much ado they recovered Mrs. Prosser from a sort of "trance," in which, he says, from her looks, she seemed to have suffered "the pains of death ;" and Aunt Rebecca adds, "from what she told me of her visions, with her own lips, he might have added 'and of hell also.'"

But the occurrence which seems to have determined the crisis was the strange sickness of their eldest child, a little girl aged between two and three years. It lay awake, seemingly in paroxysms of terror, and the doctors who were called in set down the symptoms to incipient water on the brain. Mrs. Prosser used to sit up with the nurse, by the nursery fire, much troubled in mind about the condition of her child.

Its bed was placed sideways along

the wall, with its head against the door of a press or cupboard, which, however, did not shut quite close. There was a little valance, about a foot deep, round the top of the child's bed, and this descended within some ten or twelve inches of the pillow on which it lay.

They observed that the little creature was quieter whenever they took it up and held it on their laps. They had just replaced it, as it seemed to have grown quite sleepy and tranquil, but it was not five minutes in its bed when it began to scream in one of its frenzies of terror ; at the same moment the nurse for the first time detected, and Mrs. Prosser equally plainly saw, following the direction of her eyes, the real cause of the child's sufferings.

Protruding through the aperture of the press, and shrouded in the shade of the valance, they plainly saw the white fat hand, palm downwards, presented towards the head of the child. The mother uttered a scream, and snatched the child from its little bed, and she and the nurse ran down to the lady's sleeping-room, where Mr. Prosser was in bed, shutting the door as they entered ; and they had hardly done so, when a gentle tap came to it from the outside.

There is a great deal more, but this will suffice. The singularity of the narrative seems to me to be this, that it describes the ghost of a hand, and no more. The person to whom that hand belonged never once appeared ; nor was it a hand separated from a body, but only a hand so manifested and introduced, that its owner was always, by some crafty accident, hidden from view.

In the year 1819, at a college breakfast, I met a Mr. Prosser—a thin, grave, but rather chatty old gentleman, with very white hair, drawn back into a pigtail—and he told us all, with a concise particularity, a story of his cousin, James Prosser, who, when an infant, had slept for some time in what his mother said was a haunted nursery in an old house near Chapelizod, and who, whenever he was ill, over-fatigued, or in anywise feverish, suffered all through his life, as he had done from a time he could scarce remember, from a vision of a certain gentleman,

fat and pale, every curl of whose wig, every button and fold of whose laced clothes, and every feature and line of whose sensual, benignant, and unwholesome face, was as minutely engraven upon his memory as the dress and lineaments of his father's portrait, which hung before him every day at breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Mr. Prosser mentioned this as an instance of a curiously monotonous, individualized, and persistent nightmare, and hinted the extreme horror

and anxiety with which his cousin, of whom he spoke in the past tense as "poor Jemmie," was at any time induced to mention it.

I hope the reader will pardon me for loitering so long in the Tiled House, but this sort of lore has always had a charm for me; and people, you know, especially old people, will talk of what most interests themselves, too often forgetting that others may have had more than enough of it.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE RECTOR VISITS THE TILED HOUSE, AND DOCTOR TOOLE LOOKS AFTER THE BRASS CASTLE.

NEXT morning, Toole, sauntering along the low road toward the mills, as usual bawling at his dogs, who scampered and nuzzled hither and thither, round and about him, saw two hackney coaches and a "noddy" arrive at "the Brass Castle," a tall, old house by the river, with a little bit of a flower-garden, half-a-dozen poplars, and a few old privet hedges about it; and being aware that it had been taken the day before for Mr. Dangerfield, for three months, he slackened his pace, in the hope of seeing that personage, of whom he had heard great things, take seisin of his tabernacle. He was disappointed, however; the great man had not arrived, only a sour-faced, fussy old lady, his housekeeper, and a servant-wench, and a great lot of boxes and trunks; and so leaving the coachmen grumbling and swearing at the lady, who, bitter, shrill, and voluble, was manifestly well able to fight her own battles, he strolled back to the tavern, where a new evidence of the impending arrival met his view in an English groom with three horses, which the hostler and he were leading into the inn yard.

There were others, too, agreeably fidgeted about this arrival. The fair Miss Magnolia, for instance, and her enterprising parent, the agreeable Mrs. Macnamara: who both, as they gaped and peeped from the windows, bouncing up from the breakfast-table every minute, to the silent distress of quiet little Major O'Neill, painted all sorts of handsome portraits, and agreeable landscapes, and cloud-capped towers, each for her private con-

templation, on the spreading canvas of her hopes.

Dr. Walsingham rode down to the "Tiled House," where workmen were already preparing to make things a little more comfortable. The towering hall-door stood half open; and down the broad stairs—his tall, slim figure, showing black against the light of the discoloured lobby-window—his raven hair reaching to his shoulders—Mervyn, the pale, large-eyed genius of that haunted place, came to meet him, and led him into the cedar parlour, the stained and dusty windows of which opened upon that moss-grown orchard, among whose great trunks and arches those strange shapes were said sometimes to have walked at night, like penitents and mourners through cathedral pillars.

It was a reception as stately, but as sombre and as beggarly withal as that of the Master of Ravenswood, for there were but two chairs in the cedar parlour—one with but three legs, the other without a bottom; so they were fain to stand. But Mervyn could smile without bitterness, and his desolation had not the sting of actual poverty, as he begged the rector to excuse his dreary welcome, and hoped that he would find things better the next time.

Their little colloquy got on very pleasantly, for Mervyn liked the rector, and felt a confidence in him which was comfortable and almost exhilarating. The Doctor had a cheery, kindly, robust voice, and a good, honest emphasis in his talk; a guileless blue eye; a face furrowed, thoughtful, and benevolent; well

formed too. He must have been a handsome curate in his day. Not uncourtly, but honest; the politeness of a gentle and tender heart; *very* courteous and popular among ladies, although he sometimes forgot that they knew no Latin.

So Mervyn drew nigh to him in spirit, and liked him, and talked to him rather more freely [though even that was enigmatically enough] than he had done to anybody else for a long time. It would seem that the young man had formed no very distinct plan of life. He appeared to have some thought of volunteering to serve in America, and some of entering into a foreign service; but his plans were, I suppose, *in nubibus*. All that was plain was that he was restless and eager for some change—any.

It was not a very long visit, you may suppose; and just as Dr. Walsingham rode out of the avenue, Lord Castlemallard was riding leisurely by towards Chapelizod, followed by his groom.

His lordship, though he had a drowsy way with him, was esteemed rather an active man of business, being really, I'm afraid, only what is termed a fidget; and the fact is, his business would have been better done if he had looked after it himself a good deal less.

He was just going down to the town to see whether Dangerfield had arrived, and slackened his pace to allow the Doctor to join him, for he could ride with him more comfortably than with parsons generally, the Doctor being well descended, and having married, besides, into a good family. He stared, as he passed, at the old house listlessly and peevishly. He had heard of Mervyn's doings there, and did not like them.

"Yes, sir, he's a very pretty young man, and very well dressed," said his lordship, with manifest dissatisfaction; "but I don't like meeting him, you know. 'Tis not his fault; but one can't help thinking of—of things; and I'd be glad his friends would advise him not to dress in velvets, you know—particularly black velvets—you can understand. I could not help thinking, at the time, of a pall, somehow. I'm not—no—not

pleasant near him. No—I—I can't—his face is so pale—you don't often see so pale a face—no—it looks like a reflection from one that's still paler—you understand—and in short, even in his perfumes there's a taint of—of—you know—a taint of blood, sir." Then there was a pause, during which he kept slapping his boot peevishly with his little riding-whip. "One can't, of course, but be kind," he recommenced, "I can't do much—I can't make him acceptable, you know—but I pity him, Dr. Walsingham, and I've tried to be kind to him, *you* know that; for ten years I had all the trouble, sir, of a guardian without the authority of one. Yes, of course we're kind; but body o' me! sir, he'd be better any where else than here, and without occupation, you know, quite idle, and so conspicuous. I promise you there are more than I who think it. And he has commenced fitting up that vile old house—that vile house, sir. It is ready to tumble down—upon my life they say so; Nutter says so, and Sturk—Dr. Sturk, of the Artillery here—an uncommon sensible man, you know, says so too. 'Tis a vile house, and ready to tumble down, and you know the trouble I was put to by that corporation fellow—a—what's his name—about it; and he can't let it—people's servants won't stay in it, you know, the people tell such stories about it, I'm told; and what business has he here, you know? It is all very fine for a week or so, but they'll find him out, they will, sir. He may call himself Mervyn, or Fitzgerald, or Thompson, sir, or any other name, but it won't do, sir. No, Dr. Walsingham, it won't do. The people down in this little village here, sir, are plaguy sharp—they're cunning; upon my life I believe they are too hard for Nutter."

In fact, Sturk had been urging on his lordship the purchase of this little property, which, for many reasons, ought to be had a bargain and adjoined Lord Castlemallard's, and had talked him into viewing it quite as an object. No wonder, then, he should look on Mervyn's restorations and residence in the light of an impertinence and an intrusion.

A TRIPLET OF HISTORICAL WRITERS.

IF much talking about the true aims and fittest methods of historic writing could have insured us a like abundance of resulting deeds, we of this age should be able to boast of historians far wiser and more instructive than those of any former time. Philosophies of history, historic summaries, lectures and discourses on all kinds of topics connected with the life of other days, have abounded of late years as plentifully as flies in autumn. Histories in these days must be written with a purpose, printed in largest letters on every page. Each writer has some special theory into which all his facts are dovetailed with more or less violence to their simpler meanings. To each one, judged at least by his own work, Providence seems to have whispered the saving charm hitherto missed by his less fortunate brethren. Each fancies he has gained the clue to some maze whose windings have never been thoroughly searched before. Past events are made to glorify this or that principle of party politics, to illustrate some fashionable theory of social progress, to prop up the last wild conjecture broached by some daring dabbler in metaphysical or scientific lore. Between the opposite systems of Messrs. Froude and Buckle, the jarring philosophies of Carlyle and Guizot, the diverse politics of Alison and Macaulay, and the fine-spun vagaries of Bunsen, Grote, Thierry, the modern student has a fine choice of the newest-fangled keys to help him in unlocking the secret cabinets of the most unfamiliar past. Amidst attractions of so many different kinds, each offering its own special claim to his notice, who but himself can be to blame, if he should sometimes feel rather too like the fabled donkey between two equal-sized bundles of hay.

Many men have many minds ; and the more opinions you hear on any subject the more means you are like to have for getting at the whole truth of it. But the search thereafter becomes any thing but a joke, when the opinions are mostly given from any other motive than a heartfelt rever-

ence for truth alone. Party spirit, a thirst for novelty, for paradoxes, for popular applause, a curious eye for hidden meanings, a fancy that soars away from seeming trifles and commonplace views, these and other such causes beget opinions, wherein the truth too often lies like the sleeping princess, guarded by a sevenfold hedge of falsehood and misconception. In history, as in theology, the commentators have no compunction for human weakness. They are so determined to leave nothing unexplained, to whisper their wise remarks into one's ear at every turn, that you are fain at length to wish yourself far away from the hubbub of perplexing counsels, and to wonder whether your unaided ignorance might not carry you as far towards a right understanding of many a doubtful passage, as the united wisdom of teachers who not seldom display their skill in deepening the darkness they profess to lighten.

As if our scant knowledge of the past were not of itself a sufficient source of error, we must needs turn from the sifting of its various records to the weaving of strange theories arguable however slightly from certain of the facts recorded. There is a pretty quarrel raging at this present between two bands of historical workers, the spiritualist and the materialist, the men who treat history as a branch of metaphysics and those who claim for it the character of a positive science. By one side the facts of history are all made referable to certain laws as uniform in their working as those which regulate the planetary motions, or the rise and fall of tides. Given certain conditions of climate and geological structure, Mr. Buckle will tell you what kind of men and what pitch of civilization are to be found in any part of the world. The other side, ignoring such material processes, and shocked at the seeming tendencies of such a creed, make much out of the more subtle influences of mind on body, of one person on the many around him, and trace the finger of some special providence moving, whether in wrath

or kindness, for great purposes or for small, at every turn in the march of human affairs. Gauging all things by the same spiritual or personal standards, they make the world a theatre for the display of those sectarian caprices which stand in their philosophy as synonymous for the manifest will of God. With the former everything depends on what are called natural, with the latter on supernatural causes. It is the old struggle of fate and free-will, of the intellect and the heart, once more presented on a new field. Each side has caught hold of half a truth, and used a vast deal of ingenuity to twist it into a downright falsehood. People must often speculate to live, if they do not live to speculate; and one speculation, whether in the literary or the commercial word, brings on another, until its author has floundered into a mess from which no law of necessary averages, nor any doctrine of divine interference in human affairs, will go near to deliver him. Both parties ride their theories to death, as if unmindful of that broad polarity, that wondrous dualism, which seems to play so prominent a part in the world of our daily experience, marking equally the circlings of the solar system and the swayings of the human mind. And after all, the difference between them is one of verbal premises rather than practical results, for neither party can help wandering in their own despite over to the other side, as often as they drop the language of high philosophy for the simpler phrases needed in following out the course of human actions. Out of their disputes it may be that good will come in due season. Meanwhile, for the impartial thinker, it is enough to feel that neither set of disputants are wholly wrong, but that history can only be admitted into the brotherhood of positive sciences whenever it shall have become possible to sound every corner of the human heart, and to calculate every motive for any thing said or done by mortal man.

Little less idle is it to frame set philosophies of history out of the slender means saved from the wrecks of some half-legendary or dimly-legible past. If the simplest facts are so hard to reach—if we cannot tell how long there were kings at Rome;

to which source, Roman or Saxon, we owe our system of municipal government; or how far the Norman and Danish settlements modified the future of Saxon England—what sort of faith should be given to speculations which assume for granted the very points that may be most at issue, or start off to gather the largest conclusions from a few scattered, doubtful, or conflicting facts? If the character of one man may be so easily misread—if the statesmanship of Peel, the bloodthirstiness of Robespierre, or the crimes of Napoleon Bonaparte be still to many an open question—do we not get upon very quaky ground in attempting to lay down the law regarding whole groups of past events, or to shape out, by mere guesswork, the inner life of whole nations as it looms through the mist of chronicles written many hundred years ago? A philosophic historian is one thing, and a philosophy of history is quite another. For one Hallam nature will turn out a good many Schlegels. The true historian should keep his philosophy in due subjection to his art. His real purpose, if any he have beyond setting forth the truths of his perceiving in the seemliest words he may, should reveal itself, as it were, by chance, under cover of his artistic processes. Employed in painting for us the life and manners of some particular age or state, he will be wary of playing with the charmed tools of rash conjecture and showy speculation. The loftier his intellect, the larger his heart, the cooler his judgment, and the wider his practical knowledge of things and men, the greater will be his success in drawing a picture agreeable to those artistic rules which inspire, more or less consciously, the efforts of all great masters, whether of the brush or the pen. He will arrive at truth of general expression by mastering the true relations of outward facts. Waiting resolutely for the knowledge which speculative eagerness can never win, he lays himself open to every breath that blows from any quarter whence the word he waits for may chance to come. Choosing rather to be faithful to what he sees, than to misinterpret what he cannot quite understand, he is content to forego the fame of a subtle philosopher, if his friends will grant him the respect due to a pains-

taking artist and dispassionate student of the past.

Somewhat of this quieter meed may be claimed in varying proportions for each of the histories now under review. The noble author of the "History of France and England under the House of Lancaster" stands deservedly high, both as a writer and a historian, with those who have read his earlier essays, and admired the massive strength of style and judicial calmness of treatment that mark his portraiture of the statesmen who flourished in the days of George III. Lord Brougham has now offered us not, indeed, a new work, but a new edition, revised and in some sense enlarged, of the work he published anonymously some years ago.* In this one volume, of no alarming thickness, of which a full quarter is allotted to the notes and illustrations, we have a concise, but not meagre narrative of all that relates to the temporary sway of two Lancastrian monarchs over the fairest dominions of the House of Valois. The events of those two reigns—memorable, the one for so many triumphs; the other for so many reverses that befell the British arms—are recorded with an easy dignity and forceful clearness which no one conversant with the style of Henry Brougham would fail to recognise at second glance. Years have added a mellow lightness to the movements of that strong, Roman hand; but the hand itself, in its strength and racy fulness, remains essentially what it was before. It is eminently the hand of one whose sight is not dim nor his natural force abated. Nor need its owner have troubled himself to assure considerate critics that his work lays no claim at all "to the praise of composition and its graces," on the plea of its having been written by one "whose life has been passed in the Senate and the Forum." Few authors by profession have ever turned out so accurate a history in so noble a style.

As a fitting prelude to the reign of Henry V., "in order to form an estimate of his individual merits, as well as to comprehend fully the history of his age," Lord Brougham devotes a

chapter full of condensed interest to an account of the great Reformation set on foot by stout-hearted John Wycliffe, to whom Englishmen owe the substance of their present Bible and the first open assertion of their religious freedom. In a few masterly pages are summarised the chief events in the life of that great "Gospel doctor," as he was called by his Oxford brethren; that fierce opponent not only of begging friars, but of the very Papacy as well, whether in its earthly or spiritual aspects; whom few of us will hesitate to rank "among the most remarkable of those who are entitled to the highest of all fame—that of being greatly in advance of their age." Wycliffe's character, his peculiar tenets, and the doings of himself and his followers, have never been so fairly, yet ably, handled before. The author's searching impartiality has swept aside the fallacies and disentangled the doubts arising from the indifference of Hume, the party feeling of Lingard, and the violent rancour of nearly all those who lived nearest the events they professed to record. Against one and another of these he has well-nigh proved the purity of Wycliffe's motives, the general righteousness of his doctrines, and the harmlessness of the means he employed to make them known throughout the land. It seems pretty clear that the movement practically set going by the Rector of Lutterworth and his band of "poor priests" began by addressing itself to the upper and middling classes rather than the lower; to the classes whom, about the same time, Chaucer was entertaining with many a racy inuendo and telling sarcasm against a priesthood not less hateful to himself than to the bold Reformer, whose doctrines he also privily upheld. Still more patent is the falseness of the charge, first broached by the Romanist, Dr. Lingard—that Wycliffe's teaching had aught to do with the great rising of the common people soon after the death of Edward III. The fury of the insurgents was directed avowedly against Wycliffe's foremost patron, John of Gaunt: Wycliffe's worst foes, the begging friars, were the only class

* "History of England and France under the House of Lancaster." By Henry Lord Brougham. New Edition. London: Griffin, Bohn, and Company. 1861.

whom they intended to spare in the general massacre of the rich, the lettered, and the well-born. Not a word seems to have been spoken at the time or written afterwards, even by the most zealous partisans of an unprincipled clergy, that could implicate Wycliffe's followers in an outbreak memorable only for the savage cruelties wreaked on all sides by an utterly brutish mob.

Here, however, the new movement which, even by its enemies' showing, had spread far among the people, seems to have met with its first serious check. The same Duke of Lancaster, who had lately shielded the great reformer from the persecuting zeal of Bishop Courtney, now turned a deaf ear to the appeal made by Wycliffe and his chief followers, in arrest of a royal edict banishing from Oxford all who harboured the authors or the writings of the new heresy. After the death of a leader whose courteous language and tolerant religion set him in favourable contrast with that other reformer, Martin Luther, to whom Lord Brougham likens him for learning, earnestness, courage, and blameless morals, the Lollards, as they were now called,* grew bolder as they grew more numerous, added new articles to Wycliffe's broader creed, and by their violent, if not seditious behaviour, drew down for a while upon themselves the wrathful threatenings of their weak and wicked sovereign, Richard II. Left in peace during the latter years of his reign, they fell upon evil days with the violent accession of the House of Lancaster. A rebel whose success had won him the votes of a servile parliament, was glad to strengthen his throne by the sacrifice of principles which never could have sunk very deep into his soul. Of the many deeds which make the character of our Fourth Henry stink in the nostrils of so stern a censor as Lord Brougham, not the least shameful was his persecution of the sect to which by choice and early training he naturally belonged. To be remembered as "the first king of England who stained his hands with the blood

of men dying for conscience-sake," were infamy enough, one feels, without the additional stain of coldblooded treachery to the cause he was in honour bound not to assail, if he could not safely do battle for it. But Henry IV. had no compunction about burning Lollards, if thereby he succeeded in making fast friends of a clergy powerful enough to need courting. Encouraged by the frequent prayer of his parliaments, he spared no pains or cruel edicts to root out a heresy which still, however, dared to grow again wherever and whenever the popular feeling allowed it a single chance for its life. A few of the more stubborn heretics were from time to time maltreated or burned to death, but voices were still raised in the House of Commons to demand some remission of the new penal laws, and to suggest a scheme for the appropriation of church-revenues yet more comprehensive than that which was afterwards carried out amidst general approval in the days of Henry VIII.

Henry V. continued with heartier earnestness the work his father had begun. His unreasoning bigotry stifling the movements of his kinder nature, made him a sure and powerful tool in the hands of his clerical allies. Seeking for higher game than a mere priest like William Sawtre, or a poor blacksmith like John Bradbie, Archbishop Arundel aimed at giving the heresy a death-blow, in the person of its stoutest champion and most illustrious professor, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, "a knight greatly distinguished in the wars, a gentleman of unsullied reputation for honour, the head of an ancient house, and by right of marriage a peer of the realm." But the Lollard peer was also the intimate friend of Henry's youth, a fact which had more weight with the wary churchman than it proved to have with the priest-ridden sovereign. After a vain attempt to turn his old friend from the seeming error of his ways, Henry left him, as once before he had left a smaller victim, to the tender mercies of what—says Lord Brougham—"were so falsely called the Courts Christian." Lord

* Clearly as we think from Lolhard, a Bohemian reformer who lived early in the same century, and whose spirit descended through the English Lollards to John Huss, his fellow-countryman.

Cobham's arrest by order of the king, his bold, yet dignified behaviour before his judges, their rancorous proceedings and cruel sentence, his flight into Wales and the horrible death which followed his seizure a few years after, are told by the historian in words of weighty interest, and calm but indignant criticism. The death of one so noble, and to all seeming guiltless of any crime against his king or country, may well be said to stamp "an indelible disgrace, both upon the age adorned by his virtues, and upon the prince under whose reign, and with whose entire assent he was made the object of such unrelenting persecution for conscience-sake."

But the reforming spirit, far from being utterly broken, gained strength from the efforts made to quell it—

"Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso,
Ducit opes animumque ferro."

Alarmed by a new movement in the Commons against their Order, the clergy did all they could to forward Henry's unjust designs upon France. Lord Brougham seems loth to believe in Hall's version of the language used by Archbishop Chichele; but we, for our part, can easily imagine the proneness of clerical speakers in those days to hide their baser motives even from themselves, by a free use of the same half-scriptural jargon in which so many clerks of Becket's day were wont to indulge. At any rate, Church and State conspired to invade, on the flimsiest pretences, a country already torn to pieces by civil strife. The successful issue of one piratical inroad, famous alike for the splendid victory of Agincourt and the masterly retreat to which it proved a fitting crown, encouraged Henry to attempt another, planned on a larger scale, and marked by a series of cruel deeds yet more disgraceful than those wrought at the siege of Harfleur. In those days of so-called chivalry, it was deemed not unworthy of a great warrior to slaughter people by wholesale, and he was accounted merciful who took their property instead of their lives. Gross cruelty towards the conquered, and wilful treachery towards a possible foe, were things of course, that left no slur on the fame of princes less thoroughly brutal than the infamous cutthroat John

the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy. Henry's achievements, half due as they were to his lucky star, could not fail to render him popular with a nation still eager for warlike renown, and fresh from stories of Crecy and the Black Prince. To a king whose sword had won for him a kingdom larger than his own, much would have been forgiven had his better qualities been far less patent than Henry's really were. To those qualities Lord Brougham has rendered full justice. If he has pressed a little too hard on faults common to Henry's age, he has done so in the cause of a higher morality than many, even of our modern historians, have the courage to enforce. It is well that the character of a great conqueror should be shown forth in its naked faultiness, without the halo cast round it by the praise of contemporaries blind to every thing but the fact of their hero's success.

The dominions which Henry had won so easily, the Duke of Bedford failed, for all his shining abilities, to retain intact. For some time, indeed, he held his ground, but the day was sure to come when the Burgundians would repent the aid they had given to a foreign usurper, and Frenchmen of all classes would begin to rally round the rightful heir to the French throne. Out of Normandy, and the towns they garrisoned elsewhere, the English had little hold either on the affections or the fears of the people. Dissensions at home between Gloster and Beaufort, abroad between Gloster and Philip of Burgundy, gradually weakened Bedford's means of attack, while the patriotic delusions of Joan of Arc ended in breaking the spell which had hitherto insured victory to the English arms. The maiden's own character is a standing puzzle to all historians of her short but world-renowned career; and we may question whether, in some few respects, Lord Brougham has sufficiently allowed for the subjective reality of visions, which bear explaining by theories at least as philosophical as that of conscious deception for political ends. On the whole, however, we thank him for his noble portrait of the poor simple ecstatic girl, whose inspiration, from whatever source it came, gave new heart to her despairing countrymen; and whose cruel death, in punishment of the weakness that

proved her all a woman, cast nearly an equal slur both on him who sacrificed her, whether to his own revenge or the popular fury, and on him who, owing to her his "crown—possibly his liberty, or his life—made no effort to rescue her from destruction by ransom—none to save her by threatening reprisals on the English captains in his power."

Bedford's death broke up the Burgundian alliance, and the peace of Arras, so foolishly rejected by the English, enabled King Charles to turn the whole weight of his rather slow-going energies against the foreign invader of his lawful realms. Driven back into Normandy and Guienne, the English leaders still carried on the war, until, about fifteen years after the treaty of Arras, they had been stripped not only of all recent plunder, but even of all those possessions, save Calais only, which the kings of England had ruled ever since the Norman Conquest. With this event, which no Englishman can now bewail, and with a parting glance at the progress of English politics during the reign of Henry VI., as well as a short outline of the political reforms effected in France by Charles VII., Lord Brougham concludes a history full of condensed thought and well chosen incidents, clothed in language simple, weighty, and rounding off in sentences of sonorous music. Throughout the volume are many passages which might be quoted for their nobleness of style, and many more which supply food for deep thought to the philosopher, the moralist, and the politician.

The next work on our list comes from a writer of different calibre, but informed with a like desire to search out and represent the truth.* Dr. Vaughan's "Revolutions in English History" is virtually a new attempt at a condensed and popular history of England, written by one who avows his "earnest wish to write as an Englishman, and to commend himself, to the best of his ability, to sound English sense and English feeling, irrespective of sect or party." The work seems to be a sort of compromise between the voluminous essays of Froude and Macaulay, and the

abridgments usually compiled for schools and middle-class families. Its author, indeed, aims to supply in one separate book, all that should be needed "to enable the reader to realize the purpose" for which he wrote it; his narrative however, being, as he also tells us, "constructed on a principle of selection." Whether the two aims are necessarily hostile to each other, or the author's practice has fallen short of his theory, certain it is, that the actual result has just that air of incompleteness which comes from too large an admixture of ill-digested facts. The volumes hitherto published read too like an ordinary cram. They would have pleased us better had the principle of selection been more apparent, and the craving for comprehensiveness less strong. In these respects the author has failed, where not many could have hoped to succeed. It needs the peculiar instinct of a Goldsmith or a Washington Irving to hit the right mean between a summary all fact, and a summary in which the facts are drowned in a flood of vague generalization. In a compendious history of England we do not care to hear, by way of episode, of the holiday-making on the marriage of Prince Arthur, or to read the exact words in which an olden writer depicts the state of popular feeling on the accession of Henry VIII. An artistic writer will generally melt the language of his authorities into his own, and a clever summarist would be shy of transferring to his text those mere trifles, which, if needed anywhere, would find their proper place in the notes. A sound philosopher would have had more to say about the Danish element in the formation of modern Englishmen, would have offered us a kindlier reading of the dark passages in Becket's life, and would have looked far beyond the revival of classic learning for the true source of our English Reformation. Nor is there much to say for Dr. Vaughan's literary style, which is rather jerky in movement, and loud in colour, with little happiness of phrase or nicety of shading; a style which greatly affects the short-winded sentences of Macaulay and the present

* "Revolutions in English History." By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Vol. II. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn. 1861.

tenses of the French school: The English, however, is, for the most part, clear and homely, if it be nothing more.

Nevertheless, there is much in the work to recommend it to readers of many kinds. It does in great measure succeed in answering a definite purpose—in meeting an intelligible want. The author has looked at his subject from many sides, with the feeling neither of a mere churchman nor of a wilful partisan. He has really striven to gather into one whole, and express in one continuous narrative, the essence of all we yet know concerning the times of which he treats. It was no light work he took in hand, and in the heap of facts and statements from which he had to glean his results, it is most creditable that the errors of his retailing should be so few, and the fairness of his judgments so well sustained. As a view of the growth of the English Reformation, from the days of Henry VIII. to Elizabeth, his present volume contains a full and picturesque supplement to the more political narrative of Hume, while it deals in a far more rational spirit than Mr. Froude with many large problems bearing on social progress and traits of personal character in the period discussed by both. The general reader will find himself carried pleasantly along by a quick succession of various if not always pertinent details that interest, either for their own sake or through the writer's art, while they who have no time for getting up original sources, or relish for wading through works of greater length, but often of more doubtful accuracy, will not repent the trouble of mastering a volume which discusses nearly all they need to know without dullness, fanaticism, or cynical self-conceit.

In the first chapter of this second volume we get "the general complexion of English history during the first twenty years of the reign of Henry VIII." Busy or troubled years for most parts of Europe, for Englishmen they are memorable, as embracing the long public career of that splendid churchman but rather shallow minister, whose growing slackness in the royal suit against poor Katharine involved himself and the Papal supremacy in a common downfall. In drawing Wolsey's character, Dr. Vaughan

seems to have weighed the facts before him as fairly as he well could. The cardinal's mounting pride, his love of show, his greed of place and profit, his inveterate double-dealing, his grovelling statecraft at home, the treacherous shiftiness and selfish windings of his policy abroad, are not, to our thinking, less clear than the lower graces of mind and body which first won, and the mixture of tact and loyal zeal which so long retained the affections of his strong-handed master. Broken-hearted at the greatness of his fall, he lived not to see the punishment afterwards awarded to her who had poisoned that master's mind against the servant he had loved so well. Nor, had he lived, would so zealous a Romanist, so staunch a champion of despotic power, have cared to behold the tremendous issues, big with ruin to all despotism, whether in politics or religion, which God was ere long working out for England through the wayward selfishness of an angry, lustful, imperious king.

The next few chapters trace the earlier stage of those issues as far as they showed themselves in Henry's reign. A two-fold movement was going on among the English—politically, against Papal and priestly interference with their national affairs—spiritually, against certain doctrines maintained or practically enforced by the Romish clergy. Much stress is justly laid on the enlightening influence of the "new learning" which found such eager patrons in either University, and even in Henry himself, whose culture was not unworthy of the age or his own height of place. To us, however, it seems clearer than to Dr. Vaughan, that the new movement, aided by whatever new sources, was but the natural and certain sequel of that which John Wycliffe first set in open swing. That spirit which the Lancastrian rulers had done their worst to quell, could hardly have lost ground during the Wars of the Roses, and must have kept on growing in secret under the first of our Tudor kings. Otherwise the renewed study of Greek literature would have ended for England in nothing better than the word-warfare which marked its beginnings. In suppressing the monasteries, Cromwell carried out, amidst general applause, what thousands of

educated Englishmen had demanded more than a century before. When England threw off the Papal yoke, and confined the power of the priesthood within rational bounds, neither Anne Boleyn's death, nor Cromwell's fall, nor Henry's Six Articles, nor Queen Mary's bigotry, could long have dammed up the full stream of that spiritual movement which soon swept triumphantly over the nations of Gothic Europe, sowing in England seed which has borne fruit a hundred-fold from the days of Oliver Cromwell and William III. until now.

The rest of the book is taken up with the course of English affairs during the next three reigns. Of the politics and religion of that period, so fraught with change and trouble to men of the most different opinions and various natures, we have a picture painfully suggestive and creditably fair. In the loyal temper of his countrymen the author has clearly hit upon one at least of the true reasons for the indifference generally shown at the time to the attempt made by Northumberland on Mary's crown, in the name of Lady Jane Grey. In his portraiture of the leading men of the times, recorded in this volume, much praise is due to him for his evident wish in all cases to judge rightly, and for his frequent success in judging discreetly. To Henry himself all credit is given for the better points which afterwards lay buried under the weight of his grosser vices. Anne Boleyn is fairly acquitted of the graver misdeeds laid to her charge by a faithless husband and a servile body of peers. Somerset's guilt is shown to rest on no tangible ground whatever. A light hand is laid on Cranmer's weakness, on Pole's misguided zeal, while no surplus sentiment is wasted on Mary and that infamous pair of bishops, whose savage instincts kept them ever at the call of her own cruel nature. The suppression of monasteries is rightly shown to have been a measure as politic as it was just; but due censure is not less fairly bestowed on the mischievous statutes which continually meddled

with the price of labour and the workman's right to choose his own market. Perhaps the thinnest part of the book is the few pages that describe that noble literature of Elizabeth's day, which, with all its faults, has hardly since been matched for condensed weight of thought, playfulness of fancy, and musical strength of phrase.

The last work on our list agreeably recalls to mind that other history by an author not long passed away, to which it offers itself as a trustworthy sequel.* A second Hallam in all his greatness we must likely wait long enough to see; but Mr. May treads not far behind his model in some of those particulars which have won for Hallam so lasting a place in the highest regards of all sound thinkers and cultivated critics. If the first of constitutional historians was not to continue what he began so well, we may at least be thankful to find his place so creditably filled by one who has studied in the same severe school. Clear, straightforward, unadorned, yet lacking a fair amount neither of terse strength nor of racy expression, Mr. May's style reflects a pleasing mixture of the mental qualities best suited to his undertaking. Starting "with an earnest conviction that the development of popular liberties has been safe and beneficial," he rarely, if ever, swerves aside from the straight path of judicial scrutiny, to lose himself in the enchanted fields of party prejudice. In his general treatment of controverted topics no one, we think, can fairly say that he has failed "to avoid, as far as possible, the spirit and tone of controversy." Differences of opinion there will always be on any question of which two views can possibly be taken, but in the statement of his facts and the inferences generally drawn therefrom the author has truly shown not only the will to differ courteously, but the power also to examine wisely, and give good reason for the opinions he may avow.

Mr. May's first volume discusses at some length the influence, prerogatives, and property of the Crown

* "The Constitutional History of England since the accession of George the Third, 1760-1860." By Thomas Erskine May, C.B. Vol. I. London: Longmans. 1861.

during the last hundred years. Two chapters are then devoted to the powers and progress of the two other estates of the realm; and the remainder examines the relations of Parliament to the Crown, the law, and the people. The influence of the Crown is shown to have increased rather than diminished from the Revolution of 1688 to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. Wielded mainly by the Crown's appointed ministers up to the death of George II. it became an active personal influence in the hands of George III. Whether for good or evil, throughout his long reign, the power of the Crown was a reality at which men of popular principles might well stand aghast. George III. would not only be his own ministry, but he would thwart and ruin by every means fair or foul whatever ministry dared to dispute his orders, or uphold doctrines of which he disapproved. Full of good intentions, which his narrow training and yet narrower intellect turned into the sure means of endless mischief, he spared no pains to carry out his high-flown views of royal rights at whatever sacrifice of personal honour, of Parliamentary freedom, of the national well-being. His violent temper fixed a personal quarrel on all those who held opinions which he himself might deem hurtful to the due ascendancy of Church and king. He would be a father to his people if only they allowed him to manage them like children. They should either have the ministers of his own choosing, or be fain virtually to go without any. The great principle of ministerial responsibility was utterly set at nought by a king who directly or indirectly was bent on making all government the mere reflex of his own headstrong nature. For all his public and private virtues he shied from no act, however mean or wrongful, so that he might vent his wrath on those who, by their deeds, their words, or their silence, had proved their unfriendliness to the cause he favoured. Noblemen, officers, placeholders of every sort were punished, with loss of place, for their votes in Parliament; when he could no longer rule through his own favourites, their part was worthily filled by a stout phalanx of king's friends; nor could any minister to whom he

once owed a grudge depend thereafter on the support, or even on the neutrality of his own colleagues. Minister after minister found him to be at best a broken reed. Used by him for his own purposes, they went each in his turn to the wall. The genius of Chatham, the brilliant promise of Fox, the fellow-feeling of Grenville, even the faithful services of the younger Pitt, counted for nothing in comparison with the crime of which each by turns was guilty in setting his own opinion against that of his royal master. A packed House of Commons and a pliant body of peers encouraged the King in that headlong course to which the troubles and disasters of his reign were chiefly owing. How so much of popular freedom survived that long crusade against all that parliaments and princes had erewhile done to enlarge its growth, is a question which the reader will find ably handled in Mr. May's book. Perhaps this author has overstated the influence of the Crown in the two first reigns of the Brunswick dynasty. Did not the policy pursued by the Third George spring in part from a necessary reaction against the previous encroachments of a lordly oligarchy; and may not the one evil have served in some measure to keep down the other, until the moment came when both king and peers should begin to pale their lustre before the rising star of the people at large? For in itself the king's aim, however mischievous it seemed to many, was not by any means so deeply blamable as the means he took to carry it out.

Not less arbitrary at will than his far more respectable father, George IV. secured at once his own ease and the continued supremacy of the crown by attaching himself, in the first days of his regency, to the party he found in office on his father's last retirement from public affairs. Under a succession of Tory ministers pledged above all things to obey the king, and with an opposition powerless to carry a single great measure against the combined influence of Court and Cabinet, England seemed still as far as ever from the practical enjoyment of those political rights which in theory were already hers. When only one man, as it were, stood between the Roman Catholics and their claims, when

the king could still order his friends in Parliament to vote which way he pleased, when ministers were forced against their will into acts of disgraceful persecution against the queen whom his majesty hated for the wrongs of his own doing, it was no wonder that a man like Mr. Brougham should, in 1822, have brought forward a motion for lessening the power of the Crown, in terms that closely recalled the purport of a yet more famous resolution fathered by Mr. Dunning some half a century before. Only in the last days of his reign did George IV. yield, with a very bad grace, to a demand for Roman Catholic emancipation, which no king of England could any longer have safely opposed. It was left for his brother to show himself a true patriot king, by cheerfully helping to forward that great measure of parliamentary and electoral reform, which saved his people, as Sir Robert Peel found in 1835, from all further fear of undue dominion on the side of the Crown. Thenceforth no voice direct from the throne has made itself heard in the management of state affairs, while the sovereign's personal sympathies have ceased openly to clash with the free movements of ministers, chosen with just regard to the prevalent leanings of a House of Commons, which may fairly be said to represent nearly all the diverse interests and shades of opinion discernible in the England of our day. If the Crown's indirect influence be still very great, it is wielded by agents answerable to the national trustees for every thing done or ordered in the royal name.

There is plenty of food for thought in the last two chapters of this volume. In the one is portrayed the inner, in the other the outer life of our Commons' House of Parliament. A hundred years ago that body, which is now so powerful and comparatively pure, was remarkable mainly for its weakness and its venality. Bribery of the most shameful character was done everywhere, and few, indeed, were the members whose votes could not be gained by arts to which many a needy shopkeeper would scorn in these days to succumb. Rich "nabobs," who had bribed their way into parliament, voted whichever way the Court might ask them. Members of close boroughs voted according as

their patrons chose, and scores of votes could be purchased by any minister at need for the timely outlay of a few hundred pounds a man. The open sale of a borough by its patron or its electors, had become an everyday affair, and any member whose seat might be wanted by or for some one else, could insure to himself a good round sum of money for the transfer of his alleged rights therein. By means of places and pensions, or by threats of future harm, the Court was pretty sure to mould the spirit of the Commons into more or less conformity with its own purposes. A government contract, or a share in some new public loan, was a bait whose value had been often proved by the earlier ministries of George III., and against this form of corruption Pitt was the first person bold enough, or honest enough, to set his face. The very laws passed by the Commons from time to time against bribery and corruption, were repeatedly broken through by the Commons themselves, whenever the bribery had been done by those who favoured the winning side. In the dismemberment of parties brought about by the intrigues of the king, it became easy for each new minister whom the Court might favour, to pack the Lower House at the next general election with a large body of adherents, whose numbers would keep the victory on his side so long as he himself remained on a friendly footing with the courtiers.

A body so venal, so crammed with creatures of the Court, the ministers, and the greater lords, was little likely to stand up for the interests of its own order against the dictation open or underhand of the other two estates. Lending itself a willing tool to each fresh bidder in turn, it gloried rather in stretching a point of privilege to crush those whom it was naturally bound to protect, and to trample on the rights it ought on every account to have upheld. The disgraceful proceedings against Wilkes, the unseemly squabble with the City of London, about the right of seizing printers guilty of publishing the debates in parliament, a long-continued jealousy of all public strictures on public men, betokened the blind activity in small things, or in a wrong direction, of that same House of Commons which, a

few years later, was meekly following the lead of Pitt in a series of indictments fraught with the highest peril, not only to the cause of popular freedom, but even to the very life of our Constitution. But for causes beyond the control of human laws, the England of 1820 would really have sunk, as to many it seemed to have sunk, below the England of a century before, in most points of her political development. Happily for us, the sturdy English nature, cut off

from other outlets, could still make its voice be heard through the Press, the law-courts, and popular meetings in town and country; while through all the darkest years of our parliamentary politics, some few statesmen, here and there, were still enabled to hand on the torch of a worthier tradition to those who came after them. How the better principles gradually triumphed over the worse, Mr. May will live, we trust, to show more fully in his second volume.

THE PRISON CHAPLAIN—THE REV. JOHN CLAY.

For thirty-five years the Rev. John Clay was chaplain to the prison at Preston, and worked out for himself a true theory of prison discipline. His annual report attracted the attention of prison reformers, and has formed the groundwork of our present systems in the English and Irish convict prisons.

To write the life of the Rev. John Clay were to write the history of prison discipline during the last half century; so his son, finding it impossible to divide, has wisely resolved to combine the two. If the history of a life is the life of history—as the biographical and picturesque school of historians contend—then we can see no way in which the subject of prison reform could be more instructively put before us than by weaving it into the life-story of one of its front-rank soldiers, who long fought a good warfare in the holy war against Sin and Ignorance. The history, indeed, of prison reform is the history of a few lives spent, but not spent in vain, in the task of rousing public attention to our culpable neglect of the prisoner and captive. Howard, Mrs. Fry, Sarah Martin, Captain Macnochie, Mr. Clay, Mr. Recorder Hill, some half-dozen names, nearly exhaust the list of the world's benefactors in this matter. Others have felt, these have acted; others have theorized, these have tested their theories by practice, and found them answer the

wants of human nature. Theories there have been enough and to spare. The Panopticon system of Bentham; the American, or silent system; the English, or hulk and transport system: but they have all failed, because they were theories; because they attempted to treat with Crime, not with Criminals—with men in the mass, not with separate human beings with a conscience still remaining buried beneath depraved appetites, and to be reached partly by punishing the appetites, and partly by arousing the conscience. The right system (we will not call it theory, for this would confound it with the attempts which we have seen have one and all failed, because they were theories) has been reached by a few earnest, active men, who went to look for it, not amid the dry dust of jurisprudence or the dogmas of systematic theology, but from the fresh experience of their own hearts, and of God's dealings with those hearts.

To begin with Howard: he was a rare man—a Bunyan born out of due season—a Puritan of the eighteenth century, who came into the world a century after his time. He came, with the pilgrim ways and thoughts of Mr. Greatheart and Mr. Grace-abounding into a world that talked much of Natural and Revealed Religion—an age of Encyclopædias and Voltaires, of Rousseaus and Emperor Josephs—when Theophilanthropy

“The Prison Chaplain: a Memoir of the Rev. John Clay, B.D., late Chaplain of the Preston Gaol.” By his Son, the Rev. Walter Lowe Clay, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan.

was all the fashion, and the Rights of Man, the social contract, and the state of nature were the table-talk of princesses who were ready to throw their cakes out of window when the poor cried for bread. It was Belshazzar's feast, and the Persian at the gate. The Daniel come to judgment was not the prophet mind of Burke, who, *after* the event, foretold, in very passionate language, what concession to Jacobin principles would lead to. The man who was guided by a higher spirit than his own, and went about Europe, never thinking that he was a prophet at all, was the country gentleman and former sheriff of Bedfordshire, who, to relieve an aching heart, and to escape the sight of domestic misery, undertook a universal gaol commission, and became, before he died, the universal *censor morum* to the courts of Europe. Talk of the mob of Paris sacking the Bastille—one plain Quaker-like man threw open more prisons than any king or mob that ever obtained a general gaol deliverance as the price of victory.

To understand the work of Howard we must know the life of Howard. He had known for himself what the inside of a prison was; and that prayer in our beautiful Litany for all prisoners and captives had been stamped on him by the iron of affliction. Howard, after the death of his wife, in 1755, sailed for Lisbon, then recently desolated by an earthquake. The packet, however, was captured, and carried into Brest. Along with his fellow-passengers, he was confined for six days in a damp, filthy dungeon belonging to the castle of the town. The food was in keeping with the lodging. After they had been left fasting for fifty or sixty hours, a joint of mutton was thrown in among them; and as none of the company possessed a knife, they were obliged to tear and gnaw it with their teeth. "Perhaps," wrote Howard, more than twenty years afterwards, "what I suffered on that occasion increased my sympathy with prisoners." After his return to England he married a second time, and spent some years improving his estate; and by degrees his "Dutch taste, resolute will, and Christian charity had turned the old hovels and dunghills of the squalid villagers into neat cottages and gardens." Such was Howard at Car-

dington, in Bedfordshire. But in March, 1765, Mrs. Howard gave birth to her only child, and died; and Howard, restless, lonesome, and broken in health, resumed his habit of travelling.

Perhaps it was at this time of life that the great change passed over him which converted the Bedfordshire squire into the Christian pilgrim and prison evangelist, as it converted Amos the vine-dresser into Amos the prophet. It is at this point in his history that we come upon a journal in which his spiritual experience is minutely narrated. It is an unwritten chapter in so many men's lives, that we shall incur perhaps the animadversion of critics of the *Times* newspaper stamp for affecting to know the meaning of vital religion. Whatever it means (and that every man's experience will best answer to), in Howard's case vital religion became a prominent part of his character, a guiding principle by which his conduct was ever after regulated. It was the same man with a new direction given to all his talents and opportunities. The man was first prepared for the work, and now the work is presented for the man to do.

In 1773 Howard was appointed sheriff of Bedfordshire. His attention was then turned to the hardship and cruelty of sending back to gaol prisoners who had been acquitted by juries, or against whom the grand jury had thrown out the bills of indictment, because they were unable to pay the fees of the gaoler during the period of their arrest on suspicion. In order to redress this hardship, Howard applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the gaoler in lieu of his fees. The bench admitted the hardship, but declined to grant it for want of a precedent. Howard, therefore, set out on horseback to visit the neighbouring counties in search of a precedent, but the farther he travelled the more he saw of the iniquity of the whole system of prison discipline: and now his part in life was irrevocably chosen, and he was forced out into a sphere of public usefulness without any design on his part.

For eighteen years Howard went his rounds as an unpaid inspector-general of prisons throughout Europe. The story of his public ministrations

is too well known to need recital. He once spent forty days of voluntary quarantine on board a filthy lazaretto at Venice in order to learn the full truth of its management. Within a month, while still quaking with the effects of quarantine fever, he had a private interview for two hours with the Emperor Joseph at Vienna, during which he seems to have told him all the most unpalatable facts he knew concerning the imperial prisons.

Howard published, in 1777, his book on the state of prisons; and early in 1779 it reached a second edition. During this short interval a considerable impression had been made on the public mind; and a change for the better in the management of prisons was perceptible. His vigilance and strictness had proved a strong stimulus, and few prison authorities had ventured altogether to neglect the recommendations in his former work. The act for preserving the health of prisoners had met with an amount of attention rarely accorded to such statutes in the last century. Many new gaols had been commenced—in others, salaries had been granted to the keepers in lieu of fees—and taps and gaol fever had almost disappeared. The improvement was due almost solely to Howard's personal exertions; but it fell far short of what he aimed at. Physical evils only had been alleviated. "At this point," he wrote, "the spirit of improvement unhappily seems to stop, scarcely touching upon that still more important object, the reformation of morals in our prisons," a stricture which he drily clenched with a hint that "selfish terror of the distemper had hitherto been the only motive for reform."

Howard was the Henry Martyn of prison reform. As Henry Martyn was rather the precursor of missionaries than the founder and first of the missionary order in our Church, so with Howard. The path of both was like that of a bright meteor flashing through the darkness, and then disappearing, but not before they had thrown light around and kindled the torch of inquiry among humbler and less original men. Like Henry Martyn, too, in his death, Howard fell a martyr to his own activity in a desolate extremity of Europe. What

Tokat was to Martyn, Cherson was to Howard. The two men were not found, for God took them.

We must pass over the name of Bentham among prison reformers: he was a theorist only. Two years after Howard's death, he proposed a plan of a penitentiary on the Panopticon principle. If human nature were a piece of clockwork, then a contrivance like a skeleton clock in a glass-case might be useful to reclaim and reform; but the device was more ingenious than useful. His idea was, by keeping the prisoner always under the eye of his gaoler, to awake in him a sense of the Unseen and Invisible Presence. Vain attempt! The Eye that never slumbers is only mimicked, not represented, by this glass-case contrivance, in which prisoners were studied, as bees in a hive under glass, their operations overlooked by warders whom they could not see in return. To say nothing of the cost of the acoustic and optic apparatus necessary to render the gaoler's presence felt in every cell, it was an ingenious toy, and no more. Could it have been carried out regardless of expense, it would have only left prisoners as it found them—children in understanding, in malice men. The law within would never once have been appealed to. To reform must be left to the character itself; the will must be stimulated to action, not cajoled or coaxed into good behaviour. Probation is the life of virtue. Without responsibility there is neither good nor evil. The wild beast may be tamed, but the godlike in human nature would never be drawn out under such a course of treatment as that of Bentham's. We have only to mention it to condemn it; and therefore we may leave him behind, amid the large class of theorists who have done nothing for the treatment of the criminal classes, because they have miscalculated what human nature was.

Mrs. Fry and Sarah Martin were prison reformers of the true type, who handed on the succession from Howard to our day. What Mrs. Fry achieved is matter of common notoriety; her life and labours are nearly as well known as those of Howard. Not so with the dressmaker of Yarmouth; her fame would have never travelled out of the little borough on

the East coast, where she laboured from the year 1819 to 1843, but for the inquiry which since has arisen into these matters, and for the anxiety which the world now displays to find out and acknowledge its benefactors. Like Mr. Clay, whose character resembles hers in some respects, her fame has been entirely posthumous. What she did the world never heard of till God took her, and now her works follow her to call her blessed. Hearing, in August, 1819, of a savage vixen being sent to prison for beating her child, Sarah Martin asked permission to visit her, persisted against all refusal, and at last obtained her wish. "When I told the woman the motive of my visit, her guilt, and her need of God's mercy, she burst into tears, and thanked me, whilst I read to her the story of the penitent thief."

This was the turning point in Sarah Martin's life. She now discovered her mission. By strict economy, and by working harder on the other five days in the week, she was enabled to devote one day weekly in the gaol. Presently, finding there was no service on Sundays, she rose to the duty of performing service twice herself, as ministering deaconess to the female prisoners, which custom continued for the space of twenty-three years, "and never missed a Sabbath day." The one day a week crept on to two, and even three, when as her labour of love could not be any longer hid, and friends began to press gifts upon her, and she resolved to abandon dressmaking altogether, and to cast herself on the work, taking such support as Providence might offer. So she lived, and laboured on till she died, worn out with the exhausting work of a prison chaplain, carried on without interruption for a quarter of a century. She always shrunk from publicity. Unlike Mrs. Fry, she was unknown on platform or in committee-rooms. If her example has provoked others to go and do likewise, then she has got the reward she would have most prized—that of seeing others follow in her steps.

In 1821, the Rev. John Clay, then a young clergyman, just ordained, was appointed assistant-chaplain of the gaol of Preston. He had not chosen the post on account of any peculiar predilection to it, but only because it

was the readiest title for orders then obtainable by him in Lancashire; but the work which chance threw in his way became soon the work of his choice. In two years' time he was advanced from the post of assistant to the full chaplaincy, and from that time to the year of his resignation and death, in 1858, he laboured on with a devotion and spirit which have been seldom equalled, and never surpassed.

Mr. Clay's son has told the story of his father's life candidly and well. Filial piety has not passed into idolatry, as it is wont to do in biographies of this kind; and what is better still, we are not offended by the affectation of modesty which veils itself before the display of parental virtue. For fear of becoming eulogists, some sons have shrunk from telling the world what their father really was. Mr. Clay has drawn a picture of his father with the curtain as it ought to be—*behind*, not *before* the portrait. He has let the likeness speak for itself on the canvas, and not mixed up light and shade so that we have to look in the background for what ought to be in the foreground. There is, it is true, a great deal of background: it could not be otherwise. Take away the prison discipline, and the Rev. John Clay sinks back into a clerk in orders—one of sixteen thousand, good, bad, and indifferent. This would be like a picture of General Elliott without the keys of Gibraltar on his forefinger and the smoke of the siege in the background. But the portrait is set well in the middle of the canvas.

All that was noticeable in John Clay's life centres around the Preston gaol. Here his active life was spent, and from thence his thoughts travelled out, in the shape of reports, to quicken and guide the minds of prison reformers like himself all over the kingdom.

As we are sure that men, not measures, are the thing wanted in a prison, the life of such a chaplain as Mr. Clay is the right clue by which to get at the best reformatory method. As we want cooks, not chemists, to feed us, so with human nature: not to the theorist who reasons on a few data, but to the man of action, who takes man's complex nature as he finds it, we must look for a successful solution

of the problem of crime. How to deodorize crime—to pass the prisoner through the hands of justice, leaving his crime, with his prison clothes, behind him, is the great problem of the Social Reformer. Society formerly gave up the problem in despair. It branded the felon with a hot iron, and sent him loose again to run the same risk, with the gallows in view. True, it had its secondary punishments as well as its capital, but the one led to the other as certainly as the high road to Oxford ran through Tyburn green. The rogue's march was a straight one from Newgate to the gallows-green; and society took it for granted it must be so, and gave over its reprobates with a resigned submission to the will of Providence.

Facts, and not theories, have turned society right round from the code of Draco to that of Solon. Prisoners have been reclaimed, and this has led to the discovery of the right way of reclaiming them. And here it is worthy of note, that while theories, like the Paganini attempts to play on a human heart of one string, have all failed, a few large-hearted men have brought out results which have only to be reduced into a theory to allow of their being carried out on a large scale, even by men of routine only. The theorists have tried the all work and no play and the all play and no work system—the separate system and the silent system—the crank system and the mark system—and the result has been, that partial causes led to partial results. Men like Mr. Clay went deeper to work. All they asked was separation of the criminal from his former haunts and companions, and to leave him then to the restorative agencies, secular and spiritual, which a chaplain has at his command within the walls of any well-conducted prison.

The problem is much simpler than some would imagine. Two things only are needful—reflection and work. The conscience must be stirred up to reflect on the past, while the hands are kept busy for the present. The adjustment of these two conditions of reform is a matter for after arrangement. It is better, as in the Irish system, that the previous portion of the sentence be passed over principally in reflecting on the past;

the latter in acquiring habits of industry for the future. But it is found that it is best not to distinguish between them too sharply. Work must be given during the portion of the sentence spent in solitary confinement, and food for reflection during the portion when the man is working his way back to liberty. But with these two instruments to his hand, no governor or chaplain need despair of the reformation of any. It is never too late to mend, though we are ready to set down our failures to the incorrigibility of some. Faith in the reformatory process must, of course, be the condition of working it out successfully. The Justice Shallow, or the professional beak, who believes that thieves will be thieves to the end of the chapter, and whose shallow theory is, that it runs in the blood, as poaching and fortune-telling do in the race of gipsies, are fitter to be experimented on than to experiment with such a system as the Irish convict system. To intrust such with it would be as useless as to put a Minie rifle into the hands of a Brazilian savage who had never handled any weapon more deadly than a poisoned pea-shooter. We must train the men to administer the system.

This is why the life of Clay is a study for all interested in prison discipline. He was the first of his class. What Arnold was to schoolmasters, that Clay may become to chaplains and governors of gaols. Who can overestimate Arnold's influence on the education of Great Britain? He found schoolmasters a race of pedagogues, and he left them a race of mentors. From head-masters like Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Temple, down to Dominie Sampsons in scratch wig and cane, a reviving breath has passed over the educational mind. One man ennobled a calling in life, and elevated a lucrative craft into an honourable or even a sacred calling. The keeper of a prison is not yet what he ought to be. We want something more than a highly paid turnkey. When we locked prisoners in by themselves, enacting, as far as our poor power could go, a copy of hell upon earth, a warder to sit at the gaol door, and a sentinel to pass the rounds, were enough. But the menagerie-keeper

will not do now to govern a prison ; a higher class of work requires a higher class of men, and the study of Olay's life will teach us how that class is to be trained.

A man may command a ship of war or a regiment without influence, but he cannot govern a school or a prison without it. In the one case he has only to issue his orders, and to keep within the rules of his profession ; but in the other case, if he would get at human hearts, he must possess the talisman of kindness, combined with firmness. This Mr. Clay possessed in a high degree. Before all things he sought to get at his prisoners by winning their hearts. He would seek an interview with them on admission to prison, find out their wants and feelings, and by little nameless acts of kindness win his way into hearts that would have been as hard to doctrinal teaching as the nether millstone. A chaplain may pace his rounds in the prison with the pure Gospel in his hands in as perfunctory a way as the meanest turnkey who looks to the wards and bolts only. The dry, correct divine may say one thing with his lips, but his eye looks another ; and prisoners are more quick to read the language of the eye than the lip.

If there is a field of labour where picked men should be sent, it is into the cells of a prison. To tell off for such a duty some well-meaning, characterless curate, who takes it in with a round of other clerical routine, is to make the office a mockery. The days of the prison ordinary of Newgate, who preferred punch to wine, because nothing was said against punch in the Bible, are past and gone ; but the curate who shines at a religious tea-party, whose talk is as unruffled as his tie, and who is very explicit on the Millennium and the three frogs of the Apocalypse, is a variety of the clerical order quite common in our days, and nearly as useless as the punch-drinking ordinary of Hogarth and Defoe's days. It is needless to say that Mr. Clay was not a typical man either of this new or of the old school of chaplains. He would have been puzzled to say to what school or sect of the Church he belonged, and would have been called sadly indefinite by those who make broad their phylacteries of

party distinction. He was, indeed, a very unprofessional divine. No schoolman, and only a moderate scholar, he was nothing more than a well-read English gentleman, who discharged the function of a schoolmaster for Christ within the walls of a prison. An artist above the average of amateurs, a good musician, a popular lecturer on geology and such topics, he was, to say the least, a highly accomplished man ; and all his talents were bent, with English intensity of aim, to reach the hearts and minds of his poor prisoners.

To understand Mr. Clay, he must have been overheard in his chapel services. When alone with two or three hundred prisoners seated on benches beneath him, he was felt to be a teacher speaking the words of God. He made much of the Liturgy, and never were its prayers read more from the heart and to the heart than in the chapel of Preston gaol. He took care that his prisoners should never think that his attendance was perfunctory as well as theirs. The clerical phrase "doing duty" in the chapel, would not have been understood by him. He reasoned that prisoners require more not less pains than an ordinary congregation. Not only is their attendance enforced, but also their previous habits of life dispose them to attention at worship. They require to be won over to the side of religion. For this reason he decorated the chapel, and made the service as attractive as he possibly could, without a spark of the Laudian spirit. He obtained permission for the prisoners to assist in painting the chapel ceiling a sky blue, studded with stars.

Ritualism is one thing ; the aid of decoration in arousing the dormant spirit to a sense of decency, order, and beauty is another. Just as Unitarianism is a step backward or forward according as we regard the case of a Hindu like Dwarkanuth Tojore, or a Christian like Blanco White, so ritualism may choke the flame of spiritual life in some cases, and kindle it in others. As the Bible for children must be pictorial, so with prisoners ; and our educated Christians, who have long past the age of childhood, and whose Protestantism is of a somewhat iconoclastic type, should

remember the wise words of the poet:—

“See thou who countest reason ripe,
By holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And e'en for want of such a type.”

But whatever his love of art, Mr. Clay left it behind him at the foot of the pulpit stairs. In the pulpit he appears to have used only one appeal—the love of God and the work of Christ. He had no sympathy, evidently, with the school who put the soul under a penitential discipline to prepare it for the message of the Gospel. He did not enlarge the church porch so far that the altar of Christ's sacrifice could hardly be seen. He did not come as a priest out of the brazen gates of the chancel to tell of a sacrifice of which they were only to know by hearsay, and the benefits of which were to be dispensed through an exclusive caste only. His sermons were plain, affecting appeals to the conscience, easily understood and remembered; and it was remarkable how soon he began to win the attention of the most stubborn prisoners.

For a time Mr. Clay was in the habit of preaching carefully-written sermons to his prisoners; but, although delivered well and feelingly, he found them wanting somewhat in warmth and colour; so he resolved to discard the manuscript, and trust to the feelings of the moment for the delivery of a carefully-considered subject. In his hands this plan succeeded to perfection. “The spectacle,” his son tells us, “of two or three hundred upturned faces—blotched, sin-stricken, ugly faces generally—staring with half-stolid animal-like fixedness at the preacher, was one not easily forgotten.” “I never heard any thing so logical from a pulpit before,” was the remark of a very competent judge, after hearing him preach. Probably what the critic meant was that he had never heard such a *single-topic* sermon. “It is my plan,” he said, “to be content with one idea. That is quite as much as my poor people can take in at once; but I try to enunciate, by one idea, as distinctly and as completely as possible.” Again, his son observes:—

“It was on singleness of subject and simplicity of language that he mainly relied. Occasionally there was a pas-

sionate appeal to the feelings, or a stroke of irresistible pathos; but to these he rarely resorted. The emotions of the ignorant are so heady and uncontrollable when once aroused, and the discipline of the separate system rendered the prisoners so susceptible to excitement, that it was only seldom, and then very carefully, that he ventured to play on their feelings. Had he wished it, he might have had a revival in the prison once a month. But when he did touch the heart-strings—when, for instance, pointing to the lads in the front rows, he appealed to fathers and mothers for mercy on their own neglected children, or when he told some moving tale of sin and misery—simple and unexciting as the language always was, yet there was something in the manner, in the voice, in the whole man, that was quite irresistible; and half the faces in the chapel—brute faces as they mostly were—would be wet with tears.”

His manner of visiting the prisoners within was in character with his preaching. He avoided those spiritual probings by which some chaplains try to reach the convict's conscience, and only get the “flummery by which thieves gull the parson.” He was too wise as well as too discerning to be deceived in this way. On the contrary, he waited for the prisoner to make the first advances. He felt that the penitence which is prompted is no penitence at all; and he was rewarded in the end by receiving more real confessions of godly sorrow for sin than any chaplain of whose diary we have seen any record.

“As soon,” his biographer says, “as the new system was introduced into the gaol, he began to spend from five to six hours daily there, the greater part of which time was devoted to ministrations in the cells. It was all the time he could give, and it was not enough to satisfy him. The confidence of no small number of prisoners was lavished on him most freely. His sympathies were so ready and so real, that all reserve melted before him. Suspicious, reticent, and false, as criminals generally are, there were always men in the gaol yearning to make a clean breast of it to him. Of the nature of these cell confessions he was of course in honour bound to say but little; such little, however, as he did reveal, was more than enough to show how sickening was the office of father-confessor to a prison. He has sometimes been known to come abruptly out of a cell, and hurry, sick and ill to his own room, after hearing some revela-

tion so loathsome as to forbid, or witnessing agony so intense as to defy, description."

Such was Mr. Clay the Prison Chaplain. Let us briefly glance at the part which he took in helping forward the good work of prison reform. He was, undoubtedly, one of the first who understood the nature of crime in England, and how to grapple with it. The compliment repeatedly paid to him in Parliament, that he knew more of the working classes than any man living, was hardly an exaggeration. For twenty years his reports were looked for as State Papers on the subject of prison discipline. "You have kept me awake half the night," wrote Lord Brougham to him once, in acknowledgment of his report. To Mr. Clay, more than to any one else, the present system, which has been brought to perfection in the Irish Convict Prisons, owes its establishment. Mr. Clay wrought out, by himself, the principle of individualization in the Preston gaol. He treated his prisoners separately, and tried to work repentance and reformation in them by reaching the conscience and arousing the man from within. In this he stood almost alone among prison reformers. Even the mark system of Captain Maconochie, excellent as it is in some respects as a labour-test of the reality of reformation, proceeds too much by actuating the man from beneath. It is likely to succeed within the prison walls; it will stimulate a man to work his way out of captivity, but there it fails. Habits of diligence require to be kept up by some principle higher than themselves. The mark system has made an industrious animal a kind of prison beaver; but take him out of his cell, and the animal has lost his building instinct; outside the prison he becomes as indolent as the beaver would in a ready-made house.

The importance of this principle of individualization is seen in the contrast between the English and Irish Convict Prisons. The Irish Prisons are conducted on Captain Crofton's principle of individualization; the English, on the opposite principle, enounced by Sir Joshua Jebb in the words, "that convicts must be treated in masses, rather than in accordance with their individual character." "Due observance," he says, "of rou-

tine duties will commonly effect all that can be done for them." The effort to study the peculiar character of each convict, as attempted in the Mountjoy Prison, is deliberately *not* attempted in England. The men are congregated in masses of a thousand or fifteen hundred, and bribed into a kind of sulky submission by liberal indulgences of food and money for marks of V.G., which are easily got and little prized. But when the *argumentum ad crumenam* fails, as it signally did at Chatham in March last, there is nothing for it but to call in the Rifles and shoot down the rioters with buck-shot. Such has been the result of the English convict system, as conducted by an able and intelligent officer, who wants faith in the reformatory theory of Mr. Clay.

Captain Crofton began the Irish Convict Prisons on the principle of individualization, and has thoroughly carried it out so far as the Home Office would allow him, with what result it is superfluous here to say. The recent meetings of the Social Science Congress in Dublin have given it such publicity, that it is no longer on its trial; it is an admitted success. Eight years ago Captain Crofton found the Government Prisons in Ireland crowded; they are now half empty. On January 1, 1854, there were 3,933 in custody, but year by year the number has steadily decreased, till on January 1, 1861, there were only 1,492 prisoners—a fact to be viewed with the more satisfaction when we mention that not a convict has been sent to Australia since 1854, though formerly they were shipped off at the rate of 1,000 a year.

In 1854 the number adjudged to penal servitude was 710; last year it was only 331; these figures, too, have a significance beyond what appears at first sight; for a third, if not a half, of the men sentenced in the old times were scoundrels who had passed through the Convict Prisons before. Stringently as the conditions of the licences have been enforced, not more than seven in a hundred have been revoked; and it is Captain Crofton's persuasion, that eight out of nine of the convicts who pass through the three stages of the Irish Prison system, pass out into the world reformed characters. It is a kind of moral fil-

ter, which lets so little incorrigible crime pass through it to return to plague society that it deserves all the praise it has obtained.

The difference between the English and the Irish systems is not in the administration, much less in the discipline, dietary, or any other external method employed to reach the criminal's will. It lies in the little word we have just let drop from our pen. Captain Crofton aims at the *will* of the convict. Sir Joshua Jebb leaves the will alone in the dormitory of the soul, and if he can get a tolerable stroke of work out of his convicts with no particular surliness on their part, thinks he has accomplished all the ends of prison discipline. The difference then is in the men, not in the system. If Captain Crofton and Sir Joshua Jebb changed places to-morrow, they would carry a change of system with them, and the Irish prisons would go back and the English go forward in efficiency.

"I have yet to learn," Canning once said, "that it is the harness not the horses who draw the coach." The English convict system relies too much on the excellence of the harness. We have, happily, got the right horse in the shafts here in Ireland; so with no better harness, if so good, we have left the English prisons far behind in the race of reform.

We do not wish to claim for Mr. Clay any more connexion with the Irish prison system than he would have claimed himself. It is strictly an independent attempt of its own, and Captain Crofton would, perhaps, prefer to consider himself a disciple of Captain Maconochie rather than of the chaplain of Preston. But it remains true, notwithstanding, that to Mr. Clay more than to any other man of the age the principle of individualization owes its acceptance and adoption. He it was who tried it first and worked it longest. Feeling his way through three or four other theories, he came to this as the right one at last. He was not a rapid generalizer who catches up a system and carries it through because it is a system. The beauty of his plan was, that it was no theory at all, but a simple application of the Gospel principle to seek and to save that which was lost. As chaplain, it did not come within his province to revise the law or to abridge the sentence. Be-

tween the law on the one hand, and its victim on the other, he stood, as interpreter between the mute vindictiveness of the one and the sullen resistance of the other. He had to create in his prisoners a sense of the justice of the law's demands, and so, by quickening their consciences, implanted in them the seeds of that repentance which is the only ground of a lasting reformation of character.

It is the fashion now-a-days to make little of what is called forensic theology, as if the law's demands of retribution and substitution were by-gone and barbarous notions of jurisprudence imported into theology to corrupt its simplicity. But what could a prison chaplain do without these forensic principles on which to ground his work of reformation? Unless he can first convince the convict that the sentence of law is *just*, all his preaching will be in vain. The most perfect contrivance of marks and rewards, tickets-of-leave, and so forth, will all go for nothing unless the convict leaves gaol with the conviction that the law is just when it smites; that true mercy is one and the same with strict justice, and that indulgence or escape is the greatest cruelty which can be shown a prisoner. These are truths of jurisprudence only because they are truths of theology. The truest reformatory system is that contained in the Gospel, and we are bold to say that there can be no reformatory system which is not grounded on the great facts of the Gospel life and death of Christ. It is possible, indeed, for those who deny the original to admire the copy. But Christianity is still the fountain though they will not admit it.

It is the way of the world to take a benefit without acknowledging too loudly who its benefactors are. Mr. Clay's son expresses his just indignation at the way in which his father's claim to promotion was passed over. At the end of a thirty-five years' chaplaincy a country parsonage was a very moderate reward to look for. Hundreds of Chancellor's livings were given away to claimants who had a friend at Court, a county member, or a powerful nobleman to be conciliated by the disposal of patronage. But the chaplain of Preston had not learned the art of getting on in the profession, as the *Times* described it with infinite humour a

few weeks ago. The arts by which a bishopric was got in the days of patronage ought not to be told to the uninitiated, or else, as in the days of Cicero, one augur could not look another in the face without laughing. In these respects Mr. Clay was as simple as Henry Goldsmith, and Preston was the prosaic Auburn where he spent his days, and retired from it only to die. But Mr. Clay did not live for nothing if he taught the clergy to treat fame at its proper worth. In these days of clerical Blondinism, when Hayley's gilt tub is set up again as in the days of Pope, it is well to set before us the example of a man who lived only for his work and left his reputation to take care of itself.

To die rich is the ambition of one class of men—to die notorious the ambition of another. It will not do now to let the character ripen in the air, taking alike the sunshine and the rain : it must be forced under glass

into a pumpkin popularity. Our Anglo-Saxon sturdiness and self-reliance has been crossed by American love of praise, and the consequence is, that in all classes there is a hasting to be rich, notable, and popular for something or other. Newspaper notoriety haunts us everywhere—on platforms and even into pulpits the shadow of a name follows us, and, like Mr. Jefferson Brick, every one is bound to show as soon as possible that he is a very remarkable person. Next to Robertson of Brighton, Mr. Clay of Preston impresses us most with the feeling that he lived a life not of appearance only but of reality. After reading such a life, the popular divine—the pet of his party or school—shrinks to his proper insignificance ; and we are ready to say, with the author of *In Memoriam*—

“ O hollow wraith of dying fame
 Fade wholly, while the soul exults
 And self infolds the large results
 Of force that would have forged a name.”

RHYMING SATIRISTS.

THERE is a common prejudice against satirical writing—especially among our womankind—which different persons will account for in different ways. Some may object to it on the plea of its too often showing an unfair bias against the world at large ; others, because it aims too frequent a blow at some weakness of which they themselves are more or less conscious victims. Others again will look on satire as a doubtful, if not dangerous, weapon, doing more harm to him who wields it than good to those on whom it falls. Sometimes, perhaps, the satire displeases rather from the manner of its infliction than from the fact of its being tried at all. We wonder how many women, in their hearts, do thoroughly admire the cynical author of “Vanity Fair,” whose unceasing irony calls up in their bewildered minds the ready suspicion of his being never in earnest. A straightforward

hitter they might bear, but one who feints and plays with them after so pitiless a fashion, is sure to be generally charged with lack of earnestness and kindly feeling. Their own warm and reverent nature rises at once in arms against the satirist whose mocking tones seem—they fancy—to betoken a general disbelief in all they have been taught to hold dearest. Becky Sharpe and Barnes Newcome are found, as it were, to leave an unwholesome shadow on the countenances of Dobbin and Colonel Newcome ; while the latter, at best, are much too unheroic for the age that delights in “The Heir of Redclyffe” and “Adam Bede.”

From whatever motives arising, such a prejudice certainly prevails ; and too often, we fear, the satirists themselves have done their worst to keep it going. It were far easier to show how readily these have indulged

“The Age ; a Colloquial Satire.” By Philip James Bailey. London : Chapman and Hall, 1858.

“The Season ; a Satire.” By Alfred Austin. London : Robert Hardwicke, 1861.

“My Satire and its Censors.” By the author of “The Season.” London : George Mainwaring, 1861.

their own vanity, revengefulness, or mere ill-nature, at the cost of others who may or may not have laid themselves open to attack, than to prove how far their writings may have succeeded either in abashing the objects of their assault, or in warning others off the ground they have solemnly declared to be dangerous. Undoubtedly men do take a secret pleasure in proclaiming the notes that are in their brethren's eyes, and many of us are but too prone to ascribe the worst motives to deeds that may have been dictated chiefly, if not wholly, by the best. Yet, after all, satire in certain forms must have its uses, like sermons in the religious, and criticisms in the literary world. Its movements seem, like hope, to "spring eternal in the human breast," and its birth is lost in the darkness of immemorial ages. In the earliest literature of all countries some tokens of it are to be found. To it alone are we indebted for some of the sublimest passages in Holy Writ. A certain flavour of it lends a racier charm to Homer's page, and without it, Aristophanes would never have gained so powerful a hold on the audiences of his own day or the reading world of ours. It inspires alike the sportive raillery of Horace and the stern invective of Juvenal. In modern literature it has wielded no small or fleeting influence, through all ages, in many different ways. It lurks in the sly humour of Cervantes, smiles out in the delicate irony of Fielding, laughs aloud in the racy pictures of him who wrote the "Canterbury Tales." Latimer used it as he would have used a quarterstaff; Dryden grasped it like a trenchant sword. To Pope it became a light keen dagger; to Swift a poisoned creese; to Junius or Churchill, a robber's bludgeon. In Byron's hands it was a lash that drew blood with every stroke, or else a taper riding whip that smarted for the moment but left no sore behind. Under one guise or another its voice has never been long silent; nor, as long as men are men, can the satirist cease to play his allotted part in the correction of our social ways. To deny his usefulness as a moral teacher, is to cut an important chapter out of the history of human intellect. We should rather say that his interference is more needed the further we advance in our boasted civilization. The grow-

ing complications of modern society beget ever new complexities of mental no less than bodily disease. Perhaps materials for satire were never before so plentiful as they are now, in this iron age of commercial and mechanical progress. A simple record of last year's or last month's doings, would contain in itself a world of keen satire on an age remarkable for broad contrasts and glaring inconsistencies, for unparalleled extremes of vice and virtue, wealth and poverty, ignorance and knowledge; for loud professions of universal peacefulness, uttered amidst the ever-loudening din of warlike preparations; for a large amount of philanthropic effort, of self-scorning patriotism, of scientific research, brought out side by side with deeds of the darkest ruffianism, the vilest self-seeking, the most unblushing quackery, and the wildest superstition. Seventy thousand prostitutes walking the streets of Christian London, workmen wilfully spurning the only terms on which their masters deemed it right to employ them, wives beaten well-nigh to death by drunken husbands, tradesmen selling 200 yards of cotton at the value and under the outward marks of 300, English statesmen upholding slavery in America, and despotism in Hungary or Rome, Englishmen of all classes aping the follies of those above them, flying madly to-and-fro in search of a new excitement, and trampling on every nobler instinct in their greed of unlimited gold—here surely are themes enow to point the pen of satirists as stern as Juvenal, as scornful as Byron, as humorously keen as Fielding. Such things, indeed, a silken age may shrink from seeing handled in any of the old straightforward ways. If we are soon wearied even with the caustic trifling of a Thackeray, what chance was there of a patient hearing for the roughshod utterances of a Carlyle? The satire that seeks only to pay must in these days be well weakened with sugar and water. But for him who yearns to show others the truth that haunts himself, the very apathy of his neighbours will hold out a fresh inducement to speak openly and without stint. There are some sores that will never heal without much burning; and the satirist who has truth, firmness, and genius on his side should

only feel himself the more strongly driven to enforce his teaching on a sensual and sluggish world, to cast his bitter bread upon the waters in the sure trust that it will come back to him after many days.

The satirist stands to the world of outward manners much as the critic stands to the world of literature. He has to lay bare the stains and patches which escape the notice or cheat the eye of ordinary gazers, to expose the rottenness that lurks within our whitest sepulchres, the weakness that undermines our loftiest palaces. His part is not unlike that of the slave in the chariot of the Roman conqueror, or that of the skeleton at an Egyptian feast. It may be a thankless office, and they who enter on it must look to be called hard names; but if literature be indeed a power, the satirist will have his uses equally with the poet or the historian. Of course, there are satirists and satirists. From Mr. Thackeray down to Mr. Close is a very long slope indeed. Mr. Carlyle's noble rage is a very different thing from the long-winded scream of an Irish ultramontane newspaper. For truth of insight and fairness of statement the author of "*The Age*" stands far above the author of "*The Season*." Perhaps few satirists are quite free from a tendency to distort and caricature, to make sweeping deductions from the slightest premises, and to display their cleverness in the mere attempt to gratify their personal spite. Yet nearly as much might be said against any other class of writers, and even from their worst extravagances may we gather the same kind of knowledge, that often comes alike to men and nations from hearing or reading the remarks thrown out to their prejudice by unfriendly critics. It is good sometimes to learn what our enemies think of us, and satirists of the better class may fairly claim to be taken less for enemies than friends in disguise. Even if they dwell too harshly on particular failings, or seem unduly blind to the counterbalancing good, it is only fair to remember that blame is their business much more than praise, that for artistic purposes they can seldom afford to look well at all sides of a question, that very few thinkers quite succeed in grasping the whole of any given subject, and that plenty of opponents very

soon come forward to redress omissions on one side by like omissions on the other.

The garb of satire varies with the circumstances of the age and the genius of the individual. Now wearing the mask of fables long or short, in prose or verse, anon frolicking in some boisterous burlesque, or peeping out of some pungent comedy; at other times it boldly steps out in its natural colours to the measure of Latin hexameters, or English five-footed rhymes. In our days it has done most service under the guise of a novel by Thackeray or a tale by Douglas Jerrold. Of rhymed satire, pure and plain, we have had no striking samples since the days of Byron. From the books before us, however, it seems as if that style also might still be popular, if men of the right capacity gave it a fair trial. There can be no good reason, indeed, why a purely satiric poem should not delight us as thoroughly as it delighted the cotemporaries of Horace and Pope. The present age is at least as curious and not less patient of mediocrity than its foregoers. If it has no great liking for heroic couplets, it has rather a taste for short poems and smart diction of various kinds. A due admixture of sentiment and sarcasm, well flavoured with the proper scenery, will always take its fancy, whatever may be the real worth of the thoughts therein contained. Subjects for satire, as we said before, lie about us on every side. In respect of outward excellences, Mr. Alfred Austin bears away the palm from his older rival, and reminds us, now and then, of those great masters, whom it is so much easier to imitate than to approach. But for intrinsic merit, the author of "*The Age*" stands clearly first, in spite of some oddities in his expressions and a lack of the livelier graces in his verse. Neither of them is likely to set the Thames on fire, but Mr. Bailey's essay seems to us of closer texture and more sterling stuff than "*The Season*." Elaborately careless in its form, as the satires of Horace, it reproduces the baldest phrases of our common talk, and further weakens the force of its ideas by clumsy efforts to dance in the shackles of its own forging, the double-endings and three or fourfold rhymes in which almost every page of it abounds. The

lines, too, keep often running into each other by the score, with the rough shamble of a hard-mouthed, ill-broken steed, wearisome alike to the wind and muscle of his rider. In talking also of many things, the author sometimes talks wildly through one or another of the three characters who take up his parable in turns; for the whole of his long performance, reaching to nearly two hundred pages of average print, is divided, not always happily, between the ghosts of an author, a critic, and a friend, who chance to come together in the critic's room in town just two hours before the latter and his friend were to start off by rail into the country. Wonderful things are done every day, but we should very much like to see so many pages read aloud by the quickest speaker in any thing like two hours.

The book, indeed, is full of faults, among which its merciless length is not the least, nor its freaks of diction the most venial; but it is also full of things good and middling, of passages long or short, which betoken the thoughtful observer and the deep-hearted poet. If more than once we are bothered with such a sample of English and grammar as this—

"So England's liberties, already got
By open vote, we will to change it not,"

our attention is oftener called to some couplet as good as the following:—

"Our meannesses by lofty names we dignify,
As Jove and Juno may twin puppies signify."

Nor are the lines that close a short sketch of what followed Lord Russell's famous letter to the Bishop of Durham, hard to match in many other places of the book:—

"High Church we are, and somehow rather
hope
Something may some time happen to the
Pope;
Whose end, by prophets Protestant, appears
To have been due about three hundred
years.
But spiritual power 's both least and most;
And who on earth can grapple with a ghost?
It shrinks from one, it terrifies a host;
And one who takes three centuries to die,
Is possibly as hale as you or I."

It is a regular hodgepodge of politics, religion, and general philosophy, which the author serves up for us with the help of his two friends. From great things to small, from the

question of England's behaviour towards foreign countries, to that of her failure in matters of taste and fine art; from a long tirade against those who would justify war on Christian grounds, to a humorous account of a certain meeting held some years ago, in token of—

"A grand approaching reconciliation
Between the Chartists and the British nation,"

he takes us leisurely or at speed, in jest or earnest, over a large domain of interesting thought. Sometimes, as when he ridicules the notion of a Christian soldier, his philosophy borders on the shallow; but in general he contrives to dig out some half-latent truth, or to reveal some forgotten aspect of a question too often supposed to bear only one plain solution. When, for instance, he maintains that—

"The radicals of modern revolutions
Reverse the order of our institutions,
And of the way we got them. In our isle
'Tis popular power that crowns the social
pile;
The base is monarchy;"

when he tells a story of the Protestant and Roman Catholic who argued away until each had converted the other; when he inveighs against the tendency of the Press to encourage the popular frenzy of the moment, or of critics to measure all excellence by their own paltry standards; when he wonders whether a parliament of poets, if summoned to make new laws for "the rhyming trade," would agree that—

"More than this be e'er enacted,
'Provided always, and be it infringed:'"

or, when he avows his belief that—

"The lower you the scale of social life
Descend, the more 'tis with deception rife,
With fulsome cunning, arrogance, pretence,
And less simplicity and common sense,
Than in those classes cultured and refined,
Where nature builds, and art upholds the
mind,"

does he not make some shrewd guesses at truths or possibilities which minds less honest, less observant, or more forgetful, are wont continually to ignore?

Here again are some racy lines on the true way of judging a new poem.

He would ask whether the author's scheme be—

“Capacious, new;
In itself total, based on tracings true
To nature and to art, and a just view
Of life and life's great laws? Is he original,
Or is he mercilessly bent to pigeon all
Writers before him? Mark! a bard may be
In great works too original; we would see
Links of the starry chain; submission free
To precept and a proud obedience
To rules established by the finest sense,
Moral and critical; for—no offence—
Who solely on his own resources draws,
Lives like a bear by sucking his own paws;
A thriftless process. Is he plain and clear?
Does his design a lofty moral bear
Or lowly? Does it serve a present good?
Or is it truth unripe, the future's golden food?
If either, 'twill outweigh some rhythm rude.

If passable in these things it appear,
I next note how it falls upon the ear.
For if fine thoughts are sweetly said, the better,
So are the soul and sense made each a debtor;
And poesie herself is doubly fair,
When she reflects the charms our charmers
wear;
And as she sings the cherry lip or cheek,
We almost touch, we almost hear it speak.”

Of course so roving a satirist has much to say about the poet's calling and the critic's duties. And it is for this part of his work that he has reserved the cream of his ideas and the happiest tokens of his literary power. His fable of the eagle and the wren is an amusing and not unfair hit at much of our modern criticism; and he has wrought out a pretty conceit in his comparison of the poet brooding over the sources of his future fame, with—

“The poor shellfish of the Indian sea,
Sick—seven years sick—of its fine malady,
The pearl, which after shall enrich the breast
Of some fair princess regal in the West.”

Nor will poetic readers disown the poetic feeling of lines like these that follow:—

“And, as some serpent, who her natural soul
Hath lost to man for music, will unroll
Or intertwine her body's shining rings,
At his mere will who opes and seals the
springs
Of life within her, like the silver keys
Of ivory flute, and irritates at ease,
Or soothes, but charms her wheresoe'er he
please,
Until, translated for obedient skill
Into his breast, she nestles and is still;
So treats the bard his theme; and calms or
burns
Till, whence it issued, it at last returns,
And he in his own heart his guerdon earns.

The world perchance is with him; perchance
not;
Still for none other's would he change his
lot.”

Elsewhere is some good advice given by the critic to his friend the author, part of which their common inventor would do well himself to carry out.

“To be impressive no one need be coarse;
Think not uncouth asperity is force.
Think not unequal numbers nerve convey,
More than a hobbling gait does strength
display.
Words are but slaves. Learn order, music;
then,
These papers burned, sometime resume your
pen.
Let accuracy, grace, o'er all prevail,
Nor e'er in strictest formal method fail

Despise the senseless jeer of ‘artificial’;
Art be your end, your mean, and your
initial.
The art most perfect is most perfect nature;
Each works by strictest rules in form and
feature,
And both by laws attain their loftiest sta-
ture.
For song is like the dance, where thought
and word,
True partners, each the other hath preferred;
Confessing in their wildest whirl those laws
Of harmony they both obey and cease;
For law comes after nature and restrains,
But still makes music in her golden chains.”

Mr. Bailey's satire was published more than two years ago, but it comes usefully to our hands at this present, as at once a foil and touchstone for the later achievements of his fellow-satirist, Mr. Alfred Austin. The latter gentleman, within a few short months, has uttered two short satires, of which the one is intolerably coarse, and the other savagely scurrilous. In little more than a hundred pages of very straggling print he has contrived to carry us back more than a hundred years in the history of English literature. He has shown himself as rich in the trifling defects as he is poor in the leading excellencies of Mr. Bailey. If the latter fails in point and smoothness, he writes, at any rate, with the courtesy of a pure-minded gentleman, and the discernment of a practised thinker. But to Mr. Austin's sharper and neater-looking pen extravagant libels and coarse personalities seem far dearer than the decencies he pretends to uphold, and the truths which, for lack of an abler champion, he himself has unwillingly stepped forward to expound.

The human heart is a mystery not less to itself than to those who judge of it by its outward workings. Instead, therefore, of speculating on the motives that led to the hatching of a satire, whose second edition is already before the world, we shall only express our amusement at the contrast herein offered between the virtuous profession and the far from virtuous practice of its author. In the preface to this new edition he tells the public, in tones of the loftiest self-complacency, why he addressed it "in tinted paper, attractive frontispiece, Magenta binding, and language loud, strong, and insolent." Every one in these days does every thing, even to the swindling of his neighbours, for the public good; and Mr. Austin may be thoroughly earnest in seeking to show forth the solemn side of life by a series of indecent pictures set off in a catch-penny framework. To his own description of his own work—and here at least he has spoken almost the literal truth—we find ourselves obliged to add, that the "attractive frontispiece" represents a taproom drawing of a young woman powdering her cheek at the glass, before which she stands, resting on one big bare arm, and displaying her neck and shoulders high above the trimming of her low-cut vest. That such a picture, aided by a good deal of strong language, may, in some quarters, have helped the sale of the book, is a likelihood which speaks less for the book's real worth than for the grosser tendencies of human nature. But if only by arts like these are great moral lessons to be enforced on the world at large, we much fear that many of those who have their neighbours' welfare the most at heart will content themselves with an inglorious silence, rather than seem to enter the lists with Madame Dudevant and Alexander Dumas.

"The Season" is meant to satirise the follies and vices of England's fashionable fair, as shown to him who watches them in their favourite haunts during that eventful time of year when London is, by West-end people, accounted full. Having invoked the muse, whose likeness keeps guard over the book, and levelled a passing blow at the "erotic effusions" of Mr. Kingsley, the author asks us to dawdle with him through the town, into the park where

"with borrowed bays
Some female Phaëton sets the Drive ablaze;
Or, more defiant, spurning frown and foe,
With slackened rein swift Skittles rules the
Row."

This young horsewoman, whose name and figure are but too well known to the world of fashion, is said to "flaunt propriety with flapping mane," as she rides past damsels young and elderly, whose purer charms are powerless to keep the men from paying their ready court to hers. This preference, ascribed to man's instinctive yearning for natural graces, the ladies themselves are called to witness in lines which Mr. Austin may deem impressive, but which to ourselves seem especially coarse. Let the reader judge.

"Dear fledgling damsels! come from country
nest
To nibble, chirp, and flutter in the West,
Less dear, for damaged, damsels! doomed
to wait,
Whose third—fourth?—season makes half
desperate,
Or you, nor dear nor damsels, tough and
tart,
Unmarketable maidens of the mart,
Who, plumpness gone, fine delicacy faint,
And hide your sins in piety and paint;
Or, changing tactics, propped-up bosoms
bare
To catch some boyish buyer unaware:
Answer me, all! belle, heiress, flirt, and
prue!
Who has our notices? Skittles more, or
you?"

It is amusing to find so fierce a moralist seeking to defend the profligacy of one sex by imputing sensualism to the purest-seeming classes of the other. We are reminded of the gentleman who lately, in the *Times*, pointed out the advantages of that cheap bachelor's-wedlock, whose outward signs our wives and daughters are continually seeing in Rotten Row and the Park drives. The above passage is only a mild prelude to what comes after; but it strikes the true keynote of Mr. Austin's theme. According to his view, all women of fashion are more or less artful, mercenary, or impure; "stupid, stunted things," who spare no effort, however mean or shameful, to win the best prizes in the husband-market. His jaundiced eye sees conscious art in the arrangement of those "rich, reclining, and reposeful forms," whose indolent attitudes so greatly shocked, he tells

us, his Peruvian friend. Those studied smiles cover much sad, though elegant, ennui: beneath that artful padding, those well-managed sleeves, lie "vacant still the hollows of the heart." Lesbia is lovely, but she has a mole: Edith's eye is put out by Kate's new Paris wardrobe. Further on we are assured, whatever the words may mean, that "men but do what women all desire." If you doubt it, see the women going to dress, the men to dine.

" Their aim
In seeming diverse, is in substance same.
They each require and ply their sensual
sport;
The one for praise, the others hunt for port."
And all must own that neither act their
best
Till the half-drunk lean over the half-
dressed."

Go to the opera, and the same thoughts suggest themselves yet more strongly to Mr. Austin's distempered brain. In that "living passion-prompting zone" of glowing beauties, he sees nothing but art and wantonness, and what he sees he paints with the warmth of a sympathetic Titian. The lovely charmers are studying attitudes even while the glasses are lifting to their eyes.

" Now, o'er the box their beauteous busts they
bend,
A foe to welcome, criticise a friend,
Unfolding or obscuring charms at will
With all the calm unconsciousness of skill,
Solving the doubt that sometimes will
arise—
While women wantons are, can men be
wise?
Let your eyes stray from sensuous row to
row
Of nude parade, and flash an honest no!
What can be Man's, whilst Woman deems
her part
To bare her bosom, but to hide her heart?"

If to the pure all things are pure, what shall we say of those to whom all things are impure? What man of true refinement would dare to make such charges against the very cream and flower of England's gentlewomen?

After adding one more stone to the cairn of protests long since raised against an opera not more absurdly immoral than several others, an opera which, after all, offends your regular play-goer far less for the immoralities he never stops to scent, than for its breach of artistic decency in bringing death by disease upon the stage, Mr. Austin returns to his favourite

theme, and finds in the ballet a fitting crown to the work begun by the opera. Fathers who before had slept now rub up their glasses to look at "bounding Zina dressed in shoes and stays." Love-struck boys now turn their fickle eyes "from Mary's trinkets to Morlacchi's thighs;" and women, old and young "applaud the tight proportions of a twirling" courtesan. The aim of passages like these, as we have it yet more nakedly set forth in the preface, is to show that lovers of the ballet go not to enjoy that poetry of motion which Mr. Austin perhaps has seldom realized, but only to gaze upon "Salvioni's legs." How many dancing girls are better than twirling courtesans, or how many beholders of either sex have never stooped to the coarser delights thus rashly imputed to all alike, are questions on which the satirist would do well to ruminate, before he treats us to any further comments on the ways of woman-kind.

A better founded lament over the degeneracy of our modern stage, and the growth of influences which lead so remarkable a genius as Mr. Robson to "discard the actor and adopt the clown," breaks the passage from the ballet on to the ball. Here Mr. Austin revels in all the riches of that glowing style which so exquisitely becomes the indignant censor of a demoralized world:—

" Whirl fast! whirl long! ye gallants and
ye girls!
Cling closer still; dance down these cursed
churls.
Be crowned, ye fair! with poppies newly
blown,
Fling loose your tresses and relax your
zone!
From floating gauze let dreamy perfumes
rise,
Infuse a fiercer fervour in your eyes!"—

But here, for very shame, must we stop short in the middle of an extract, the rest of which must be taken upon our word, as beyond the conception alike of all virtuous women and true-hearted men. It was left for a writer of this century to repeat in grosser and more elaborate terms Pope's libellous assertion that "every woman is at heart a rake," with this only difference, that for "every woman," Mr. Austin would read, "every woman of fashion." Here at least we have plain speaking with a ven-

geance. There is but one step from the nice to the nasty, and this author has certainly taken it. Elsewhere he would have us believe that the women themselves smile at his satire, as saying less than the truth. If for once he has spoken out not half but all the truth, God help the women of England! If the things he more than hints at can be affirmed to any extent of our upper circles, what hope is there of instilling a purer morality among the lower? But to all those who, knowing the strength of Fashion, know also its essential weakness beyond certain bounds, who judge of women, not by the prurient gossip of the club, nor by the leering countenances which haunt the casino, but by the knowledge they have gleaned from their own neighbourhood, by the evidence of their own familiar friends, and by the rules of that charity which declines to think evil on uncertain grounds, the charge so graphically evolved in the aforesaid lines must seem the very reverse of true. What English gentlewoman, however hardened by fashion, would not feel rising swift and hot upon her cheek the flush of righteous indignation at a libel so gross and unsparing? There is no need to argue it away. If any gentleman in his heart believes that Mr. Austin's statements are generally true of the girls with whom he associates, let him at any rate keep such a notion to himself, and the kindred few whose laughter, if not their hearty approval, his remarks are likely to win.

To make all sure, we are told that the scene of which we have quoted just enough to foreshadow the unquotable remainder,

"Is not an orgy, but—an auction room.
Those panting damsels dancing for their
lives
Are only maidens waltzing into wives.
Those smiling matrons are appraisers sly,
Who regulate the dance, the squeeze, the
sigh,
And each base cheapening buyer having
chid,
Knock down their daughters to the noblest
bid."

The world of fashion, it seems, is a mere mart for the exchange of flesh and gold; a place where "the cornet waltzes, but the colonel weds," where the penniless beauty marries "money and a man;" a place where well-bred

maidens like Blanche Darley prefer wedding old husbands to young lovers, because "the mother's milk but mars the maiden's mould." How this last notion ever crept into the brain of so nice-minded a moralist as Mr. Austin, is a puzzle which we may leave himself to expound for the satisfaction of his own particular friends. Of one thing we are almost sure, that the faintest whisper of such a pretext was never yet breathed aloud to any one within the precincts of fashionable life.

For all this flood of dirty sarcasm there seems to be hardly a shadow of fit excuse. It is utterly absurd to believe that waltzing and wearing low dresses—have much, if any thing, to do with the moral plight of well-bred English ladies. They who are most shocked at such mere turns of fashion, are seldom they who have most faith in the fairer instincts of human nature. It sounds too like the sinner praising the sin he loves best. Nor is it much less absurd to cry out against the whole world of fashion as thoroughly heartless and depraved, because now as ever some marriages are made for gold, or rank, or other such worldly motive.

And the rashness of his censure makes doubly hateful the ingrain coarseness of his ideas. Were the grounds of that censure as strong as we hold them to be shaky, were the taint of those evils on which he dwells as broad and deep as to us it seems the reverse, he would, perhaps, be more or less justified in calling the nasty things by their right names. For it is not the mere coarseness of outward speech that makes his satire of no effect in our eyes. There is an over refinement in these days too common, which to our thinking is far less wholesome than the honest old practice of calling a spade a spade. We are growing as nice as the American ladies, who would faint away at the bare mention of a cock or a bull, and in whose vocabulary legs are utterly unknown.

Is Fielding's coarse manner one tithe as dangerous as the prurient suggestions of more than one modern novelist? There is the mere grossness of speech which betrays a particular age or breeding, and there is that grossness of the heart or the fancy which shows itself in sundry

writers of every age in turn. To some propensity of the latter kind, backed by an evident desire to make a hit, may be ascribed Mr. Alfred Austin's readiness to discover the trail of the serpent on all things conventional, to deepen a social folly into a sinful shame, and to magnify a blotch or two on the face of society into a deep-seated, life-corroding cancer. There were at least a few glaring follies and serious evils at which he might have stormed or girded to good purpose; but he has chosen to keep his strongest epithets and foulest sarcasms for sins which have hardly any being outside the pale of an over-fruitful fancy. Had the scenes he painted been essentially true to life, he might still have been fairly charged with a coarseness beyond the need. Even then his appeal to the bad example of Mrs. Browning would not have saved him from just rebuke. But now he stands convicted of having dabbled in dirt for no other end than the achievement of an outrageous libel on perhaps the least-offending and certainly the most defenceless part of modern society.

The intelligent reader will hold us blameless for having presented him or her with some few samples of what cannot, even by courtesy, be called pearls from Mr. Austin's pen. It is right that people should have some idea as to what sort of things have been said or hinted by a gentleman who sets up to reform the manners of a society in whose ranks he is supposed to move. It seemed only fair to the author himself, as well as polite towards those who may have felt curious to read a satire not otherwise devoid of merit, that just enough should be quoted therefrom to warn the prudent from trying a deeper plunge into so very foul a sewer. On his shoulders, not on ours, should fall the blame.

And the offence on his side is made many times worse by the air of triumph with which he has virtually repeated it. A new edition of "The Season," prefaced by words of the loudest self-praise, and heralded by a second satire as insolently unjust in its own way as the first, provokes us, by way of timely warning, to show up the wanton outrages dealt by a writer of some talent but small discretion on that very propriety of

which he vaunts himself a triumphant champion. In "My Satire and its Censors" Mr. Austin has, if any thing, improved both on the beauties and the blemishes of his former libel. The old coarseness takes a new form in the shape of an onslaught on the editor of a journal which had dared quietly to speak a few words of wholesome truth anent an author who "disgusts us with himself rather than with the sins he describes." Instead of taking the remonstrance in good part, the angry subject of it sat down to work out another satire, in which the unlucky Mr. Hepworth Dixon figured by name as the hero of a Dunciad quite as personal as that of Pope himself. We could hardly have believed, until we saw it in black and white, that any one would in these days have stooped to pay off an unkind critique by a string of personal allusions as spiteful as they are impertinent. Yet it is only stating the barest truth to say that Mr. Austin has deliberately raked out for the public amusement certain matters which have nothing whatever to do either with Mr. Dixon's general capacity as a critic, or with the particular question at issue between Mr. Austin and the *Athenæum*. The same personalities have also been inflicted in prose on the editorial staff of the *Saturday Review*. If this be the line of country which a writer of Mr. Austin's promise persists in taking, he will find himself ere long perched on a higher pinnacle of evil fame than that now graced by the poet-laureate of the King of Bonny. As if to call down on his own back the scourge he would wield against others, he has printed the hostile criticism on himself at the end of his own satire, so that all who list may prove, by the witness of their own eyes, how thoroughly and pitifully he has set himself in the wrong. In those few lines of calmly spoken censure, nothing but their very truthfulness could have given cause for the revenge so madly wreaked on their reputed author. Let Mr. Alfred Austin repent betimes. He has shown in these two volumes talent enough to insure him, if it be henceforth rightly used, a higher and far more honourable place than any he is likely to win by coarsely untrue pictures of our social ways, and foully

unjust abuse of all who honestly strive to point out his errors. There are many passages, especially in his last satire, which betoken the heart of a true poet, the hand of no common artist, and the brain of a shrewd if not very deep thinker. If he will only eschew the follies of his earlier

essays, take calmer views of the things around him, and keep his earthier instincts within due control, we may yet hope to see him produce volumes which ladies will not blush to read, nor critics lay down with more of disgust than pleasure.

THE WOMAN WITH THE YELLOW HAIR.—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE.

NOT one of the pattern tenements which your story-teller can contract for in his first chapter, and have built for himself according to the traditional models, with plenty of gables mul-lioned, embayed windows, an inner skin of very black oak, and an outer one of damp, green ivy, furnished for his money. No regimental yews or "cawing" rooks (these are the professional epithets); no "quaint" gardens, stiff hedges, trimmed and shaved; no sun-dials; no ghost's walk where my Lady Mary in white is reputed to promenade under chilly circumstances. There were none of these traditional accidents which would almost seem *de rigueur*; yet it had claims to a certain stern romance of its own. Gables and oak panels have not a strict monopoly of the business of solemn adventure.

No. This Redgrange was a square block of a mansion, very heavy, even to overloading of the ground beneath it; very plain, and with cheeks of a subdued rubicund tint. That colour had once been flaming red, but had crusted into a mellow and sober tone. There were two rows of tall ungainly windows, slim and narrow; and the great hill-side of the roof was dotted plentifully with whole villages of little cots, where, indeed, the accommodation was indifferent, admitting of no more than a man's head and shoulders, stretched forward to look at the view. There were whole brigades of these garret windows.

It was a very gaunt place, indeed. It lay in a sort of blasted heath, which had sternly rejected all efforts at conciliation in the way of plantation, and would display its back in a bare, un-

furnished, and almost mangy state through all time. Planting would not do, save immediately about the house itself, where some tall funereal trees herded dismally together, and clung timorously to its skirts, which, at a distance, gave the effect of its being wrapped in the folds of a dark pall. It was, in short, a house with nothing very remarkable about it; a disagreeable and uncomfortable thing to look at; but, no doubt, good and substantial quarters within. A warm place in the savage winters, for the walls were in parts ten and twelve feet thick. Note well, too, that the nearest post town was ten miles away.

At night—take it to be a gloomy moonlight night—standing a few paces from the hall-door, those two flanking clouds of Erebus, those black patches of trees which adhered in a cowardly manner to the great house's sides, seemed to draw us slowly into their dark bosoms, with purpose of swallowing and never rendering us again. There was the blighted waste of a lawn behind us, stretching away, bounded afar off by some base and draggled hedge-rows, bringing with it a sense of loneliness and awe, quite insupportable. Creeping round to the back, where lay what was called the gardens, there was an indescribable wilderness of rank luxuriance, of trees, bushes, shrubs, choking each other, and gasping for want of breathing-room; and of walks swallowed up in flower-beds, and flower-beds merged into walks. The plague of neglect had fastened on the place, it was eaten up with the leprosy of decay. It must have been long since neat-handed gardeners had

trimmed, and raked, and clipped, and performed their other dainty functions under my lady's own eye. Down at the end was a rude jagged gap, a shapeless hole, which had once been a neat archway in the green hedge, shaved smooth as a wall. This was the threshold to a bowling-green, and beyond the bowling-green, now no more than a pure meadow of rottenness, where, indeed, it would be difficult to bowl now, and where bowler, if he tripped, would be lost to view in lank grass, high as corn—beyond the green, which by courtesy and out of respect to fallen greatness, may still bear its old name, was a very sad pond, once politely known as ornamental water, now degraded almost into a slimy ditch, round whose edge were some melancholy *al fresco* ruins, some plaster, temples, and arcades, on which time is preying with a gentle decay, whose plaster skins are flayed away, and whose laths protrude nakedly. This was the glorification for some fete or gala; and the conception clearly was, that the noble company should wander down of an evening through the lath and plaster arcade, then white and snowy as paint could make it, and, leaning on the balustrade, look across the water at

the moon's reflection, or the theatrical gondola, built by a scenic artist, which, no doubt, did its part in the show. That heap of collapsed boards, crunched first, then rotted out of all shape, was, no doubt, the original stage-boat.

That was a short and dismal description of all that and those, the capital messuage, with all the rights and easements thereunto appertaining; a solemn, surly, and somewhat awful mansion, which needed only that it should have a good look out into an adjacent grave-yard, say just under the windows, to be a respectable ghostly house of the old established pattern.

Now, the mystery of all this corruption and neglect was simply this: that some two and twenty years ago, the father of the Faithfull family had been found one darkish winter's evening, hanging stark stone dead from one of the great bed-posts in a state-room. There was a wood fire flickering up and down fitfully, and by that light there was a swinging shadow on the shining floor. Thereupon the whole Faithfull family broke up scared, and fled the place in a sort of horror-stricken rout.

CHAPTER II.

THE TENANTS.

TWENTY-TWO years is a long span. It will efface even that black splash of a figure swinging from that grim gallows of a state-bed. There comes a season of drought for widows' tears; and for the young—for those specially who were no more than just launched upon life—these ogres of infancy lose their horrors with years; so that at this date, Mrs. Faithfull has been long drawn from private contemplation of her terrible ogre by outside duties; and now become a stern commanding matron, of awful presence, and yet affable manner, who has been, in the smoke of battle, a skilful captainess in those ball and drawing room skirmishes, has at last fought the good fight over her daughters' bodies, and brought back a prize for her bow and spear.

A word now for these two daughters—the eldest, Janet Faithfull, the youngest, Mary Faithfull. The eldest

fairhaired, smooth-faced, with a sort of weary blue eye, that she was always dropping towards the ground; a dreamy reflective manner, and yet a ready tongue, which streamed with odd conceits and remotely fetched fancies, so that she was sure to draw people to cleave to *her* specially, even out of a mere surprise and wonder. Very pretty, though more of a latent prettiness, was this eldest daughter of the Faithfulls; one, too, whom quiet, unworldly *mamas* would shrink from instinctively, and caution their best-loved male child against. That quiet, unworldly *mamma*, she could cuff, flout, turn inside out, and riddle through and through with arrows—morally speaking, of course. For that younger daughter, she was no more than an ordinary girl, one that we all know well enough in this or that particular family; one of a file of daughters, neither plain nor pretty.

neither odious nor delectable, neither dull nor brilliant, but a good average thing. She was her sister's sister, that was all. She was one of the Miss Faithfulls—"that other one, you know—not the sharp clever one"—(so she was spoken of), and her name was Mary. She was the foil and the helot of that elder sister.

Now that elder sister was about being married to one Henry St. John Smith, Esq., of Burd Castle, a very desirable man—a possible baronet, and income of say eight to ten thousand a year. A great "catch," said the vulgar genteel. A poor mean-souled cur, that had thrown himself away, said disappointed trappers, grinding their teeth. Where were his eyes for their own little dears? Anathema upon his dull senses. So, lose no more time, and let us bait for fresh quarry. Henry St. John Smith, Esq., had passed the usual probation—the probation by balls. In that medium had the two atoms gravitated towards each other. At the proper period came the result; and it was proposed to Miss Jane Faithfull to become Mrs. St. John Smith, and possible baronet's wife—not Mrs. Smythe, for he had not yet been prevailed on so to vulgarize his name. And drawing all our cords together the result of the whole is this, that the heavy grim house has been furbished up, the

damp partially driven out, the walks weeded, and tremendous wholesale clearings made in the wild bush region behind. With the garden razor has the bowling-green been shaved, with the garden scissors has the hedge been snipped and chopped into smoothness, and the green dead man's hole, where the stage-boat paddled, skimmed neatly with a gigantic spoon. Some plastering and patching healed the sores in that poor Lazarus of a sham temple, and it blazed out brightly in holiday clothes of shining white paint. And to grow to a point at once, it being a traditional custom with the Faithfull family that all who took the matrimonial plunge should do so under that roof, the family absent so long had now journeyed back again to the old roost, and that stony-hearted grim monster of a building had been coaxed, and trimmed, and brightened, in something like a surly toleration.

And there was news come by mail that the brothers, bridegroom and his best man, were at this time posting down by speedy stages, and would arrive by a particular night, fixed and looked for. The millinery stores and other nuptial impedimenta had been laid in. The rite would take place in about a week—grim, cold, dry-bones of a rite, in proper keeping with the house.

CHAPTER III.

THE GUESTS ON THE ROAD.

As Jane Faithfull had a subsidiary sister, so had St. John Smith a sort of worshipping brother, a deifying William—a sober, reflective, and somewhat heavy youth, that took time to honour the receipt of an idea. He had to do with the sea as Lieutenant Smith, and was simple and almost guileless as men of that profession usually are. He had come home on the news, and did not relish it, though he had not yet seen Jane Faithfull. He was even earnest with his brother to break off the business, urging that Jane was no wife for him. These traits of character, which his brother told with rapture, turned him more and more against her; but when he found that he could not prevail, he, like a wise and heavy seaman as he was, gave over battling with a head wind,

and was now actually beside his brother in a postchaise whipping down to that lonely house.

They had been journeying all day, from very close to dawn, all along wild roads, where the way had to be asked, and were now towards five o'clock, when it was growing to be dark, jangling and creaking up to a miserable sort of post-house, very bleak-looking and rusted, with a kind of escaped convict and hunted down look. A rusted woman came out and said that this was Braynesend, while one of the brothers said was all right, and bade her look sharp and have the horses put to. Then said the younger brother, who had been any thing but a cheerful mate all the road—

"I wish—I wish we could go back."

"Why?" said the other, shortly.

"Because it will lead to no good. Ever since morning I find myself getting more and more depressed. This is a miserable overture for a marriage."

The elder brother, who had felt the influence of this grim landscape too, was inclined to be moody, and made him no answer.

"It is not too late," said the younger, eagerly. He had not touched on this delicate subject the whole day. "It might be averted—put off. The whole thing has been done in such a hurry, any thing will be a reasonable excuse. You know," he went on, gathering courage from the other's silence, thinking, indeed, he was making an impression. "You know I have been against the business from the beginning. You know she is not the person for you. I have heard"—

"Confusion!" said the elder brother, dashing down the window savagely. "You must stop this. Am I to sit here and listen to this talk—what do you mean, I say? Who gave you a right to preach to me? Here, put those horses to—quick!—get on, get

on. Will you never buckle that trace!" And he shut up the window with as violent a bang as he had let it down. "Now," said he, with something like a threatening manner to his brother, "don't speak to me again on this matter. I won't take it from you. My mind's made up."

His brother turned very red at this hostile language, and had as angry a rejoinder on the tip of his tongue; but he checked himself, and lay back in his corner of the chaise without a word. After this burst it was not likely there would be much conversation. So it grew darker, and they plunged into a yet wilder prairie, the old provincial chaise jangling and clattering most unmusically. This was not, as the younger brother remarked, a cheering overture to an epithalamium. They should have had smiling meadows, and pastoral Lubins and Phyllises, and flowers, and trellis-work, instead of this stiff, stark, iron-bound country. It was a dismal progress both for bridegroom and for best man.

CHAPTER IV.

YELLOW HAIR.

Now, here are lights as from gaol windows: and with a prodigious clatter, a whole prison-yard full of convicts' chains jingling about them, they drive up triumphantly to the door of the heavy mansion.

But inside no gaols surely. Warmth, light, domestic comfort, cheerful hues, graceful women's figures, and not the hard savage outlines reasonably to be expected in such a district. So we leave our dismal forebodings in a small bundle among the straw on the floor of the postchaise, and enter shaking hands and receiving welcome, with an overflowing delight.

So it was with that bridegroom at least. The brother was still moody, as from a sense of injury. Janet Faithfull, in the character of a beautiful weird woman, for to-night, sat near to her husband *in posse*, stroking that yellow hair of hers. The brother kept looking at her with looks of constraint and almost open aversion. They went in and ate at a snowy round table, groaning with excellent things, while the family sat round and admired.

They were two hungry men, for the grim country had whetted their appetites; and the bridegroom, as he grew warm, and what may be called comfortable, laughed and told their day's adventures, being corroborated now and again in a curt, grudging fashion, by the younger brother. All this while the yellow-haired woman leant upon her hands, her elbows rested upon the table, and watched the performance in a dreamy fashion—of course, wrapped up in that lover of hers—of course, devouring with her eyes those adored motions and gestures, as he devoured her. These things—this little ceremonial of devotion—may be accepted as understood—a supererogation even to mention. But the younger brother took his food seriously, and dealt forth heavy news to the matron, seasoned with a sort of ponderous dough of his conversation, all the while scowling distrustfully at the yellow-haired lady.

Then they finished, and the bridegroom, still in boisterous spirits, and joyous over his prize, stole up off

into an adjoining room (which it seems is a privilege in this species of novitiate), and told her, by way of entertainment, all his faint-heartedness and dismals, during the day. Then we hear her voice for the first time. (She had been listening in that passive, almost insensible way of her own, which with her became almost a charm).

"That strange brother of yours gave you sensible advice."

"What, to go back, give all up; do you tell me this, enchantress?"

"Yes," she said, almost coldly, "you and I cannot look into futurity; who knows how we shall suit each other? We are not divines; there may be at this moment, in you, undeveloped, a ripe savage, a royal brute, wife beating, wife reviling, dissipating, drunken. In me a sleeping demon, I am thinking," and she began as usual, stroking her yellow hair; "what safeguard have we against these things? You may be yet cursing me, and I tearing my hair."

The possible husband looked at her gloomily.

"I can see one thing for certain," he said; "you are a very curious enchantress. Where do you get these wild notions?"

"Out of history, the newspapers, common talk. Now," she said, leaning her hand upon her chin, "tell me, how long have you known me, what do you know of me after all? You have, of course, like all rapturous lovers, lived ages since you have seen me; but now, considering it quietly and rationally, do you not know *very* little of me?"

This strange line of conversation mystified the bridegroom wonderfully, and tamed down those splendid spirits of his. But he looked at her steadily for a moment.

"I would wager all I have most precious in the world, that you will never turn out different to that opinion which I now have of you. I know you, present and future."

Her answer was a laugh, loud, and a little harsh. Then she put back her hair and rose, laid her arm on his, and casting away that philosophic manner of hers, became loving. They passed out of the room together.

Exeunt slowly. All have dropped away fitfully, one by one to rest; and so closes that day. Night was now to set in.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

HENRY ST. JOHN SMITH, Esquire, as being of the worthier blood, and the more honoured man, was privileged with a grand state bedroom all to himself. His brother, as being of humbler quality, was packed away up a great stone back-stair, to a row of bachelors' lodgings, all along a stone corridor, where, indeed, he might have his pick and choice. There were no other bachelors, so he had the whole range to himself; and to say the truth, did not very much relish this segregation. He had an instinct that he was not very far from the roof. Luckily he was not very profound in the family legends, or he would have learnt that here, on this very stone corridor, that lamentable hanging business took place, down at the very end, in the last room of all, now fast locked. He had not this to think of. He was rather thinking of how he had found no opportunity of speaking the soft word

which turneth away wrath to his brother, before retiring. Nay, the good-night he had received was a fixed scowl, and a whisper from the yellow-haired lady on his arm, who swept by him scornfully.

"He has told her every thing," he said to himself, as he laid the light upon the table. "Naturally enough she will dislike me. She has an instinct already that I am her enemy. A strange creature, interesting—something over her that draws and repels." He thought, as he lay down, that he had been foolish to turn a woman who would be so related to him, into his foe. Possibly there was no mischief in her. Possibly perfections that—well, all that was to be seen. And he slept the sleep that seamen sleep.

With all the renovations, no one had thought of moving the ancient clock bell, cracked through and through, which jangled out the hours

irregularly, in an old perch of its own, with a wheeze, and a gurgle, and a rattle. A veteran bell, long in the family, somewhat asthmatic in its brazen throat. Now, it came to pass, that the wind rose a little this night, and a small slate detached, came clattering down the slope of the roof, and thence toppling over, escaped with a sonorous crash upon the window sill of the seaman, who awoke.

Lifting himself in bed and wondering—for it was as though some one had tapped loudly at his window—he first heard the asthmatic bell jangle out some disorderly chiming, and then strike two! He heard the rooks disturbed in their slumbers, entering indignant protest. He heard the wind shouldering its way through the tall ghostly trees, with moaning excuses. And there was a bluish moonlight outside. He found that his tongue was cleaving to the roof of his palate, and that he was altogether very parched and feverish.

For a plain seaman he would have relished handsomely the water-jug already in the room, but a memory of soothing drinks, cooling malts, refreshing wines, laid purposely outside the drawing-room door, wooed him irresistibly—invited him down. A draught under such conditions comes not too often—so with a marvellous promptitude he was up and dressed in a minute—at least, in that partial *al fresco* dress which he judged sufficient for the occasion. No light: but he knew the road, having habitually an eye for all manner of bearings—then opened the door cautiously, and slipped down the stone-stairs. Feeling his way, he actually had his hand on the door of that chamber where that hanging business—so unpleasant for the family—had taken place. There was light enough—moonlight—from the windows, as he descended; a window at every landing. Thence he got into the long corridor—thence on to the great landing, where was the welcome grape. He took a grateful pull—all in the shadow—and much comforted, feeling like a well-watered flower-bed, turned back on his road again.

Hush! a break of light overhead, flashing through the banisters, as if a door had opened and closed again, for the light had vanished as quickly.

It was undesirable to be surprised in this rude woodman's garb, so we had best get home to Bachelor's Lodgings as speedily as possible. But hark!—tread—then interval, and tread again. Rather—for the boards are very aged and wheezy—creak, with a pause of suspension—and then creak again—the seaman, in his rude garb, aghast. Some one coming down stealthily—and in the dark. He must get away, and made a step back within the half-opened drawing-room, but accompanied with a loud crack under his foot. He had best not move farther, for *his* boards were tell-tale too. Creaking now draws nearer—grows less cautious and more frequent—seaman, not daring to breathe, looking out in the direction, where all is darkness. Creaking now changed into a tread—a soft, light tread on a carpet drawing nearer. Ah! yes, closer and closer, until the watcher's heart thumped and thumped again.

The drawing-room was at the top of the great flight of stairs from the hall, and there was a great tall window, which rose up from the bottom of the first flight, and directly faced that drawing-room door. Outside this tall window was a cold, bluish veil of moonlight, which made all the paths down the grand flight very clear and distinct. The light step very close now. Hush!—not a breath, and something brushes by very softly and mysteriously. There, now it is full on the grand flight, descending, floating—a woman's figure, in a sort of gray shawl. Now it has reached the bottom, and stops looking out through the tall window, leaning her arms on the sill. Then turns her head slowly, full in the blue moonlight, by which it is to be seen that her hair is yellow. Then she vanished away down the lower flight.

Pausing an instant, and much relieved, the seaman bethinks him of returning to his room, but will first descend softly to that tall window and see what prospect it commands outside. It looks out towards the back of the house, over the tangled gardens, bowling-green, and even so far as the plaster ruins and dilapidated stories beyond. They were now bathed in the blue lake of moonlight, and really bore themselves, with a decently decayed air, like sham Tinterns and Melroses. The

ragged laths and plaster were softened down at that distance, and the younger brother, leaning his arms upon the sill of the tall window, gazed at it thoughtfully, and though not of a versifying nature, could not but think it very poetical. It wanted but a little life—a figure or two.

How he started again, though almost reckoning on that apparition. There, directly below him, emerging from the porch, gliding over the tangled luxuriance of the garden, stole along the figure of the yellow hair, and the gray shawl, now set on plaidwise. Doubtful at first, *was* it yellow hair, until about the middle of the garden, where was the old sun-dial, the figure stopped, and moving round slowly, bringing face and hair into the light with a flash. Yellow hair, indeed!

It positively turned it into molten gold. The face was fixed on the window, and for a moment he thought himself discovered, but she turned again and moved on slowly.

This seaman loved life rather than sleep, and relished adventure prodigiously. He was not surprised. His was a simple salt-water heart; but he could make nothing of this midnight wandering. "A strange creature," he said, "a witch. She looked very like a witch when she turned up her face that time." We have, all of us, a particular curiosity, a thirst for spying, which may be called mean or not, according to the mood.

So he slipped down stairs softly, found a door with the bolt drawn, and was out in the blue moonlight in a moment.

CHAPTER VI.

SPIRITS.

HE did not take the centre by the old sun-dial, as she had done, but skulked along cautiously in the shadow under the old hedges. He stepped very softly, indeed, then coasted round the whole circumference of the bowling-green, until he got to the little narrow arch cut in the hedge. Here his passage was exposed, but he slipped down upon his hands and knees, and crept through like a dog, then crawled into the shadow again, and looked round for her.

He was just at the edge of the old piece of ornamental water; there green scum curdled thickly at his feet. She was not there, but for all the broad moonlight, so full was the place of dark shadows by thick trees and tangled shrubberies, she might have been within a yard of him. So he stopped and looked round him very cautiously, but he could see nothing. His eye fell on the green curdling pond, and it flashed upon him, what if this had been her aim—a speedy deliverance from an odious alliance. It was a morbid, far-fetched idea, and yet, coupling it with this unaccountable disappearance, this devouring of her, as it were, by the earth, it became barely possible.

Hark!

He crept on still farther round the rotten arcade, peeping through its open arches every now and then, until

he reached the centre, where it broke out at the back into a glorious burst of pavilion, and looking round the corner, still carefully, he saw at the far end the yellow-haired figure leaning over one of the old plaster balustrades, and talking softly.

Talking to one whom he could not see. He was barely half-a-dozen yards from where she stood—and could hear the tongue in which she spoke, which was not English. He listened carefully: it was Italian. He had been at Leghorn in his shipping rounds, and knew the ring of that sweet tongue well enough; knew, too, most its commoner coinage that circulates in common talk. He would have given any price to have drawn nearer, and seen the other party to the dialogue, but this was too dangerous, so he waited and listened, and heard her quiet tones, so clear in the loneliness of that night and place, sounding all the endearments and musical caresses of that affectionate language. It was "Mio Caro," and "Carissimo," breaking out every now and again. He was indignant—boiling over with a seaman's honest indignation; and he was glad, very glad, that those forebodings of his had received such triumphant corroboration.

He waits many minutes, the sympathizing dialogue still going on—hungering, thirsting, for a glimpse of

the troubadour. At last, a head, with glossy, curling, black hair, and a trimmed black beard and moustache, was lifted up over the balustrade, as though the owner had been standing on a stone, and the younger brother saw his face very clearly, indeed.

After that he was satisfied. "The land-lubber! I shall know him again," he said, as he crept away. But that standing on the stone and consequent lifting of the bearded head was but the preamble to farewell, which was sealed by another short ceremony, which the seaman did not see. So before he had skulked away many yards along the arcades he heard the step close after him; he managed, however, to get safely into the bowling-green, and skirted round lightly, as before, sheltered in the shadows of its circumference. She took her way straight across it, musingly, with her eyes upon the ground, carrying in her hands, too, a little black hood, which she did not seem to care to put on. Just as she had finished her transit he had finished his half circuit, and they both met face to face, at the little evergreen arch of entrance.

She gave no scream, only a little start.

"So," she said, "you are the appointed detective. You have been watching me."

"Have seen and heard all," he answered; "you have betrayed my unfortunate brother, but he shall know it all in the morning—no, within the next hour."

She looked at him a moment, mournfully, tying and untying the strings of her hood.

"I knew it must come to this at last. I have had a presentiment of it for long. I was a fool to expect a dream to last for ever."

The younger brother almost laughed as he listened to her; he was astounded at her coolness.

"You are a strange creature," he said, at length; "are you pretending this indifference?"

"A strange creature," she said, almost fiercely—"that is your judgment—because I dare not think or choose for myself—because I am dragged a fashionable slave to the market, set up and sold—because I then take a stolen liberty for myself, you get scornful in judgment on me, and tell me I am a strange creature."

Then she threw a hood from her with a sudden, and drew herself up. He could see her eyes flash in the moonlight. Her yellow hair was loosing on her neck. He thought she was a bold dangerous woman, but still a fine creature.

"You—neither you nor he know my true story—all that I have borne, that I am bearing—the miserable childhood, the grinding oppressions. But, sir, you have done your detective's duty well—your gallant, chivalrous duty of hunting a woman—you will be rewarded for it, no doubt."

The other was ashamed.

"I can assure you," he said, in a softer voice, "it was an accident—altogether an accident. On my honour, I had no intention of watching you."

She looked at him steadily.

"I believe you," she said, "from my heart—I do. There is honesty in your face. Yes, I do believe you."

The yellow hair, but carelessly put up at first, had now at last got free, and came tumbling in a perfect gush to the ground. The younger brother was dazzled, and forgot the beginning of a reproving speech he had ready.

"She is a queen," he thought, "but a wicked queen."

"I trust you," she went on; and as she spoke she began pacing up and down a short way each time. "But, of course, you would not believe my story—what I could tell about this business; and I could tell you much about it."

"I am not the savage you make me out," said the seaman indignantly. "Any reasonable explanation that would set you right with me shall be willingly accepted."

"I would scorn to give it," she said. "Never!—not to you."

He coloured, and said anxiously—

"You told me you believed me."

"True," she said; "but I shall speak it all to him. There will be, of course, the vulgar *exposé*, the hackneyed break-off, the vile fetching and carrying of the news. You and he will go away free. I shall return to gaol."

A very mysterious creature, thought he, and yet attractive. To be pitied a little.

"I know how all this came about. You had a dislike to me from the beginning—before you saw me—a

cruel prejudice which has coloured all your opinions and actions. I saw it in your face when you entered the house—a deep-seated, rooted aversion. You laid yourself out to destroy me.”

“No, no,” said he, very eagerly, “nothing of the kind. I do, indeed, own to not liking this marriage much. Why, I cannot say. But as to any unreasonable prejudice, I can assure you you do me injustice.”

“No matter,” she said. “You must, of course, do what is your duty at any sacrifice to me. That is of small account. So let us go in. Tell your brother all, without delay or disguise. It is, as you say, your duty. It will be a relief to me—Good-night.”

“But,” said the other, still lingering, “you could surely explain. Don’t go without a word at least. Give me some explanation, no matter what.”

“No,” she answered, “I have none. None that would satisfy you. It would be useless too. It will be all over in the morning.”

“But why,” said he, impatiently, “should you set me down as this cruel vindictive enemy, that will hear nothing, and is bent on destroying

you. Do you suppose I wish to hunt you down. Do consider this matter carefully. We will speak of it in the morning.”

She looked at him for a moment doubtfully.

“I do not think you are my enemy after all. Perhaps I misjudged you. Forgive me if I have. As you say, there is no need of rousing the whole family from their sleep, and having a splendid *exposé*. It will keep until morning, when I shall denounce myself!—Good-night once more.”

If ever there was a mermaid sitting on the rocks and singing poor fascinated sailors on to shipwreck, it was this woman with the yellow hair. A dangerous deadly mermaid, whose skill and artfulness knew no depth. She flitted away before him, and was gone in a golden flash.

“There is some mystery under all this,” said the foolish mariner, whose boat was getting in among the shoals. “It is plain that she dare not speak; and yet I could swear she is innocent.”

Then lay down with a smirking satisfaction and a pleased moral elevation, and very soon was sleeping fast.

CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE.

THEY all met at breakfast in that buoyant humour which in country houses usually effervesces at that meal, more particularly when nuptial rites are drawing on. Down came the scattered members of the family, and fell gaily into their ranks. Down came the elder brother quite boisterous, and by-and-by the younger, rather troubled and nervous, and later on still, the woman with the yellow hair.

His heart began to thump as he heard her step—as she entered he grew violently red. But she was as fresh, as quiet, as cold, as trim, as a mermaid only can be. The boisterous flew at her, and swallowed her up. The other skulked up to her in a confused, disordered way, and blushing painfully. She was without a ruffle, and looked at him with astonishment, and calmly hoped his room had been comfortable. The foolish seaman stammered “yes,” and found his brother’s eyes fixed sternly on him.

After breakfast said she to her lover—

“Come out, and let me show you

our gardens and plaissances. You shall admire the strangest conceits, perfect marvels of the topiary art, our ponds of gold and silver fish, and fairy-like arcades. Come,” she said, “let us visit Arcadia—a little dilapidated, it is true.”

The seaman was confounded at this sang froid. He would have rather chosen to have avoided the place. But, no doubt, she had chosen this opportunity to tell her secret. What perversity—what folly. So when the elder brother bounded away to his room, and they were alone, he drew near and said—

“You are not going to betray the secret—*our* secret?”

There was an assumption of partnership—a joint communion, that it was plain jarred upon her. At least so he gathered from the long, haughty, almost contemptuous look she fixed upon him.

“Why not,” she said. “I shall have no Damocles’ sword hanging over my head; neither will I let any one hold me in their power even for

a single day. Do not think it." She then drew herself up after the manner of haughty queens in plays and novels. The poor drivelling seaman was lost in admiration and penitence. "Do you think I have no courage for such a sacrifice? I should glory in braving the world. You do not know how little I care for the opinions of the outside world. I spurn the voice of the vile mob. Let them talk as they will. I have my own heart—my brave heart, to support me, and of those stout friends who will be content to believe and yet not see."

Superb, splendid, dazzling creature, thinks the poor driveller.

"You do not then put me among your Saint Thomases," he said, a little bitterly.

She laughed savagely.

"What am I talking about. Friends! God knows I have but few of them. But I can trust him—perhaps you. He is very happy this morning—is going to be very happy all day long. Why not leave him for this short span in his dream. He will know the worst too soon, poor soul, and will awake to bitterness. Shall we do this?"

"With all my heart," said the other. "Whatever you will. My sole most devout wish is to please you."

She was looking at him steadily, and with the poor dupe translated into a smile of soft encouragement, when the brother entered and carried her away. The seaman striding through air, and conscious of a new and strange excitement, betook himself to the fields, where he wandered about for hours, gloating over his secret. He there drivelled to himself, and blushed to find himself thinking with satisfaction over the dissolution of his brother's nuptial contract. From afar off, looking towards the old house, he could see the horses being brought round, and the pair going out for a ride. Then he himself set forth upon a long day's walk, far upon the fells, struggling for many hours with the steep places and rocky passes, coming home towards evening tolerably fatigued. As the fresh, healthy mountain air played upon him, and his limbs became braced with honest exercise, a more wholesome train of thought came back upon him. After all, that old sea training, and the brave innocence of

spray and ocean, was *not* to be swept away in one unguarded moment. He blushed literally, as has been said, to find himself in so shabby, so unhand-some, perhaps so wicked a character. Presently he was descending the hills with a firm step, as it might be a quarter-deck, and with a new fixed resolution to assert himself, casting away from him, for very shame-sake, every hint and thought of that absurd—as it now seemed—hallucination. He found himself a little out of the road, and brought round without his own will by the back of the old house—very far to the back, at the rear of the old garden, and he could see the jagged, tattered edges of the plaster arcades peering over the hedges. It would be a shorter way home, so he jumped the ditch and landed successfully.

Voices, and voices that he knew. He peeped through one of the shattered arches, and saw across the green pond the pair walking round and round the bowling-green. They were talking very earnestly and lovingly. He saw them, and with a sour expression you may be sure. He crept softly round the arcade, meaning to surprise them, or perhaps to play Mr. Detective, having done so once before with success, for a few seconds: only for a few seconds, then reveal himself.

"And you dislike poor Ned," said the lover, laughing.

"A poor, weak fool, yet dangerous, very dangerous, as are fools sometimes." She said this very spitefully, and the dupe turned pale.

"He is not your favourite brother—is he, St. John, dear?" she said, in a wonderfully coaxing manner. "No, I thought not—was sure not. I myself should not trust him too much. Do you know, dearest St. John, it has struck me that he does not relish your approaching marriage too much."

The brother's brow darkened.

"Yes, he had an unworthy sort of feeling about the business which I could not have believed him capable of. What penetration you have, darling."

Brother number two scowled again and ground his teeth behind the hedge.

"Though, indeed," she added, "it is shabby of me to abuse him. I can

see, that though his enemy from pure report of me, I have since merited his approbation. He approves of me generally, I believe."

"Ha! indeed," said the elder brother. "I began to suspect him this morning. And has he dared," he added, raising his voice.

"No, no," she said, patting his arm; "the poor sea-calf may worship when he likes, but it shall be from a long way off. Now, you must promise me not to be angry with the poor sea-calf."

"You are an angel," said the lover. And they passed out of the bowling-green towards the house. Some one followed them gnashing his teeth

with fury. He met her in half an hour on the stairs. (He had been watching for her). There was rage and mortification in his face.

"Sea-calf!" he snapped out.

Not the least discomposed she answered him—

"Again, Mr. Detective! It is a habit."

She passed on. But she was troubled.

"I will never make love in a bowling-green again."

They all met at dinner, and the second brother barely spoke a word. He was chewing the cud of his revenge. To-morrow morning brother should know all. The shrewd mermaid read all this in his face.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST NIGHT.

WITH every morsel of his joint, and fowl, and *rayouts*, he swallowed down his vengeance; he fed it fat all the time. Disclosure should come the first thing in the morning. It was too much, that savage personal ridicule. He would have no mercy. Those weak simple natures feel all things on the raw; and in return, smite hip and thigh. He was clumsily jocose all the evening, and made as though he were in boisterous spirits. The elder brother measured him now and again scornfully. She played the downcast penitent mermaid, the broken bruised reed, with imploring eyes and piteous entreaty, whenever the other was looking in an ordinary commonplace direction, which was indeed but seldom. It was as who should say, you are powerful, and strong, and my master; but be merciful. But the seaman looked truculent and ferocious, and would not soften.

In the drawing-room that night, just before they began some obstreperous small plays; just, too, as he was listlessly turning over a quarto book of prints, he felt a little twisted scrap of paper drop down upon the plate of Venice, after Turner; and at the same moment heard a rustle of dress floating away in the distance. He opened it cautiously, and with skill, for he was now grown to be a complete and scientific conspirator; and read, pretending all the while, to be absorbed with his plate of Venice, after Turner, words to this effect:

"You have misconceived me. You have heard but half. You know not all that is behind, or the difficult, the cruel game I have to play. Your brother loves me to madness, and is a tiger for jealousy. I must soothe him at times. He suspects that I do not love *him* to madness. If you would come to-night about the same hour, and to the same place, I *could* explain much, and make all clear.

JANET."

The dupe read and read again. He thrilled with exultation. He was a conqueror, a slayer. This mermaid had felt his power, was his slave. But the sea-calf! He that was ugly. How stupid of course—a blind, to hoodwink that elder one, with his absurd and troublesome dotage. Were there not legends among them aboard the frigates, that but give seamen a chance, and they bore all before them. He was triumphant, exultant, and when her face next looked towards him, he threw her a beaming glance translated into "yes."

They broke up about midnight: and about an hour after, when the old cracked bell, high up in its little shed, was wheezing out one o'clock, the younger brother opened his door softly, and stole down—not in the light careless way he had descended before, but this time guiltily, in a cowering undignified fashion. He was afraid that some might be abroad. He trembled at every shadow. He found the bolt free, and passed out

into the garden. There was blue moonlight out to-night.

Yet even here again this poor weak seaman was not too much to blame. The resolutions of his late mountain walk were not utterly trampled down—it was more surprise, curiosity, and a sailor's feeling of adventure that was at work. Any peripatetic, unordained preacher who would have improved the occasion and admonished an erring might only spend his labour as so much superfluity. Who shall nicely balance by the pennyweight the adjustment of resolution and conflicting motive, and gauge the pressure of this and that force or temptation? Not certainly those who are *outside*; still more, not a mere story-teller. So then, he stole down, this seaman brother—not with every resolution shattered, but obscured rather, and in suspension.

All, therefore, was very dark. There were no shadows to scare him, but the whole was a pure waste of impenetrable darkness. He nearly ran foul of the lonely sun-dial in the centre. There came a strange terror over him at this harmless shock. He felt degraded, and half wished to turn back, for this seemed to him a base unworthy intrigue, of which he was ashamed. A midnight plotter against his brother; this did not sound too respectable.

Here was the bowling-green—he had felt his way so far—and here now he was at the edge of the green pool. He could make out indistinctly enough the crazy architecture on the other side.

He heard a low soft voice call to him—call to him by his Christian name—his heart leaped within him. Yonder was the mermaid on the rocks, and this poor weak, trusting mariner must reach her, though he dash his skiff to pieces. He ran round by the way he knew, the half circle to the right. Voice again, rather to the left calls out softly, “not that way, not that way, come by this side.”

O fatal singing of the syren; better be deaf, blind, a hundred times. The ship is already among the breakers, and yet he was not wicked wilfully, but rather weak; and so in a tempest and perfect whirl of transport he runs round by that fatal left side.

On that fatal side had been cut, in the fine old flourishing days, a sort of feeding-trough, which led to the river, and supplied the green pond. What, with slime, and weeds, and water-plants, it was overgrown completely, and bore the likeness of dry land. It was very deep, and worse than all, there was a tangled net of thick vegetable strings at the bottom, about as effectual as snares or gins to rabbits; so that a heedless and eager Christian, hurrying on at dead of night, would be precipitated, as through a trap, into the green compost, and be held fast by the limbs, in the coils of the cruel monsters at the bottom.

There should have been fencing surely, or warning of some kind, for it is indeed a terrible thing to be thus choked with a cold green slough.

CHAPTER IX.

L'ENVOI.

AFTER an interval the great marriage—great, at least, for that lonely part of the country—took place. No impediment heeded its progress; even the unaccountable absence of that younger brother, who, it was currently supposed, through the eccentricity of his profession, had fled in the night and gone to sea again. He was always odd, and would turn up one of these days. It was a very sumptuous ceremony, and everybody was rejoiced. Lovely looked the bride; lovelier looked that shining golden hair, absolutely lustrous in the sun that was pouring in through the

church windows: it was the hair of a water mermaid. And the organ rolled out a hymn euphonious, as their hands were joined; and there was a blessing implored on their heads; and it passed over that yellow hair, and no doubt fructified. Let us sing alleluiah with the choir!

She, who drives about in that deep, dark blue brougham, one of the most “stylish” in the capital, is Mrs. St. John Smith. She leaves her cards. She is very beautiful and placid, and with a line—her yellow hair is famous; and she has really nothing to trouble her.

PETER BROWN'S BLACK BOX.

I have had some hesitation in sending this lucubration of Peter's to the press. By reference to the date, I find it was written shortly after his recovery from brain fever. This may account in part for a certain cloudy mysticism in the introductory stanzas, smacking of the beer and tobacco school of German philosophy, and an occasional fitfulness throughout. Besides, the facts of the story, though the real names are not given, will be recognized by many as having created what they call "a great sensation" some dozen years ago. I have finally determined to give Peter the benefit of the doubt, and to publish. He is gone, poor fellow, to answer for his metaphysics before a Judge "who knoweth whereof we are made;" and most of those whom the narrative might offend are now beyond the reach of this world's praise or censure.

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

Carrigbawn, October 18, 1861.

REVELATIONS OF PETER BROWN—POET AND PERIPATETIC.

ISABEL CLARE.

A WAKING DREAM.

Bottom.—"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream."—*Milsummer Night's Dream.*

Dreaming in the twilight,
When the shades creep down the hill—
Watching, when the sun is gone,
How the grey, cold night comes on
Awake, yet dreaming still.

Then I dream of dead ones
Of my life the joy and light,
And I see them round me rise,
And I feel their cold, calm eyes
Gaze on me through the night.

Dreaming by the fire-light,
When the wintry night is chill—
Watching fire-sparks upward fly,
While the embers sink and die—
Awake, yet dreaming still.

Then I dream of fair souls
From dead ashes issuing bright,
And I see my dead arise,
Soaring heavenward through the skies,
In the death-dark night.

Dreaming in the sunlight,
When the Summer noon is still—
Watching in the deep blue sky
Clouds of white, gold-cinctured lie—
Awake, yet dreaming still.

Then I dream of heaven,
 Far beyond those tranquil skies,
 And I see, mid angels bright,
 My dead, in robes of gold and white,
 Alive before my eyes.

Dreams, dreams--and what is life but still a dream ?
 Waking in death--death waking into life,
 When all that to the sleeper's brain did seem
 The true and real are but visions rife
 Of a sick soul, while what we visions deem
 Are gleams of God's own verity--the strife
 Waged between light and darkness, good and ill,
 Reason and faith, necessity and will.

And I have had my dreams like other men,
 My soul a-sleeping, but my sense awake ;
 I knew not that I dreamed until again
 My senses slept, and then my soul did break
 Her chain of spirit-sleep, and soon did ken
 Man dreams when waking, and that God doth take
 The things of his own Spirit, and reveal,
 In visions of deep sleep, to us the true and real.

Sooth says Avona's bard, " We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep." There is enough
 Of sin and sorrow, misery and strife,
 To make life's paradox a problem tough
 For wisest moralist. 'Twill need a knife
 To cut the knot no fingers may untie,
 Too clumsy mine--at least I will not try.

So give me my cigar, and I will puff
 My nicotine, and dream I am awake,
 And so jog onward still. The smooth and rough,
 As Heaven shall send them, patiently I'll take,
 Nor, like a petted child, when chid take huff,
 Reject my lollypops, my playthings break
 And, as the vapour rises, I'll rehearse
 A waking dream of other days in verse.

The merry bells were all a-ringing,
 Ringing, swinging to-and-fro,
 Torrents of sweet music flinging
 O'er the sunny scene below.
 Oh, the music of sweet bells,
 With its sinking and its swells--
 Like the waves upon a river,
 Rising, falling, flowing ever !
 With the spreading radiations
 Of each wave-sound's intonations,
 Like the ever-widening rings
 When some playful urchin flings
 A pebble in a tranquil lake
 To make its breast in ripples break.
 Circling all the ether round,
 Trembling spreads each dulcet sound,
 Till the fainting tone is caught
 Far away in grove or grot,

Where it dies the sweetest death,
 Murmuring its latest breath
 On the ever-tranquil heart
 Of Silence, sitting there apart—
 As hushed upon a mother's breast
 The wailing infant sobs itself to rest.

Why are they ringing the bells from the steeple
 This sunny-bright autumn day?
 Why is the church-yard a-thronging with people
 Drest in their Sabbath array?
 The harvest is lying in sheaves on the stubble,
 But there is not a hand that will take any trouble
 To make up the shocks or to bring in the grain,
 Or harness old Dobbin or Meg to the wain.
 The smithy is closed, and the fire is gone out,
 The joiner has flung by his hammer and clout,
 The cobbler no longer is mending old shoes,
 And the soul of the tailor has spurned at his goose,
 And all the good people have turned out o' doors,
 The men by the dozen, the women by scores,
 And are mounting the hill to the old village church,
 Where a band of young maids at the front of the porch,
 With chaplets of flowers, apparelled in white,
 Are awaiting the cortege just coming in sight.
 There's a shout from the rustics, as four spanking bays
 Sweep down through the town with a Long-acre chaise:
 They strain up the hill and they scatter the gravel
 With a dash and a splash till they're up on the level,
 They rush through the gate, reach the porch at a gallop,
 And are thrown on their haunches, so sudden the pull up.
 Then out jumps the Squire, and his "best man" jumps after,
 And are welcomed with cheers and with true-hearted laughter.
 Now chariot, and britzka, and landau ascend,
 With cousins by dozens and many a friend;
 And they meet and they greet, and they laugh and they chat,
 Shake hands with the Squire, wish him joy, and all that.
 A few minutes more, and a family coach
 Drawn by four iron-greys makes a stately approach:
 There's rustling and bustling, as the maidens in white
 Are ranged in the front of the porch, left and right,
 Forth trip from the coach the two bridesmaids so fair,
 And, fairest of all, the young Isabel Clare.
 There is not an eye but is turned to admire
 That lady so gentle that leans on her sire
 As she walks up the chancel,—ah, who can compare
 With my beautiful cousin, sweet Isabel Clare!
 She walks up the chancel, and now by her side
 Sir Arthur is standing to make her his bride.
 Then Archdeacon Ambergilla, pompous and prosy,
 With surplice so white and with visage so rosy,
 Steps forward to meet them, most courteous and bland,
 With a smile on his lips and a book in his hand;
 While Howlings, the clerk, stiff and lean as a poker,
 In a rusty black suit and a yellow-white choker,
 Stands ready and steady, with voice antiphonial,
 To aid in the tying the knot matrimonial;
 Behind stand the bridesmaids, a sweet little pair,
 But still fairest of all is young Isabel Clare!

Fairest of all—but all too fair
 The pallor of that marble brow ;
 The marble's coldness still is there
 But not its polish now
 As when, but two short years gone by,
 I saw thee 'neath a foreign sky
 With blooming cheek and eye so bright,
 And spirit gay and footstep light,
 More fair than words of mine can tell,
 My own dear cousin, Isabel.

Ah me ! it asks not wasting years
 To mar the brightness of the brow,
 Though Time alone its smoothness wears,
 Yet sorrow dims it even now.
 The burnished mirror that may bear
 The touch of each corroding year
 Undimmed its brightest ray,
 If, but to view within the sphere
 Her blushing face, some maid draw near
 And breathe upon the surface clear,
 Its brightness fades away.

There, before the altar kneeling,
 With Sir Arthur by thy side,
 Where the golden sunbeams stealing
 Through the rich stained window glide,
 Till they settle in a glory
 Round that meekly bending head,
 As aureoles in sacred story
 Brows of saintly maids o'erspread.
 Gaze I on thee till the welling
 Of great tears is in my eyes,
 And I feel my bosom swelling
 With the tumult of my sighs.
 Gaze I till the scene before me
 Fades upon my dizzy sight,
 And the waking dream comes o'er me—
 Dreaming in the broad daylight—
 A vision of departed times,
 A vision of far-distant climes.

'Tis a bright Italian morning,
 Sunshine all the ether fills,
 Streaks of rosy light adorning
 Peaks of snow-clad Alpine hills.

At their feet the vine is pendent
 Trailing over roof and tree,
 And a blue lake lies resplendent
 Framed in verdure lovingly.

Theme of many a song and story,
 In the sunlight now it smiles,—
 'Tis the Lago Maggiore
 With its Borromean Isles.

Wood and forest, plain and meadow
 Girdle in those waters bright,
 Every hue, and light, and shadow
 Deck the scene and charm the sight.

Midway on the waters shining
See a tiny vessel glide,
In the stern a maid's reclining
And a youth sits by her side.

And a third is there who rows them,
With an oar in either hand,
Pausing ever as he shows them
Glories of his native land.

Eye of eagle, heart of lion,
Soul as gentle as the dove's,
Of that princely stock a scion
That of old Milano loves.

Of that race a form gigantic
Stands for aye on yonder hill,
Stretching o'er the scene romantic
Outspread arms in blessing still.

In the Duomo, shrined in splendour,
Great San Carlo's ashes lie—
Great in grace, austere, yet tender,
Greatest in humility.

'Twas the day of great awaking
To the bondsmen of the world;
Ancient dynasties were shaking;
Tyrants from their thrones were hurled.

And Italia, crushed and broken
'Neath the Austrian's iron heel,
Heard the cry of Freedom spoken,
Broke her chain and grasped the steel.

From Genoa to sea-born Venice,
From Alps' snow to Etna's fire,
Italia, spite of Austrian menace,
Rises in her holy ire.

All are up—no pause no falter—
Every man in arms arrayed,
Priests are preaching at the altar
Freedom's holiest, best crusade.

And the painter leaves his easel,
And the poet dreams no more,
And the sculptor flings his chisel
Down upon the studio floor.

Sage and scholar, servant, master,
Serf and noble through the land,
Lo, they're thronging faster, faster
Than the billows on the strand.

And those ancient, classic regions
Vibrate to the martial tread
Of Italia's mustering legions
Carl' Alberto at their head.

This the tale the youth's recounting,
Hot words gushing from his heart,—
Lists the maid, the color mounting
To her brow, her lips apart.

Then he said, "My widowed mother
Yields at length to set me free,
And I go to join my brother
In the plains of Lombardy."

Carlo ceased and sighed—I wonder
Sighed he for his mother lone—
There are ties more hard to sunder
Than those wrought of blood and bone.

Then the lady blushed, but fainter
Than the faintest huc of eve;
'Twould defy the brush of painter
To express it, I believe.

And the silence grew oppressive—
Silence neither dared to break—
Ten to one you'll make a mess, if
While your heart is moved, you speak.

But the cousin most discreetly
Intervened, the spell to break—
"Carlo mio, very sweetly
Music sounds upon the lake.

"Sing us, like a worthy fellow,
That canzone that you sing,
Called 'La Rosa e l'Anello,'
About the lady and the ring."

Carlo then the oars uplifting,
Lifted up his voice in song,
While the boat went slowly drifting
At her own sweet will along.

LA ROSA E L'ANELLO.

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

I.

It was a Paladin of old,
And he loved a maiden bright,
Her hair was like the burnished gold,
Her eyes like stars at night.

II.

Twin rubies rich her lips they were,
Her brow the drifted snows,
And on her bosom white she bare
Ever a dark red rose.

III.

On bended knee the Paladin
Takes from the maid the rose,
Going to fight 'gainst Saladin
And all the Paynim foes.

IV.

He gave the maid a golden ring
And kissed it as he gave,
"The rose to thee again I'll bring,
Or bear it to my grave.

V.

"And when to thee the rose I bring,
 Again on bended knee
 I'll claim once more my golden ring,
 And with the ring, claim thee."

VI.

Where rages still the fiercest fight,
 A red rose aye is seen,
 High in the helmet of a knight,
 The noble Paladin.

VII.

The day is won—the fight is o'er,
 They find amid the slain,
 A knight with a red rose steeped in gore,
 In his helmet cleft in twain.

VIII.

The nuns they chant the midnight prayer
 For a dying sister dear,
 A gold ring lies on her bosom fair
 When they place her in the bier.

* * * * *

It was evening when we parted
 At the inn hard by the shore,
 Carlo mio, noble-hearted,
 Never to behold thee more !

Ahime !—the morning glory
 Of thy struggle, Italy !
 Soon the clouds are gathering o'er thee,
 O'ercasting all thy sky.

Vain Goito's triumph glorious ;
 Soon, o'er lost Novara's plain,
 Austrian eagles swoop victorious ;
 Night and slavery come again.

Eve was past, no thought of sleeping.
 Had the cousins as they sate.
 The lady said (has she been weeping),
 "Cousin, it is growing late."

And that cousin, stupid fellow,
 Meaning nothing, I suppose,
 Cried—"Why, bless me, Isabella,
 But you've lost your pretty rose !"

What can Archdeacon Ambergills be saying?
 Dear me, while I've been dreaming they've been praying.
 They've been and done it—Cousin Isabel
 Is Lady Greenacre. So far so well.
 "Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder,"
 So says the Archdeacon. Howling says, "Amen ;"
 And yet, despite ecclesiastic thunder,
 The knot has oft been broke, and will again.
 Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder—
 Sir Creswell Creswell, what can you say, I wonder
 To all the ruptured matrimonial bands,
 Priest-knit, you rend with uncanonic hands
 In pieces, as if made of ropes of sands ?

Autumn sunlight pours its lustre
On an English sylvan scene,
Where deep woods umbrageous cluster
In a wavy sea of green.

And a stream with tortuous bending,
Rippling, dimpling, winds its way ;
Now through greenest pastures wending,
Now by wild rocks steep and grey.

Here a reach as bright as argent,
There a stretch as dark as night ;
Cliff and tree hang o'er the margent,
Till its course is lost to sight.

Lost a moment—while you ponder
Where the water exit finds ;
Lo ! behind that green hill yonder,
Out it breaks and backward winds.

Upward from the river swelling,
Stretches out a broad demesne ;
In the midst a lordly dwelling,
Marked with many a weather-stain.

Walls embattled, grey and hoary,
Turret round, and castle square,
Not without historic glory,
For a king was cradled there.

Modern skill had joined more lately
To the ancient pile two wings ;
So a matron aged and stately
To her graceful daughters clings.

And the sunny radiance glinting,
On the painted window plays ;
Sash and sill and mullion tinting
With its soft prismatic rays.

Trim and green along the basement
Spreads an esplanade of grass,
So that from the opening casement
Out upon the lawn you pass.

There's a throng of hind and vassal
On that sunny lawn to-day ;
There's a sound of mirth and wassail,
Voice of lads and lasses gay.

And the juicy joint is steaming,
White with ale the tankards foam ;
Every eye with joy is beaming,
For his bride the Squire brings home.

At the portal now descending,
From that same Long-acre chaise
Step the pair, mid voices blending,
Old in blessings, young in praise.

In the hall there's jubilation,
Guests sit round the plenteous board ;
Words of kind felicitation
From each friendly lip are poured.

'Twas a feast of lordly splendour—
Ambergills declared in fine
He ne'er tasted haunch more tender,
Never drank of choicer wine.

Now the western sun is beaming
Through the windows, warm and bright,
Over glass and silver streaming,
Till they sparkle in the light.

Close to where the bride is sitting
There's a casement opened wide,
Fresh and odorous air admitting
From that sunny lawn outside.

And the sound of happy voices
Faintly comes upon the ear,
Telling that each heart rejoices
In the good old English cheer.

Up rose a man of rank and station,
Nearest kinsman of the host,
And said—to prelude his oration—
“Fill your glasses for a toast.”

Then the kinsman, in neat phrases,
Makes a speech with courtly smile,
And “the happy pair” he praises
In the after-dinner style.

Till his peroration closing,
With applause on every side,
Glass in hand, the health proposing
Of Sir Arthur and his bride.

Cheer the cousins then by dozens,
Swelling with Greenacre pride ;
To the ceiling rises pealing—
“Health to Sir Arthur and his bride.”

Rises to the friendly calling
Young Sir Arthur—mute are all,
You could hear a feather falling
Through that vast ancestral hall.

Hark ! a strain of music stealing,
Thro' the open window floats,
And a voice of tenderest feeling
Chanting to the organ notes,

Sings, in accents wild and thrilling,
Words whose import makes me start,
And drives back the hot blood chilling
Icily upon my heart.

“*Ah ! e fiorita e la rosa
Che sul mio cor riposa.
Promessa tua, sposa, sposa,
Non te ne scordaresti mai.*”

A wild, sharp cry of grief and terror
Rings along that chamber wide ;
Every tongue is mute with horror,
Every eye seeks out the bride.

As the marble pale and frigid,
Lips apart, and eyes aglare,
Sits she stupified and rigid,
Like a statue of despair.

Anxious women round her gather,
Lavishing their tenderest care,
And that loving, white-haired father
Kneels beside his daughter's chair.

And her husband. Ah ! what feelings
Rend and shake his soul by turns ?
Closed, cold lips make no revealings
Of the fire within that burns.

Vain all efforts to restore her—
Bear her gently hence : the spell
Of those strange words shall hang o'er her
Evermore, sweet Isabel !

Mute and dark that hall so festal
In the deep'ning shades of night,
Till the moon, in radiance vestal,
Lights it with a ghostly light.

Flask and flagon dimly shimmer,
Flowers their odours vainly shed ;
Glass, and gold, and silver glimmer,
Like a banquet for the dead.

And through that long night of sorrow
There be watchers bowed in grief,
Waiting prayerful for the morrow
That shall bring them no relief.

Toll—toll—toll !
Slowly peals the passing bell,
With long pause between each knell.
Toll—toll—toll !
Now passeth a human soul
From its tenement of clay
From the night into the day
Passing away.
As the sound floats through the air
Bow the knee, the forehead bare,
Utter low the solemn prayer
Kyrie elieson.
Christe elieson.
Kyrie elieson.

Toll—toll—toll !
All through that dreary night.
Toll—toll—toll !
Till the first cold gleam of light.
But when the night passed into day
Then ceased the passing bell,
And we knew that from earth had passed away
The soul of Isabel.

I've smoked at least two boxes of cheroots
At various seasons, seeking to make out
That riddle, but my smoking bore no fruit
Save smoke and ashes, and I find my doubt
Will not be cleared by clouds—alas ! it boots
But little now, since those who cared about
The mystery have passed away from here
Into that place where mysteries are clear.

What hidden meaning had the minstrel's words,
And who was he that sang them ? Did the grave
Give back the dead one, slain by Austrian swords ?
Or was the tale untrue ? Did fortune save
His life for sorrow such as Fate accords
But once in man's existence ? Did he brave
Chains, dungeons, death—to stake upon one cast
More than his life—to throw and lose at last ?

Was there some plighted vow between the two,
A marriage of God's making, not of man's—
A knot of love that laws can ne'er undo,
Potent, howe'er the priest forbid the bans—
That gave him right to claim, as lover true,
His spouse, although her form another spans
With arms of church and law permitting love ?
Alas ! none know, save they and God above.

No traces of the minstrel could be found,
Except that Farmer Dibble's daughter said
She saw that evening, seated on the ground,
A strange, outlandish man ; and on his head
He wore a steeple hat, with ribbons bound ;
And a black velvet jacket trimmed with braid ;
And by his side she saw, upon the grass,
A box of polished wood, inlaid with brass.

And when he saw the little girl he sprung
Upon his feet in haste, and like a sack
The heavy box upon his back he swung ;
Then striking quick into a forest track,
He soon was lost to sight the woods among,
And never more was seen. The girl came back
And told her father ; and I heard the tale
One evening from him o'er a pot of ale.

And Farmer Dibble said that he'd be dang'd,
If he'd a ketched that Frencher with his box,
He'd send un to th' assizes to be hanged,
Or lay un by the heels in parish stocks.
And then, with free-born British fist, he banged
The ale-house table with emphatic knocks,
And swore he'd do it, so he would, by George !
A statement lauded by his friends at large.

Sir Arthur left the country—let The Chase—
And lives in Paris, where I saw him lately ;
Grown rather fat and ruddy in the face,
(He's lost that English air so grand and stately.)
I rather think he lives at a fast pace,
Gambles and drinks. In fine, he's altered greatly
From what he was when first I knew him well,
Ere his wife died. I have no more to tell.

AT ST. JAMES'S ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IF comparisons were not so proverbially odious, we should be, in this place, tempted to draw certain parallels between the notable people of the first half of the eighteenth, and the people of the first half of the nineteenth century, not omitting the well-being of the lower and middle classes, and the morality of the lower, middle, and higher classes. If we attempted to fill so large a canvas, however, there would be but a very confined space left for our chief design—the introduction of a few social sketches of the courts of the first two of our Hanoverian monarchs.

We have a well-grounded hope that the influence of the spirit of Christianity is stronger amongst the people of this generation than it was among the subscribers to the earlier volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, notwithstanding the existence amongst us of a section openly avowing infidelity—a development of evil not contemplated by Addison or Steele. The boisterous and cruel sports of which Hogarth was the frequent witness would not be tolerated in our days. If a play that passed unreprieved by pit or gallery when Congreve wrote for the stage, were put before a modern audience (East-London penny-gaffs excepted), the house would be cleared, and the benches probably torn up before the drop-scene fell on the third act. The worst poem of Pope, or Gay, or Prior (morally speaking), or the most indecent novel of their era, could be easily matched in this nineteenth century; but every one—lady and gentleman, shopkeeper, and Mrs. and Miss Shopkeeper, of the good old time, held the book open before him or her, on drawing room or parlour table, or shop counter, at the approach of company. Think of a living young lady of Belgrave or Merrion square, being found, by morning visitors, ladies or gentlemen, with the poem of ———, or the romance of ———, within seven rooms of her!

But the Roman General, exulting in his triumphal car, still found himself encumbered and mortified by the neighbourhood of the slave.

We recollect the millions of tons of cheap and nasty drugged literature, swallowed weekly by the dwellers in our garrets and cellars, little shops, and wayside cabins, and cease our boasting. Our women have resumed the ungraceful sacques and hoops of the days of the *Spectator*; they are not, indeed, so liberal in exhibiting shoulder or breast as the “Mrs. Sullen” or “Dorinda” of Farquhar; but if a head-dress more expressive of effrontery than that patronized by many of our belles, can be found among “Planche's Ancient British Costumes,” it has escaped our notice. The more we pursue the comparison, the less reason we find to exult. Ah, yes! we look at the fribbles in Hogarth's plates, with their muffs, and their rolled stockings, and their curl-papers, and their *ailes de pigeon*; and we thank Heaven that such effeminate contemptible figures are never seen taking the air in our fashionable streets, nor sitting in the dress circle, and weeping over the woes of the *Traviata*.

One thing, however, disturbs our complacency. Putting four of our poets in one scale—say, Byron, Tennyson, Moore, and Scott—they will surely outweigh the little man of Twickenham. For the dozen immortal novels (more or less) of Fielding, Smollett, Johnson, and Goldsmith, we can produce at least a hecatomb; but then the memoirs and correspondences! Have we at this moment, lying in some old manor-house or ducal palace, in paged manuscript, a series of reminiscences or letters equal to the *Remains* of Horace Walpole, or *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, or the *Correspondence* of Swift, and Pope, and Gay, and Arbuthnot? The most zealous stickler for progressive improvement will hardly say that “*The Diary of the Court of George IV.*,” by Lady Bury, or any thing of a later date, is as interesting as those mentioned, or “*The Memoirs of Mrs. Delany*,” or of “*The Rev. Alexander Carlyle*,” or “*Boswell's Johnson*.”

Laying aside this imitation of Plutarch, and requesting our readers to call up before them, as well as cir-

cumstances allow, the laced hats and coats of a hundred and fifty years since, and the capacious wigs, which permitted their wearers to keep the three-cocked hat under the arm when conversing with a lady at her carriage door; also the wits and fashionables meeting to discuss news and literature, at Dick's or Button's coffee-house, and then going home to wife and family, instead of devoting themselves to the unholy barrack life of modern clubs; requesting them to avoid late hours, and thereby escape a pinking or sweating from the Mohawks; we call on Horace Walpole, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Alexander Pope to inform us, how they lived, and loved, and quarrelled, during their little span of existence.

Lady Mary's education, according to her own account, did not cost her father much in the shape of money or solicitude. She was left to the care of an old governess, who, though perfectly good and pious, wanted capacity for her task. She had a large library at her disposal, in which, as may be supposed, were to be found, along with classic and scientific books, the nasty plays of Dryden, Killigrew, D'Avenant, Shadwell, and Aphra Behn, and the heavy, but harmless fictions of Mme. de Scudery, Mons. de Scudery, Honoré D'Urfé and others, rejoicing in the heathen titles of the "Grand Cyrus," "Cassandra," "Oleopatra," "Scipio," "Pharamond," "Astrea," &c., each occupying from one to eight folio volumes, and all *Englished* by *Persons of Honour or Quality*. The effect was what might naturally be expected. She continued an inveterate novel reader to her sixtieth year; but what was scarcely to be expected, she acquired a taste for reading of a solid character. "By the help of an uncommon memory, and indefatigable labour," she obtained a knowledge of Latin, and varied her recreations in heavy fiction with researches in science and philosophy. She submitted a translation of the Latin version of "Epictetus" to Bishop Burnet when she was only nineteen or twenty years of age. The correct and thoughtful tone of the letter that

accompanied it jars somewhat with later effusions in verse and prose:—

"Here is the work of one week of my solitude . . . My only intention in presenting it, is to ask your lordship whether I have understood Epictetus. . . . (She goes on to praise the bishop's exertions for Church and State, for which she expresses a zeal worthy of Mrs. Hannah More). I ought to ask pardon for this digression; it is more proper for me in this place to say something to excuse an address that looks so very presuming. My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagance, while our minds are entirely neglected, and by disuse of reflection, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with."*

In this highly moral strain the letter continues for a couple of pages, concluding with an extract from Erasmus, in the original Latin, in which a solecism or two are carefully marked. Such expressions as "have wrote," "are wrote," continually occur in Lady Mary's letters.

Mr. Wortley Montagu had not been in company with young Mary Pierrepont more than once, until he discovered her superiority in intellect and information to the general run of young ladies of his acquaintance. He had a considerable advantage of her in years, but his manly beauty, extensive knowledge, his earnest attention to herself—more than all, one of these individual preferences so common and so unaccountable—soon secured him a strong affection on her part. A delightfully hypocritical correspondence arose between herself and his sister, Anne Wortley, in which the yet undeclared lovers wrote at each other, and mingled philosophy and sentiment in the most delightful manner.

* "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lady Wortley Montagu."

They were at last obliged to drop the mask, and then the strife began. Like "Alcibiades" in Marmontel's tale, he would be loved for himself alone. She should be influenced neither by appearance nor corporal perfections. It was his spiritual essence on which she was to fix her regard, not the fleshly envelope. She was so annoyed by his exacting humour, that almost every one of her notes ended by declaring that it would be the last. Here is an extract from one of them:—

"I am a little surprised at your curiosity to know what passes in my heart (a thing wholly insignificant to you), except you propose to yourself a piece of ill-natured satisfaction in finding me very much disquieted. Pray, which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it either from my speaking or writing; and suppose I should attempt to show it you, I know no other way. . . . Our aunts and grandmothers tell us that if ever men are constant, 'tis only when they are ill-used. . . . 'Tis a piece of vanity and injustice I never forgive in a woman, to delight to give pain; what must I think of a man who takes pleasure in making me uneasy?"

When Mr. Wortley at last proposed, her father, then Lord Dorchester, was thoroughly satisfied to receive him as son-in-law, on the condition of his settling all his landed property on the son that was sure to be born. Mr. Wortley, more just and thoughtful than many another ardent lover would have been, was resolute not to do so much for a probable idiot or profligate. Lady Mary approved his resolution; and when the old gentleman continued inflexible, she quitted his house, became Lady Mary Wortley, and for the first few years of her wedded life enjoyed little of her husband's society.

Her father continued a widower till his children grew up and were married; but as has been observed, took small care about their education. That, however, did not prevent him from feeling great pride and pleasure in the beauty and accomplishments of Lady Mary.

"As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he of course belonged to the Kit Cat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a

candidate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he: and in the gaiety of the moment, sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking glass. The company consisting of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another; was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and what perhaps pleased her better than either. heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. 'Pleasure,' she said, 'was too poor a word to express her sensations—they amounted to ecstasy. Never again throughout her whole future life did she pass so happy a day.'"

"Harriet Byron" has been carefully and religiously educated by the Mrs. Ellis of her day; has never missed family prayers, nor failed to attend church service; she has never, so to say, been but once out of sight of her family guardians. True, that on that one occasion she ran some risk at the hands of nasty "Sir Hargrave Pollexfen," but how soon was she rescued and consoled by the peerless "Sir Charles!" In the third year of her happy marriage, while she is nursing her little cherub, she is listening to Sir Charles while he reads some scandalous chronicle concerning Lady Mary, or stops short in an attempt to read one of her poems. Lady Harriet half lifts her hands in horror, and nearly lets the little angel drop on the carpet. If she knew as much about the young lady's aids and appliances to intellectual and religious education as we do, she would have made some charitable allowance for the fair offender.

The young ladies of our day can express juster opinions on the merits of our poets and romancists than the corresponding class in 1710, when Lady Mary Montagu was about twenty years of age. From the following extract we may judge whether the earlier or later mode of training was better adapted to fit a young lady for her future station as mistress of a large mansion.

"Lord Dorchester (Lady Mary's A-

ther) having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share. For the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite, that is, urge and tease her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in turn to be operated upon by her, and by her alone. . . . As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them, if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. . . . In order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner an hour or two beforehand."

The Russian peasant woman, when she quitted her hut in the morning for the labours of the day, hung the case containing her child to the bough of a tree; the pupil in a Scotch academy committed to memory the rules of grammar in the Latin tongue without knowing the sense of a single phrase. If the Russian child did not die before his third birthday, nothing was able to put an end to him afterwards but natural decay. If the Kirkaldy student was not visited by idiocy, he became a first-rate classic. The reader may apply the parallel to the young contemporaries of Lady Mary Montagu.

Her father died in 1726, having married some short time before, Lady Belle Bentinck, daughter of King William's favourite, the Earl of Portland. A pleasing trait of the domestic usages of the time was mentioned by Lady Bute, her favourite daughter, many years after her death.

"Her mother was dressing, and she playing about the room, when there entered a venerable stranger (of dignified appearance and still handsome), with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times, upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up from the toilet table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing, a proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal."

The same lady recorded an instance

in her own family, of a custom prevalent in the early part of last century. Her grandfather's widow had to undergo the following trying operation on the death of her husband. The results of a revival of this fashion in 1861 would be curious.

"It behoved her to *see company*; that is, to receive in person the compliments of condolence which every lady on her grace's visiting list was bound to tender in person, and this was the established form. The apartments, the staircase, and all that could be seen of the house, were hung with black cloth; the duchess, closely veiled with crape, sat upright in her state bed, under a high black canopy, and at the foot of the bed stood ranged, like a row of mutes in a tragedy, the grandchildren of the deceased Duke — Lady Frances Pierrepont, Miss Wortley (afterwards Lady Bute), herself, and Lady Gower's daughters. Profound silence reigned; the room had no light but from a single wax taper; and the condoling visitors, who curtsied in and out of it, approached the bed on tiptoe; if relations, all down to the hundredth cousin, in black glove mourning for the occasion."

It was the period of the accession of the House of Hanover. Mr. Wortley was a zealous Whig, and his time and services were needed to strengthen the new dynasty. This and perhaps some incompatibility of temper led to the constant absences quoted. In time Lady Mary and her lord were in great favour at Court; and so highly was her society prized at the *social* evening reunions of the First George, that the heir presumptive, who had at first been subjugated by the charms of her face, her manner, and her conversation, began to regard her with as much coolness as his estimable consort the Princess Caroline.

The silent, awkward, undemonstrative First George was as little communicative to Lady Mary and her husband (though rather high in his favour) on the history of his matrimonial experiences, as he was to the rest of his Court; even though Mr. Wortley was the only Englishman about him who could speak French fluently, and though like all Lady Mary's acquaintance of the male sex, he felt the influence of her beauty and wit, and the charms of her conversation. His two favourites, Mlle. Schulenburg and Mme. Kielmansegg,

Then he said, "My widowed mother
Yields at length to set me free,
And I go to join my brother
In the plains of Lombardy."

Carlo ceased and sighed—I wonder
Sighed he for his mother lone—
There are ties more hard to sunder
Than those wrought of blood and bone.

Then the lady blushed, but fainter
Than the faintest hue of eve;
'Twould defy the brush of painter
To express it, I believe.

And the silence grew oppressive—
Silence neither dared to break—
Ten to one you'll make a mess, if
While your heart is moved, you speak.

But the cousin most discreetly
Intervened, the spell to break—
"Carlo mio, very sweetly
Music sounds upon the lake.

"Sing us, like a worthy fellow,
That canzone that you sing,
Called 'La Rosa e l'Anello,'
About the lady and the ring."

Carlo then the oars uplifting,
Lifted up his voice in song,
While the boat went slowly drifting
At her own sweet will along.

LA ROSA E L'ANELLO.

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

I.

It was a Paladin of old,
And he loved a maiden bright,
Her hair was like the burnished gold,
Her eyes like stars at night.

II.

Twin rubies rich her lips they were,
Her brow the drifted snows,
And on her bosom white she bare
Ever a dark red rose.

III.

On bended knee the Paladin
Takes from the maid the rose,
Going to fight 'gainst Saladin
And all the Paynim foes.

IV.

He gave the maid a golden ring
And kissed it as he gave,
"The rose to thee again I'll bring,
Or bear it to my grave.

a greater scamp does not walk the seventeenth century. A hundred and eighty years after the fellow was thrust into his unknown grave, a Swedish professor lights upon a box of letters in the University Library at Upsala, written by Philip and Dorothea to each other, and telling their miserable story."

As the date of the assassination was 1694, the discovery of the box took place, according to the above statements, in 1874! Homer was asleep when he was engaged at that simple sum in "addition of whole numbers." If the guilt of the poor lady is as certain as Mr. Thackeray the critic would force us to believe, is it possible that a writer of so much research and so well established with the public as Dr. Doran, would so strongly assert her innocence? Our common law assumes innocence till guilt is proved. Just and honourable people are never so exacting with their fellow-creatures as the law allows. In what category are we, then, to class those dissertations in which guilt is assumed when not supported by strong evidence. We certainly should prefer, in such a case as the present, to be wrong with Dr. Doran than right with the Chronicler of the Georges. There is very little harm in fancying a faulty individual innocent; to bear false witness against a neighbour is a breach of the commandment.

It was not among the dearest aspirations of our First George to render his Court attractive by the sway of youth and beauty, and grace and virtue. The once beautiful and gentle Mlle. Schulenburg, on her arrival in London, was very tall and very thin, and of remains of beauty in her face there were none. Madame Kielmansegg, calling herself Countess Platen, is thus unflatteringly mentioned by that prince of high-born male gossips, the architect and owner of Strawberry-Hill:—

"Lady Darlington (*one* of her English titles), whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the Duchess of Kendal (Mlle. Schulenburg) was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large, and rolling beneath two lofty arched eyebrows; two acres of cheeks spread with crimson; an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not dis-

tinguished from the lower part of her body; and no part restrained by stays—no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress."

Horace Walpole thus far handles the "Elephant" with horse-hair gloves; the delicate fingers of Lady Mary Montagu pat her more gently:

"She had a greater vivacity in conversation than ever I knew in a German of either sex. She loved reading, and had a taste for all polite learning. Her humour was easy and sociable—her constitution inclined her to gallantry. She was well-bred and amusing in company. She knew both how to please and be pleased, and had experience enough to know it was hard to do either without money. Her unlimited expenses had left her with very little remaining, and she made what haste she could to take advantage of the opinion the English had of her power with the King, by receiving the presents that were made her from all quarters, and which she knew very well must cease when it was known that the King's idleness carried him to her lodgings without either regard for her advice or affection for her person, which time and very bad paint had left without any of the charms that once attracted him."

Part of the King's evenings were spent in the very unintellectual employment of cutting out paper figures in the same apartment with his two charmers, whom his irreverent son facetiously distinguished by the name of Grocodiles. Mlle. Schulenburg was provided with a book of devotion; Mme. Kielmansegg with knitting apparatus, as she unfortunately fell asleep on one or two occasions, when she endeavoured to appear equally pious with her thin friend. At the precise moment of his promised visit, his familiar Turks, the captives of his bow and spear, entered the room and marched to the table, their faces turned to their master who followed, and their hands grasping the silver candlesticks. George, clad in his snuff-coloured suit, took his seat at the table, and began cutting hooped ladies out of the paper that, with the needful scissors, had been waiting his arrival. One lady seemed to read, the other to knit, and the gentleman clipped, and cut, and fashioned a whole ball-room of beauties, perhaps, before it suggested itself to him to exclaim on a sudden, "Ah! I'm glad to see you;

and the Kielmansegg, too. I am glad to see the Kielmansegg."

This opened the chatty conference, and the Grocodiles did not let the opportunity of doing a little "pigeon" (Chinese, to wit) slip through their hands. One or two or a dozen bribes had been received since the last seance, and appointments and places were asked and obtained for those who were, probably, the least fitted for them that could be found. Each was known to have received £10,000 for forwarding the wishes of the South Sea schemers. Appointments of a less costly character were granted through the mediation of Mustapha and Mahomet. He gave these offices away, in fact, knowing full well that the mercenary harpies about him were in the receipt of bribes for the distribution.

Ireland has suffered some wrongs at the hands of her sister island. The one that touched the hero in the "Falcon Family" in the most sensitive point was the carrying away of Stonehenge from the plains of Tipperary by the unprincipled British Druids. He might have found a much more serious cause of complaint if he had studied the Fasti of the Court of the First of the House of Hanover. Mlle. Schulenburg, that unsound and painted Maypole, was created in succession, "Baroness of Dundalk," "Marchioness of Dunganon," and "Duchess of Munster." Had the Countess of Kildare been enjoying the title of Duchess of Leinster at the period, it may be taken as certain that she would have flung it into the Liffey when the German lady was made her sister in rank. If she was made Duchess of Kendal, there was no great harm done. The English nobility could afford to tolerate one bad subject. The Elephant did not get into such good quarters amongst us; she only arrived to be Countess of Leinster, along with her English rank of Countess of Darlington.

Our young aspirants to civil offices in 1861 have fallen on evil days and difficult examinations. With a round sum of money in the palm of the hand, a candidate in 1720 was asked very easy questions by the two learned Christian ladies and the two unlearned Mahomedan gentlemen. There was no writing from dictation;

no need of a knowledge of the mode of determining the distance of the fixed stars by the parallax; or of the number of senses in which the word "capital" is employed. It is probable that one of these words would only suggest to the mind of the candidate, the laxity of morals and principle that then ruled the court, the camp, the grove.

In all offices about the Court, the living principle was "Catch, who catch can." Even in the lowest—the kitchen—its influence was felt. One dignitary of that region, more conscientious or more unsuccessful than his brothers of the spit, once requested his Sovereign to allow him to return to Hanover, as he feared that, rich as England undoubtedly was, it would soon be laid waste by his unscrupulous fellow-countrymen. However, his considerate master bade him be of good cheer. England was rich enough to stand the ravages of many German invasions. His wisest plan was to return to his duty, secure his share of the common goods, under the invocation of the god Mercury, and be sure to secure a sufficiency for a wet day.

Like most of his countrymen, the King was not insensible to the charms of music. He would occasionally have private concerts, and on these occasions himself rasped away at the big fiddle. It is probable that he was more influenced by fashion than great love or knowledge of the art, or that he took no particular delight in melodious sounds, except such as his own instrument produced. On one occasion he happened to turn over two leaves, and went on steadily, without being sensible of the oversight, or of the discordance between the general swell of harmony and the sounds wrung from his own instrument. The terror that fell on the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Devonshire, and Philip Dormer, the future Lord Chesterfield, as they tortured first fiddle, tenor, and German flute in vain, cannot be described. Their fears were groundless, however: at the conclusion of the concert the King complimented the Duke of Newcastle on the success of the performance.

George the First will scarcely come out victor in the matter of courtly breeding and fascination, if put in comparison with the Merry Monarch,

or our late "First Gentleman in Europe;" yet not finding in his private life at St. James's many things of a more heinous character than the above, we are obliged to acknowledge that he did much less harm to the cause of morality than either of these fascinating Sovereigns. It would be hard to find, however, worse characters than his German favourites, male and female, not omitting French Mons. Robotun and English Mr. Secretary Craggs, and hard to calculate all the damage that followed in their train.

It has been mentioned that Lady Mary Montagu formed one of the select few invited to the evening parties where Mlle. Schulenburg presided. She relates in her journal, that these reunions were intensely stupid. It may be inferred that her presence infused some touches of life and sprightliness through the inert mass. One evening she made her escape on some plausible pretext, very much to the discomfort of the King and Mlle. Schulenburg. On passing out through the hall she met the gilded pimp, Mr. Secretary Craggs, and laughingly boasted of her ruse, and her recovered liberty for the evening.

"Mr. Craggs made no remark; but when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her up stairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully (still not saying a word), and vanished. The pages seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner doors; and, before she had recovered her breath, she found herself again in the King's presence. 'Ah! here she is again!' cried he and the duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. She had not to learn that mystery and caution ever spread their awful wings over the precincts of a court, where nobody knows what dire mischief may ensue from one unlucky syllable blabbed about any thing, or about *nothing*, at a wrong time; but she was bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard.

"So beginning with, 'Oh Lord, sir! I have been so frightened!' she told his Majesty the whole story, exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that

moment arrived it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, and as composed an air as if nothing had happened.

"'How is this, Monsieur Craggs?' said the King, going up to him; 'is it the custom of this country to carry about fair ladies like a sack of wheat?' The minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two, not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, said, with a low bow, 'There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction.'"

The Second George took *some* interest in the weal of his English subjects. His notions on the institution of matrimony were no stricter than his father's; but, unlike him, he was blessed with a wife—a lady of cultivated intellect, a pattern of conjugal affection and duty—to whom he was as tenderly attached as Lady Suffolk and the Duchess of Yarmouth would allow him to be.

He was a short, stout, choleric little gentleman, whom his friend, the Earl of Chesterfield, could never induce to sacrifice to the Graces. He was a rather undutiful and disrespectful son, having a plausible excuse in the treatment of his unfortunate mother. He enjoyed the hereditary pluck of his family; challenged his brother-in-law, the grenadier King of Prussia, to single combat; and was only prevented from rushing on certain death, at the fight of Dettingen, by an order of arrest from his general. His wife, anxious to make her little court as agreeable as possible to her fond, though inconstant little lord, drew together a beautiful and accomplished bevy of maids of honour—the romance-read Mary Lepel, afterwards Lady Hervey; the brilliant Mary Bellenden, future wife of Colonel Argyle; the prim Fanny Meadows, and the unfortunate Miss Sophy Howe. The brave old Duchess of Marlborough, the good-hearted Mrs. Howard, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, were always welcome. Lord Hervey (Pope's "Lord Fanny"), affectedly effeminate, but of undoubted stamina when he chose to use it, stood near the Queen, and looked on with an absent and supercilious air; the Duke of Devonshire launched out into genealogical tattle; the old Dukes of Buckingham and Somerset compared Sir Peter Lely's goddesses, now in dust, with the living beauties be-

A wild, sharp cry of grief and terror
Rings along that chamber wide ;
Every tongue is mute with horror,
Every eye seeks out the bride.

As the marble pale and frigid,
Lips apart, and eyes aglare,
Sits she stupified and rigid,
Like a statue of despair.

Anxious women round her gather,
Lavishing their tenderest care,
And that loving, white-haired father
Kneels beside his daughter's chair.

And her husband. Ah ! what feelings
Rend and shake his soul by turns ?
Closed, cold lips make no revealings
Of the fire within that burns.

Vain all efforts to restore her—
Bear her gently hence : the spell
Of those strange words shall hang o'er her
Evermore, sweet Isabel !

Mute and dark that hall so festal
In the deep'ning shades of night,
Till the moon, in radiance vestal,
Lights it with a ghostly light.

Flask and flagon dimly shimmer,
Flowers their odours vainly shed ;
Glass, and gold, and silver glimmer,
Like a banquet for the dead.

And through that long night of sorrow
There be watchers bowed in grief,
Waiting prayerful for the morrow
That shall bring them no relief.

Toll—toll—toll !
Slowly peals the passing bell,
With long pause between each knell.

Toll—toll—toll !
Now passeth a human soul
From its tenement of clay
From the night into the day
Passing away.

As the sound floats through the air
Bow the knee, the forehead bare,
Utter low the solemn prayer
Kyrie elieson.
Christe elieson.
Kyrie elieson.

Toll—toll—toll !
All through that dreary night.
Toll—toll—toll !
Till the first cold gleam of light.
But when the night passed into day
Then ceased the passing bell,
And we knew that from earth had passed away
The soul of Isabel.

I've smoked at least two boxes of cheroots
At various seasons, seeking to make out
That riddle, but my smoking bore no fruit
Save smoke and ashes, and I find my doubt
Will not be cleared by clouds—alas ! it boots
But little now, since those who cared about
The mystery have passed away from here
Into that place where mysteries are clear.

What hidden meaning had the minstrel's words,
And who was he that sang them ? Did the grave
Give back the dead one, slain by Austrian swords ?
Or was the tale untrue ? Did fortune save
His life for sorrow such as Fate accords
But once in man's existence ? Did he brave
Chains, dungeons, death—to stake upon one cast
More than his life—to throw and lose at last ?

Was there some plighted vow between the two,
A marriage of God's making, not of man's—
A knot of love that laws can ne'er undo,
Potent, howe'er the priest forbid the bans—
That gave him right to claim, as lover true,
His spouse, although her form another spans
With arms of church and law permitting love ?
Alas ! none know, save they and God above.

No traces of the minstrel could be found,
Except that Farmer Dibble's daughter said
She saw that evening, seated on the ground,
A strange, outlandish man ; and on his head
He wore a steeple hat, with ribbons bound ;
And a black velvet jacket trimmed with braid ;
And by his side she saw, upon the grass,
A box of polished wood, inlaid with brass.

And when he saw the little girl he sprung
Upon his feet in haste, and like a sack
The heavy box upon his back he swung ;
Then striking quick into a forest track,
He soon was lost to sight the woods among,
And never more was seen. The girl came back
And told her father ; and I heard the tale
One evening from him o'er a pot of ale.

And Farmer Dibble said that he'd be dang'd,
If he'd a ketched that Frencher with his box,
He'd send un to th' assizes to be hanged,
Or lay un by the heels in parish stocks.
And then, with free-born British fist, he banged
The ale-house table with emphatic knocks,
And swore he'd do it, so he would, by George !
A statement lauded by his friends at large.

Sir Arthur left the country—let The Chase—
And lives in Paris, where I saw him lately ;
Grown rather fat and ruddy in the face,
(He's lost that English air so grand and stately.)
I rather think he lives at a fast pace,
Gambles and drinks. In fine, he's altered greatly
From what he was when first I knew him well,
Ere his wife died. I have no more to tell.

AT ST. JAMES'S ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IF comparisons were not so proverbially odious, we should be, in this place, tempted to draw certain parallels between the notable people of the first half of the eighteenth, and the people of the first half of the nineteenth century, not omitting the well-being of the lower and middle classes, and the morality of the lower, middle, and higher classes. If we attempted to fill so large a canvas, however, there would be but a very confined space left for our chief design—the introduction of a few social sketches of the courts of the first two of our Hanoverian monarchs.

We have a well-grounded hope that the influence of the spirit of Christianity is stronger amongst the people of this generation than it was among the subscribers to the earlier volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, notwithstanding the existence amongst us of a section openly avowing infidelity—a development of evil not contemplated by Addison or Steele. The boisterous and cruel sports of which Hogarth was the frequent witness would not be tolerated in our days. If a play that passed unreprieved by pit or gallery when Congreve wrote for the stage, were put before a modern audience (East-London penny-gaffs excepted), the house would be cleared, and the benches probably torn up before the drop-scene fell on the third act. The worst poem of Pope, or Gay, or Prior (morally speaking), or the most indecent novel of their era, could be easily matched in this nineteenth century; but every one—lady and gentleman, shopkeeper, and Mrs. and Miss Shopkeeper, of the good old time, held the book open before him or her, on drawing room or parlour table, or shop counter, at the approach of company. Think of a living young lady of Belgrave or Merrion square, being found, by morning visitors, ladies or gentlemen, with the poem of ———, or the romance of ———, within seven rooms of her!

But the Roman General, exulting in his triumphal car, still found himself encumbered and mortified by the neighbourhood of the slave.

We recollect the millions of tons of cheap and nasty drugged literature, swallowed weekly by the dwellers in our garrets and cellars, little shops, and wayside cabins, and cease our boasting. Our women have resumed the ungraceful sacques and hoops of the days of the *Spectator*; they are not, indeed, so liberal in exhibiting shoulder or breast as the “Mrs. Sullen” or “Dorinda” of Farquhar; but if a head-dress more expressive of effrontery than that patronized by many of our belles, can be found among “Planche's Ancient British Costumes,” it has escaped our notice. The more we pursue the comparison, the less reason we find to exult. Ah, yes! we look at the fribbles in Hogarth's plates, with their muffs, and their rolled stockings, and their curl-papers, and their *ailles de pigeon*: and we thank Heaven that such effeminate contemptible figures are never seen taking the air in our fashionable streets, nor sitting in the dress circle, and weeping over the woes of the *Traviata*.

One thing, however, disturbs our complacency. Putting four of our poets in one scale—say, Byron, Tennyson, Moore, and Scott—they will surely outweigh the little man of Twickenham. For the dozen immortal novels (more or less) of Fielding, Smollett, Johnson, and Goldsmith, we can produce at least a hecatomb; but then the memoirs and correspondences! Have we at this moment, lying in some old manor-house or ducal palace, in paged manuscript, a series of reminiscences or letters equal to the *Remains* of Horace Walpole, or *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, or the *Correspondence* of Swift, and Pope, and Gay, and Arbuthnot? The most zealous stickler for progressive improvement will hardly say that “*The Diary of the Court of George IV.*,” by Lady Bury, or any thing of a later date, is as interesting as those mentioned, or “*The Memoirs of Mrs. Delany*,” or of “*The Rev. Alexander Carlyle*,” or “*Boswell's Johnson*.”

Laying aside this imitation of Plutarch, and requesting our readers to call up before them, as well as cir-

cumstances allow, the laced hats and coats of a hundred and fifty years since, and the capacious wigs, which permitted their wearers to keep the three-cocked hat under the arm when conversing with a lady at her carriage door; also the wits and fashionables meeting to discuss news and literature, at Dick's or Button's coffee-house, and then going home to wife and family, instead of devoting themselves to the unholy barrack life of modern clubs; requesting them to avoid late hours, and thereby escape a pinking or sweating from the Mohawks; we call on Horace Walpole, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Alexander Pope to inform us, how they lived, and loved, and quarrelled, during their little span of existence.

Lady Mary's education, according to her own account, did not cost her father much in the shape of money or solicitude. She was left to the care of an old governess, who, though perfectly good and pious, wanted capacity for her task. She had a large library at her disposal, in which, as may be supposed, were to be found, along with classic and scientific books, the nasty plays of Dryden, Killigrew, D'Avenant, Shadwell, and Aphra Behn, and the heavy, but harmless fictions of Mme. de Scudery, Mons. de Scudery, Honoré D'Urfé and others, rejoicing in the heathen titles of the "Grand Cyrus," "Cassandra," "Cleopatra," "Scipio," "Pharamond," "Astrea," &c., each occupying from one to eight folio volumes, and all *Englished* by *Persons of Honour or Quality*. The effect was what might naturally be expected. She continued an inveterate novel reader to her sixtieth year; but what was scarcely to be expected, she acquired a taste for reading of a solid character. "By the help of an uncommon memory, and indefatigable labour," she obtained a knowledge of Latin, and varied her recreations in heavy fiction with researches in science and philosophy. She submitted a translation of the Latin version of "Epictetus" to Bishop Burnet when she was only nineteen or twenty years of age. The correct and thoughtful tone of the letter that

accompanied it jars somewhat with later effusions in verse and prose:—

"Here is the work of one week of my solitude . . . My only intention in presenting it, is to ask your lordship whether I have understood Epictetus. . . . (She goes on to praise the bishop's exertions for Church and State, for which she expresses a zeal worthy of Mrs. Hannah More). I ought to ask pardon for this digression; it is more proper for me in this place to say something to excuse an address that looks so very presuming. My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagance, while our minds are entirely neglected, and by disuse of reflection, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with."*

In this highly moral strain the letter continues for a couple of pages, concluding with an extract from Erasmus, in the original Latin, in which a solecism or two are carefully marked. Such expressions as "have wrote," "are wrote," continually occur in Lady Mary's letters.

Mr. Wortley Montagu had not been in company with young Mary Pierrepont more than once, until he discovered her superiority in intellect and information to the general run of young ladies of his acquaintance. He had a considerable advantage of her in years, but his manly beauty, extensive knowledge, his earnest attention to herself—more than all, one of these individual preferences so common and so unaccountable—soon secured him a strong affection on her part. A delightfully hypocritical correspondence arose between herself and his sister, Anne Wortley, in which the yet undeclared lovers wrote at each other, and mingled philosophy and sentiment in the most delightful manner.

They were at last obliged to drop the mask, and then the strife began. Like "Alcibiades" in Marmontel's tale, he would be loved for himself alone. She should be influenced neither by appearance nor corporal perfections. It was his spiritual essence on which she was to fix her regard, not the fleshly envelope. She was so annoyed by his exacting humour, that almost every one of her notes ended by declaring that it would be the last. Here is an extract from one of them:—

"I am a little surprised at your curiosity to know what passes in my heart (a thing wholly insignificant to you), except you propose to yourself a piece of ill-natured satisfaction in finding me very much disquieted. Pray, which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it either from my speaking or writing; and suppose I should attempt to show it you, I know no other way. . . . Our aunts and grandmothers tell us that if ever men are constant, 'tis only when they are ill-used. . . . 'Tis a piece of vanity and injustice I never forgive in a woman, to delight to give pain; what must I think of a man who takes pleasure in making me uneasy?"

When Mr. Wortley at last proposed, her father, then Lord Dorchester, was thoroughly satisfied to receive him as son-in-law, on the condition of his settling all his landed property on the son that was sure to be born. Mr. Wortley, more just and thoughtful than many another ardent lover would have been, was resolute not to do so much for a probable idiot or profligate. Lady Mary approved his resolution; and when the old gentleman continued inflexible, she quitted his house, became Lady Mary Wortley, and for the first few years of her wedded life enjoyed little of her husband's society.

Her father continued a widower till his children grew up and were married; but as has been observed, took small care about their education. That, however, did not prevent him from feeling great pride and pleasure in the beauty and accomplishments of Lady Mary.

"As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he of course belonged to the Kit Cat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a

candidate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he: and in the gaiety of the moment, sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking glass. The company consisting of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another; was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and what perhaps pleased her better than either. heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. 'Pleasure,' she said, 'was too poor a word to express her sensations—they amounted to ecstasy. Never again throughout her whole future life did she pass so happy a day.'"

"Harriet Byron" has been carefully and religiously educated by the Mrs. Ellis of her day; has never missed family prayers, nor failed to attend church service; she has never, so to say, been but once out of sight of her family guardians. True, that on that one occasion she ran some risk at the hands of nasty "Sir Hargrave Pollexfen," but how soon was she rescued and consoled by the peerless "Sir Charles!" In the third year of her happy marriage, while she is nursing her little cherub, she is listening to Sir Charles while he reads some scandalous chronicle concerning Lady Mary, or stops short in an attempt to read one of her poems. Lady Harriet half lifts her hands in horror, and nearly lets the little angel drop on the carpet. If she knew as much about the young lady's aids and appliances to intellectual and religious education as we do, she would have made some charitable allowance for the fair offender.

The young ladies of our day can express juster opinions on the merits of our poets and romancists than the corresponding class in 1710, when Lady Mary Montagu was about twenty years of age. From the following extract we may judge whether the earlier or later mode of training was better adapted to fit a young lady for her future station as mistress of a large mansion.

"Lord Dorchester (Lady Mary's A-

ther) having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share. For the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite, that is, urge and tease her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in turn to be operated upon by her, and by her alone. . . . As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them, if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. . . . In order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner an hour or two beforehand."

The Russian peasant woman, when she quitted her hut in the morning for the labours of the day, hung the case containing her child to the bough of a tree; the pupil in a Scotch academy committed to memory the rules of grammar in the Latin tongue without knowing the sense of a single phrase. If the Russian child did not die before his third birthday, nothing was able to put an end to him afterwards but natural decay. If the Kirkaldy student was not visited by idiocy, he became a first-rate classic. The reader may apply the parallel to the young contemporaries of Lady Mary Montagu.

Her father died in 1726, having married some short time before, Lady Belle Bentinck, daughter of King William's favourite, the Earl of Portland. A pleasing trait of the domestic usages of the time was mentioned by Lady Bute, her favourite daughter, many years after her death.

"Her mother was dressing, and she playing about the room, when there entered a venerable stranger (of dignified appearance and still handsome), with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times, upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up from the toilet table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing, a proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal."

The same lady recorded an instance

in her own family, of a custom prevalent in the early part of last century. Her grandfather's widow had to undergo the following trying operation on the death of her husband. The results of a revival of this fashion in 1861 would be curious.

"It behoved her to *see company*; that is, to receive in person the compliments of condolence which every lady on her grace's visiting list was bound to tender in person, and this was the established form. The apartments, the staircase, and all that could be seen of the house, were hung with black cloth; the duchess, closely veiled with crape, sat upright in her state bed, under a high black canopy, and at the foot of the bed stood ranged, like a row of mutes in a tragedy, the grandchildren of the deceased Duke — Lady Frances Pierrepont, Miss Wortley (afterwards Lady Bute), herself, and Lady Gower's daughters. Profound silence reigned; the room had no light but from a single wax taper; and the condoling visitors, who curtsied in and out of it, approached the bed on tiptoe; if relations, all down to the hundredth cousin, in black glove mourning for the occasion."

It was the period of the accession of the House of Hanover. Mr. Wortley was a zealous Whig, and his time and services were needed to strengthen the new dynasty. This and perhaps some incompatibility of temper led to the constant absences quoted. In time Lady Mary and her lord were in great favour at Court; and so highly was her society prized at the *social* evening reunions of the First George, that the heir presumptive, who had at first been subjugated by the charms of her face, her manner, and her conversation, began to regard her with as much coolness as his estimable consort the Princess Caroline.

The silent, awkward, undemonstrative First George was as little communicative to Lady Mary and her husband (though rather high in his favour) on the history of his matrimonial experiences, as he was to the rest of his Court; even though Mr. Wortley was the only Englishman about him who could speak French fluently, and though like all Lady Mary's acquaintance of the male sex, he felt the influence of her beauty and wit, and the charms of her conversation. His two favourites, Mlle. Schulenburg and Mme. Kielmansegg,

communicated just as little of their antecedents, on which, as well as on those of the King, it is therefore necessary to say a few words in this place.

Elizabeth, daughter of our first James, was married to the Elector of Bohemia. Their daughter Sophia became the wife of Ernest Augustus, Duke of Hanover and Bishop of Osnabrück, and bore to him George Louis, the future George I. of England. The Bishop of Osnabrück was bishop only in name. He was honoured in time with the title of Elector, and gave to Mme. Platen that place in his intimate affections that properly belonged to his wife Sophia, who, in consequence, was forced to console herself with a course of learned studies, in which she was assisted by the learned Leibnitz. Both father and son distinguished themselves in several campaigns against the Turks and others. George Louis was wedded to his first-cousin Sophia Dorothea, of Zell; and, following the example of his father, he neglected her for the fascinating Mlle. Schulenburg. Recriminations were not wanting, and the offended wife fled to her father's castle. She was obliged to return, and dree her weird—an unhappy one enough. Philip Königsmark—the libertine brother of the still greater libertine, Charles John—held a post in the little Court at this time. He and the princess had been acquainted from an early age; and intermingled with his journeys to the luxurious Court of Saxony and other expeditions, were conferences with the young princess on her wrongs and arrangements for her escape, under his protection, to the court of her father or elsewhere. It is related that her enemy, the Countess Platen, got delivered to him a note purporting to be an invitation from the princess to pay her a visit. On his presenting himself the note was disowned by her, but she imprudently allowed him to delay some time that they might arrange the plan of escape. Meantime the Countess Platen had procured an order for the arrest of the Count, and as he was making his way out of the castle he was attacked by the four men to whom it had been intrusted. He was slain in the scuffle, and his remorseless enemy, the Countess, trampled on his bleeding face as

he was on the point of expiring. The Elector was horrified on hearing of the death of the Count. The body was either burned or thrown into a pit with quick-lime, and the slayers, who had not been aware of the name or quality of their victim, were easily induced to observe profound silence on the transaction.

This occurred in 1694. Sophia Dorothea was conveyed to the castle of Zell, about a score miles from Hanover, and there endured a solitary life of thirty-two years. Her husband obtained the crown of England in 1714, and the only other dry chip of German information we will quote is, that his sister Sophia became wife of Frederick William of Prussia (one of Thomas Carlyle's idols) and mother of Frederick the Great. The Countess Platen gave up to the King her own daughter, the Countess Kielmansegg, and this lady and her companion, Mlle. Schulenburg, attended or followed their protector to the coast of Britain.

In 1845 were published the memoirs and correspondence of Sophia Dorothea, a journal kept by herself while in confinement, and a circumstantial account of her married life by her faithful attendant, Mlle. Knesebeck. The writer, evidently a lady, would not allow any blame whatever to fall on the Princess, except the indiscretion of acquainting Königsmark with her grievances, but called the Crown Prince and the ladies quoted, the worst names she could remember. Dr. Doran, a keen and satirical writer enough, also acquits the poor Princess, and thereupon he is rated by the author of the "Four Georges" for his easiness of belief:—

"I confess I am astounded at the verdict which that writer has delivered, and at his acquittal of this most unfortunate lady. That she had a cold, selfish libertine of a husband no one can doubt; but that the bad husband had a bad wife is equally clear. She was married to her cousin for money or convenience as all princesses were married. She was most beautiful, lively, witty, and accomplished; his brutality outraged her; his silence and coldness chilled her; his cruelty insulted her. No wonder she did not love him. How could love be part of a compact such as that? With this unlucky heart to dispose of, the poor creature bestowed it on Count Philip of Königsmark, then whom

a greater scamp does not walk the seventeenth century. A hundred and eighty years after the fellow was thrust into his unknown grave, a Swedish professor lights upon a box of letters in the University Library at Upsala, written by Philip and Dorothea to each other, and telling their miserable story."

As the date of the assassination was 1694, the discovery of the box took place, according to the above statements, in 1874! Homer was asleep when he was engaged at that simple sum in "addition of whole numbers." If the guilt of the poor lady is as certain as Mr. Thackeray the critic would force us to believe, is it possible that a writer of so much research and so well established with the public as Dr. Doran, would so strongly assert her innocence? Our common law assumes innocence till guilt is proved. Just and honourable people are never so exacting with their fellow-creatures as the law allows. In what category are we, then, to class those dissertations in which guilt is assumed when not supported by strong evidence. We certainly should prefer, in such a case as the present, to be wrong with Dr. Doran than right with the *Chronicle* of the Georges. There is very little harm in fancying a faulty individual innocent; to bear false witness against a neighbour is a breach of the commandment.

It was not among the dearest aspirations of our First George to render his Court attractive by the sway of youth and beauty, and grace and virtue. The once beautiful and gentle Mlle. Schulenburg, on her arrival in London, was very tall and very thin, and of remains of beauty in her face there were none. Madame Kielmansegg, calling herself Countess Platen, is thus unflatteringly mentioned by that prince of high-born male gossips, the architect and owner of Strawberry-Hill:—

"Lady Darlington (*one* of her English titles), whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the Duchess of Kendal (Mlle. Schulenburg) was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large, and rolling beneath two lofty arched eyebrows; two acres of cheeks spread with crimson; an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not dis-

tinguished from the lower part of her body; and no part restrained by stays—no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress."

Horace Walpole thus far handles the "Elephant" with horse-hair gloves; the delicate fingers of Lady Mary Montagu pat her more gently:

"She had a greater vivacity in conversation than ever I knew in a German of either sex. She loved reading, and had a taste for all polite learning. Her humour was easy and sociable—her constitution inclined her to gallantry. She was well-bred and amusing in company. She knew both how to please and be pleased, and had experience enough to know it was hard to do either without money. Her unlimited expenses had left her with very little remaining, and she made what haste she could to take advantage of the opinion the English had of her power with the King, by receiving the presents that were made her from all quarters, and which she knew very well must cease when it was known that the King's idleness carried him to her lodgings without either regard for her advice or affection for her person, which time and very bad paint had left without any of the charms that once attracted him."

Part of the King's evenings were spent in the very unintellectual employment of cutting out paper figures in the same apartment with his two charmers, whom his irreverent son facetiously distinguished by the name of Grocodiles. Mlle. Schulenburg was provided with a book of devotion; Mme. Kielmansegg with knitting apparatus, as she unfortunately fell asleep on one or two occasions, when she endeavoured to appear equally pious with her thin friend. At the precise moment of his promised visit, his familiar Turks, the captives of his bow and spear, entered the room and marched to the table, their faces turned to their master who followed, and their hands grasping the silver candlesticks. George, clad in his snuff-coloured suit, took his seat at the table, and began cutting hooped ladies out of the paper that, with the needful scissors, had been waiting his arrival. One lady seemed to read, the other to knit, and the gentleman clipped, and cut, and fashioned a whole ball-room of beauties, perhaps, before it suggested itself to him to exclaim on a sudden, "Ah! I'm glad to see you;

and the Kielmansegg, too. I am glad to see the Kielmansegg."

This opened the chatty conference, and the Grocodiles did not let the opportunity of doing a little "pigeon" (Chinese, to wit) slip through their hands. One or two or a dozen bribes had been received since the last seance, and appointments and places were asked and obtained for those who were, probably, the least fitted for them that could be found. Each was known to have received £10,000 for forwarding the wishes of the South Sea schemers. Appointments of a less costly character were granted through the mediation of Mustapha and Mahomet. He gave these offices away, in fact, knowing full well that the mercenary harpies about him were in the receipt of bribes for the distribution.

Ireland has suffered some wrongs at the hands of her sister island. The one that touched the hero in the "Falcon Family" in the most sensitive point was the carrying away of Stonehenge from the plains of Tipperary by the unprincipled British Druids. He might have found a much more serious cause of complaint if he had studied the Fasti of the Court of the First of the House of Hanover. Mlle. Schulenburg, that unsound and painted Maypole, was created in succession, "Baroness of Dundalk," "Marchioness of Dunganon," and "Duchess of Munster." Had the Countess of Kildare been enjoying the title of Duchess of Leinster at the period, it may be taken as certain that she would have flung it into the Liffey when the German lady was made her sister in rank. If she was made Duchess of Kendal, there was no great harm done. The English nobility could afford to tolerate one bad subject. The Elephant did not get into such good quarters amongst us; she only arrived to be Countess of Leinster, along with her English rank of Countess of Darlington.

Our young aspirants to civil offices in 1861 have fallen on evil days and difficult examinations. With a round sum of money in the palm of the hand, a candidate in 1720 was asked very easy questions by the two learned Christian ladies and the two unlearned Mahomedan gentlemen. There was no writing from dictation;

no need of a knowledge of the mode of determining the distance of the fixed stars by the parallax; or of the number of senses in which the word "capital" is employed. It is probable that one of these words would only suggest to the mind of the candidate, the laxity of morals and principle that then ruled the court, the camp, the grove.

In all offices about the Court, the living principle was "Catch, who catch can." Even in the lowest—the kitchen—its influence was felt. One dignitary of that region, more conscientious or more unsuccessful than his brothers of the spit, once requested his Sovereign to allow him to return to Hanover, as he feared that, rich as England undoubtedly was, it would soon be laid waste by his unscrupulous fellow-countrymen. However, his considerate master bade him be of good cheer. England was rich enough to stand the ravages of many German invasions. His wisest plan was to return to his duty, secure his share of the common goods, under the invocation of the god Mercury, and be sure to secure a sufficiency for a wet day.

Like most of his countrymen, the King was not insensible to the charms of music. He would occasionally have private concerts, and on these occasions himself rasped away at the big fiddle. It is probable that he was more influenced by fashion than great love or knowledge of the art, or that he took no particular delight in melodious sounds, except such as his own instrument produced. On one occasion he happened to turn over two leaves, and went on steadily, without being sensible of the oversight, or of the discordance between the general swell of harmony and the sounds wrung from his own instrument. The terror that fell on the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Devonshire, and Philip Dormer, the future Lord Chesterfield, as they tut-tured first fiddle, tenor, and German flute in vain, cannot be described. Their fears were groundless, however: at the conclusion of the concert the King complimented the Duke of Newcastle on the success of the performance.

George the First will scarcely come out victor in the matter of courtly breeding and fascination, if put in comparison with the Merry Monarch,

or our late "First Gentleman in Europe;" yet not finding in his private life at St. James's many things of a more heinous character than the above, we are obliged to acknowledge that he did much less harm to the cause of morality than either of these fascinating Sovereigns. It would be hard to find, however, worse characters than his German favourites, male and female, not omitting French Mons. Robotun and English Mr. Secretary Craggs, and hard to calculate all the damage that followed in their train.

It has been mentioned that Lady Mary Montagu formed one of the select few invited to the evening parties where Mlle. Schulenburg presided. She relates in her journal, that these reunions were intensely stupid. It may be inferred that her presence infused some touches of life and sprightliness through the inert mass. One evening she made her escape on some plausible pretext, very much to the discomfort of the King and Mlle. Schulenburg. On passing out through the hall she met the gilded pimp, Mr. Secretary Craggs, and laughingly boasted of her ruse, and her recovered liberty for the evening.

"Mr. Craggs made no remark; but when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her up stairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully (still not saying a word), and vanished. The pages seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner doors; and, before she had recovered her breath, she found herself again in the King's presence. 'Ah! here she is again!' cried he and the duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. She had not to learn that mystery and caution ever spread their awful wings over the precincts of a court, where nobody knows what dire mischief may ensue from one unlucky syllable blabbed about any thing, or about *nothing*, at a wrong time; but she was bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard.

"So beginning with, 'Oh Lord, sir! I have been so frightened!' she told his Majesty the whole story, exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that

moment arrived it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, and as composed an air as if nothing had happened.

"'How is this, Monsieur Craggs?' said the King, going up to him; 'is it the custom of this country to carry about fair ladies like a sack of wheat?' The minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two, not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, said, with a low bow, 'There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction.'"

The Second George took *some* interest in the weal of his English subjects. His notions on the institution of matrimony were no stricter than his father's; but, unlike him, he was blessed with a wife—a lady of cultivated intellect, a pattern of conjugal affection and duty—to whom he was as tenderly attached as Lady Suffolk and the Duchess of Yarmouth would allow him to be.

He was a short, stout, choleric little gentleman, whom his friend, the Earl of Chesterfield, could never induce to sacrifice to the Graces. He was a rather undutiful and disrespectful son, having a plausible excuse in the treatment of his unfortunate mother. He enjoyed the hereditary pluck of his family; challenged his brother-in-law, the grenadier King of Prussia, to single combat; and was only prevented from rushing on certain death, at the fight of Dettingen, by an order of arrest from his general. His wife, anxious to make her little court as agreeable as possible to her fond, though inconstant little lord, drew together a beautiful and accomplished bevy of maids of honour—the romance-read Mary Lepel, afterwards Lady Hervey; the brilliant Mary Bellenden, future wife of Colonel Argyle; the prim Fanny Meadows, and the unfortunate Miss Sophy Howe. The brave old Duchess of Marlborough, the good-hearted Mrs. Howard, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, were always welcome. Lord Hervey (Pope's "Lord Fanny"), affectedly effeminate, but of undoubted stamina when he chose to use it, stood near the Queen, and looked on with an absent and supercilious air; the Duke of Devonshire launched out into genealogical tattle; the old Dukes of Buckingham and Somerset compared Sir Peter Lely's goddesses, now in dust, with the living beauties be-

fore them; Philip Dormer exhibited his coxcombry and polite manners; the Earl of Peterborough, in the intervals of his Quixotic expeditions, showed his tall figure and meagre face; and the profligate Duke of Wharton put a temporary curb on his licentious speech and gestures. The gracious royal mistress discussed philosophy or the *belles lettres* with those in her immediate neighbourhood, or, perhaps, caused her gentle laureate, Stephen Duck, to recite some of his milk-and-water compositions.

Before his father banished Prince George and his delightful little court from St. James's to Richmond or elsewhere, his self-gratulation may be easily conceived, as conversing with Stanhope or some other, he would enlarge on the beauties gathered round his queen, and in his German-English pour out his hatred and contempt on the "antederluvian grocodiles, der Schulenburg and der Kielmansegg."*

The Duchess of Marlborough, who occasionally visited the Court, took little pains to conceal her disapproval of the proceedings of this or that lady, but she never had a disagreement with Lady Mary.

Probably, such powers of conversational sparring as Lady Mary exhibited in a conversation with Lady Rich, when the latter, though old and with beauty much faded, still wished to pass off as the possessor of youth and beauty, might have had some effect:—

"The Master of the Rolls happened to be mentioned—the same old Sir Joseph Jekyll, 'who never changed his principles nor wig,' and who had held the office so long that he was identified with it in every one's mind. 'Pray, who is Master of the Rolls?' asked Lady Rich, in an innocent tone. 'Sir Humphrey Monnoux,' answered Lady Mary, naming off-hand the most unlikely person she could think of. The company

laughed, and the lady looked disconcerted; but not daring to betray her better knowledge by disputing the fact, went on in desperation to be more simple still. 'Well, I am vastly ashamed of being so prodigiously ignorant. I dare say I ask a mighty silly question; but pray now, what is it to be Master of the Rolls? What does he do?' 'Why, madam, he superintends all the French rolls that are baked in London; and without him you would have no bread and butter for your breakfast.' Lady Rich coloured, flirted her fan, and professed herself unable to cope with Lady Mary's wit—'*she had no wit.*' 'Nay, but look you, my dear madam! It is a fine thing to continue always fifteen—that everybody must approve of; it is quite fair; but indeed, indeed, one need not be five years old.'"

Whether out of dread of Lady Mary's powers of sarcasm or from a genuine liking, the imperious duchess was always on agreeable and friendly terms with her, and made a pet of her daughter, the future Lady Bute. However clever she was in political and business calculations, she was ignorant of the ordinary rules of arithmetic. Her young favourite frequently sat by her side while she was working out some numerical problem in a species of hieroglyphics, her own invention. The result of her scratchings was always found correct.

Lady Louisa Stuart, from whose *Anecdotes* (1837) the above are taken, enlarges on the frankness and openness of speech of the duchess, partly attributing it to her confidence in the correctness of her conduct on all occasions of her past life. However valiant and victorious her husband might have been, and however skillfully he had sold the Pretender to George and George to the Pretender, he was her loving and humble slave. The praises of her beautiful hair were seldom absent from his discourse, and consequently she paid it the more attention. One fatal day he was disobedient to her sovereign will, and

* The late Mr. Pyne mentions in his delightful book of Eighteenth-century gossip, "*Wine and Walnuts*," a conversation between the King and a favourite German general, whose everlasting theme was the bravery of his English subjects. (George *loquitur*.) "But, mein general, dere is von ting dat de Briton is afraid of." "Your Majesty is under von mistake: der Englishman is not afraid of noting at all." "But I tell you dat he is; and if you keep it ein great secret, I vill tell you." "Most honoured, your Majesty." "Den you vill never tell it to no one at all." "I vill not, your Majesty." "Come closer, den, for fear of any von hearing it—der Englishman is afraid of him's wife." (Quoted from memory.)

the cursing prophet was not more astonished at the voice of his ass than Lady Mary at her lord's sudden restiveness. What was to be done? She would punish him as never rebellious husband had been punished in ancient or modern times. She left the room, unrelentingly shore off her lovely chevelure, and left it on a table in the ante-room, through which he must needs shortly pass. Oh, woe! oh, useless sacrifice! On their next interview, he neither mentioned the lost honours of her head, nor seemed to find any thing unusual in her appearance. On paying a visit to her mirror, and on the morning of the next day, and the morning of every following day, she had time and opportunity to repent of her rashness. Some time after the death of the duke, "she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet where he kept whatever he held most precious." She often repeated the occurrence, and at this point of the story she could never refrain from bursting into tears.

"The most vindictive highland chief never had so many feuds, but her deadliest, unlike his, were always in the bosom of her clan. (We still quote Lady Louisa Stuart.) To begin with her daughters: she was not on speaking terms with Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, and Mary Duchess of Montagu. . . . Between herself and Charles, second son of another daughter, Lady Sunderland, a rupture arose about money, that mainspring of almost all family quarrels. She laid claim to a portion of her late husband's personal estate, and the affair could only be settled by an amicable suit; but for a suit with her to go on amicably was a thing about as likely as for an oil shop set on fire to be slow in burning. She amused the world by pleading her own cause in the Court of Chancery. Among the property was the famous diamond-hilted sword. 'That sword,' said she to the court, emphatically, 'that sword *my* lord would have carried to the gates of Paris. Am I to live to see the diamonds picked off, one by one, and lodged at the pawnbroker's?'"

Among the throng frequenting the Court, we find little mention of the great poet of the age. His religion and insignificant figure forbade his shining there, though he might occasionally get a petting from the maids of honour, and though any new piece

of his was always sure of a favourable reception from king and queen. This is his own ludicrous presentment of himself, but any observations on the same subject from any of his numerous unfriends were far from acceptable.

"Dick Distich we have elected president, not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of his stature as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough: he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs. A spider is no ill emblem of him. He has been taken, at a distance, for a small windmill."

Pope might occasionally take the liberty of jesting on his own shortcomings, but no sensitive plant would sooner recognise an unfriendly touch. This can be little surprising to any one who reflects on the large and comprehensive intellect and the exquisite poetic temperament with which the soul that lodged in that weakly decrepit body was gifted. He could not be indifferent to the fascination of a gifted mind seated in a beautiful form; and lo! he became a willing slave to the paragon of beauty and talent, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. This did not prevent him from idolizing the charming maid of honour in chief, Mary Lepel, afterwards Lady Hervey; but he got more in kind words, and praises, and sweet smiles from Lady Mary, and complimentary verses were exchanged. The people of genius of that era considered themselves entitled to address each other in very warm terms, and keep up correspondence which the loose-spoken but radically virtuous wife would not take the trouble of removing from her open writing-desk till her husband inspected it, and perhaps disturbed her complacency by pointing out some blunders in orthography and figures of speech. We hear not much of their mutual compliments till after the departure of Mr. Wortley and his lady to Constantinople: then, arrived at the City of the Sultan, such extravagantly amorous epistles from the poor little martyr at Twickenham, as would make Mr. Wortley, if he had been a disciple of Mahomet, resort to the sack or bowstring. But good, easy,

confident man, he contented himself with criticising the style and docketing the epistles, as if they were law-papers. When they were returning, Pope zealously requested permission to meet them in Italy, and they continued on good terms with each other for some time after their arrival in London; then a sudden or gradual estrangement took place.

Mutual recriminations were not wanting. The lady could complain of his calling her by the name of that Lesbian woman equally distinguished by cultivation of poetry and neglect of domestic virtues—Sappho, in fact, “not to put too fine a point on it.” He could justly accuse her of equal grossness and injustice, in her verses addressed to the imitator of the first Satire in the second book of Horace (now known to be the joint production of herself and Lord Hervey). She might choose to trace the calumnies concerning her visit to the seraglio to his gratuitous invention. Lady Mary’s literary executors were thoroughly convinced that she was never inside the walls of the seraglio. But with regard to Pope’s allusion to her in the character of Sappho, and her verses by way of reply, and her version of his address to Lord Bolingbroke, there is scarcely any thing worse among the quarrels of literary people.

The first coolness is by some attributed to Mr. and Lady Wortley Montagu’s strong Whiggish principles being so much aggravated by their position at the Court, while Pope always remained so decided a Tory. Lady Mary mentioned in confidence to a lady, who found herself unable to keep the secret, that she was once obliged to laugh aloud, notwithstanding her anger, while he was making a passionate declaration to her on bended knees; and to this she attributed his after resentments.

Lady Mary Montagu shared with Pope, though in a less degree, the gift of poesy, but she could look with the prosaic spirit of common sense on matters which Pope would not condescend to consider, unless through a high-coloured poetic me-

dium. One instance where this difference in their dispositions disagreeably manifested itself, is supposed to have prepared for the breach that ensued.

John Hewett and Sarah Drew, living at Staunton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, and engaged to be married, took shelter under a hay-stack during a thunder-storm, and were killed by a flash of lightning. When they were discovered, one of his arms was round her and the other placed over her face, as if his last living act was an attempt to save her from destruction. Pope was at the time at Lord Harcourt’s, in the neighbourhood. He wrote a touching letter on the subject to Lady Mary, a copy of one previously sent to his relative, Martha Blount. The letter enclosed a proposed epitaph, to be used, unless Lady Mary would condescend to furnish one. These are the lines:—

“Think not by rigorous judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure, heaven saw well pleased,
And snatched them in celestial fire.

“Live well and fear no sudden fate.
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike ’tis justice soon or late—
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.”

The lady’s answer* showed little sympathy with the spirit of his communication. She could not look on their future lot, if they had been spared, otherwise than the ordinary one of all peasants—hard work, penury, and trouble with their children; and considered the flash of lightning very much their friend. Some lines of her proposed epitaph are subjoined:—

“On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last it rained and lightened;
These tender lovers, sadly frightened,
Sheltered beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the time away;
But the bold thunder found them out,
Commissioned for that end, no doubt;
And seizing on their trembling breath,
Consigned them to the shades of death.

* Probably not immediately returned, nor written during an hour’s stay at a Dover Inn, as asserted, but composed at leisure, and betrayed to Pope by the indiscreet friend to whom the lines were shown.

Who knows if 'twas not kindly done;
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain.
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has writ upon their tomb."

Another item that swelled the mass of ill-feeling between the former friends was an ill-natured squib that appeared with the title, "A Pop upon Pope," which squib was attributed by the outraged bard to the once-loved, cruel Lady Mary.

In this catchpenny broadside it was stated that as Master Pope was taking the air on a certain day, meditating verses for the good of the public, two gentlemen came up and entered into conversation with him. At a certain turn one of these gentlemen fairly hoisted Master Pope on his back, and the other, drawing a special good rod from under his coat did then and there administer a sound whipping to the said innocent Master Pope, because he had lampooned them in a certain book of poems called the "Dunciad." Furthermore, the said Master Pope being found crying and in a very sorry state by his nurse or housekeeper, M. B. (Martha Blount), she compassionately lifted him into her apron and carried him home to see after his stripes.

Poor Pope was, in his own words,

"Tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at every pore."

Like most sayers or writers of smart satirical things, he was very sensitive to any ill-natured remarks directed against himself, and could not resist the immediate impulse to take revenge in kind. But it would not comport with his dignity to make reprisals on every small deer that dared, with uplifted horns and angry eyes, to offer an affront. So the epigram was sharpened, the stinging poetical epistle was strung, the confidential letter was indited; and by some chance, lucky or unlucky, the piratical but most convenient Edmund Curll was sure to light on epigram, poetical epistle, or confidential letter, and give it to the gaping and censorious public in broadside or twopenny stitched pamphlet. How provoking this unprincipled

proceeding must be to the author, and how loud his outcries against the dishonest dealer in paper and printer's ink! The mischief, however, was done, and could not be undone, save by the very questionable operation of publishing, with the author's corrections and revisions, the self-same epigram, epistle in verse, or letter in prose. In its former shape it was a gapped, rusty razor, calculated to inflict a festering wound—now it was the keen, polished blade, giving a clean cut.

Shade of dear Maria Edgeworth, when you were painting the portrait of your matchless *Mrs. Beaumont*, and applying to her glory the following quatrain, had you been studying the internecine war between the great poet of Twickenham and the little poets and wits of Grub-street:—

"Julia's a manager; she's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool.
For her own breakfast she'll concoct a
scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem."

The only object attained by the "Dunciad" was the preservation of ugly-looking insects and some obscenities in poetical amber.

There are numbers of people to be found who, though sufficiently generous, will not suffer things even of trifling value to go to waste, when they can be turned to account. The using-up of all scraps of white paper was Pope's mania. His friend, Dr. Jonathan Swift, availed himself of this weakness, in his

ADVICE TO THE GRUB-STREET WRITERS,
1726.

"Ye poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
Not yet consigned to paste;—

"I know a trick to make you thrive—
Oh, 'tis a quaint device!
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

"Get all your verses printed fair;
. Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

"Lend these to paper-sparing Pope,*
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

* The original copy of the translation of Homer, in Pope's handwriting, was made on the backs of letters, and sometimes between the lines. It may be seen in the British Museum.

"When Pope has filled the margins
round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own."

In the infancy of the present century Lord Byron, who idolized Pope, thought it no wrong to follow his example. Even so, he flew at higher game, and "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" need not be kept from the eyes of the youths and virgins of the nineteenth century.

One so free-spoken and occasionally so satirical as Lady Mary could not be unprovided with many acquaintances to whom it was a labour of love to hear and propagate evil reports of her conduct, in which seraglio handkerchiefs, starving sisters, and plundered French "Ruremondes" bore their part. Her memory has been cleansed from some of these stains, and, in the absence of direct proofs of guilt, let her be considered innocent.

AN ONLY SON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

KEANE came. Ned would, of course, return with him. So there were some ten precious days before him, a delay at which his homeward haste no longer fretted, for all his dutiful and tender sonship.

His cousin Keane was just the man to give him sage advice upon a topic which had suddenly acquired new importance in his eyes—the best investment to be made of the fortune left him by the dear old Brigadier. For it was almost a fortune, so long had the accumulation been and so slender the frugal veteran's draughts upon it. Keane was soon put in possession of its existence and amount—soon set reflecting upon the most advantageous use that might be made of it. On one point Ned was positive. He would have no dabbling in the railway share-market, which was just then, or perhaps, more strictly, had been but just before, the Eldorado of adventurous financiers. It was not the risk he feared, so much as the principle he repudiated. Indeed, his notions on the matter had a smack of primitive intolerance. It was not simply that share jobbing was gambling in his estimation, and therefore execrable; but what might be considered its most legitimate gains were in his eyes little else but fraudulent. It was not simply that "rigs," and "plants," and "dodges," rose up from lower jobbing regions, as foul unusual miasmata to taint the atmosphere; but, in his moral chemistry, the purest air of that market was at best "malaria." "Premiums" he looked upon

as "loot" or plunder, not won in open war, but treacherous ambushade; and there was no getting him to understand that "preference shares" were not necessarily the product of some "scoundrelly piece of favouritism."

Lord Royston, indeed, half in fun, took up the cudgels against him, for some open outrageous declaration of the sort made over the city-articles of the English newspapers which the mail had brought to hand. But if confused in argument, Ned was strong in instances drawn from other columns of those same journals, of the demoralizing and ruinous effects of this peculiar form of speculation.

Keane, who had his old command of countenance, took no decided part in this amicable controversy, nor did he betray any personal interest in the debated matter. On the whole, he leaned rather to Ned's side than his lordship's; and, at all events, encouraged the former to speak out his indignation, and to discover how genuine was its warmth even if its light were not so brilliant.

Another day, however, brought "overland" advices from England, of several days' later date; and the newspapers furnished Ned with occasion for a fresh diatribe. The first heavy drops of a financial thunderstorm had fallen thick. It taxed Keane's composure to the utmost, to hear among a list of names, involved in the preliminary catastrophes, that of Walter Sherbrooke, junior, who some years back had parted partnership with that "slow coach, the governor." Ned

read it, without emphasis, among a string of others; but it sounded as a knell in Keane's quick ear.

That same afternoon he hurried on, although with admirable tact and skill, the conversation which he had not intended, until after gradual and due preparation, to hold with his lordship concerning the Cawsley borough. Many a step made off perilous ground into Parliament has found footing firm enough to secure recovery of an endangered balance. But the case was hopeless. Lord Royston had but just received the letter which told him that the Solicitor-General was dead; and that the man named to succeed him had not a seat in Parliament. His colleagues hoped he saw no objection to the self-immolation of the sitting member, and the election of the new Crown lawyer. This was a thunder-stroke for Keane.

By-and-by his letters came. Some blunder at the post-office had kept them from him in the morning. Do what he could, his features, when he came down from his room again, would tell of some disturbance. Lady Royston did not seem to notice it as she inquired if all were well at home; but Ned marked something of the effort with which he answered in the affirmative.

He was not, therefore, much surprised at the sorrowful gravity which showed through the composure with which his cousin bore himself as he came, late, for private conversation into his own room.

"What's up, Keane? Nothing wrong at Freshet, unless you took Lady Royston in."

"No, nothing wrong, at Freshet," he said.

"Not at Cransdale, then? For heaven's sake, don't keep me in suspense, man!"

For Keane did not answer at first, but sat down, looking at him wistfully.

"I am afraid, from what I have heard you say, that you, at least, will think it wrong."

"What on earth do you mean? Are my father and mother well?"

"For all I know, they are. But I am in a sad strait to tell you. I fear to violate a confidence."

Ned folded his arms and looked at him with expectation. It was no use

uttering a string of questions at a venture.

"Give me your word of honour that what I may say passes your lips to no man, not even to him whom, personally, it most concerns."

"May I do it, honourably?"

"Should I have asked you, otherwise?" said Keane, in a quiet tone of reproof, which his cousin felt intimately.

"I beg your pardon, and pass you my word."

"Well, then, this railway mania, against which you were speaking with such vehemence, you must know that it has infected all classes of society in England."

Ned stared at him in utter amazement, not having an inkling of what his drift might be.

"Adventurous speculators, whether fraudulent or not, are but a fraction of the crowd who elbow their way into the share-list. The most staid and sober of our men of business may be counted in that crowd, with hundreds of higher eminence, and of even more acknowledged worth. When you were planning your schedule of moral proscription you little knew what names must fill it up."

"My dear fellow, forgive me," interrupted Ned, "but what conceivable connexion can there be between all this and any thing wrong at Cransdale?"

"If you must have it in one word," Keane answered, with evident pain, "I fear—indeed I know—my uncle has had some large transactions."

"What, my father?" Ned asked, tremulously, shading his eyes with one hand, as if to hide their sudden sadness.

"Yes."

There followed a short silence, then Ned spoke again—

"It seems incredible. No man was ever more generous, none ever less grasping, than my father."

"You do him no more than justice."

"What, then, can have induced him?"

"What you must be the last to blame—a wish to leave a larger inheritance to you. Men are often tempted on the good side of their qualities," quoth Keane, with a sad, moralising smile, full of compassion.

The saying carried conviction. Ned's own experience acknowledged its closeness to the truth. He was much troubled: rose up and went walking to and fro. Presently he sat down again and asked—

"Is that all the bad news, Keane; or is there any thing behind?"

"I have had warning to-day that his transactions have turned out little short of disastrous."

"What, have you heard from him, then?"

"No; but from a man through whose hands all his purchases and sales of shares have passed. Here, you read out his name yourself this morning as among the most involved—Walter Sherbrooke, junior, share and stock broker."

He held the paper across to Ned in confirmation, pointing with his finger to the name.

Then he proceeded to give him, in language not wholly intelligible to the soldier, what yet appeared to be precise, business-like, and legal details of the transactions in which his uncle had engaged himself in a sort of joint responsibility with Walter Sherbrooke.

"It is a sad business. Your poor, dear father will feel it more acutely for your mother's sake and yours than for his own."

Ned covered his face with both hands now.

"I have not dared to mention it to the Roystons," Keane went on. "I am sure it will cut them to the quick; and still more the Cransdales. Of course, my uncle's integrity will come out spotless."

"I should think so," burst in poor Ned, with a proud indignation.

"But an error in judgment of that sort shakes confidence in a man of business—when he goes out of his way, too, to court the mischief. I cannot say how I regret this rashness on the part of one so prudent as your father."

"Do not talk so, Keane. I would sooner charge a battery or stand a volley at a dozen yards. Can nothing be done to mend matters at once?"

He was up again once more, and pacing to and fro again.

"Nothing is a hard word. Let me see."

He opened a letter and read, with

knit brow; then brought out a pencil and made calculations on the back of it. Ned, passing and re-passing, sentry-like, eyed him with growing anxiety.

"Let me see," muttered Keane; "the French mail leaves to-morrow. From Marseilles one could telegraph, and let him know the cheque was on its way. Large as Sherbrooke's deficit is, a much less sum in ready money than the total would clear them yet, he says, with ease. But, in the present state of the money market, and known as he is to have this unfortunate scrip on hand, he cannot find accommodation on any terms nor for any security. Tell me, Ned—it is a bold question I shall put—would you be willing to risk, if necessary, the Brigadier's whole legacy?"

"In what way risk it—in fresh speculations?"

"No; but in a composition such as might clear your father's liability forthwith."

"Risk it for that! I would sink it, every farthing!"

"Well, I said 'risk,' because your father *might* retrieve his loss hereafter. I imagine it is a present desperate pressure that is on him, rather than a stroke which will cripple his resources once for all."

"And if it were such a stroke he would need the money all the more. What's mine is his."

Then flashed upon him once again remembrance, of his boyish saying under the Cransdale cedars, uttered in his own ears but yesterday by the dying Hindoo boy—"What a father owes a son owes." Ned's mind was one that meant its words, and would redeem their pledge without once flinching.

So, when his cousin Keane had again thought out, turned over, and partly made him understand his scheme, it was agreed that Walter Sherbrooke should have authority to draw upon the firm of Burkitt and Goring. But, inasmuch as their large balance at the bankers was much of it trust-money or deposit-money of their numerous and confidential clients, Ned gave his cheque on Messrs. Cox and Co., in whose hands were his whole resources, to his cousin Keane, to cover every risk the firm might run.

One or both of them would take passage by the Marseilles boat to-morrow, to reach as soon as possible the telegraphic wires. But by the morrow Ned had taken a new determination.

With what look should he face his father? Were it consciousness of any fault or folly of his own which troubled it, a few frank words, and a few moments' open gaze, would chase, as they had always chased of old, the momentary mist away. But the sadness of the present murky cloud was strange and new. It hung about his father's deed. How should a son's brow dare to frown, or even smile, such cloud away? Mean souls may think that their own stature gains in height as that of others dwindles. The nobler feel as if themselves grew less at every lowering of the standard whereby they needs must measure what were kindred souls. Making compassionate allowance, where once they paid full reverence, humiliates and pains, and sickens generous hearts. Yet they, themselves, can bear with pain, with sickness, with humiliation. They most dread dooming others to the bearing. What, if the sight of him inflicted either on his father? What, if his very silence should seem to utter a reproach, or even his suspected pity mortify?

Then there was his mother. What if she should feel as he felt? What if she should speak as he must, should he speak at all? Which were the worst, a tacit conspiracy or an open agreement in verdict, against one whom it were almost impious to arraign at bar before them? Subjects empannelled to try sovereigns were surely less disloyal; their procedure less incongruous! This unexpected coming might betray her into outpouring of some confidence, which soon she might wish recalled; or it might weight her burden with the irksomeness of an unnatural constraint. Her wife's heart would find it easy to make a husband's apology to its own self; her mother's heart might shrink from pleading a father's excuses to a son.

He might be sparing her a keener sorrow in keeping from her the unanticipated joy. She knew not, she need never know, how much the weary distances were once diminished between her only son's embrace and her own ever longing arms.

Yes. It were better so. His cousin should have full power to act for him. He should settle, if it might be, with this Sherbrooke, after such sort that Robert Locksley, too, should never know of his son's costly sacrifice. Costly, beyond reckoning of cost. Not for the money's sake. Ten times the sum in gold had seemed a trifle to him, were it not for the lost hopes of which those golden threads of Amy's hair would be to him henceforth the sad if sweet reminder.

There was an end, a second time in life, of such a dear illusion. It was a plainer issue than the first time between love and duty, and he was now too well-accustomed servant of the one to dally out of season with allurements of the other.

It was fantastic torment yesterday to think that the few days which had so bound his heart to her, must needs leave hers unfettered; to-day the vexing thought gave consolation, since no regret of hers would follow him. Such cordials, healthful in their bitterness, will duty mingle in the cup of disappointment for brave lips, which, at her bidding, do not blench to drink.

Had it been otherwise; had he preferred his suit, and had it prospered, there might have been a conflict between a pledged word and the duties of an altered circumstance. Now, there was none. He had no right to sue that she should link her life to that of a poor subaltern, whose only portion was his sword; who yet might need, for all he knew, to stint himself of that sword's meagre wage to meet a father's or a mother's sharp necessity. His first care, therefore, in the morning was to take a pledge of Keane that he would not, of his own act, lose an hour on the way to England; his next, to execute all necessary legal forms to put his cousin in condition to use the uttermost of his resources. Should these prove inadequate, Keane insisted that he might be allowed to share in clearing his uncle's affairs from the disasters of Walter Sherbrooke's failure.

"With such a good heart as that speaks, Keane, and your known clear head to guide it, the matter is safest in your hands alone. And they should not be fettered. Consulting me could only hamper your decision. Any attempt to clear my ignorance could but

waste time in which your enlightened judgment might be acting. There is no need for me to go with you. I shall return to India. I can go outward with lighter heart than homeward, now."

The steamers which went either way would leave that night. Keane's departure, though earlier than his hosts had reckoned on, called for no special explanation beyond the simple notice that his letters had determined it. He and Lord Royston, as good men of business, despatched the Rookenhams affairs that afternoon. Ned meanwhile spoke to Lady Royston, openly even in reserve. The man hated subterfuge, and would use none. Trustful himself, he was bold to claim ungrudging trust. It pained him to ask of her a promise that she and her husband would maintain for good and all the silence they had kindly kept upon his presence with them hitherto. Little had he thought how it should help him when he first had asked them to observe it. An unexpected crisis in his life had come. He must not show upon what hinge it turned; that was a secret not his own. He was no weathercock, she might believe, although he veered upon that hinge so suddenly, and once more pointed eastward.

"Your gentle breath turned me that way once, dear Lady Royston. This time it is another wind."

"A chilling one, I fear, dear Ned, since it blows you back from home."

He could not trust himself to say much more, but answered with a wistful pleasantry—

"At any rate, it blows me back to warm work again in India. Will you kindly make excuses for me to the Grants, and say the suddenness of my departure did not allow me to present them, as I should have done, myself."

Max Gervinus was inconsolable when he, too, learnt how strangely soon the cord of so good companionship must snap.

"What must be must; but I dare stay no longer here, my friend, with this most charming lord and lady. I go not without you to England. I travel by Marseilles with your cousin, and thence through Switzerland to Germany once more. Ah, mine heart is heavy, Ned! Saw you not what cloud darkened the pink Etna-snow that first heavenly evening time! Now comes such omen true!"

But when the last good-bye was said on either side that night, and Lady Royston, with her husband, stood upon the farthest rocks of Point Dragut,—when she had waved her handkerchief the last time seaward, watching the steamer's hulls grow less as they diverged still more and more,—she noted that the homeward-bound went steering into darkness, the outward-bound along the glistening track of moonlight on the sea.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE hazardous game that Keane had played was won more easily and thoroughly than he had dared to hope. His ingenuity had not been taxed for details. He had but lessened the proportions of the true disaster, putting his uncle's name in substitution for his own. The story thus seemed genuine by many tokens. The risk had been, not in the bold suggestion that such a man as Ned should venture all to save the credit of a father's name, but in endeavouring to get hold himself upon the sum adventured. Having first put a seal of secrecy upon his cousin's lips, he doubted not, though they should go home together, that he himself must act for him in some early stage of the affair. His own craft and quickness could be

trusted to seize on even a moment's opportunity. Ned's resolve spared him even that critical moment.

He had no foolish hope of retrieving himself at home. The mere conception of the new misdeed proved that as he had been always utterly selfish, he was not now for the first time fraudulent. The Sherbrooke crash not only broke his wealth, but, he well knew, must also break his character. Some things might be glozed over, but enough must come to light to ruin a man whose whole resources lay in the confidence of others. On a complete review of circumstances, he had determined to accept his defeat as total on the old position. That must be shifted. He would not return to Freshet. But go where he might, he

was not the man to endure the thought of facing destitution or even a contented inactivity in straitened means. Sophy's patrimony was secured to her own use and disposal. Even should she feel inclined to share it with him, it was not available as capital, and could furnish no basis for future operations. But this money of his cousin's, available at once, would be the very thing he wanted. How get leave to finger it? No pretext of profitable speculation would serve the turn. Ned had no greed of gold, strange as it seemed, though, for some reason unexpressed, he wished to place his money to the best secure advantage.

Then came the sudden evil inspiration. Half amused at Ned's philippics against the share jobbers, some of the sharp indignant words had stung him through his moral hide. There was a smack of diabolic humour in pricking his censorious cousin with the goad of self-reproach for having thus condemned his father among the men he scorned.

The jest might be severely practical, but it would clear itself in time without much hurt to father or to son.

As for the money, Ned could better afford to lose than he to want it. It was a windfall, come by chance, and gone without much serious damage to the son of one so well-to-do as Robert Locksley. Who knew but what some day, if restitution should seem to be a luxury, he might himself indulge in it, and repay Ned with interest this sort of secretly-forced loan?

When the dullest man consents to hold a devil's brief against his conscience, he soon becomes a clever special pleader in the case. But Keane Burkitt was a man by no means dull.

Meanwhile there was uneasiness concerning him at Freshet from the first intimation had there of the calamities of Walter Sherbrooke. Cautiously as Keane had veiled that connexion from public notice, its existence had not remained a perfect secret, if its extent was unsuspected still. When speculations prospered, Keane never made an insolent display. His ambition aimed higher and was biding its time. Yet he had evident success enough, on whatever field, to kindle jealousy, and so to set Argus eyes a-watch. Such began to wink with

suggestion, not with sleep, when his trip to Malta was seen to coincide so nearly with stormy days in Capel-court. Winkers soon came to mutter, mutterers to chatter. Preliminary meetings of creditors *in re* Sherbrooke, junior, began to gather in town. Intelligence oozed out thence that "the name of a principal partner in a highly confidential firm of solicitors in a well-known watering place, upon the Blankshire coast, was assuming prominence in the insolvent's affairs." All Freshet read this in the London papers before the local journals thought it safe to reproduce the paragraph within snap of the firm's formidable teeth. Old Mr. Goring went up to town. There was not much, perhaps, in that. In his absence, however, a significant circumstance occurred. A letter came to the office—so a newly-indentured clerk was green enough to babble—bearing Lord Royston's signature and the Malta postmark. It was evident that Mr. Burkitt had left that island if ever he had reached it. This first frightened Sophy. Till then she had made up her mind that Keane's long silence came of some post-office accident alone. When comments on the matter reached her ear, her heart misgave her somewhat. But her sister Fanny met these misgivings with quick indignation. She was not one to set a man down all unworthy because of his unworthy treatment of herself. She had taken down the image from its once high stand without having had Sophy's forced occasions to study all its disproportions, to trace the cracks which seamed its marble, and to know the real coarseness of its grain throughout. Besides, she was most anxious that the weakness of his wife's surmises should not do for his mother the work of the world's injustice. Why should her widowed heart be troubled with apprehensions which must turn out unfounded or exaggerated? But on Mr. Goring's return from London they proved to be too well founded, and even exaggeration seemed excusable when the barest truth turned out to be so very serious. That is, so far as money losses were involved. The slippery nature of the share dealing tricks was not yet evident. Keane's dishonesty had all along been strangely inconsistent. Many men, who do as he did, divide their lives, and whether from mere

happy inconsistency or from calculated hypocrisy, are rogues in counting-houses or chambers, honest men enough in their more private dealings. Now he had made a further subdivision of his life, not one which can be counted likely to have endured under pressure of extreme temptation, but of which the separating line had not yet been transgressed when all his private ventures shivered in Walter Sherbrooke's ruin. Having grasped, and griped, and cheated in the share-market, he had yet betrayed no client's interest in his capacity as confidential solicitor. At least Mr. Goring could discover nothing irregular, nothing suspicious, no disorder, no defalcation, in any matter touching the business of the firm. This to him was, of course, an infinite relief. He was surprised to find how little it seemed so to his partner's wife.

But the luxurious case in which she had lived hitherto had thoroughly possessed her affections. A stranger to insatiable aspirations, she had yet never been indifferent to the position which her qualities as mistress of a wealthy house had secured for her in the society of their little seaport town. She was one of those mothers, moreover, whose temper is lavish of indulgence to the expensive caprices of her children. And when it was proved to her that house and horses, delicate fare, fine dress, and costly toys, were swept off in the current of her husband's calamity, she almost forgot her personal anxieties about him, and seemed to throw up her hands as one who will sink with wailing but without a struggle in the flood.

"Her weakness is contemptible, my dear;" would Mr. Goring say to his own matter-of-fact old wife; "she sobs and sops lace pocket-handkerchiefs with tears, and cries, 'O cruel, cruel, Keane!' whenever I come to definite proposals. I want authority from some one to rout out and sort up what papers he has left at his own house, now that I have almost done with those at the office."

"Why not try Mrs. Burkitt, senior?" she would answer; "there's starch in her that no stream of tears will ever wash out, I guess."

Mrs. Goring, apparently, took a severe view of that lady's character. Passages in their former life might once have justified it.

"Why, Miss Davenant has threatened me with I don't know what, if I worry his mother about him. I am sure I don't know what to do."

"Make Miss Davenant herself take her silly sister in hand. She has common sense enough for both. You should know that by this time."

"A very good suggestion, my dear," said Mr. Goring, and forthwith acted on it.

Nothing could have been better thought of. Sophy, not without some foolish and unjust reproaches of her sister for needless or hurried interference, was at last persuaded to let her and her husband's partner do as they thought fit. Still no traces of any but heavy pecuniary embarrassments revealed themselves to the search of the latter. Fanny was in exultation, not only because the more malignant rumours against the man whom once she had thought not unworthy of her heart were likely to prove mere slanders, but because a light began to dawn upon the hope of a deliverance from his difficulties.

"The only thing which staggers me, Miss Davenant, is his protracted silence."

"I only see in it a proof," she answered, "that he is more sensitive than some have thought him;" and this interpretation she urged upon her aunt, the quarter whence she looked for his possible rescue.

She still had no precise knowledge of that old lady's resources, none whatever of her testamentary dispositions. But she was aware of her strong partiality to Keane, and of the substantial proofs of it afforded by her liberality upon his marriage. All might yet be well, and much be spared, even of the fantastic humiliations, which her sister dreaded, if it should only prove that Aunt Davenant had will and power to make for him a large and honourable composition.

Something smote that little old lady at the eagerness of Fanny's pleading.

"My dear niece, I like openness. Why did not Sophy come herself to me? She knows, much better than you can, my feeling for her husband, to say nothing of my treatment of herself, which might have given you sometimes some excuse for jealousy."

"You were always the kindest of aunts to me," said Fanny.

Sincerely meant in one way, the answer, in another, was evasive. Fanny, in fact, had acted without consulting her sister, who might have conceived unmeasured hopes, and suffered, should the notion prove unfruitful, unmeasured disappointment.

"I am not so sure of that, my dear; but, if so, to her I have been kinder than kindest. I suppose she sent you to me."

To this she made no answer, so the old lady put the question more explicitly—

"Did Sophy send you here, my dear, or not?"

"No, she did not; and, I dare say, feels that from herself an application such as this would look like an encroachment upon one who has been so generous."

The elder woman felt that only fine hearts find apologies of this kind readily. She was the more troubled as she asked again—

"Is it for your sister's sake, then, that you come to me, my dear?"

Fanny would not prevaricate, so held her peace again.

Her aunt had more than once seen Sophy since the extent of Keane's losses had been, with some certainty, surmised. She had been struck and pained by his wife's selfish querulousness and by her apparent scantiness of thought for him. Her rising indignation quickened apprehension in her mind of what significance might lie in Fanny's different concern and forethought. Presently she said—

"How far do you think, my dear, that I have power to help him?"

That she could not say, save in a loose conjecture. But her aunt's previous liberality had shown that her resources were far greater than had been usually supposed; she knew the kindness of her heart, and so had ventured to conceive a hope that even at a sacrifice—

"Sacrifice is a fine thing to *recommend*," Miss Davenant interrupted, drily; "another guess to practise."

"True; but the satisfaction must be grand and deep."

"If you mean that, Fanny, prove it."

In a few, quiet, business-like sentences she told her niece what division of her property she had made by will, and how she had anticipated, in favour of the Burkitts on their mar-

riage, by far the greater part of the larger provision she had made for Sophy.

"If my money can right matters, my dear, it can only do so at your own expense, you see. I fear I have done you injustice enough already. Of my own accord I will do you no more. If the sacrifice is made, you make it."

Without an instant's deliberation, Fanny rose, crossed over to the arm-chair in which her aunt was sitting, lifted the Persian cat with becoming respect out of her lap, knelt down, folded her taper waist with both arms most lovingly, kissed her upon either withered cheek, and said—

"God bless you, auntie. May I tell Mr. Goring, then, to take the necessary steps at once with Mr. Sherbrooke's creditors?"

Tears glistened in the old lady's bright, little eyes.

"Fanny, dear, you have a great heart; but a great fear troubles me that I have wronged it. God knows the thought was far from me. If you will answer me one question that may pain you, it *might* give me an infinite relief, selfish as it may be to say so."

"Speak your mind out, dear auntie."

"Openly, then, my dear good niece, and honestly: was there ever any thing, any engagement, understanding—you know what I mean—between yourself and Keane before he married Sophy?"

"Nothing more, dear aunt," she said, "than this,—which I found again when searching his own private desk with Mr. Goring yesterday."

It was her own small glove, whose fellow had gone eddying upon the swirl of Thames at Twickenham.

"And this is your revenge! Now, God requite you for it, Fanny."

It may be that He had already. He had spared her, at least, the cruel chill by inches which must creep upon the warmest heart if laid a life-long beside another such as Keane's. That very day, on her return from Lanercost, she found poor Sophy shivering over the selfish coldness of a letter from New York, in which her husband wrote that he had thought it best to try to push his way there without incumbrance either of wife or child.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TIME had sufficed during Ned's short absence from India for the gathering of new war clouds over a fresh field of strife. British soldiers of a younger generation were to try conclusions with a foe of name and face familiar to their elders. Trouble was rife again with the Mahrattas; the rock of Gwalior seemed to attract the thunderstorm. Locksley's Horse, as they were now called for short, had been withdrawn from Scinde to join the army assembling under Gough's command. Thither, immediately on his return, their leader hurried, glad of such exciting action as might divert his thoughts from the sad interruption of his homeward voyage.

His coming caused a jubilee among the swarthy troopers. O'Brien, indeed, had shown them at Meeanee in what sort he was worthy to lead such men as they; but time had been denied him to conciliate in any large degree the confident and passionate attachment which bound them to Ned Locksley.

Great was, especially, the exultation of the Bheel. He had predicted the sure return of his own sahib before swords should be crossed again. No arguments of the One-eyed, drawn from geographical considerations, had moved him from that firm persuasion. The Kattiwaree, therefore, and his equipments were in such condition that one might have thought his master had given orders but the day before to saddle him for the march. Bikhu could not resist such reference to the fulfilment of his own anticipations as caused the worthy jemadar to shake his head and mutter against the magic sources of misbeliever's information. Nusreddeen and Bikhu met, however, upon a common ground of congratulation, not only on the sahib's own arrival, but on the fact that in his company was come the great shikaree, Sergeant-Major Wilmot. Locksley had found him in Bombay, returned to regimental duty, and arrived at the superior non-commissioned rank.

The gallant Europeans were not for service in the threatening campaign; and, irregular as the proceeding was, Ned, an absentee of whom his colonel and his corps were proud, obtained

leave for his Cransdale follower to make it with his old friends of the Trans-Nerbuddah.

The camp itself was honoured, not to say perplexed—as readers know, who keep in memory the features of that short decisive warfare—by the presence of no less a personage than the Governor-General. His suite and staff commingled with the following of the General in command, increased the usual difficulty of ascertaining, suddenly, on what company a new arrival might have chanced. Indeed, Ned's first and second days in camp enlightened him but little on that head, being engrossed with the business of resuming his own small command. O'Brien, known to the General-in-Chief, his fellow countryman, was easily consoled for the transfer by an appointment upon his personal staff.

It was not till the third evening, that Ned, at home again with all the details of the condition of his corps, and ready, as in old Scindian times, for any service at a moment's notice, betook himself for a stroll of social exploration through the lines. Here and there a friendly hand met him, and words of soldierly welcome from an old comrade cheered him. But, as he neared the Governor-General's quarters, he felt a grasp upon his elbow from behind.

"Locksley, of Locksley's Horse, if I mistake not?"

The voice brought but a dim remembrance; and the features, ill discerned in the growing dusk, brought little else.

"Just so. But, I beg pardon. In fact, I fear you have the advantage of me."

"Pray, don't mention it; but do me the favour to step this way with me. There is a lady here, whom you may recognise, and who is, herself, most anxious to set eyes on you."

A little bungalow stood some fifty paces to the rear of the rearmost line of tents: thither Ned's unknown acquaintance piloted him. At a table, in the room which opened into the verandah, sat a lady, writing by the light of a lamp, already lit.

"Here, my lady," quoth the officer,

"I have obeyed your royal behests, and captured Mr. Locksley."

"Miss Florence Barrington!" cried Ned, as she rose to greet him.

"As was," answered the officer. "Since gazetted, 'Lady Sangster.'"

"Then, you had not heard of our marriage?" asked Florence, with his hand in hers.

"Certainly not," interrupted her husband, "or he would have hanged himself, which, I suppose, that I must do, now that he has turned up again. You don't happen to have a forage rope about you, Mr. Locksley? There's a nice tree with a crooked branch outside."

Ned stared, as well he might. Florence only laughed, and shook her forefinger, with menace, at her husband, as she used to do at her vivacious cousin.

"Yes, that was the way you shook your finger at poor dear honest Rosy, when she let your cat out of the bag. She told me, Mr. Locksley, not to flatter myself too much on Florence's acceptance of my suit, for she only took *me*, because you had neglected to take *her*."

"For shame, Willie! How can you? You knew his old way, Mr. Locksley, and can hear he's not altered for the better."

"Ah, well! I'm a blighted being. Never mind, your ladyship, the campaign may make a widow."

Wherewith he applied a handkerchief to his eyes, so comically, that spite of the too sad probability with which he jested, his wife and visitor burst out into laughter.

"It is really too bad of you!" cried the former, when they began to recover breath; but Willie, or rather, Sir William, being incorrigible, only bowed, and blew a kiss to her. Ned now found opportunity to offer his double congratulations. Of Sangster's promotion he had been before aware, but had not heard of the marriage, at which he could heartily rejoice.

"I cannot conceive what made me hesitate to recognise you, when the voice, too, sounded so familiarly. But it was very dusky, and you came on me from behind, you know. I had no notion you were attached to Sir Hugh Gough's army."

"No more I aint. I came, promiscuous, with the Governor-General. Flo. heard, however, that Lady Gough

was with her husband, and nothing would induce her to stay behind. Seen 'general orders' to-night, eh?"

"No, I haven't. Any thing particular?"

"Only that we, with Gough, march upon Maharajpore to-morrow; Grey's wing on Punniar. Khajee Wallah and the Maharanee don't seem to see things Lord Ellenborough's way."

"Will the Mahrattas fight?"

"Like mischief. I am told they are intrenching themselves across the Kohuree River."

"I was in hopes," said Lady Sangster, "that matters might have gone off in negotiation. Many chiefs have sent their vakeels into camp, you know."

"To throw dust in his lordship's eyes," her husband answered.

"Well, it don't take much of a scuffle to raise dust in this camp," said Ned. "I wish it would rain before the march, for Lady Sangster's sake. You have no notion what a cloud an Indian army tramps in."

"Too good luck to rain," replied Sir William; "though I dare say its snowing fast at home."

"Where at home, dear?"

"At home in England, to be sure; have you forgotten it is Christmas time?"

Into what memories did that one word beguile them. Forgetful of the weary march before them—forgetful of the grim encounter to which the march would lead—forgetful almost, bride and bridegroom, of their own exclusive new-found happiness—forgetful almost, solitary disappointed heart, of all its troubles, there they sat far on into the soft, warm, Indian night, recalling earliest scenes, thoughts, feelings, and associations from the bright hearths whose blazing kindled once more out of remembered Christmas hours at home.

And yet Ned's heart would ache, less from regret than sharp anxiety.

What if his own eyes caught no Christmas cheer from camp-fires glaring upon dusky heathen forms. At least, the brightness of that hearth at home by which he might not sit, would not be darkened by the fall of even shadowy dishonour. For that his manly heart was well contented to forego even the homeless happiness, asking no home, which his friend Florence and her soldier hus-

band found upon the restless march, each in the other's dear companionship.

But on him a sickening impatience lay to know that it was truly so ; to hear from Keane that his dear father's name was clear ; thus to be certified that his heart whole sacrifice, at least, was timely. A mail reached the camp the very night they pitched it by the stream which parted the hostile forces.

No sadder token was needed of the change in poor Ned's life than just the shiver, wherewith he recognised his own dear mother's handwriting upon the solitary letter brought him.

His mother's hand ; not Keane's !

To think that this should be a cruel disappointment.

Strong soldier as he was, his fingers trembled almost too much to break the seal. Then with one hasty notice of the date, the eye went glancing down the pages, fearing alike to catch or not to catch some word significant of shame or sorrow. Presently Keane's name arrests it ; Keane's, and in close contact, Sherbrooke's ! What ? What is this strange version of a story too familiar in his thoughts ? What is this unexpected combination of these names ? Stop ! He will re-read the letter with forced patience, lest he be mistaken. Not one previous word of loss, embarrassment, or risk in any of the Locksley's own affairs ? No, not an intimation. But it seems that Keane—yes, there it is, in black and white, in Lucy Locksley's hand—Keane was in league or partnership with Walter Sherbrooke, junior, had thrown the game up, had absconded, had been heard of from New York.

Let him recall what passed between them both at Malta.

Down he sits, his head between his hands, as he was wont to puzzle out some case made intricate by perjuries, and reserved from his cut-cherry court, in Trans-Nerbuddah times.

The understanding of a noble heart is sensitive to light of good. One second's flash will print on it the meaning of a noble deed. But glare of evil finds the surface dull. It must have time to photograph on such the outline of a baser act.

At last, he saw the truth.

Thank God ! His father's mind had not belied its nobleness !

How could the instinct of his own have thus belied its perfect trust in him ?

Meanwhile, his hand, with nimblest, gentlest eagerness, had pushed its way beneath whatever folds lay on his breast, and it had grasped the locket hanging there. Delicious hope !

By dawn, on the twenty-ninth of December, the British army crossed the Kohuree. Valliant's brigade, with Littler in support, was launched on Chonda, defended by a triple intrenchment and a powerful artillery. By one of those strange oversights, or strange deceptions, which occur in war, the village of Maharajpore itself was not known to be filled, or ready for filling, by formidable masses of the enemy. But a cannonade, of which the first trial shots exposed to imminent danger the British general's own wife and other ladies with the civilians of the expedition, soon burst out of the clumps of trees and houses to undeceive the columns in the rear. Littler must turn his movement in support into a daring onslaught, beginning thus the day. The fight was stern and bloody. But Valliant's troops, changing their front at Sir Hugh Gough's command, bore down in reverse on the contested village. Their bayonets and Littler's silenced the guns, whose unexpected fire had wrought confusion in the British plan of battle ; twenty-eight fell there into the power of this undaunted infantry. Meanwhile, upon the left, Scott, with unequal forces, restrained, then broke, then swept away the horse of the Mahrattas. There rode Ned Locksley, there the one-eyed Jemadar, there, with an equal spirit though with an equal seat, brave Sergeant-Major Wilmot, and with him, on a spare charger of their leader's, the bold tiger-tracking Bheel. Spite of their ancient cavalry renown, the Gwalior horsemen are tumbled back upon the batteries which flank the right of their own army, whose desperate gunners still serve their guns with unquailing hearts. Locksley's Horse are at an easy canter ; but the cool practised eye of Ned has measured the just interval at which to make a rush and clear the sand-bags right into the batteries.

"Gallop!"

The Kattiwaree rises on his hind legs wildly, paws the air, and falls back, his rider under him.

The battery is carried.—So that they have not far to bear him out of reach of the dropping matchlock fire, which the brave Mahrattas will not even yet entirely give over. There was a tope of trees, and a fragment of a mud wall; both bore the crashing marks of cannon.

"Lay me down here, Tommy."

"I knowed he were hard hit, sir," would the Earl's head-keeper say, in aftertimes at home, to Robert Locksley. "He were a very partickler officer, sir, for all he were so kind-hearted, were Master Ned, sir. He always said 'Serjeant-major,' sir, just soldier-like. And so I knowed he were hard hit, sir, when he says to me, 'Tommy,' he says, like as was of old times, here at Cransdale, sir."

They leaned him up against the little broken wall. Then the Bheel, at Nusreddeen's word, ran to fetch a little water and some bearers from a neighbouring group of huts. With an effort Ned drew from his breast-flap his little Greek New Testament; but his hand faltered, and his eyes swam. He let it fall beside him. His breathing was heavy and interrupted. Wilmot and the one-eyed Jemadar held him, looking at each other in blank despair.

"Tommy! Tommy Wilmot!"

It was little louder than a whisper.

"Yes, dear Master Ned, sir," said the serjeant-major, bending his ear almost to touch his lips, whilst big salt tears went rolling down his long flaxen moustachioes.

"Give my love to—my father—mother, Tommy. Tell—I charge—forgive—my cousin Keane."

Then he was silent, till Wilmot heard him say—

"Lord! now lettest thou thy servant"—

But the froth and blood came bubbling up to choke the words upon his dying breath.

They buried him at sun-down.

"Put this in with him," said the old one-eyed Mussulman. It was the little Testament he had picked up.

"Allah Kerim! God is merciful. He was a servant of the Book!"

"And put in this!"

"No, not that," said the serjeant-major.

It was his grandfather's sword.

"Allah Kebir!" the stern old trooper answered gravely, snapping the sword in two against his knee; "God is great! No bungler shall wield the weapon. He was a master of it."

Therewith he threw the pieces in beside Ned Locksley.

But Thakali, the Bheel's wife, sat on the ground the night long, by the grave, mourning and casting dust upon her head. Poor half-savage heart, yet wholly grateful! Lucy Locksley's would have clung to it. For ever, in the after years, it clung to any who kept or brought, in kindness, remembrance of her soldier son.

For that, when Philip brought home as his countess her that had been Rosa Barrington, not his own mother's arms embraced her with more loving fervour. For that, did Lucy knit, through her, close correspondence with her cousin Florence, his early and discerning friend on Indian ground. For that, when Max Gervinus also brought a bride to visit Rookenhams, Amy, for it was she, felt in her heart's core Lucy's tenderness.

The Roystons had a second son, to whom they craved her leave to give the name of Edward Locksley.

Her fingers, tremulous with advancing age, were busy with his brown curls, so like her own Ned's, as once again she talked with Lady Royston of him who lay beneath the mangoe trees.

"No, Constance dear, not even such a loss need leave a mother's heart robbed of all consolation. Look on this forehead, where, with your kisses, you shower hopeful prayers. What if an angel touched your eyes to read on its white parchment this answer to them:—'He shall be tender-hearted, yet strong-souled, just in rule, brave in war, serving God, in faith of Christ.' What if beads of death-dew blurred all else, would not enough be written? Would you not say—'Thank God! His holy will be done?'"

LEIGH HUNT'S LAST EVENING AT HOME.

A HAPPY circumstance brought me into brief but intimate communication with Leigh Hunt shortly before the close of those seventy-five years, the abundant fruits of which have secured for him the reputation of one of the most charming writers, whether of prose or verse, in our English literature. Our intercourse, though narrowed in point of time by his tranquil death, at Putney, on the 28th of August, 1859, had already ripened, as I have said, into nothing less than intimacy. His regard had rapidly become, as indeed the ending of every letter to me cordially intimated in so many words, that of an affectionate friendship. In one of these, penned as recently as the first day of the very month of which he was fated never to see the termination, he wrote in my regard thus delightfully—"It is like one of the friendships of former days come back to me in my old age, as if in reward for my fidelity to their memory." My identity as the survivor is, I am perfectly aware, a circumstance in itself utterly valueless, inasmuch that I care not for one instant to indicate it, although writing here apparently so egotistically in the first person, though, in point of fact, doing so for the mere facilitation of my remembrance.

A communication from the dear old poet-essayist, penned on Monday, the 8th of August—it was the last scrap of our correspondence I was ever to receive)—closing strangely, it seemed at the time with a solemn benison that sounds to me even now almost like an unconscious farewell—"All blessings attend you, prays your affectionate friend, Leigh Hunt;" began with a pleasant summons to him on the following evening at his house in what he had characteristically designated in a previous note, "the not very attractive suburbanity" of Hammersmith. "To-morrow (Tuesday), by all means," he now wrote; adding whimsically, as will be seen forthwith, "and the (that?) evening will suit me better than any other, for a very curious extemporaneous reason, as you shall hear." The reason proving simply that after that evening, had I

called, I should have found he had then taken his departure, bent upon a temporary removal in search of health to the opposite bank of the Thames, sojourning there as the cherished guest of the valued friend under whose sheltering roof-beams he so soon afterwards expired.

On Tuesday evening, then, the 9th of August, 1859, I am with Leigh Hunt for the last time in our earthly meeting. It is (unknown to himself), his own last evening in his last home residence, one that having been subsequently deserted by his family, may now, without any breach of delicacy, be indicated for the satisfaction of those curious as to the last abode of the author of "The Town," as the little villa, No. 7, Cornwall-road, Hammersmith.

As I enter the inner sitting-room, I find my host seated in his easy-chair, in his accustomed corner, musing sadly in solitude. Although to the very close of his life he retained undimmed the most vivid appreciation alike of the beautiful and the whimsical—and I know not which, if either, of these two seemingly incongruous faculties held in his nature any thing like a distinct predominance—I could not but note especially his eager solicitude upon every opportunity to discuss the more solemn themes of time and eternity, above all of the dread and holy mysteries of the hereafter. A few evenings previously, when left alone together, we had talked on thus late into the night; and now, again, his thoughts reverted evidently with an awful joy to the same "high argument." It is manifest enough to me now, that these were but the instinctive flutterings of his spirit, as it felt the jarring back of the bolts of life, towards what Young has nobly termed in his "Night Thoughts," Death, that

"Dark lattice letting in eternal day."

Leigh Hunt, though now nearly one *lustre* beyond the allotted age of man, evidenced the same insatiable appetite as of yore for all the sugar-plums of life, "lumps of flowers," and snatches of melody. A primrose was

yet to him ever something more than a primrose, even though it had been the one whose delicate stalk was held between the lips of the vulgar ruffian, Blastus, in Douglas Jerrold's story of "St. Giles and St. James." Yet, strange to say, Leigh Hunt—like Wordsworth himself, who thus first philosophised poetically over the infinite suggestiveness of beauty latent in the primrose—Leigh Hunt, like William Wordsworth, was nevertheless totally deficient, as he assured me, in the sense of smell, detecting no perfume whatever, even from petals the most odoriferous. He, whose verses are actually fragrant with flowers! Instance this, his delicious apostrophe to the vernal month, that month of love and verdure, of cowslip and daffodil, that delectable season, of which Shakspeare's Touchstone warbles:—

"In spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When the little birds sing
Hey ding-a-ding-ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring."

Instance this floral fragrance peculiar to Leigh Hunt's poetic effusions, the metrical apostrophe to the youngling month of the twelve, the apostrophe ending with that mellifluous couplet, the conclusion of which is like a breath wafted from the hedgerows:—

"May, thou merry month complete;
May, thy very name is sweet!"

His imaginative sense of perfume, however, must have borne some analogy to the faintly adumbrated sense of colour prevailing among the colour-blind, among those who, wandering through a garden, recognise only by a difference of outline the distinction between the roses and the green leaves clothing the bush upon which they are blooming; who can there discover even no diversity of hue, later in the season, between the autumnal verdure and the scarlet berries.

It was a distinguishing peculiarity with Leigh Hunt, that in regard to whatever of the beautiful his fancy touched, one might say of it, as he himself said of Paganini's affection for his violin, that "he loved it like a cheek." Nay, if ever he had, moreover, in his colloquial criticisms, to note some fault or blemish in the thing he loved, it was always with

the gentle apology, with the courtly extenuation of Tasso:—

"Non era pallidezza, ma candore!"

So, likewise, when he was writing, particularly in verse, upon any thing whatever possessing the divine grace and crowning merits of the Beautiful, it was ever with him, as it once upon a time actually chanced with Keats, while in the act of scrawling a letter to one of his familiar correspondents ("Life and Letters," vol. ii., p. 18), when he suddenly broke off with, "Talking of pleasure, this moment I was writing with one hand, and with the other holding to my mouth a nectarine. Good!—how fine! It went down soft, pulpy, slushy, oozy, all its delicious *embonpoint* melted down my throat like a large beatified strawberry." Leigh Hunt, when writing, always, one might say, held in his other hand the nectarine.

And the fruits this poetic gourmand loved the most, were they not the choicest glories of what he has daintily termed the "human orchard?" Where—it is in his charming little poem on "Sudden Fine Weather"—he cries out deliciously—

"Your finest fruit to some two months may reach:

I've known a cheek of *forty* like a peach!"

As he wrote, likewise so he read, with a hand and an eye of tender appreciation. The volumes, the leaves of which he had turned, bore upon their pages abundant evidence of this in little pencilled ticks of applause or objection, and the quaintest marginal annotations, penned in his elegant Italian caligraphy. These jotted lines and notes upon the margin, he himself compared to loving pinches upon the cheek, that left each of them an impress like a dimple; giving the future reader, moreover, the companionship of this sympathetic appreciation.

One of these well-fingered books, a very wall of fruit, with a bee-made cicatrice here and there upon the riper green-gages and apricots—a volume he dearly loved, and had read through *four times*—he has notified it, "with increasing admiration" (it is M. Abel Remusat's translation of the veritable Chinese Novel, "Iu-kiao-li; or, the Two Fair Cousins")—Leigh Hunt lent me, this last night of our meeting, shortly before we parted, bidding

me, as he did so, preserve it tenderly for him, as one of the many million atoms of the apple of my eye. I have it still—a posthumous gift from him, proffered to me from his death-bed, if I cared to keep it in his remembrance. It illustrates, by a two-fold attraction, what has here been said about those dimpling touches; touches here imparted to the cheek of the Chinese Chronicler, by Leigh Hunt's own hand, and by that of his loved and honoured friend, Thomas Carlyle. Such fantastic touches, some of them! As, when a personage in the text called "Old Touchi" is spoken of incidentally. Whereupon, quoth Leigh Hunt in the margin, "Head of the *genus irritabile!*" Again, where mention is made (i., 120), in connection with the Imperial College, of one "Examiner Li," the once editor of the journal of that ilk, as the Scotch would say, cries out, with mingled exultation and surprise, upon the margin, "Myself! by title and name!"

More thickly, however, than the margins of his books, the pleasant hours of his converse were sown with whimsicalities. He could not speak of even one of his own infirmities, without rendering it the theme of a joke and a provocation to laughter. The loss of his teeth, casually mentioned by him, caused him to exult at having made that additional advance towards being etherialized.

Who does not remember his sudden bursts of fun, even at moments when he was most thoroughly in earnest? Instance this, where, in his discursive metrical thoughts "On Reading Pomfret's Choice," while insisting upon the exquisite cruelty involved in that seemingly all-pleasant pastime of angling, he unexpectedly puts the argument (an argument he has just before been enforcing, almost with tears in his eyes), thus fantastically to the more infatuated votaries of Izaak Walton's craft:—

"Fancy a preacher at this sort of work,
Not with his trout and gudgeon, but his
clerk.
The clerk leaps gaping at a tempting bit,
And, hah! an ear-ache with a knife in it!"

'Twas the delightfulest, oddest, whimsicallest verse, well imaginable at times, that of our dear Leigh Hunt; and at other times so trembling

through and through with the tenderest thrills of sensibility. Now warbling, as "A Lover of Music to his Pianoforte," as he well might, he who could sing so sweetly himself to a few careless touches upon the keys of that instrument:—

"Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear,
And Sorrow, with his tightened breast,
Comes for a tear."

Now carolling with the boisterous elvish glee of a Robin Goodfellow, in honour of the ubiquity of that Protean glory of the Winter season—Christmas:—

"Now he's town gone out of town,
And now a feast in civic gown,
And now the pantomime and clown
With a crack upon the crown,
And all sorts of tumbles down."

The very quintessence of this Puck-like naughtiness of the old poet's muse being distilled, by the way, into the aromatic ink with which he penned his Chorus of Fairies Robbing an Orchard—singing, shamefully, with an interjected smack of the lips—

"Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer,
Stolen looks are nice in chapels,
Stolen, stolen be your apples."

And, as if even this were not enough, murmuring yet further, *setto voce*, with an audible chuckle, and a relish that almost makes one long to go clambering over the moonlit wall after the golden pippins—

"When to bed the world are bobbing.
Then's the time for orchard robbing;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling,
Were it not for stealing, stealing."

Ever on the alert for a drollery, whether he were sitting, pen in hand, at his desk in solitude, or talking intermittently in the familiar intercourse of friendship, he was so, none the less, upon the occasion of our final meeting, of his final tarrying in that latest of his many suburban London residences—the one already particularized as thus rendered in a manner classic ground, in the Cornwall-road at Hammersmith. And I well remember, in the very midst of the sadness of this his last evening in the dear home which he was never to see again, and of the eternal parting from which he seemed to have a mournful premonitory consciousness, I well re-

member the zestful enjoyment with which an accidental circumstance recalled to recollection his solemn recantation in the *Examiner*! His solemn recantation—that is, shortly after his release from his two years' imprisonment in Horse-monger-lane Gaol—of everything he had ever previously written in that journal against His Royal Highness the then Prince Regent—a recantation, ending, after a long catalogue of similar declarations, he was this, and he was that, and he was the other, and—he was *thin*!

Throughout the evening, at intervals, but more heavily and continuously towards the close of it, the rain fell dolefully, with a subdued monotone in the sound that harmonized only too well with the evident sadness filling the old poet's imagination. In one of the momentary pauses of the conversation amongst us all, pauses that gradually, as the twilight darkened over the rooms, became, from mere sympathy, not unfrequent—Leigh Hunt having just remarked that he had got a bundle of his books together, to take with him as “a bit of home”—there came, modulated by the distance, through the rain and the silence, the sound of an itinerant's organ down the road, playing (of all *mal-à-propos* airs in the wide world!)

Sir Henry Bishop's plaintive national melody—as much a national melody in its way, as even “Rule Britannia”—the national melody* of the English domestic affections, “Home, sweet Home.”

Almost immediately afterwards the wheels came and went that bore Leigh Hunt from his home to his death-place. Like an old soldier upon his last march, he had wrapped his cloak about him and gone forth, with his heart-strings torn and bleeding, I believe, from that apparently trivial separation from those he loved: from his dear daughters and his little grandchildren.

Standing by the garden gate, in the rain, I hear his cordial voice still ringing back to me, as he drives away, almost cheerily calling me by name, in accents of farewell.

As I write these last sentences, there lies before me, in aid of my remembrance, the only truthful effigy of those venerable and thoughtful features: the large black eyes, still lustrous to the last; the long white hair, the reverse of gray, being silver, with an occasional thread or two of the original black intermingled. As I close this memorial of Leigh Hunt's Last Evening at Home, my hand is laid upon a lock of this white hair.

* Since writing this, I am assured on competent authority that, strictly speaking, England has no claim whatever to the world-famous song of “Home, sweet Home,” on the score of nationality. The poetry, as is well known, was the production of an American—John Howard Payne (born at New York in 1792, and who died at Tunis, in 1832), an actor and dramatist, and, latterly, Consul (at his death-place) for the United States. The melody itself is Sicilian. And that it is so, I am assured, not alone upon the *ipse dixit* of many a native of fair Sicily, but upon the authority of a gifted and accomplished friend of Sir Henry Bishop's, from whose own lips the information was received, upon the authority of one whom I am proud to claim also as my friend, Doctor Charles Mackay, the Poet, or as Béranger loved rather to be called, the popular song writer. “Thus,” I am reminded, “the claims of England to this song, identified so strongly with English feelings and home affections, are but small; but—small as they are—they may be sufficient, for the song was born in England, and the melody was unknown out of Sicily, till Sir Henry Bishop gave it an English life and an assured immortality.” This, by the way, being done through the medium of one of Sir Henry's sparkling little ballad operas, given to the world at the period when he was installed as Musical Director at Covent-garden Theatre. So that, after all, Sicilian though the melody, American though the poetry, of “Home, sweet Home”—England may still lay large claim to it, almost upon the score of its nationality.

A SUBTERRANEAN SEARCH FOR A SUSPECTED STREAM.

It was such a wild, wet morning, a few Mondays since, that I could not take my usual weekly walk ; so feeling rather "Mondayish," I went to see the friends to whom on such occasions I am wont to turn for a long and restful talk. Well knowing, and kindly remembering, how much I enjoy the eastern favour of a cup of coffee, they soon had it brought to me. Now, while I was sipping it, some unperceived link in the chain of the association of ideas led me to think, and then to say, "What would I not have given for such a cup of coffee the day that I had almost died of thirst in the plains of Jericho, near the Dead Sea?"

"Died of thirst!" said one of my friends. "How dreadful. Do tell me all about it."

"Most willingly," I replied. "Accompanying the caravan of pilgrims making the usual descent at Easter tide from Jerusalem to Jericho, under the escort of the Turkish troops, to bathe in the Jordan, I found myself at early dawn standing at last upon the banks of that river. The sights and the superstitions of the crowd around were much too painful to witness any longer than one could help, so applying for and obtaining from the commandant an especial escort of three Irregular Cavalry, I hastened off on a detour to the Dead Sea. Following as closely as the nature of the ground would allow the singularly winding course of the Jordan, we found it to be a considerable, swollen river, the bend of the long grass on the edge of the banks and the branches of the trees showing that a vast body of water had been rushing on towards the Sea of Lot with a velocity of six knots an hour, swelling as the snows of Hermon melted under the early heat of the spring sunshine, and discharging into the Dead Sea six millions of tons of fresh water daily.

We halted on the margin of this marvellous inland sea, with its depression of 1,312 feet below the Mediterranean, its glowing mirror-like surface, its painful stillness, its utter desolation, its intense heat and qui-

vering rarified atmosphere, its solemn associations. We were tempted to bathe, but soon repented, being fairly tortured with the saline incrustations and smarting sensations consequent thereon. Anxious, however, to carry away some of its waters for subsequent observation, I hastily quaffed off what sweet water was in my beaker, and filling it and some bottles in the sea, carefully corked them up under water. Warmed now by the furnace-like heat that was with the meridian sun attaining an overwhelming power, we remounted our horses, and turned our faces towards Jericho, distant in a straight line only seven miles, but fully equal to nine miles' riding, on account of the devious path we had to pursue, now avoiding dry torrent beds, again winding round high though loose sand-hills. And now the sun, the sparkling sand, the glare, the excitement, the fatigue of several hours on horseback, the want of our regular morning meal—all began to tell on our party; horse and man showed symptoms that terrible thirst was setting in. With blood-shot eyes, dilated nostrils, flushed faces, panting steed and not less panting rider, we rode wearily across the burning plain. We strained our eyes in hopes of seeing the tents ahead; we kept up the momentary expectation of the delightful vision, but still no tents. And now our throats were parched up, voice began to fail, vision scarcely could be trusted, the powers of mind and body began to flicker. One of the escort longed to fling himself off his horse, to die quietly on the spot. We raised him up again, and cheered him on. And now, unequal to fast motion, just let our horses choose their pace.

It was dreadful, descending some torrent bed, steep, rough, and uncertain in footing, where each step of the weary, thirsty, yet brave good steed under one seemed like the rack for very torture. The sun, still more fierce in its play, beat hot upon our burning head in these hollows. My strength at last began to give way, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, my eyes saw nothing. They felt as if a

heated veil were pressed against them. The brain reeled. My ear fancied it heard the whoop of the wild Arab sweeping down to our destruction; and when mechanically I turned in my saddle to defend myself, I was unable to collect my thoughts and perceive the illusion, so utterly was my whole system unnerved by this burning terrible thirst. Two of the three Irregulars, however, bore up manfully, and supported their exhausted comrade and my no less helpless self. Never seemed the desert so drear—never the sun so sultry—never distance so extended—never relief so far removed. Hope ceased to cheer, thought ceased to act, under the withering power of that terrific thirst. We spoke no more—we rode on, simply because our horses still moved. Spectre-like, we four slowly pass over that hot ground. Ha! my horse is roused, his head is up, his ears are erect, his frame quivers, his nostril sniffs the air, he tosses his mane—he has caught the scent of water! One more effort, and we are saved from this torture. We seize our saddle-bows with both hands. Nature struggles for life. That white speck glaring in the distant sunlight must be the camp. "Allah Kerim!" exclaims Abdullah; "God is merciful!" Our tongues refuse their office, but our hearts respond, "Barak Allah!" "The Lord be praised!"

We thought we were galloping fast now—they told us in camp they wondered at our leisurely approach. With just strength enough to distinguish the commandant's tent, and almost entangling my horse in its ropes, I reach at last the tent door, and somehow or other roll off. Throwing myself upon the tent carpet, I made signs for water. A negro attendant handed me a full goblet. Just as I was placing it to my eager lips, the commandant, springing from his place on the divan, with one blow dashed the goblet out of my hand, and the water to the ground. I turned a gaze of bitter disappointment and inquiry upon him. With all the solemnity of the Turk, he took no notice of this, but gravely proceeded to open an orange, and to squeeze its delicious juice drop by drop into my parched mouth. Speech was gradually restored. A long breath or sigh relieved the exhausted system. Some nectar-like

sherbet was now allowed, and after a deep draught, a heavy sleep setting in, the weary frame found rest. Like a kindly-hearted nurse did Achmet Bey watch over the young Frank as he slept in the Moslem's tent; no sound was suffered to disturb, no fly to tease. I awoke with the delightful sense of having rested, and remembering the commandant's strange deed in dashing the water from my lips, I began catechising Achmet Bey about it.

"*Mashallah*," said he, "had I not done so, and let you swallow off the cold water in your state of raging thirst, your fate would have been like that of one of the escort, who, knowing where to find the stream which runs through the camp from *Ayn-es-Sultan*, rode straight to it, flung himself upon his face, drank great draughts of the water, turned over upon his back in convulsions, and expired suddenly, from the effects of the cold water in his state of exhaustion. '*Il-hamdillah*,' I acted kindly by you, '*Effendim*!'"

Some fourteen years ago's chain of peculiar but most providential circumstances led me to visit Jerusalem for the third time. Very glad was I to turn my steps once more to its sacred soil, especially endeared to me by its having been the home of my childhood, and still the home of a much-loved mother and sister. I need not describe the journey nor the welcome that awaited me at its close, nor the joy with which every favourite haunt was re-visited. Young, active, high-spirited, and a stranger to the sensation of fear, I occupied my leisure time, at the close of my college course, in making expeditions sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback; at times following the beaten track of other travellers, and at other times indulging my love of enterprise by wandering into places and ways unknown to the European or his dragoman. Ever on the watch for adventure, and enjoying the advantage of speaking Arabic, some most delightful excursions opened up to me.

Towards the close of my first summer an opportunity presented itself for an exploration in the Valley of the Kedron. It happened to be a season of great drought, so that naturally water had a very prominent place in

the conversation of its inhabitants. The only supply that seemed to be adequate to the wants of the city was that which was drawn from Job's Well.

Situated at the junction of the Valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat is this, the "En-Rogel" of the Old Testament, known by the modern name of Nehemiah's, or Job's Well—in Arabic, Beer-Ayub. It formed a boundary point between the division of Judah and that of Benjamin. Here it was that Jonathan and Ahimaas stayed until they were enabled to bring tidings to David that Ahitophel's counsel had been defeated. Here also was it, that on a great stone beside the well, Adonijah slew sheep and oxen to feast his fellow-conspirators. It being a place where people were wont to assemble on festive occasions, they could, without exciting suspicion, meet to carry out their lawless plans. The origin of this well, or why and when it was called Job's Well, is a mystery, as we can hardly suppose the patriarch of Uz ever passed by or drank water out of it.

Much stress had long been laid on the idea of this well being merely an opening into running water, indicating thereby that the brook *Kedron* now pursues its course under ground, not being visible above ground north of Beer-Ayub; while, in the rainy season, it is seen flowing south of the well. Professor Robinson, in the "Bib. Research," vol. i., p. 492, relates, that Mejr-ed-Din describes it as built up with very large stones, having in its lower part a grotto, or chamber, walled up in like manner, from which he states the water strictly issues; and that, in a season of drought, the Mahomedans had *sunk* this well to a *greater depth*. It is supposed to have been filled up, and consequently unknown to the Crusaders; but it is related by Hugo Plagon to have been discovered and cleared out with great advantage in the year 1184. The Rev. Mr. Williams, in his "Holy City," distinctly asserts that "it *must* be a stream," founding his assertion on the fact of the sparkling which is to be observed on the surface water when looking down into the well. Even Dr. Thomson, in his interesting and valuable work, "The Land and the Book," adopts this popular notion, stating, "that a stream seems to

run constantly across it and passes down the valley *under the rock*." It may be supposed that this oft-discussed question was revived at this time, and, partly to set it at rest, partly to gratify my own love for adventure, I determined to take nothing for granted, but to examine it personally, and for this purpose to descend to the bottom, a feat never performed by any European before.

"En-Rogel" is situated in a most picturesque locality south and east from Jerusalem. To the east of it rises the sunburnt Hill of Offence, on the summit of which, to this day, on the rocky plateau, the rude outlines of the structure erected by Solomon to Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, may be traced (1 Kings, xi. 7). In the cavernous recesses at the base, the inhabitants of Siloam have found a ready-made refuge, occupying the vacant tombs, or empty cells, of bygone generations, and giving us a living illustration of what a "Troglydite" means, and presenting to every traveller, by sad experience, a practical proof of what it is to be beset by beggars, rogues, and rapparees, in clamorous concert, demanding blackmail. To the south-west a terraced hill of dark red clay formation arrests the eye, high up the side several square openings in the rocks invite examination. Some ten years ago I had visited one of them with a friend, and found it to be the entrance to a tomb unrifled by any previous visitor. In each of the sarcophagi we discovered a perfect skeleton, the accompanying handful of dust verifying the humbling truth, "dust thou art;" and the subsidence into dust of some of the skeletons had a singular effect, preserving the outline of the body along the bottom of the stone coffins, and testifying to the fulfilment of the fiat, "unto dust shalt thou return." The temptation was irresistible. Undeterred by fear of consequences, we possessed ourselves of a skull as a specimen from each repository of the dead. These were afterwards submitted to (I think) Dr. Pritchard, without informing him from whence they came. The result of his investigation went to show that no Jewish cranium was amongst them, but that they were the representatives of the other, the Gentile, division of the human race. This is claimed to be a

"I have obeyed your royal behests, and captured Mr. Locksley."

"Miss Florence Barrington!" cried Ned, as she rose to greet him.

"As was," answered the officer. "Since gazetted, 'Lady Sangster.'"

"Then, you had not heard of our marriage?" asked Florence, with his hand in hers.

"Certainly not," interrupted her husband, "or he would have hanged himself, which, I suppose, that I must do, now that he has turned up again. You don't happen to have a forage rope about you, Mr. Locksley? There's a nice tree with a crooked branch outside."

Ned stared, as well he might. Florence only laughed, and shook her forefinger, with menace, at her husband, as she used to do at her vivacious cousin.

"Yes, that was the way you shook your finger at poor dear honest Rosy, when she let your cat out of the bag. She told me, Mr. Locksley, not to flatter myself too much on Florence's acceptance of my suit, for she only took *me*, because you had neglected to take *her*."

"For shame, Willie! How can you? You knew his old way, Mr. Locksley, and can hear he's not altered for the better."

"Ah, well! I'm a blighted being. Never mind, your ladyship, the campaign may make a widow."

Wherewith he applied a handkerchief to his eyes, so comically, that spite of the too sad probability with which he jested, his wife and visitor burst out into laughter.

"It is really too bad of you!" cried the former, when they began to recover breath; but Willie, or rather, Sir William, being incorrigible, only bowed, and blew a kiss to her. Ned now found opportunity to offer his double congratulations. Of Sangster's promotion he had been before aware, but had not heard of the marriage, at which he could heartily rejoice.

"I cannot conceive what made me hesitate to recognise you, when the voice, too, sounded so familiarly. But it was very dusky, and you came on me from behind, you know. I had no notion you were attached to Sir Hugh Gough's army."

"No more I aint. I came, promiscuous, with the Governor-General. Flo. heard, however, that Lady Gough

was with her husband, and nothing would induce her to stay behind. Seen 'general orders' to-night, eh?"

"No, I haven't. Any thing particular?"

"Only that we, with Gough, march upon Maharajpore to-morrow; Grey's wing on Punniar. Khajee Wallah and the Maharanee don't seem to see things Lord Ellenborough's way."

"Will the Mahrattas fight?"

"Like mischief. I am told they are intrenching themselves across the Kohuree River."

"I was in hopes," said Lady Sangster, "that matters might have gone off in negotiation. Many chiefs have sent their vakeels into camp, you know."

"To throw dust in his lordship's eyes," her husband answered.

"Well, it don't take much of a scuffle to raise dust in this camp," said Ned. "I wish it would rain before the march, for Lady Sangster's sake. You have no notion what a cloud an Indian army tramps in."

"Too good luck to rain," replied Sir William; "though I dare say its snowing fast at home."

"Where at home, dear?"

"At home in England, to be sure; have you forgotten it is Christmas time?"

Into what memories did that one word beguile them. Forgetful of the weary march before them—forgetful of the grim encounter to which the march would lead—forgetful almost, bride and bridegroom, of their own exclusive new-found happiness—forgetful almost, solitary disappointed heart, of all its troubles, there they sat far on into the soft, warm, Indian night, recalling earliest scenes, thoughts, feelings, and associations from the bright hearths whose blazing kindled once more out of remembered Christmas hours at home.

And yet Ned's heart would ache, less from regret than sharp anxiety.

What if his own eyes caught no Christmas cheer from camp-fires glaring upon dusky heathen forms. At least, the brightness of that hearth at home by which he might not sit, would not be darkened by the fall of even shadowy dishonour. For that his manly heart was well contented to forego even the homeless happiness, asking no home, which his friend Florence and her soldier hus-

Arabs had rigged up a double set of their goat-skin buckets to meet the pressing want. I encouraged their unusual activity by the promise of a bucksheesh whensoever I re-appeared from the bottom of the well. They shouted with delight, toiled in a marvellous manner, and at last a bucket came up as empty as it had gone down. My opportunity was come. We hastily removed the half-rotten gear of the natives, the windlass was placed across the opening; the chain, carefully marked off in lengths of ten feet each, was arranged; a narrow board made fast to it by four ropes, and swung over the dark depth waited to receive me. As I gazed down, while placing myself upon this oscillating seat, I almost repented of the undertaking. However, it was too late to shrink back, so sitting steadily across the board, I fastened a lighted lantern to one of the ropes by which it was suspended; to another, a compass; to a third, a thermometer; and securing a match-box in an inside pocket, with note-book and pencil in hand, I committed myself to the guidance of my friend the architect, who sat beside the windlass, and was then, by the wondering Arabs, slowly lowered into darkness and depths unknown.

The first thing that struck me was the solemn hush amongst the Arab crew overhead, as they steadily eyed the Inglesse slowly sinking out of sight; the next peculiarity was the change of temperature from that of 95° atmospheric heat in this valley at 3 P.M. I felt as if suddenly transported on a voyage of discovery into the heart of some iceberg. A few shakes—a few stops—some slips of the chain, and the descent gradually became quite a simple matter of business.

The north face was selected for examination in the descent; the south was left for the ascent.

The shaft of the well is oblong in form, consisting partly of masonry of two distinct periods, and partly of a bore passing through the rock. For the first forty feet down from the mouth the workmanship is evidently modern, having been built with small, well-laid, square stones. The next thirty feet the work is of a very different character, large, irregular, and massive stones, identical with the an-

cient masonry seen in the oldest portion of the walls near the Mosque of Omar. This portion of the masonry rests upon the live rock, through which the shaft continues for sixty feet downwards to the bottom of the well, exceedingly irregular in bore, full of projections, indented, and in many places worn smooth by the water action. About six feet above the spot where I came to a landing below, a very prominent ledge forms a peculiar narrow funnel, opening into a wider space beneath, passing down which, after receiving sundry bruises from the projecting points of the rocks, I at last left my uncomfortable position and stood shivering with cold, and shouted out to my friends above the fact that I had reached the bottom of Beer-Ayub!

On looking around my novel quarters, I found to the east a small cave or fissure about three feet wide by six high, quite beyond the plumb of the well. In it there was a small heap of pebbles, a little pool of water un-reached by the buckets, and an emptied preserved meat case, which some Englishman, true to his nationality, had made use of even at such a spot, and then flung into the well. I most carefully searched for any inlet of a stream, and found none. I probed every chink that I saw, north, south, east, or west, in the rock; all, and they were but very small indeed, tended upwards, and by the lie of the clay and gravel in them, proved to be conveyers of water, permeating through the superincumbent soil into the well. None could be considered to be outlets for any stream. The soil was the same heavy red loam which we find on the hills to the south and west—the formation is limestone, the rock unstratified. Its greatest width below runs east and west. The rock has not a solitary trace of having been worked by any tool whatever. In no part of this—the rock portion of the shaft—has the well been formed by the hand of man. It is all naturally fissured, and worn by the water action, which now finds its vent into the well through a line of chinks right across the north face at the height of twenty feet from the bottom, bursting in after the manner of ordinary springs.

Ascending, the south face of the rock is similar to the north; but at

"Gallop!"

The Kattiwaree rises on his hind legs wildly, paws the air, and falls back, his rider under him.

The battery is carried.—So that they have not far to bear him out of reach of the dropping matchlock fire, which the brave Mahrattas will not even yet entirely give over. There was a tope of trees, and a fragment of a mud wall; both bore the crashing marks of cannon.

"Lay me down here, Tommy."

"I knowed he were hard hit, sir," would the Earl's head-keeper say, in aftertimes at home, to Robert Locksley. "He were a very partickler officer, sir, for all he were so kind-hearted, were Master Ned, sir. He always said 'Serjeant-major,' sir, just soldier-like. And so I knowed he were hard hit, sir, when he says to me, 'Tommy,' he says, like as was of old times, here at Cransdale, sir."

They leaned him up against the little broken wall. Then the Bheel, at Nureddeen's word, ran to fetch a little water and some bearers from a neighbouring group of huts. With an effort Ned drew from his breast-flap his little Greek New Testament; but his hand faltered, and his eyes swam. He let it fall beside him. His breathing was heavy and interrupted. Wilmot and the one-eyed Jemadar held him, looking at each other in blank despair.

"Tommy! Tommy Wilmot!"

It was little louder than a whisper.

"Yes, dear Master Ned, sir," said the sergeant-major, bending his ear almost to touch his lips, whilst big salt tears went rolling down his long flaxen moustachioes.

"Give my love to—my father—mother, Tommy. Tell—I charge—forgive—my cousin Keane."

Then he was silent, till Wilmot heard him say—

"Lord! now lettest thou thy servant"—

But the froth and blood came bubbling up to choke the words upon his dying breath.

They buried him at sun-down.

"Put this in with him," said the old one-eyed Mussulman. It was the little Testament he had picked up.

"Allah Kerim! God is merciful. He was a servant of the Book!"

"And put in this!"

"No, not that," said the sergeant-major.

It was his grandfather's sword.

"Allah Kebir!" the stern old trooper answered gravely, snapping the sword in two against his knee; "God is great! No bungler shall wield the weapon. He was a master of it."

Therewith he threw the pieces in beside Ned Locksley.

But Thakali, the Bheel's wife, sat on the ground the night long, by the grave, mourning and casting dust upon her head. Poor half-savage heart, yet wholly grateful! Lucy Locksley's would have clung to it. For ever, in the after years, it clung to any who kept or brought, in kindness, remembrance of her soldier son.

For that, when Philip brought home as his countess her that had been Rosa Barrington, not his own mother's arms embraced her with more loving fervour. For that, did Lucy knit, through her, close correspondence with her cousin Florence, his early and discerning friend on Indian ground. For that, when Max Gervinus also brought a bride to visit Rookenhams, Amy, for it was she, felt in her heart's core Lucy's tenderness.

The Roystons had a second son, to whom they craved her leave to give the name of Edward Locksley.

Her fingers, tremulous with advancing age, were busy with his brown curls, so like her own Ned's, as once again she talked with Lady Royston of him who lay beneath the mangoe trees.

"No, Constance dear, not even such a loss need leave a mother's heart robbed of all consolation. Look on this forehead, where, with your kisses, you shower hopeful prayers. What if an angel touched your eyes to read on its white parchment this answer to them:—'He shall be tender-hearted, yet strong-souled, just in rule, brave in war, serving God, in faith of Christ.' What if beads of death-dew blurred all else, would not enough be written? Would you not say—'Thank God! His holy will be done?'"

as calmly and unruffled as they did when I stood beside them in years gone by. There is the snow-crowned Lebanon, that lovely background in the beautiful panorama that greets the traveller as he journeys towards the noble yet lonely-looking clump of cedars, which ever seem to be mourning the companions they have lost.

There, too, is Carmel, a spot of marked and marvellous associations; there also are the well-known slopes of the Mount of Olives. And hark! methinks I hear the Muezzin's cry, "Allah hu Allah! wa Mahommed rasool Allah." I can't help feeling how I should like this very day to be there again—to set off at once.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A YOUNG man sat reading in the deep embrasure of a window in B—— College, his head supported on his hands as he bent with intense earnestness over a large folio which lay before him. Evening was closing in—the evening of a dull November day, and the words were gradually becoming indistinct on the pages of his book, when suddenly he looked up. It was not, however, the waning light which attracted his attention, but the sound of a rapid step ascending the stairs leading to his room. He looked eagerly towards the door, his eyes brightening, and his face, which, though thin and pale, was glorified by the spiritual beauty of intellect, flushing with sudden excitement.

In a moment there was a sharp, quick knock at the door. An answer as rapid—"Come in," and the visitor entered.

"I thought I knew your step, Seymour. Is it possible! How glad I am to see you."

"How are you, old fellow?—all right, I hope?" And they shook hands warmly.

The new comer was a tall, fine-looking man, several years older than his friend, and evidently very different both as to *morale* and to *physique*—he was strong, broad-chested, and muscular; his features, which were handsome, though somewhat too large, were relieved by his thick brown beard and moustache, and he had just the face and figure calculated to win admiration from the generality of persons.

Those, however, who looked deeper into this fine mould of living clay, could have told at once that the man was governed by the animal nature, rather than by the subtle unseen spirit. The full lip, the flashing, impatient eye, the haughty expression of

face—all indicated the existence of violent passions.

Seymour could, however, look very pleasant when he smiled, as he did now most cordially on the young man before him.

"Well, Thorold," he said, "you little thought to see me here to-night."

"I should think not, indeed. Why, I imagined you held in enchantment in a certain castle in Yorkshire, with neither the will nor the power to leave it. Is it not true, then, that you are to be married next week?"

"Quite true. And I only wish it were to be to-morrow."

"Then you have merely come to take leave of your old haunts, and of the *liberam juventatem*."

"Just so," said the other, shortly, as if he did not care to have his motives inquired into.

"Well, come and sit down," said Thorold, drawing forward his easy chair, "it is inconceivably jolly to have you here."

Seymour threw himself into the chair, and seemed for a moment so deeply preoccupied by his own thoughts, that he did not hear Thorold's next remark. Then starting, he said—

"I beg your pardon; what did you say?"

"Only that I wish you had let me know you were coming."

"I only decided to come five minutes before I got into the train, so I could not; but why do you wish it?"

"Because then I might have had some of our fellows here to meet you. There are so many who would be glad to see you again."

"Spare me that, Thorold!" exclaimed Seymour, hastily. "Remember, while I am here, I wish to see no one but yourself."

yet to him ever something more than a primrose, even though it had been the one whose delicate stalk was held between the lips of the vulgar ruffian, Blastus, in Douglas Jerrold's story of "St. Giles and St. James." Yet, strange to say, Leigh Hunt—like Wordsworth himself, who thus first philosophised poetically over the infinite suggestiveness of beauty latent in the primrose—Leigh Hunt, like William Wordsworth, was nevertheless totally deficient, as he assured me, in the sense of smell, detecting no perfume whatever, even from petals the most odoriferous. He, whose verses are actually fragrant with flowers! Instance this, his delicious apostrophe to the vernal month, that month of love and verdure, of cowslip and daffodil, that delectable season, of which Shakspeare's Touchstone warbles:—

"In spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When the little birds sing
Hey ding-a-ding-ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring."

Instance this floral fragrance peculiar to Leigh Hunt's poetic effusions, the metrical apostrophe to the youngling month of the twelve, the apostrophe ending with that mellifluous couplet, the conclusion of which is like a breath wafted from the hedgerows:—

"May, thou merry month complete;
May, thy very name is sweet!"

His imaginative sense of perfume, however, must have borne some analogy to the faintly adumbrated sense of colour prevailing among the colour-blind, among those who, wandering through a garden, recognise only by a difference of outline the distinction between the roses and the green leaves clothing the bush upon which they are blooming; who can there discover even no diversity of hue, later in the season, between the autumnal verdure and the scarlet berries.

It was a distinguishing peculiarity with Leigh Hunt, that in regard to whatever of the beautiful his fancy touched, one might say of it, as he himself said of Paganini's affection for his violin, that "he loved it like a cheek." Nay, if ever he had, moreover, in his colloquial criticisms, to note some fault or blemish in the thing he loved, it was always with

the gentle apology, with the courtly extenuation of Tasso:—

"Non era pallidezza, ma candore!"

So, likewise, when he was writing, particularly in verse, upon any thing whatever possessing the divine grace and crowning merits of the Beautiful, it was ever with him, as it once upon a time actually chanced with Keats, while in the act of scrawling a letter to one of his familiar correspondents ("Life and Letters," vol. ii., p. 18), when he suddenly broke off with, "Talking of pleasure, this moment I was writing with one hand, and with the other holding to my mouth a nectarine. Good!—how fine! It went down soft, pulpy, slushy, oozy, all its delicious *embonpoint* melted down my throat like a large beatified strawberry." Leigh Hunt, when writing, always, one might say, held in his other hand the nectarine.

And the fruits this poetic gourmand loved the most, were they not the choicest glories of what he has daintily termed the "human orchard?" Where—it is in his charming little poem on "Sudden Fine Weather"—he cries out deliciously—

"Your finest fruit to some two months may reach:

I've known a cheek of *forty* like a peach!"

As he wrote, likewise so he read, with a hand and an eye of tender appreciation. The volumes, the leaves of which he had turned, bore upon their pages abundant evidence of this in little pencilled ticks of applause or objection, and the quaintest marginal annotations, penned in his elegant Italian caligraphy. These jotted lines and notes upon the margin, he himself compared to loving pinches upon the cheek, that left each of them an impress like a dimple; giving the future reader, moreover, the companionship of this sympathetic appreciation.

One of these well-fingered books, a very wall of fruit, with a bee-made cicatrice here and there upon the riper green-gages and apricots—a volume he dearly loved, and had read through *four times*—he has notified it, "with increasing admiration" (it is M. Abel Remusat's translation of the veritable Chinese Novel, "Iu-kiao-li; or, the Two Fair Cousins")—Leigh Hunt lent me, this last night of our meeting, shortly before we parted, bidding

have distinguished her at that distance; but he affirmed positively that he saw her as well as if it had been daylight, by means of a luminous atmosphere which appeared to surround her—he described her minutely—he said she seemed very young and fragile, and that her dress, which was of a light gray colour, clung to her as if it were dripping wet, while her long hair fell over her shoulders streaming with water; he said she looked exactly as if she had just risen out of the river. Why, how cold you are, George! You shiver as if you had the ague; let me put some more coal on the fire.”

“No, no, go on; why do you stop? Tell me, exactly, on what part of the bank she was standing.”

“A little way below the bridge, just opposite the meadow; and the man said that she was gazing intently at one particular spot on the walk, as if she saw some one standing there.”

“You don’t mean to say he said that?” exclaimed Seymour, starting.

“Of course he did, or I should not tell it to you.”

“Did he not think it might be a girl waiting for some one,—preparing, perhaps, for a romantic walk?” said Seymour, laughing noisily.

“A romantic walk on a cold autumn night, with an infant in her arms, was not very likely. No; he said, that not for one moment did he believe it to be any thing of this earth, nor if he had, could he have continued in this belief, for as he looked, she began to move slowly;—with an almost imperceptible motion, she advanced over the water seeming to rest upon it. She held the child with one hand, but the other was raised, and with it she seemed to beckon some one to come to her, still gazing on the same spot. He watched her glide on and on, till just in that place where you know the river is very deep, below the willows, she suddenly sank. He saw her hand still beckoning above the water after she had disappeared, then it vanished also, and a faint wailing cry, in which he thought he could distinguish a name, rose from the waters, and sighed away over the trees.”

“What name, what name did she say?” said Seymour, bending forward, while his hands seemed to grasp, convulsively, the arms of the chair on which he sat,

“He could not hear the name,” said Thorold, who was not looking towards him; “only it seemed to be a call on some one.”

“Well, and what followed? how slow, your are, Thorold.”

“Why, Seymour, I never expected you to take so much interest in a ghost story!”

“Of course I am interested; it is not every day one hears such a tale—come, go on.”

“There is not much more to tell; the man staggered home almost beside himself with terror, and when he told his tale, as he did at the public house that same night, the natural inference was, that he had been drunk and fancied he saw a ghost. However, in a day or two it got wind, that the very next night the same appearance was seen by several other persons, and since then it is said to have been witnessed, from time to time, by hundreds.”

“But, Thorold,” said Seymour, grasping his cousin’s arm; “*who* is it that is supposed to appear—who—tell me!”

“Oh, as for that, those who believe it to be really a supernatural apparition, have no doubt on the subject. It is a fact, that about a year since, a young girl was found drowned in that very spot with an infant in her arms, and there were strong suspicions that there had been some foul play in the matter.”

“How so—why? There could have been no ground for suspicion.”

“On the contrary, there were very sufficient grounds. She was the orphan niece of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, and a month or two previously had become a mother, greatly to his consternation. She, however, constantly affirmed that she was secretly married, and that she was soon to leave England with her husband. On the day of her death she had gone out towards evening, taking her child with her, and looking unusually pleased and happy. She was last seen walking with a man on the meadow-walk, and next morning her dead body was found in the river; the man was never identified.”

Seymour started up, and began once more to pace the room.

“Do these appearances continue?” he said.

“Yes, I heard some of our fellows proposing to go there to-night. I

member the zestful enjoyment with which an accidental circumstance recalled to recollection his solemn recantation in the *Examiner*! His solemn recantation—that is, shortly after his release from his two years' imprisonment in Horsemonger-lane Gaol—of everything he had ever previously written in that journal against His Royal Highness the then Prince Regent—a recantation, ending, after a long catalogue of similar declarations, he was this, and he was that, and he was the other, and—he was *thin*!

Throughout the evening, at intervals, but more heavily and continuously towards the close of it, the rain fell dolefully, with a subdued monotone in the sound that harmonized only too well with the evident sadness filling the old poet's imagination. In one of the momentary pauses of the conversation amongst us all, pauses that gradually, as the twilight darkened over the rooms, became, from mere sympathy, not unfrequent—Leigh Hunt having just remarked that he had got a bundle of his books together, to take with him as “a bit of home”—there came, modulated by the distance, through the rain and the silence, the sound of an itinerant's organ down the road, playing (of all *mal-à-propos* airs in the wide world!)

Sir Henry Bishop's plaintive national melody—as much a national melody in its way, as even “Rule Britannia”—the national melody* of the English domestic affections, “Home, sweet Home.”

Almost immediately afterwards the wheels came and went that bore Leigh Hunt from his home to his death-place. Like an old soldier upon his last march, he had wrapped his cloak about him and gone forth, with his heart-strings torn and bleeding, I believe, from that apparently trivial separation from those he loved: from his dear daughters and his little grandchildren.

Standing by the garden gate, in the rain, I hear his cordial voice still ringing back to me, as he drives away, almost cheerily calling me by name, in accents of farewell.

As I write these last sentences, there lies before me, in aid of my remembrance, the only truthful effigy of those venerable and thoughtful features: the large black eyes, still lustrous to the last; the long white hair, the reverse of gray, being silver, with an occasional thread or two of the original black intermingled. As I close this memorial of Leigh Hunt's Last Evening at Home, my hand is laid upon a lock of this white hair.

* Since writing this, I am assured on competent authority that, strictly speaking, England has no claim whatever to the world-famous song of “Home, sweet Home,” on the score of nationality. The poetry, as is well known, was the production of an American—John Howard Payne (born at New York in 1792, and who died at Tunis, in 1852), an actor and dramatist, and, latterly, Consul (at his death-place) for the United States. The melody itself is Sicilian. And that it is so, I am assured, not alone upon the *ipse dixit* of many a native of fair Sicily, but upon the authority of a gifted and accomplished friend of Sir Henry Bishop's, from whose own lips the information was received, upon the authority of one whom I am proud to claim also as my friend, Doctor Charles Mackay, the Poet, or as Béranger loved rather to be called, the popular song writer. “Thus,” I am reminded, “the claims of England to this song, identified so strongly with English feelings and home affections, are but small; but—small as they are—they may be sufficient, for the song was born in England, and the melody was unknown out of Sicily, till Sir Henry Bishop gave it an English life and an assured immortality.” This, by the way, being done through the medium of one of Sir Henry's sparkling little ballad operas, given to the world at the period when he was installed as Musical Director at Covent-garden Theatre. So that, after all, Sicilian though the melody, American though the poetry, of “Home, sweet Home”—England may still lay large claim to it, almost upon the score of its nationality.

Seymour started violently. He turned to the old man, and put a coin in his hand.

"Tell us the whole truth, word for word."

"Thank ye, kindly, sir," said David, not a little surprised; "I'll tell ye and welcome. It was one night afore ever a word had been said about it, I was a coming down the river in the boat, pulling as hard as I could to get home, for it was late, when what should I see on the bank down there but a woman standing on the edge of the water, with a babby in her arms. The moonshine looked very bright all round her, and I seed her quite plain. She seemed all wet and sorrowful like, and thinks I, its some poor creature tramping into the town, and she dunno how to get across, so I lies on my oars, and I says, says I, 'Ma'am, was you wanting to get across? I'll give ye a lift and welcome;' so she never makes no answer, but moves forward, slow like and soft, so as I never knew a mortal woman walk, and afore I knew where I was, she was into the boat and sitting down in the stern. I felt taken aback like, but I began to pull away, and by-and-by I took a look at her; but, sir, I wouldn't have looked again if you had given me a hundred pounds. She was wringing wet, just as if she had been took out of the river, and her hair was dripping down all round her—and her face—oh, sir, her face was for all the world as white and stark as our Biddy's when she lay in her coffin—and her eyes, they was a staring past me on to the meadow-walk there, and they was the eyes of a dead woman, as sure as I am a Christian! I was all of a tremble, and I couldn't see what I was doing, so that one of the oars got wrong, and when we came to the deep water, I had to stop to put it right; and, sir, what I'm telling you's nothing but the livin' truth, when I looked up from sorting the oar, she was gone! There was only my old red handkerchief lying in the stern where I saw her sitting a moment afore, and neither sign nor token of her in the boat or in the river either, only a cry from the water—may I never hear such a sound again—a fearful cry, shrieking out a name—the name of"——

"Thorold, I can stand this frightful cold no longer," suddenly gasped out Seymour; "come away, come quick, I will not stay another moment—what are you waiting for!" And he tried with all his strength to drag his cousin from the spot. Thorold somewhat angrily resisted.

"Leave me alone, Seymour; I want to hear the end of David's story. Don't interrupt the old man so; it is rude."

Seymour stamped on the ground with impatience, and uttered an exclamation. He grew more calm, however, as the old man said—

"There aint no more to tell, sir. I turned as cold as a stone, and did not come to myself like till I was in bed with the childer. This is the first time I've come anigh the place since."

"Well, thank you, David, we are much obliged to you; it's a strange business altogether," said Thorold.

"Now, Seymour, I will go if you like." And they walked rapidly away.

Seymour instantly began to talk with the utmost volubility, apparently quite unconscious that his sentences, which bore no reference to the account they had just heard, were incoherent and scarcely intelligible.

Thorold, however, was not surprised. He had thoroughly understood by this time that Seymour was in a state of intense mental disquiet, and that this condition was somehow connected with the mysterious appearance on the river.

Arrived at Thorold's rooms, Seymour sat down, and fell into a fit of abstraction, from which his cousin made no effort to rouse him, and which lasted till it was time to go to bed. Then he looked up—

"Thorold, I have rooms at the Star, but I wish you would let me stay here to-night; I can sleep in this chair by the fire quite well."

"You shall have my bed."

"I shall have nothing of the kind; if you make any such offer I leave you at once. Why can you not let me be comfortable in my own way?"

"You shall do just as you please, Seymour. I wish most sincerely I could do more for your comfort than may be done by simply giving you your own way; but remember if there is *any thing* a true friend can do, you will not fail to find one in me."

heated veil were pressed against them. The brain reeled. My ear fancied it heard the whoop of the wild Arab sweeping down to our destruction; and when mechanically I turned in my saddle to defend myself, I was unable to collect my thoughts and perceive the illusion, so utterly was my whole system unnerved by this burning terrible thirst. Two of the three Irregulars, however, bore up manfully, and supported their exhausted comrade and my no less helpless self. Never seemed the desert so drear—never the sun so sultry—never distance so extended—never relief so far removed. Hope ceased to cheer, thought ceased to act, under the withering power of that terrific thirst. We spoke no more—we rode on, simply because our horses still moved. Spectre-like, we four slowly pass over that hot ground. Ha! my horse is roused, his head is up, his ears are erect, his frame quivers, his nostril sniffs the air, he tosses his mane—he has caught the scent of water! One more effort, and we are saved from this torture. We seize our saddle-bows with both hands. Nature struggles for life. That white speck glaring in the distant sunlight must be the camp. "Allah Kerim!" exclaims Abdullah; "God is merciful!" Our tongues refuse their office, but our hearts respond, "Barak Allah!" "The Lord be praised!"

We thought we were galloping fast now—they told us in camp they wondered at our leisurely approach. With just strength enough to distinguish the commandant's tent, and almost entangling my horse in its ropes, I reach at last the tent door, and somehow or other roll off. Throwing myself upon the tent carpet, I made signs for water. A negro attendant handed me a full goblet. Just as I was placing it to my eager lips, the commandant, springing from his place on the divan, with one blow dashed the goblet out of my hand, and the water to the ground. I turned a gaze of bitter disappointment and inquiry upon him. With all the solemnity of the Turk, he took no notice of this, but gravely proceeded to open an orange, and to squeeze its delicious juice drop by drop into my parched mouth. Speech was gradually restored. A long breath or sigh relieved the exhausted system. Some nectar-like

sherbet was now allowed, and after a deep draught, a heavy sleep setting in, the weary frame found rest. Like a kindly-hearted nurse did Achmet Bey watch over the young Frank as he slept in the Moslem's tent; no sound was suffered to disturb, no fly to tease. I awoke with the delightful sense of having rested, and remembering the commandant's strange deed in dashing the water from my lips, I began catechising Achmet Bey about it.

"Mashallah," said he, "had I not done so, and let you swallow off the cold water in your state of raging thirst, your fate would have been like that of one of the escort, who, knowing where to find the stream which runs through the camp from Ayn-es-Sultan, rode straight to it, flung himself upon his face, drank great draughts of the water, turned over upon his back in convulsions, and expired suddenly, from the effects of the cold water in his state of exhaustion. 'Il-hamdillah,' I acted kindly by you, 'Effendim!'"

Some fourteen years ago a chain of peculiar but most providential circumstances led me to visit Jerusalem for the third time. Very glad was I to turn my steps once more to its sacred soil, especially endeared to me by its having been the home of my childhood, and still the home of a much-loved mother and sister. I need not describe the journey nor the welcome that awaited me at its close, nor the joy with which every favourite haunt was re-visited. Young, active, high-spirited, and a stranger to the sensation of fear, I occupied my leisure time, at the close of my college course, in making expeditions sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback; at times following the beaten track of other travellers, and at other times indulging my love of enterprise by wandering into places and ways unknown to the European or his dragoman. Ever on the watch for adventure, and enjoying the advantage of speaking Arabic, some most delightful excursions opened up to me.

Towards the close of my first summer an opportunity presented itself for an exploration in the Valley of the Kedron. It happened to be a season of great drought, so that naturally water had a very prominent place in

the conversation of its inhabitants. The only supply that seemed to be adequate to the wants of the city was that which was drawn from Job's Well.

Situated at the junction of the Valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat is this, the "En-Rogel" of the Old Testament, known by the modern name of Nehemiah's, or Job's Well—in Arabic, Beer-Ayub. It formed a boundary point between the division of Judah and that of Benjamin. Here it was that Jonathan and Ahimaas stayed until they were enabled to bring tidings to David that Ahitophel's counsel had been defeated. Here also was it, that on a great stone beside the well, Adonijah slew sheep and oxen to feast his fellow-conspirators. It being a place where people were wont to assemble on festive occasions, they could, without exciting suspicion, meet to carry out their lawless plans. The origin of this well, or why and when it was called Job's Well, is a mystery, as we can hardly suppose the patriarch of Uz ever passed by or drank water out of it.

Much stress had long been laid on the idea of this well being merely an opening into running water, indicating thereby that the brook *Kedron* now pursues its course under ground, not being visible above ground north of Beer-Ayub; while, in the rainy season, it is seen flowing south of the well. Professor Robinson, in the "Bib. Research," vol. i., p. 492, relates, that Mejr-ed-Din describes it as built up with very large stones, having in its lower part a grotto, or chamber, walled up in like manner, from which he states the water strictly issues; and that, in a season of drought, the Mahomedans had *sunk* this well to a *greater depth*. It is supposed to have been filled up, and consequently unknown to the Crusaders; but it is related by Hugo Plagon to have been discovered and cleared out with great advantage in the year 1184. The Rev. Mr. Williams, in his "Holy City," distinctly asserts that "it *must* be a stream," founding his assertion on the fact of the sparkling which is to be observed on the surface water when looking down into the well. Even Dr. Thomson, in his interesting and valuable work, "The Land and the Book," adopts this popular notion, stating, "that a stream seems to

run constantly across it and passes down the valley *under the rock*." It may be supposed that this oft-discussed question was revived at this time, and, partly to set it at rest, partly to gratify my own love for adventure, I determined to take nothing for granted, but to examine it personally, and for this purpose to descend to the bottom, a feat never performed by any European before.

"En-Rogel" is situated in a most picturesque locality south and east from Jerusalem. To the east of it rises the sunburnt Hill of Offence, on the summit of which, to this day, on the rocky plateau, the rude outlines of the structure erected by Solomon to Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, may be traced (1 Kings, xi. 7). In the cavernous recesses at the base, the inhabitants of Siloam have found a ready-made refuge, occupying the vacant tombs, or empty cells, of bygone generations, and giving us a living illustration of what a "Troglydyte" means, and presenting to every traveller, by sad experience, a practical proof of what it is to be beset by beggars, rogues, and rapparees, in clamorous concert, demanding blackmail. To the south-west a terraced hill of dark red clay formation arrests the eye, high up the side several square openings in the rocks invite examination. Some ten years ago I had visited one of them with a friend, and found it to be the entrance to a tomb unrifled by any previous visitor. In each of the sarcophagi we discovered a perfect skeleton, the accompanying handful of dust verifying the humbling truth, "dust thou art;" and the subsidence into dust of some of the skeletons had a singular effect, preserving the outline of the body along the bottom of the stone coffins, and testifying to the fulfilment of the fiat, "unto dust shalt thou return." The temptation was irresistible. Undeterred by fear of consequences, we possessed ourselves of a skull as a specimen from each repository of the dead. These were afterwards submitted to (I think) Dr. Pritchard, without informing him from whence they came. The result of his investigation went to show that no Jewish cranium was amongst them, but that they were the representatives of the other, the Gentile, division of the human race. This is claimed to be a

confirmation of the current opinion, or tradition, that this was the Acel-dama—the “place to bury strangers in.”

Upon a later visit the following information was given to me by Papas Yoel, a Greek ecclesiastic in Jerusalem, converted to the truth at the deathbed of Dr. Dalton, the first missionary to the Jews at Jerusalem, and survivor of the three venerable Greek priests who loved him, nursed him, and after his death buried him on Mount Zion, in 1826. On the 12th June, as he informs me, service is annually performed in a ruined church, in a cave at Ferdoos (paradise as they call it), dedicated to St. Omphrius for departed souls, *en masse*. The Greek convent pays annually five piastres (about one shilling) for the use of this church to the village of Abou Tôr, now called Caiaphas' country-house. This was formerly a convent dedicated to St. Modestus, patriarch of Jerusalem, about the time of Heraclius, the Emperor of Rome, whose reign is marked by the first outburst of Moslem prowess. St. Modestus was famous for curing sick cattle, hence the name of the place, Abou Tôr, is derived, and not, as is generally supposed, from some Moslem saint. During a plague in 1807, in Jerusalem, some Greek monks dying of it were buried in the rock-hewn tombs around this church. The occurrence was witnessed by Papas Yoel, and well-remembered by him. From this time it appears that the tombs had remained unoccupied and unvisited until 1838—the occasion I alluded to above—and thus we can account for the absence of Jewish crania and the presence of Gentile; also for the following Greek inscription, rudely carved across another of the tombs—

+
+THC AFIAC CIWN

which gave rise to Clarke's most absurd theory, by which he bodily shifted Jerusalem to the West, making Acel-dama to be Mount Zion. This is most ably refuted in the accurate and interesting “Narrative of a Voyage,” by our learned countryman, Dr. Wilde. To the north, the steep side of Mount Moriah, crowned with the El-Aksa, and the Haram Es-Shereef,

shuts in the valley. Beneath it, and nearer to Beer-Ayub,

“Siloam's fountain springs;
Silent and soft its water glides.”

The road to this well from my home wound along the base of Mount Zion, the sides of which overhanging the gorge of Hinnom complete an amphitheatre as rich in interest as it is singular in formation. The wonted silence of this region was now broken in upon in an unusual manner. In consequence of the drought, I found all the water-sellers of the city crowded around the well, and as I approached it with a gang of Arabs carrying the windlass, chain, &c., necessary for the descent, all hope of gaining my object died away; the sounds of contending voices; the jostling crowd of donkey-drivers; the donkeys gladly availing themselves of the opportunity of fighting out their unfinished battles (the most earnest piece of business, by the way, the said donkeys ever engaged in); the rush from the well of the heavy-laden animals, furiously driven by the half-naked savages at their heels, yelling at one another and screaming out to the hapless pedestrian after the animal has precipitated him to the ground, “Ouah wijjack,” take care of your face; “Ouah rajelack,” mind your legs; “Deer-Balack,” now then; apparently on the principle of “it's never too late to mend,” the accident having already occurred: and worse than all, the returning troops of donkeys and donkey-boys scampering down the dusty, rough, rocky track, each striving and struggling to be first back for a fresh supply of water from the well. All these circumstances combined to make it appear that it would at this time be impossible to effect the descent.

At first I thought of attempting it very early the next morning. “Second thoughts,” they say, “are best.” It soon occurred to me that the very demand thus shown for the supply of water would the sooner empty the well, and render it safe, as well as possible, to descend it that day. I, therefore, with fresh spirits, pushed my way against the continuous stream of those water-laden donkeys; and, finally, reaching the well itself, I sat down to survey the amusing scene, and decide upon my course of action. The

Arabs had rigged up a double set of their goat-skin buckets to meet the pressing want. I encouraged their unusual activity by the promise of a bucksheesh whensoever I re-appeared from the bottom of the well. They shouted with delight, toiled in a marvellous manner, and at last a bucket came up as empty as it had gone down. My opportunity was come. We hastily removed the half-rotten gear of the natives, the windlass was placed across the opening; the chain, carefully marked off in lengths of ten feet each, was arranged; a narrow board made fast to it by four ropes, and swung over the dark depth waited to receive me. As I gazed down, while placing myself upon this oscillating seat, I almost repented of the undertaking. However, it was too late to shrink back, so sitting steadily across the board, I fastened a lighted lantern to one of the ropes by which it was suspended; to another, a compass; to a third, a thermometer; and securing a match-box in an inside pocket, with note-book and pencil in hand, I committed myself to the guidance of my friend the architect, who sat beside the windlass, and was then, by the wondering Arabs, slowly lowered into darkness and depths unknown.

The first thing that struck me was the solemn hush amongst the Arab crew overhead, as they steadily eyed the Inglesse slowly sinking out of sight; the next peculiarity was the change of temperature from that of 95° atmospheric heat in this valley at 3 P.M. I felt as if suddenly transported on a voyage of discovery into the heart of some iceberg. A few shakes—a few stops—some slips of the chain, and the descent gradually became quite a simple matter of business.

The north face was selected for examination in the descent; the south was left for the ascent.

The shaft of the well is oblong in form, consisting partly of masonry of two distinct periods, and partly of a bore passing through the rock. For the first forty feet down from the mouth the workmanship is evidently modern, having been built with small, well-laid, square stones. The next thirty feet the work is of a very different character, large, irregular, and massive stones, identical with the an-

cient masonry seen in the oldest portion of the walls near the Mosque of Omar. This portion of the masonry rests upon the live rock, through which the shaft continues for sixty feet downwards to the bottom of the well, exceedingly irregular in bore, full of projections, indented, and in many places worn smooth by the water action. About six feet above the spot where I came to a landing below, a very prominent ledge forms a peculiar narrow funnel, opening into a wider space beneath, passing down which, after receiving sundry bruises from the projecting points of the rocks, I at last left my uncomfortable position and stood shivering with cold, and shouted out to my friends above the fact that I had reached the bottom of Beer-Ayub!

On looking around my novel quarters, I found to the east a small cave or fissure about three feet wide by six high, quite beyond the plumb of the well. In it there was a small heap of pebbles, a little pool of water un-reached by the buckets, and an emptied preserved meat case, which some Englishman, true to his nationality, had made use of even at such a spot, and then flung into the well. I most carefully searched for any inlet of a stream, and found none. I probed every chink that I saw, north, south, east, or west, in the rock; all, and they were but very small indeed, tended upwards, and by the lie of the clay and gravel in them, proved to be conveyers of water, permeating through the super-incumbent soil into the well. None could be considered to be outlets for any stream. The soil was the same heavy red loam which we find on the hills to the south and west—the formation is limestone, the rock unstratified. Its greatest width below runs east and west. The rock has not a solitary trace of having been worked by any tool whatever. In no part of this—the rock portion of the shaft—has the well been formed by the hand of man. It is all naturally fissured, and worn by the water action, which now finds its vent into the well through a line of chinks right across the north face at the height of twenty feet from the bottom, bursting in after the manner of ordinary springs.

Ascending, the south face of the rock is similar to the north; but at

the junction of the rock and ancient masonry there is the appearance of an archway, very much broken and filled up with rubbish and large round stones or boulders, not unlike those which are found in the course of torrents. This may be the entrance to the grotto mentioned by Mejr-ed-Din, and must be the outlet through which the waters, when they rise over the rocky sides of the shaft, flow off and break out at the opening lower down the valley, called the "Spring of Almonds." An occasion of festive gatherings and Turkish pic-nic parties, the overflow being the precursor of an abundant year; the necessary supply of the two, the early and latter rains having been graciously given.

My ascent had progressed very comfortably, and as I rose towards the summit my spirits rose too. I mocked the solemn silence by a burst of song. The Arabs, too glad of the excuse, soon created a Babel of sounds; and over busy with unnecessary advice to each other—safely to haul me up—forgot and forsook each his own post. The natural result took place. The chain slipped, the lantern tremblingly extinguished itself, my heart jumped into my mouth, and ropes and chains seemed for the instant to have snapped asunder, the giddy seat on which I was swinging and singing sunk under me to the depth of—a few inches!

I now shouted lustily to my architect friend to check the windlass, and to the Arabs to draw me up as quickly but as quietly as possible. No sooner did I find my head above the mouth of the well, than seizing hold of some friendly hand, I sprang forward into daylight and on *terra firma*, and rejoiced to feel that my self-imposed task was safely accomplished. To my surprise I found that the news of my proposed adventure had attracted some of the residents in the Holy City to the spot, who bade me welcome to the bright sunlight, and congratulated me upon having personally brought the question to a decided issue, as I hastily showed them that no stream ever could or did pass underground through Job's Well.

Excited, drenched, and chilly, I mounted my horse and galloped home as fast as he could carry me; and before the impressions faded away, I reduced to shape the observations

taken in the well, and constructed a vertical section, which presents to the eye somewhat of the appearance of an irregularly formed letter J, the foot of the letter representing the cave, described as running towards the east. From the facts then elicited in this examination of Job's Well, it is evident that there is not any running stream of water passing underground and through the well. The sparklings observed upon by Mr. Williams arise from the light falling upon and reflected off the surface of the stream as it bubbles up and rises to the mouth of the well.

The two styles of masonry give a striking illustration of the great change which has passed over this land by reason of the inhabitants neglecting to continue to preserve the terraced cultivation on the surrounding hills. According to Hugo the mouth of the well at the date of the Crusades would be as much lower than it now is as the modern masonry rises over the ancient, i.e., some thirty feet, since the modern masonry is evidently constructed to keep the mouth level according as the soil was washed down from the surrounding hills. We have an approximate measurement of deposit created in the course of 800 years, viz., some thirty feet, pointing out to the traveller what great changes have taken place in the relative heights and depressions around Jerusalem, and warning him against forming a judgment from the present aspect of its hills and its valleys.

The total depth of En-Rogel, or Job's Well, is about equal to the elevation of Nelson's Pillar, in Dublin, viz., 130 feet; the supply of water that trickles in during every twenty-four hours is sufficient to give the city about 300 donkey loads a-day—an amount equal, at twelve gallons per load, to about 3,600 gallons daily—a precious boon in that now "weary land."

Years have passed, reader, since that subterranean search for a suspected stream. These years have made me a gray-haired man, but my heart still beats fast, as in thought I again journey to the land of Israel. Many a time I wander there in dreams. And even now, as I lay down my pen and close my eyes, its well-known scenes rise vividly before me. The blue waters of the Sea of Galilee sleep

as calmly and unruffled as they did when I stood beside them in years gone by. There is the snow-crowned Lebanon, that lovely background in the beautiful panorama that greets the traveller as he journeys towards the noble yet lonely-looking clump of cedars, which ever seem to be mourning the companions they have lost.

There, too, is Carmel, a spot of marked and marvellous associations; there also are the well-known slopes of the Mount of Olives. And hark! methinks I hear the Muezzin's cry, "Allah hu Allah! wa Mahommed rasool Allah." I can't help feeling how I should like this very day to be there again—to set off at once.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A YOUNG man sat reading in the deep embrasure of a window in B—— College, his head supported on his hands as he bent with intense earnestness over a large folio which lay before him. Evening was closing in—the evening of a dull November day, and the words were gradually becoming indistinct on the pages of his book, when suddenly he looked up. It was not, however, the waning light which attracted his attention, but the sound of a rapid step ascending the stairs leading to his room. He looked eagerly towards the door, his eyes brightening, and his face, which, though thin and pale, was glorified by the spiritual beauty of intellect, flushing with sudden excitement.

In a moment there was a sharp, quick knock at the door. An answer as rapid—"Come in," and the visitor entered.

"I thought I knew your step, Seymour. Is it possible! How glad I am to see you."

"How are you, old fellow?—all right, I hope?" And they shook hands warmly.

The new comer was a tall, fine-looking man, several years older than his friend, and evidently very different both as to *morale* and to *physique*—he was strong, broad-chested, and muscular; his features, which were handsome, though somewhat too large, were relieved by his thick brown beard and moustache, and he had just the face and figure calculated to win admiration from the generality of persons.

Those, however, who looked deeper into this fine mould of living clay, could have told at once that the man was governed by the animal nature, rather than by the subtle unseen spirit. The full lip, the flashing, impatient eye, the haughty expression of

face—all indicated the existence of violent passions.

Seymour could, however, look very pleasant when he smiled, as he did now most cordially on the young man before him.

"Well, Thorold," he said, "you little thought to see me here to-night."

"I should think not, indeed. Why. I imagined you held in enchantment in a certain castle in Yorkshire, with neither the will nor the power to leave it. Is it not true, then, that you are to be married next week?"

"Quite true. And I only wish it were to be to-morrow."

"Then you have merely come to take leave of your old haunts, and of the *liberam juventatem*."

"Just so," said the other, shortly, as if he did not care to have his motives inquired into.

"Well, come and sit down," said Thorold, drawing forward his easy chair, "it is inconceivably jolly to have you here."

Seymour threw himself into the chair, and seemed for a moment so deeply preoccupied by his own thoughts, that he did not hear Thorold's next remark. Then starting, he said—

"I beg your pardon; what did you say?"

"Only that I wish you had let me know you were coming."

"I only decided to come five minutes before I got into the train, so I could not; but why do you wish it?"

"Because then I might have had some of our fellows here to meet you. There are so many who would be glad to see you again."

"Spare me that, Thorold!" exclaimed Seymour, hastily. "Remember, while I am here, I wish to see no one but yourself."

Thorold looked surprised, but he remained silent, quietly scanning the countenance of his friend.

"You look more than two years older since we last met. What have you been doing to yourself to get such a care-worn expression?"

"Is it only two years since I was here?" said Seymour, evading his friend's question.

"Yes, don't you remember. I was keeping my first term as freshman when you left college in consequence of your brother's death. It would have been your last term anyhow."

"Ah, I remember. And I can see how you have been spending your time since," said Seymour, pointing to the open books on the window-seat. "Reading yourself to death, as I always thought you would."

"Not I. I shall do myself no harm. Only this is my last term, you know, and I am going in for honours."

"I understand it all," said Seymour. Then burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed, "would to heaven that my university career had been such as yours!"

Thorold made no answer. George Seymour was his cousin. They had been fast friends from childhood, and he was much attached to him; but he was too sincere to deny that rumours had reached him respecting his friend's college life, which were any thing but creditable to him.

"Come," he said at last, anxious to change the subject, "you must tell me about this beautiful Ermance of yours. Is she really as charming as the world says?"

"Charming! She is the very essence of all that is lovely and bewitching. I would give half my life that she were less so!"

"Well done, Seymour!" said Thorold, laughing; "I can easily imagine that the prospect of matrimony must change a man greatly; but I certainly never expected to hear you give voice to such a rhapsody as that. Why on earth should you wish her to be less bewitching? Since she is certainly yours, the more charming she is, the better, I should say."

Seymour rose and walked to-and-fro through the room in evident agitation.

A somewhat awkward silence ensued, till Seymour resumed his chair and began to talk of his college days,

and to inquire after the men he had known and the state of mind of the Dons on various matters of interest to undergraduates. It was evident, however, to Thorold, that he was not thinking of what he was saying, and that his mind was preoccupied with some subject of great moment to himself. A conversation of this nature soon dropped, and at last Seymour began to occupy himself in stirring up the fire with great energy. While thus engaged, he said, in a careless tone—

"By the way, Thorold, what in the world is the meaning of the cock-and-bull story of a vision—a ghost appearing near F—— Bridge, which Goldwin, of Q——n's, wrote to me about."

"Ah, that is a strange affair, of which I can give you no explanation."

"But who has seen it—what is it—*who* is it that is said to appear?" exclaimed Seymour, pouring out his questions with a strange fierceness, which startled Thorold. Seymour caught his look of astonishment. He threw the poker out of his hand impatiently."

"Such a story in the nineteenth century, is queer enough, you will admit; come, tell me what you know of it."

"I can only repeat to you what I have heard," said Thorold. "I have never gone like the rest to see this apparition, whatever it may be; my opinion is not yet formed as to the possibility of the spirits of the dead returning to earth, and I did not like to go with a sceptical mind to see what *might* be an awful reality."

"How cold it is to-night," said Seymour, shivering; "go on, Thorold."

"I will tell you, therefore, what others say; but, remember, I have seen nothing myself. I was told, that about a month ago, a labouring man was walking home late at night over F—— Bridge, when his attention was attracted by what appeared to him to be a light on the bank of the river below. Thinking, as he said himself, that some of the gentlemen were out larking, he leant on the bridge and looked steadily at it; presently he saw that what he took to be a light, was really the form of a woman standing on the bank opposite the meadow, with an infant in her arms. The night was dark, and under ordinary circumstances, he could not possibly

have distinguished her at that distance; but he affirmed positively that he saw her as well as if it had been daylight, by means of a luminous atmosphere which appeared to surround her—he described her minutely—he said she seemed very young and fragile, and that her dress, which was of a light gray colour, clung to her as if it were dripping wet, while her long hair fell over her shoulders streaming with water; he said she looked exactly as if she had just risen out of the river. Why, how cold you are, George! You shiver as if you had the ague; let me put some more coal on the fire.”

“No, no, go on; why do you stop? Tell me, exactly, on what part of the bank she was standing.”

“A little way below the bridge, just opposite the meadow; and the man said that she was gazing intently at one particular spot on the walk, as if she saw some one standing there.”

“You don’t mean to say he said that?” exclaimed Seymour, starting.

“Of course he did, or I should not tell it to you.”

“Did he not think it might be a girl waiting for some one,—preparing, perhaps, for a romantic walk?” said Seymour, laughing noisily.

“A romantic walk on a cold autumn night, with an infant in her arms, was not very likely. No; he said, that not for one moment did he believe it to be any thing of this earth, nor if he had, could he have continued in this belief, for as he looked, she began to move slowly;—with an almost imperceptible motion, she advanced over the water seeming to rest upon it. She held the child with one hand, but the other was raised, and with it she seemed to beckon some one to come to her, still gazing on the same spot. He watched her glide on and on, till just in that place where you know the river is very deep, below the willows, she suddenly sank. He saw her hand still beckoning above the water after she had disappeared, then it vanished also, and a faint wailing cry, in which he thought he could distinguish a name, rose from the waters, and sighed away over the trees.”

“What name, what name did she say?” said Seymour, bending forward, while his hands seemed to grasp convulsively, the arms of the chair on which he sat,

“He could not hear the name,” said Thorold, who was not looking towards him; “only it seemed to be a call on some one.”

“Well, and what followed? how slow, your are, Thorold.”

“Why, Seymour, I never expected you to take so much interest in a ghost story!”

“Of course I am interested; it is not every day one hears such a tale—come, go on.”

“There is not much more to tell; the man staggered home almost beside himself with terror, and when he told his tale, as he did at the public house that same night, the natural inference was, that he had been drunk and fancied he saw a ghost. However, in a day or two it got wind, that the very next night the same appearance was seen by several other persons, and since then it is said to have been witnessed, from time to time, by hundreds.”

“But, Thorold,” said Seymour, grasping his cousin’s arm; “*who* is it that is supposed to appear—who—tell me?”

“Oh, as for that, those who believe it to be really a supernatural apparition, have no doubt on the subject. It is a fact, that about a year since, a young girl was found drowned in that very spot with an infant in her arms, and there were strong suspicions that there had been some foul play in the matter.”

“How so—why? There could have been no ground for suspicion.”

“On the contrary, there were very sufficient grounds. She was the orphan niece of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, and a month or two previously had become a mother, greatly to his consternation. She, however, constantly affirmed that she was secretly married, and that she was soon to leave England with her husband. On the day of her death she had gone out towards evening, taking her child with her, and looking unusually pleased and happy. She was last seen walking with a man on the meadow-walk, and next morning her dead body was found in the river; the man was never identified.”

Seymour started up, and began once more to pace the room.

“Do these appearances continue?” he said.

“Yes, I heard some of our fellows proposing to go there to-night. I

believe, however, that the numbers who assembled on the bridge at first have greatly diminished, because it is only occasionally that the vision is seen, and the wet weather we have had lately has deterred many from risking a disappointment."

Again Seymour walked up and down in silence; then he suddenly stopped behind his cousin's chair, where his face could not be seen.

"Tell me, Thorold," he said, "truly, honestly, what is your opinion of this marvellous story?"

"Why, to tell the truth, I have been too much occupied with my classics to give much thought to it; but my impression certainly is, that some silly fellow has taken advantage of the fact of the poor girl's violent death, to perpetrate a most unseemly hoax.

For one moment Seymour's face brightened with an expression of unspeakable hope; but the next, the gloom which had gathered on it during Thorold's story, returned with a deeper shadow than before. He went to the window and stood looking out—then he turned and said, in a tone of affected carelessness—

"I say, Thorold, let us go out and take a walk."

"Out, on this dismal evening, my dear fellow, what fancy has possessed you? Why, you were shivering with cold just now."

"Yes, and you have made such a roasting fire, that I cannot stay in the room." Then, as if ashamed of his irritability, he added, "No; the fact is, I have taken a great desire to go and see this appearance, whatever it is, and you must come with me. The evening is lost for your work now, you know," he added, seeing that his cousin hesitated.

"It was not that which made me pause," said Thorold; "but after all I do not object to go; the very fact of having told you the story has made me feel anxious to solve the problem for myself." And in another moment the cousins, arm in arm, had crossed the quadrangle, and were out into the street.

There had been clouds and gloom in the sad autumn sky all day, and now as the twilight fell, dark masses of vapour swept towards the western horizon, like strange weird shapes in

trailing funereal garments, and grouped themselves round the death-bed of the expiring light—while the deepening shadows stole down and crept stealthily over the fair green meadows and the tranquil river that lie round the grand old city of O——, till they gathered dark as the grave beneath the massive walls and sombre gateways of its time-worn colleges.

One last gleam of day there was—faint and sweet as the smile of a dying saint—that flashed from the setting sun as he sunk to rest, and lit up every tower and spire of the noble buildings with a golden transitory light. It vanished away, and as it faded, a sighing wind rose from the river and passed through the shuddering trees with a low wailing sound that was strangely mournful.

Both young men seemed to feel the influence of this scene, and they walked on in perfect silence. It was quite dark by the time they reached the bridge, where a few persons were assembled, gazing down into the river.

The cousins stopped close to an old man in the dress of a fisherman, who was leaning on the stone balustrade. He touched his hat to Thorold, who recognised him at once, as he had often used his boat on the river.

"So, David, you are here too, are you? Have you come to see the ghost?" said Thorold, lightly.

The old man frowned; then took his pipe from his mouth, and said, "Sir, I aint come to laugh at it."

"Nor I. You mistake me if you think I have; unless, indeed, it be a trick of some rascally fellow, which I quite believe it is."

"So did Ned Cowley," said the fisherman, deliberately; "and he took a gun and fired a shot at her—worse luck—and it passed through her as if she were made of air; but Ned, he fell down in a fit, and has never been hisself since; he lies in his bed raving awful. You may trust me, sir, there's more things in this world and in kingdom come, too, than you young gentlemen thinks of, with all your larning," added David, unconsciously quoting Hamlet.

"Then you believe in it, David?"

"Seeing's believing."

"What, you've seen it, then?"

"I've seen it, and I've spoken to it,"

Seymour started violently. He turned to the old man, and put a coin in his hand.

"Tell us the whole truth, word for word."

"Thank ye, kindly, sir," said David, not a little surprised; "I'll tell ye and welcome. It was one night afore ever a word had been said about it, I was a coming down the river in the boat, pulling as hard as I could to get home, for it was late, when what should I see on the bank down there but a woman standing on the edge of the water, with a babby in her arms. The moonshine looked very bright all round her, and I seed her quite plain. She seemed all wet and sorrowful like, and thinks I, its some poor creature tramping into the town, and she dunno how to get across, so I lies on my oars, and I says, says I, 'Ma'am, was you wanting to get across? I'll give ye a lift and welcome;' so she never makes no answer, but moves forward, slow like and soft, so as I never knew a mortal woman walk, and afore I knew where I was, she was into the boat and sitting down in the stern. I felt taken aback like, but I began to pull away, and by-and-by I took a look at her; but, sir, I would'n't have looked again if you had given me a hundred pounds. She was wringing wet, just as if she had been took out of the river, and her hair was dripping down all round her—and her face—oh, sir, her face was for all the world as white and stark as our Biddy's when she lay in her coffin—and her eyes, they was a staring past me on to the meadow-walk there, and they was the eyes of a dead woman, as sure as I am a Christian! I was all of a tremble, and I couldn't see what I was doing, so that one of the oars got wrong, and when we came to the deep water, I had to stop to put it right; and, sir, what I'm telling you's nothing but the livin' truth, when I looked up from sorting the oar, she was gone! There was only my old red handkerchief lying in the stern where I saw her sitting a moment afore, and neither sign nor token of her in the boat or in the river either, only a cry from the water—may I never hear such a sound again—a fearful cry, shrieking out a name—the name of"—

"Thorold, I can stand this frightful cold no longer," suddenly gasped out Seymour; "come away, come quick, I will not stay another moment—what are you waiting for?" And he tried with all his strength to drag his cousin from the spot. Thorold somewhat angrily resisted.

"Leave me alone, Seymour; I want to hear the end of David's story. Don't interrupt the old man so; it is rude."

Seymour stamped on the ground with impatience, and uttered an exclamation. He grew more calm, however, as the old man said—

"There aint no more to tell, sir. I turned as cold as a stone, and did not come to myself like till I was in bed with the childer. This is the first time I've come anigh the place since."

"Well, thank you, David, we are much obliged to you; it's a strange business altogether," said Thorold.

"Now, Seymour, I will go if you like." And they walked rapidly away.

Seymour instantly began to talk with the utmost volubility, apparently quite unconscious that his sentences, which bore no reference to the account they had just heard, were incoherent and scarcely intelligible.

Thorold, however, was not surprised. He had thoroughly understood by this time that Seymour was in a state of intense mental disquiet, and that this condition was somehow connected with the mysterious appearance on the river.

Arrived at Thorold's rooms, Seymour sat down, and fell into a fit of abstraction, from which his cousin made no effort to rouse him, and which lasted till it was time to go to bed. Then he looked up—

"Thorold, I have rooms at the Star, but I wish you would let me stay here to-night; I can sleep in this chair by the fire quite well."

"You shall have my bed."

"I shall have nothing of the kind: if you make any such offer I leave you at once. Why can you not let me be comfortable in my own way?"

"You shall do just as you please, Seymour. I wish most sincerely I could do more for your comfort than may be done by simply giving you your own way; but remember if there is *any thing* a true friend can do, you will not fail to find one in me."

He looked fixedly at his cousin as he spoke, and their eyes met. Seymour held out his hand.

"I understand you, Thorold, and I thank you." And with a simple good night they parted.

Thorold lay sleeping—the sleep of a pure heart and a good conscience—when suddenly a light flashing in his face awoke him with a start. He looked up and saw Seymour, with a candle in his hand, leaning over him.

"Thorold, forgive me for disturbing you, but I must speak to you. I can endure this no longer."

"I shall be only too thankful if you will, my dear fellow; it pains me to see the state you are in. There, sit down, and make what use of me you can."

Seymour put down the light, drew a chair close to the bed, and sat down.

"Thorold, I have come to unburden myself to you of a horrible secret, and, in so doing, to put my life in your hands."

"Where I will keep it safe at the risk of my own."

"I knew you would say that, true friend indeed! but I wish you to understand that I bind you to no promise of secrecy. When you have heard the truth you shall be free to do what you please."

"Agreed. Now tell me all."

"Thorold, you have known me from childhood, and you know what my one great fault has been—a passionate, indomitable self-will, which has ever resisted all contradiction, and been ready to move heaven and earth for the attainment of its object; this has been the origin of my crime and of my misery—by this I sinned and by this I suffer. You know, also, that when I was at college I was in a very different position from that in which I now am. My two elder brothers were alive, and I was the penniless younger son of a proud family. My parents treated me, as I conceived, with great injustice. They did not choose to diminish the family estate by awarding me a suitable provision, and, therefore, they determined to expatriate me. I was to have enough to buy a sheep farm in Australia, and not one penny more—with that I was to be left to fight my way to a living as best I could.

"Just at the time when this deci-

sion had filled my whole soul with bitterness, I chanced to come across Annie Maynard, Farmer Brown's orphan niece. Poor, pretty, gentle Annie! little did she dream that I would be her deadliest enemy when she first raised her blue eyes to my face. Her girlish beauty took my fancy. It was no violent passion—she had neither mind nor education to have inspired such, but I felt for her the passing affection which every young man feels half a dozen times before he has seen that one who alone can teach him what it is to love in the true sense of the word. As usual, I saw no reason why I should not indulge my fancy. It seemed to me that Annie Maynard would be a more suitable wife for an Australian sheep-farmer than a lady, if even a lady could be found to go with me there; and the poor child loved me—she loved me with all a woman's devoted, confiding love, the more precious to me then, because I was smarting under a sense of neglect and injustice. It ended in my being secretly married to her at the Registrar's Office in this city, according to the law, but the marriage, though legal, had no blessing from the Church, and, truly, it was unblest.

"I kept it secret, because I doubted whether my father would have given me even my promised portion had he known it, and I really think I was partly induced to take the step through the wish to revenge myself for my compulsory exile by showing my family that it had led me to disgrace them by an alliance with a peasant girl.

"But a very short time elapsed, however, before I repented my rash act. The momentary fancy had passed away, and I found myself bound for life to an uneducated child for whom I felt no love. In the course of the six months which followed, my two brothers died, and I suddenly found myself no longer the sheep-farmer, but the heir and hope of our ancient family. My mother wrote to me to leave college and return home immediately; and in her letter she opened out before me a prospect of future prosperity to which, probably, I should have paid no attention at all, had it not been for the irritating sense of bondage in which I was held by my rash marriage.

"My mother had a cousin who

had been left sole heiress of a large estate in our own county. She had married a French noble and had always lived in France, though bitterly regretting her fine old castle and park, which had remained desolate ever since. She had now one child, a daughter—Ermance d'Aboville—to whom, of course, the estate would descend, and it was her great desire that the heiress should marry an Englishman and settle in her own home. Her husband was, however, equally desirous that Ermance should become the wife of a certain powerful Duc de Limours, who had expressed himself willing for the alliance—my mother was the confidant and ally of the Marquise the more readily that she was bent on securing the heiress for my eldest brother, Henry;—finally after the fashion of French matrimonial arrangements, a compromise was effected, and it was decided that Ermance should spend a summer with my mother, and she might, if she pleased, accept my brother during that time; if, however, this marriage could not be arranged, she was to return to France and become Duchesse de Limours. Just before she was expected to arrive, my brother died. My mother was too good a diplomatist to let this interfere with her scheme. Ermance and Henry had never met, so she simply substituted my name for his, and wrote to me to come at once and carry out her plans.

"Had I been free I should have utterly scouted a marriage arranged by my parents; tied for life to a peasant girl the prospect seemed very alluring, even before I knew what an ideal of all beauty and fascination was offered to me in Ermance; but when I saw her, oh! Thorold, I could have strangled myself for my insane folly.

"I was driving in an open carriage from the station on the day of my return home, when suddenly, as we drew up at the door, a face looked out at me from one of the windows. I can never describe to you its exquisite loveliness—it was the sweetest, sunniest face, full of witchery and archness, with fair, floating hair, like a golden mist around it. I had seen it—never to forget it—and the next instant it was gone.

"I hastened up to the drawing-

room, where I expected to find my mother. She was not there, and I sat down to wait. The door leading into the next room was ajar, where I caught a glimpse of Amelia Hartley, a young lady who was visiting at the house.

"Presently I heard a light footstep pass into the inner room, a burst of musical laughter, and a voice like the carol of a wild singing bird—

"'Amelie, Amelie, je l'ai vu ce beau prétendant et je t'en fais cadeau, si tu as envie de te marier! Je te le cède, ma chère, volontiers. Oh! mais bien volontiers,' and the sweet, merry laugh rang out again.

"'Ermance! what a capricious child you are,' Amelia answered. 'Why should you give him up? George Seymour is very good-looking.'

"'Good-looking! he is one great brown bear,' she said, in her pretty broken English; 'par exemple! le gentil epoux qu'on me donne là!'

"'You may say what you please, Ermance, but I expect you to fall in love with him.'

"'Moi! l'idée! I love that great rough bear! Ah! bien ce sera la semaine des deux dimanches.'

"Amelia laughed; and after talking some time in the same strain, I heard them go out together. They left me half mad with pique and annoyance, and full of a settled determination that I would have my revenge by making this contemptuous girl love me, and then revealing my marriage to her.

"I devoted myself to this effort, and you may guess the result. In a very short time I was delivered up to the most violent passion for this girl which ever man felt for woman. Oh! Thorold, who could have helped it! You can never guess the charm of her marvellous grace, her beautiful voice, her fresh, original mind. She soon began to show that she liked my society, but she was shy and timid as a wild fawn. I would coax her out to walk with me, and then, suddenly, she would fly away on her fairy feet, with steps light as falling snow. I would catch the gleam of her glorious hair through the trees, and for hours I might seek her in vain, only her sweet voice would come back at times on the wind, singing some mournful song which thrilled through my heart:

but I must not talk of her. The time came when the decision must be made. I must offer myself at once, or she would go back to France to marry a man she hated; and I felt that she must be mine, cost what it would; and, besides, she also had learned to love me, and, can you believe it, Thorold, I persuaded myself that I should now be acting dishonourably by her if I did not try to break the tie that held me bound to Annie.

"It was this vile delusion which lured me on to a depth of evil I never could have contemplated in my fiercest hours of passion.

"Our marriage was settled.

"Ermance was to return to France for a few months, where I was to accompany her on a visit to her parents, and we were to be married in the course of this present autumn, at her own castle. These arrangements have all been carried out; the wedding is fixed for next week.

"It became then, at that time, an absolute necessity that I should free myself from Annie before I left England with Ermance. I came down here the week before our departure, determined to effect this. Do not shudder at me, Thorold. I had resolved on an evil deed, it is true, but it was one of which the crime was light compared to that I actually perpetrated.

"I knew that the only evidence of my marriage with Annie was the certificate which I had left in her own possession; and my plan (sufficiently iniquitous, you will say) was to persuade her to let me destroy this proof, and consider our union null and void, on condition that I made her a large allowance for her life. I believed that money was all-powerful with persons of her station, and that the low-born girl would willingly sell her good name for an independent income; but it was not Annie alone who was to be sacrificed. She had recently become a mother; and my own child was to be involved in this cruel disgrace.

"I wrote and appointed Annie to meet me on a certain evening in the C—— meadow, and bade her bring the certificate with her. Thorold, I wish with my whole soul the railway train had crushed me to death that day instead of bringing me safely to this place.

"Annie was waiting for me on the walk by the river, with a moaning, puny infant in her arms. She had lost all her early comeliness, and was now a faded, common-looking woman. I thought of Ermance, the beautiful, and perfectly loathed her. I lost no time in making known my wishes to her. To my astonishment and rage, she utterly refused. She upbraided me in the strong language of her class, and declared she would remain a concealed wife no longer; her child should have his rights, happen what would; and she would compel me to acknowledge him.

"Thorold, I can never tell you the blind fury that filled my whole soul as she spoke. Every evil passion of my nature seemed to rise up like madness within me. This woman—this base-born woman—to come between me and the darling of my heart, the hope, the joy, the very life of my life! Ermance, my own Ermance who loved me! It was too much. I swore a terrible oath that nothing on this earth should keep me from my purpose. I grasped the girl by the arm, and tried to tear the certificate from the breast of her dress, where she had it concealed; she struggled violently, shrieking out—

"'You shall not have it, you shall not have it; I will go to our clergyman to-morrow, and give it him to keep—he will see me righted fast enough.'

"Thorold, at that moment the fierce, implacable will that drove me on, seemed to rise a very living influence within me. I felt myself grow rigid as iron. I tightened my hold of her arm till she cried out with the pain, and told her I would have that certificate at any cost. She tried angrily to shake off my hold, and said—

"'I'll die first before you have it; I will see my baby righted.'

"'Then die,' I said. The very devil himself got possession of me; with one powerful effort I flung her into the river. Far out into the deep water she fell, and sank like a stone."

Seymour stopped, buried his face in his hands, and shook from head to foot. Thorold fell back on his pillow, overpowered with horror.

"Seymour, Seymour, could you not save her?"

He lifted up his ghastly face, and looked at his cousin.

"I know not if I could—I *did not*. I stood on that spot where they say the eyes of the dead woman look, and saw her rise, her and the child—my child—once. She held up her arm, and shrieked out my name—'George! George! George Seymour, save me!' then the head fell back, the hand disappeared, the voice ceased, the waters closed over her, and I fled away from the spot a two-fold murderer!

"I must hasten to the end. You must not breathe the same air with me now one moment longer than I can help. I have lived since then a life half rapture, half agony. When with Ermance, I was in a rapture of joy; absent from her, in an agony of remorse. The agony increased as my marriage day drew nearer. Annie's last cry has mingled with every sound I have heard of late. Yesterday I received a letter from Goldwin, describing this awful appearance on the river. From the moment I read it, a conviction fell like molten lead on my soul that the spirit of my murdered wife had come to earth again, and come that I might meet her—I know not for what purpose.

"The horror with which I thought of meeting *her* dead eyes—of seeing *her* again upon the very spot where I destroyed her—was beyond the power of words to tell; and yet I felt a dreadful, mysterious fascination, which I had no power to resist, dragging me to this place. I told Ermance I must leave her for two days, and, impelled by some awful power foreign to myself, I came here with my utmost speed.

"And now, Thorold, I will not keep you another moment in the presence of a murderer, but I ask you to remember your offer of help, and to grant me one favour in this my terrible extremity. Will you?"

"I will."

"Do this then for me. To-morrow night I go to the meadow-walk to meet that apparition—to respond to her call—to fulfil the purpose for which she has come to seek me, whatever it may be; but I cannot go alone—I *am afraid*. Yes, it has come to this. I shudder with horror and fear at the very thought of seeing what that old man saw; yet I must go. Will you come with me?"

"Can you doubt it?" said Thorold.

"Then to-morrow evening meet me

at the College gate; till that hour I relieve you of my presence." And before Thorold had time to stop him, he had left the room, and had rushed down stairs at a pace which rendered pursuit impossible.

* * * *

Next evening, in the shadowy twilight, Seymour and Thorold slowly paced the walk by the river-side together.

Thorold had passed his arm through that of his cousin; for deep as was his horror of the dreadful crime he had committed, he could not help now feeling the greatest compassion for him.

Is it not, indeed, the most terrible of all the agonies which human nature can endure, to bear about the consciousness of a deadly crime, once committed, and never, never, in all the eternal ages, to be recalled? And besides, the appalling presentiment of coming evil which seemed to hang over Seymour, and the strange fascination which had drawn him to witness the sight he dreaded above all others, affected Thorold very painfully. Yet he found not a word to say, as he walked to-and-fro with his cousin, during that time of dread suspense. What consolation was it possible to offer in such a case as this?

Once only the silence was broken by Seymour muttering these words to himself, which Thorold overheard—

"No doubt, this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live."

And then silently again their terrible walk continued, within the limits of the few yards which faced the spot where the apparition appeared.

As the moments dragged heavily on, Thorold began to hope that, after all, nothing might be seen; when suddenly he was startled by Seymour letting his arm fall, and stopping short abruptly where he stood facing the river. Thorold's heart seemed to cease beating, as he followed the direction of his cousin's eyes, and saw on the opposite bank the form of a woman, with a child in her arms, emitting a strange white light, which, while it rendered the figure perfectly distinct, seemed yet to veil it in luminous vapour. Had Thorold never heard a word concerning this extra-

ordinary appearance, he would have felt the conviction in his inmost soul that he was gazing on that which was not of this world. So entranced was he by the awful sight, that he could not withdraw his eyes from it, or even give a thought for the time to Seymour, on whom, nevertheless, he saw that the gaze of the apparition was fixed; but as he looked upon her, slowly she began to move. Breathlessly he watched her, as she advanced over the water, and the cold drops stood on his forehead, as he saw her raise her wan hand, and beckon to Seymour. Then, for the first time, he cast a hasty glance on his cousin, and a horror unspeakable gained possession of him when he saw what was taking place.

In proportion as the figure advanced over the river, Seymour proceeded with measured steps down the bank to meet it. He walked as if by a power not his own—stiff, rigid, with his arms hanging motionless at his side. His countenance was ghastly beyond description; his eye staring wide open at the apparition; his jaw fallen, and a sound like the death-rattle in his throat. Already he had reached the edge of the river—already his feet were dipping into it—when Thorold, suddenly seized by an appalling fear, rushed down the bank, and caught him by the arm.

“Seymour! Seymour!—come back, come back! What are you doing?”

Not a word did he answer; not an

instant did his eyes move from the corpse-like face of the apparition. He shook off Thorold’s grasp as if the fascination that drew him on had given him supernatural strength. The dead woman drew yet nearer, and her murderer plunged into the water to meet her; at the same moment she sank, but her head, and the hand, which still beckoned him on, remained above the water. A wailing, unearthly cry rose up, calling upon George to come, and with strong, powerful strokes, he swam towards her.

Thorold saw him reach the spot; he saw that white, wan arm clasped tightly round his neck. One instant the manly head, warm and glowing with life and youth, appeared touching the livid dead face of the woman, and the next both had vanished beneath the water, leaving no trace behind.

In a moment Thorold had flung himself into the river, and reached the spot; he swam round it again and again, and dived repeatedly, without the smallest success. There was nothing below or around, but the dark, chill waters. At length his strength became exhausted, and he was compelled to regain the bank, and seek assistance.

But all was in vain.

The body of George Seymour was never found, nor did the mysterious apparition ever again appear on the bank of the river.

THE LATE EARL OF EGLINTON.

THE death of Lord Eglinton has deprived Ireland of the services of one of the very few public men upon whose manly and judicious friendship she could, in every emergency, confidently reckon. All sorts of Irishmen of all sorts of politics, seem to have formed the same estimate of his noble nature and chivalric attachment to their country. The sentiment was universal, and the lamentation is unanimous. The press of Ireland, as well as of England, has borne its graceful and ample testimony to his worth, and recalled beside so much of his personal and family history as the public could reasonably desire.

Little more is left to us than to inscribe in these pages the simple record of our sorrow and respect.

Lord Eglinton was in all points pre-eminently the man to succeed with Irishmen. His princely hospitality; his taste for pageantry, at once elegant and splendid; the fame of his “tournament,” with its eccentric magnificence; his renown, altogether spotless, upon the turf; his love of athletic sports; even his commanding and powerful frame, and handsome and kindly features, were sure to gain him, on this side of the Channel, a favourable hearing, and at least a fair trial. He possessed,

beside the undefinable dignity of pure blood and ancient lineage—so highly prized in Ireland—an ancestry traced back to the Conquest, sung in the bardic minstrelsy, and famed in the feudal history of Scotland. But the spell of his power lay not in these. His honour was the secret of his success. He was utterly incapable of chicane or prevarication. Every word he spoke was altogether true, and he had hardly occupied the Castle of Dublin for a week, when Irishmen felt, with a common intuition, that their new viceroy was a gentleman of that ideal standard which belongs rather to the exalted regions of poetry and the traditions of chivalry than to the experience of actual life. Thoroughly pure, guileless, and true, sagacious and austere laborious, just but kind, intrepid but gentle, the Earl of Eglinton presents about as fine an image of nobility as human nature can well be expected to yield. His immense popularity, and the success of his administration, finally disposed of the unworthy axiom that the government of Ireland is properly a diplomatic office. It was precisely because he had the masculine good sense to scout that theory, and cherished an implacable antipathy to every thing resembling duplicity or cajolery, that he seized at once upon the sympathies and the confidence of the country, and retained his hold upon them to the last.

Ireland is not learned in a day. The Englishman who fancies that he has grasped the social characteristics and political necessities of the country when he has made himself master of "Harry Lorrequer," "Castle Rack-rent," and "O'Keefe's Farces," and digested the matter of fifty "Lenten Pastorals" and "Tenant-right Resolutions," will be surprised at the magnitude and the solidity of the interests, and at the gravity and subtilty of the character, which on a closer contemplation, comes forth, like the great headlands of our sea-coast, into stern and massive relief. He finds that the caricatures of a dead and buried generation are not portraits of existing men and manners, and that the clamours of the country are not its wants. He fails to discover anywhere the tipsy and insolent gentry, horse-whipping a rack-rented tenantry, and pistolling one another

at eight paces from muzzle to muzzle—who figured in his dream of Ireland. He sees little or nothing of the "aquilid apehood," the blundering, the drunkenness, the fatuous good-nature, and indiscriminate battery and assault, without pretext or purpose, which are described as the amiable peculiarities of a peasantry who will barter their last article of clothing for a bottle of whisky to treat you with, and then, with a good-humoured "hurroo," break your head without rhyme or reason, and finally give you their heart's dearest affections in exchange for a good joke or an indifferent pennyworth of tobacco. The whole of this monstrous mirage vanishes the moment he sets his foot upon the soil of Ireland. He beholds instead, a gentry as intelligent, hard-working, enterprising, thrifty, and, in the highest sense, respectable, as any in the empire; and a peasantry as industrious and temperate, receiving a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. He will see a tenantry possessed of improving farms, at reasonable rents, and of sufficient dimensions; and above all, a vast and energetic Protestant population, self-reliant and prosperous, and altogether unlike his ideal of an Orange community. He will find his notions of the relations of parties, the social facts of the country, and the wants and abuses of its domestic system, extensively modified, and still more extensively demolished. And if he possess (a faculty more uncommon than is supposed) the power of simple perception and energy to think and conclude for himself, he will discard nearly all he has previously conceived, and commence, *ab initio*, the study of the grave and complicated problem.

Lord Eglinton entered on his government in the spirit of a student. Coarser and duller politicians might have lectured and bullied; but he was neither arrogant nor flippant. He had the modesty of high intelligence and the caution of sensitive conscience. But this kind of diffidence is by no means akin to the moral sapineness which delegates to others the prerogative of deciding. It was soon felt that the chief governor of Ireland was not himself to be governed by a coterie—he had accepted the labour and the powers of his high office, and had no notion

of shirking the one or delegating the other.

It was upon the to Ireland specially momentous question of the Galway line of communication with America that Lord Eglinton rendered those effectual and disinterested services which secured the gratitude of all parties in the country. Against the scheme were arrayed the influence of a powerful English directory backed by that of an extensive Scottish proprietary, both ably represented in Parliament. Few modern politicians will risk the personal hostility of a parliamentary section for the sake of serving the material interests of Ireland; still fewer Scotchmen, perhaps, would sacrifice to the claims of this country the competing interests of their own. But with a sensitive and cordial recognition of that *clientela* which his high office had established between Ireland and himself, he unhesitatingly did both. He saw that the measure would confer a benefit upon the mercantile public of England, though one still more important upon this country, and feeling that a great and legitimate service might be

rendered to Ireland, without fear or favour he did his duty.

Had the Earl of Eglinton succeeded to the leadership of his great party, a position designed for him had Lord Derby's state of health obliged him to retire, no one who carefully observed his Irish administration could doubt his success. He had all the tact which belongs to a quick and sensitive delicacy, and that sterling good sense which sees at once the essential in every question. While in Ireland he was a frequent and facile speaker, and on every occasion he impressed his hearers with that sense of adequacy which satisfied them that whatever the subject or the emergency he would have proved himself equal to it.

We are not, however, sketching a biography, far less a speculation; we are simply here inscribing the record of our admiration and regrets, adding one more suffrage to the general voice of the Irish press, and offering a very humble tribute to the memory of one who has not left another exactly like him in the whole muster-roll of the proud peerage of England.

THE VOLUNTEER FORCE IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

WITH the exception of Ireland, the Volunteer Force now ranks through the length and breadth of the land with the effective defences of the country. In the first year of its existence it had to fight an up-hill battle against the prejudice and ridicule lavished on it by those who forgot that the strongest man must at one stage of his career have passed through the nursery; in its second year it suffered even more at the hands of injudicious friends, who thought it incumbent upon them everlastingly to sing its praises in a superlative mood; but it now enters upon its third winter with more settled prospects, with yet growing numbers, and with a firm conviction in the minds of Englishmen of its vital importance to the country.

Ever since the inauguration of that empire which is (said to be) Peace, it has been more and more felt, that having a great ally, if we wished to

fit ourselves for keeping his company on terms of anything like equality, it was our manifest duty to maintain a more creditable appearance in a military point of view. For us only to have some 50,000 or 60,000 armed retainers at call, whilst his retinue, on home service, amounted to 500,000 or 600,000, was clearly disproportionate.

Lord Overstone showed that the immigration to this country of any portion of the French surplus fighting population would be productive of the most disastrous results; and some events occurred which gave rise to a suspicion that although the Empire itself might be filled—paved, if that expression be allowable—with the best and most peaceable intentions, the eagles which that Empire nourished had an unpleasant habit, and a still more restless desire, of “flying from victory to victory.”

For the Volunteer Force, which

owes its origin to this feeling, no apology need now be offered. It is the constitutional privilege of every Englishman to carry arms for his own defence; but the existence of bodies of trained marksmen dates back to a period long anterior to the Bill of Rights. It is an old story, familiar to our boyish recollections, how our forefathers adopted strenuous measures to maintain the pre-eminence of England in the use of the bow. Few require to be reminded how at one time, by law, boys at seven years of age were compelled to practise its use, and an adult was not allowed, under a penalty, to shoot at a target placed at a less distance than 220 yards. "The cloth-yard shaft" was a phrase significant to Continental ears; and so bent were our ancestors on maintaining their repute, that a restraint was put upon other games and sports, lest they should interfere with archery. The feeling might even be said to have continued beyond the grave, for the trees which waved over the resting-places of generations of by-gone Englishmen were in turn to contribute materials for the bows of their descendants. Strict enactments rendered it imperative that every inhabitant of the soil should possess a bow and arrows, and with these it was customary to exercise on the afternoons of Sundays and holidays, at "butts," which every parish in England was bound to maintain.

The effect of this constant training was visible whenever the English engaged in battle. It may be that at Crecy, the result was, in some degree, due to the advantage obtained by the English in bringing cannon into the field for the first time; it may be that at Agincourt, as at Crecy, the fact that the English gendarmerie fought on foot, and were furnished with a superior armament, was not without its weight; but history leaves no room for doubt as to how the battle of Poitiers was won:—"The Black Prince, pressed by an army four times the strength of his own—the only alternative being to conquer or perish—selected an elevated position, which could only be reached by a defile, bordered on each side with hedges and gardens, in which he placed his archers. Three hundred of the

bravest and most powerful knights in the French army were chosen to clear the defile and charge the English line, the infantry being ordered to follow closely after them; but such was the unerring aim of the English marksmen posted to receive them, that hardly one of this devoted band of knights succeeded in passing the defile."

When the death-blow was given to chivalry, by the introduction of fire-arms; when Bayard, the illustrious chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, lamented "that a brave man should be exposed to be killed by a miserable *friquerelle*;" and when Montluc, who called them the inventions of the devil, exclaimed—"Would that it had pleased God that that accursed instrument had never been invented: I should not bear the marks of it, and many brave and valiant men would not have been killed by poltroons, who shoot from a distance those they would not dare to face in open combat"—it became evident that, however reluctantly, England's favourite weapon must be abandoned or exchanged. Accordingly, an Act was passed to encourage the use of hand-guns, as they were then called, the enactment reciting that those who used them "and every of them, by the exercise thereof, might the better aid and assist to the defence of this realm when need shall require." These hand-guns were to be "of the length of one whole yard, and not under" possibly from a lingering affection for the dimensions of the ancient weapon.

The enthusiasm with which the nation flew to arms when the Spanish Armada threatened the coast, was a gratifying proof that in spite of misrule the national heart was sound; but Mr. Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic" raises some awkward doubts whether these raw levies would have been found efficient to cope with the Spanish veterans, could these but have gained a footing on English soil. Cromwell was wiser in his generation. He looked "for recruits of decent station and grave character, fearing God, and zealous for public liberty. With such men he filled his own regiment, and subjected them to a discipline more rigid than had ever been known in England."

Macaulay epitomizes, in a brilliant

passage, the result of this system, when the whole British force had been reconstructed on similar principles :—

“From the time when the army was remodelled to the time when it was disbanded, it never found, either in the British Islands or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its onset. . . . Turenne was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy; and the banished cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, out-numbered by foes and abandoned by allies, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France.”

In our own day speeches and writings eulogistic of the force are too recent and too universal to leave any doubt of the prevailing sentiment that the Volunteer movement is wise and beneficial. The novelty has worn off, but still corps not only maintain their numbers and efficiency, but like the ranges at which the members accustom themselves to shoot, they have an expanding tendency. Reviews are held in all parts of the country, and at each the interest is as keen, and the desire that it shall eclipse its predecessors as great, as if the first grand review in Hyde Park had but just taken place.

These provincial gatherings, too, have features of interest outside the mere display, which seem to be wanting at kindred assemblies in the metropolis. Among the teeming populations of large cities, with whom to-day is the ruling care, the announcement of a volunteer review is commonly regarded by the spectators as an invitation to spend a day agreeably, and by those in the ranks as an opportunity of earning distinction with a moderate amount of personal exertion. If the political view of the question be at all entertained, it is probably with a passing feeling of satisfaction that the national defences have been strengthened. But in the country, where events move with a less

rapid step, where ideas are of slower growth, and where memories consequently are of more permanent duration, the Volunteer movement presents itself under a different aspect. Men have leisure to compare the aim and achievements of the present organization with those of previous levies *en masse* within their own counties, of which tradition preserves the recollection. It is easier, in imagination, to people the solitude of Stonehenge or Wroxeter with their Druid and Roman contemporaries, than it is to pause in the bustle near Temple Bar, and reproduce mentally the pageants which may have halted before the supposed palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey. Almost any one in the long list of county volunteer meetings would suffice, if named, to illustrate this assertion. That held at Warwick, to which came Volunteers from all the midland counties, was peculiarly rich in memories such as these. Let us select it for but a passing observation, both because little comparatively is known of the Volunteer movement in the midland counties of England, and because Warwick is essentially an historic town—in which we conceived ourselves especially fortunate to be present during the Review.

It may or may not have been the ancient *Præsidium*, and have echoed to the tramp of Roman legions. It was certainly a place of consequence when William the Norman entered his census returns in Domesday Book. Its castle was garrisoned for King Stephen; its representatives sat in the rude Parliament of Edward I., helped to find means for the contest with Wallace and Bruce, and assented to the reforms of the English Justinian; it was as strongly in the interest of the House of York as Coventry was in that of the House of Lancaster; it gave historical title to Richard Neville, the famous “king-maker,” who ruled the services and affections of 30,000 retainers of the Bear and Ragged Staff; it witnessed the outbreak of the Civil Wars; saw the quaint Puritanical device of a Bible and winding-sheet wave from the castle walls; beheld the unwilling retreat of the Cavaliers on the sixteenth day of the siege, and heard from the borders of the county echoes and still more

startling tidings of the doubtful fight of Edgehill, the place where Charles for the first time gazed, as he afterwards said, on the first body of rebels he had ever beheld. Once, at a crisis of the long struggle, Lord Brook found no difficulty in collecting to his standard 600 recruits from Warwick, Coventry, and the surrounding districts, "all the most forward of the county, who came and offered their services." But after this determined effort, the tide of war seems to have rolled away from the feldons and woodlands of Arden, and, happily removed by its position from later disturbances, Warwick has passed its days in peaceful agricultural pursuits, watching the stream which a few miles further waters the birthplace of immortal Shakspeare.

To this classic ground came on the occasion of this review 10,000 Volunteers under arms, and probably 30,000 to 40,000 spectators. In its details the display was of much the same character as its predecessors in different parts of the country. A determination to do their best was evinced by all the corps, some of which had come nearly 150 miles to the gathering—from Shrewsbury on one side, and Bristol on the other. Among the spectators there was not a branch of the regular service, and but few of the English volunteer regiments at least, which had not representatives present in uniform. The half-mile galleries overlooking the ground bloomed with bright looks and gay dresses; and if, as florists hold, roses "just washed in a shower" are most attractive, that superadded charm was not wanting.

As a whole, the review went off most successfully. The "Robin Hoods," whose admirable drill was made conspicuous by the peculiar sea-green hue of their uniforms, and the Duke of Manchester's cavalry, whose easy seat and hold of the bridle spoke more of the hunting-field than the riding-school, enhanced the golden opinions they had already won in Hyde Park. Other corps, especially the First Warwickshire, won and deserved a cordial reception. But to those who looked beyond the circumstances of the moment, there was one thing more gratifying than the presence and discip-

line of so large an array—more significant even than the fact that the force mustered at Warwick was but a twentieth of that organization which, like the wisdom that originated it, sprang armed to the ground—and that was the character of the force itself. No longer, as in previous periods of our history, purely feudal, or purely mercenary bands—no longer following rival roses, sprung from a parent stem—no longer classed as younger sons and yeomen, serving-men and tapsters, reckless libertines or military enthusiasts: in the Volunteer movement of the nineteenth century, the British people of all classes, creeds, and conditions, have united for one common, holy object—the security and welfare of the kingdom.

As if to strengthen the feeling of association with the past, the Earl of Warwick threw open his castle and grounds on the morning of the review to all Volunteers in uniform. Apart from the historical reminiscences, clustering thickly as tendrils of ivy round the building, the gems of art and treasures of antiquity accumulated by the taste and wealth of successive Earls of Warwick, and seen on this occasion to greatest advantage, rendered the invitation one of the highest compliments which could be paid to the Volunteer force; and as the red, and gray, and green uniforms of different regiments of the new army of reserve passed through the wide baronial hall and stately rooms, furnished, even to minutest detail, in unison with the period to which they belonged, it was impossible to resist the train of thought which glanced from the race of the present day to the armed arrays which those halls contained at former periods. From the walls frowned portraits of many a stern, determined Puritan, in near proximity to graceful courtiers:—and not nearer than the facts warranted; for was not Lord Brook, the Parliamentary general, a descendant from that Fulke Greville, "the servant of Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney," upon whom the hereditary castle of the Newburghs, Beauchamps, Nevils, Plantagenets, and Dudleys, was bestowed by royal favour, early in the seventeenth century? Before Henry VII.

applied himself to the extinction of baronial power, and by lapse or forfeiture gained possession of these wide estates; ere the unhappy Duke of Clarence, sometime Earl of Warwick, expiated his double treachery by a too-deep draught of malmsey; before the ill-assorted allies had been crushed at Barnet by the Fourth Edward of the House of York, Warwick Castle knew a happier time. Ruled by one of the most opulent, most ancient, and illustrious of the English nobility, of whom it is left on record that he "distinguished himself by his gallantry in the field, the hospitality of his table, the magnificence, and still more, by the generosity of his expense, and by the spirited and bold manner which attended him in all his actions," the most glorious era of this noble house is associated with the name and fame of "the last of the barons." It is true that authentic data claim for it yet earlier renown—that underneath its walls the proud favourite of Edward II. paid with his life for the insult levelled at one of its lords; and that it acquired repute in its early struggle against the Danes. Tradition further claims for the founder of the race of Warwick the glorious overthrow of the great giant Colebrand, and casts a softer memory on the site by asserting that the sister of Alfred the Great here founded a retreat. But the castle is and will be most widely remembered in connexion with the wars of York and Lancaster. No more fitting scene than its immediate neighbourhood could, therefore, be selected for the appearance of England once more in arms, but with how different and how much more blessed a purpose, a contrast of past and present alone can adequately show.

Regarding the Volunteer movement as interwoven with the stability and credit of the country, and as conducive to the health and well-being of the population, it cannot appear otherwise than illogical that an integral portion of the United Kingdom should be excluded from the honour and advantages of the system. It is a curious anomaly, surely, that a meeting for purposes of drill should be commendable and patriotic at one point of the coast, while at another,

removed by a narrow channel, crossed now in little more than three hours, persons coming together with the same object would expose themselves to all the consequences of unlawfully assembling in arms. That the materials exist in Ireland for a Volunteer Force not a whit behind the English in point of ardour and efficiency, who can doubt? Our population are fonder of pageants than their colder neighbours; and love of notoriety and display, let it be just whispered, has something to do, and naturally enough, with the zeal of the "Robin Hoods" or "The Devil's Own." Let the hint but be given in Ireland, and, rapidly as sprang up the English Volunteer corps, our word for it, as sudden a marshalling of shoulder to shoulder would be seen in the Phoenix Park or on the skirts of the Curragh. Persons of ancient lineage and trusted character would promptly put themselves at the head of their county regiments, and freely expend considerable sums in equipping their tenantry for the field. The fairer portion of our aristocracy, who of late have revived somewhat of the age of chivalry by taking part in archery fetes and liberally gracing varied prize meetings with their presence, would fulfil their function in presenting colours to proud and pompous bands of incipient heroes, and smiling benignantly on early efforts to march in good order. There is as knightly a spirit among our gentry as can be found in any portion of her Majesty's dominions, and the aptitude of our people for military exercises has become a proverb. We furnish no small number of the recruits to the best regiments of the regular army, and few persons can have forgotten our militia corps, drawn from the bogs and broad fields of a county not the best in repute, though now among the most quiet in the whole country, which was so greatly coveted for permanent service by the wise heads at the Horse Guards, that they were willing to purchase it at an enormous cost in commissions to the officers—a bargain only broken off when interested third parties raised an outcry, the justice of which it does not lie with us here to consider. True it is that certain other Irish militia regiments have at times given trouble;

had been left sole heiress of a large estate in our own county. She had married a French noble and had always lived in France, though bitterly regretting her fine old castle and park, which had remained desolate ever since. She had now one child, a daughter—Ermance d'Aboville—to whom, of course, the estate would descend, and it was her great desire that the heiress should marry an Englishman and settle in her own home. Her husband was, however, equally desirous that Ermance should become the wife of a certain powerful Duc de Limours, who had expressed himself willing for the alliance—my mother was the confidant and ally of the Marquise the more readily that she was bent on securing the heiress for my eldest brother, Henry;—finally after the fashion of French matrimonial arrangements, a compromise was effected, and it was decided that Ermance should spend a summer with my mother, and she might, if she pleased, accept my brother during that time; if, however, this marriage could not be arranged, she was to return to France and become Duchesse de Limours. Just before she was expected to arrive, my brother died. My mother was too good a diplomatist to let this interfere with her scheme. Ermance and Henry had never met, so she simply substituted my name for his, and wrote to me to come at once and carry out her plans.

"Had I been free I should have utterly scouted a marriage arranged by my parents; tied for life to a peasant girl the prospect seemed very alluring, even before I knew what an ideal of all beauty and fascination was offered to me in Ermance; but when I saw her, oh! Thorold, I could have strangled myself for my insane folly.

"I was driving in an open carriage from the station on the day of my return home, when suddenly, as we drew up at the door, a face looked out at me from one of the windows. I can never describe to you its exquisite loveliness—it was the sweetest, sunniest face, full of witchery and archness, with fair, floating hair, like a golden mist around it. I had seen it—never to forget it—and the next instant it was gone.

"I hastened up to the drawing-

room, where I expected to find my mother. She was not there, and I sat down to wait. The door leading into the next room was ajar, where I caught a glimpse of Amelia Hartley, a young lady who was visiting at the house.

"Presently I heard a light footstep pass into the inner room, a burst of musical laughter, and a voice like the carol of a wild singing bird—

"'Amelie, Amelie, je l'ai vu ce beau prétendant et je t'en fais cadeau, si tu as envie de te marier! Je te le cède, ma chère, volontiers. Oh! mais bien volontiers,' and the sweet, merry laugh rang out again.

"'Ermance! what a capricious child you are,' Amelia answered. 'Why should you give him up! George Seymour is very good-looking.'

"'Good-looking! he is one great brown bear,' she said, in her pretty broken English; 'par exemple! le gentil epoux qu'on me donne là!'

"'You may say what you please, Ermance, but I expect you to fall in love with him.'

"'Moi! l'idée! I love that great rough bear! Ah! bien ce sera la semaine des deux dimanches.'

"Amelia laughed; and after talking some time in the same strain, I heard them go out together. They left me half mad with pique and annoyance, and full of a settled determination that I would have my revenge by making this contemptuous girl love me, and then revealing my marriage to her.

"I devoted myself to this effort, and you may guess the result. In a very short time I was delivered up to the most violent passion for this girl which ever man felt for woman. Oh! Thorold, who could have helped it! You can never guess the charm of her marvellous grace, her beautiful voice, her fresh, original mind. She soon began to show that she liked my society, but she was shy and timid as a wild fawn. I would coax her out to walk with me, and then, suddenly, she would fly away on her fairy feet, with steps light as falling snow. I would catch the gleam of her glorious hair through the trees, and for hours I might seek her in vain, only her sweet voice would come back at times on the wind, singing some mournful song which thrilled through my heart:

but I must not talk of her. The time came when the decision must be made. I must offer myself at once, or she would go back to France to marry a man she hated; and I felt that she must be mine, cost what it would; and, besides, she also had learned to love me, and, can you believe it, Thorold, I persuaded myself that I should now be acting dishonourably by her if I did not try to break the tie that held me bound to Annie.

"It was this vile delusion which lured me on to a depth of evil I never could have contemplated in my fiercest hours of passion.

"Our marriage was settled.

"Ermance was to return to France for a few months, where I was to accompany her on a visit to her parents, and we were to be married in the course of this present autumn, at her own castle. These arrangements have all been carried out; the wedding is fixed for next week.

"It became then, at that time, an absolute necessity that I should free myself from Annie before I left England with Ermance. I came down here the week before our departure, determined to effect this. Do not shudder at me, Thorold. I had resolved on an evil deed, it is true, but it was one of which the crime was light compared to that I actually perpetrated.

"I knew that the only evidence of my marriage with Annie was the certificate which I had left in her own possession; and my plan (sufficiently iniquitous, you will say) was to persuade her to let me destroy this proof, and consider our union null and void, on condition that I made her a large allowance for her life. I believed that money was all-powerful with persons of her station, and that the low-born girl would willingly sell her good name for an independent income; but it was not Annie alone who was to be sacrificed. She had recently become a mother; and my own child was to be involved in this cruel disgrace.

"I wrote and appointed Annie to meet me on a certain evening in the C— meadow, and bade her bring the certificate with her. Thorold, I wish with my whole soul the railway train had crushed me to death that day instead of bringing me safely to this place.

"Annie was waiting for me on the walk by the river, with a moaning, puny infant in her arms. She had lost all her early comeliness, and was now a faded, common-looking woman. I thought of Ermance, the beautiful, and perfectly loathed her. I lost no time in making known my wishes to her. To my astonishment and rage, she utterly refused. She upbraided me in the strong language of her class, and declared she would remain a concealed wife no longer; her child should have his rights, happen what would; and she would compel me to acknowledge him.

"Thorold, I can never tell you the blind fury that filled my whole soul as she spoke. Every evil passion of my nature seemed to rise up like madness within me. This woman—this base-born woman—to come between me and the darling of my heart, the hope, the joy, the very life of my life! Ermance, my own Ermance who loved me! It was too much. I swore a terrible oath that nothing on this earth should keep me from my purpose. I grasped the girl by the arm, and tried to tear the certificate from the breast of her dress, where she had it concealed; she struggled violently, shrieking out—

"'You shall not have it, you shall not have it; I will go to our clergyman to-morrow, and give it him to keep—he will see me righted fast enough.'

"Thorold, at that moment the fierce, implacable will that drove me on, seemed to rise a very living influence within me. I felt myself grow rigid as iron. I tightened my hold of her arm till she cried out with the pain, and told her I would have that certificate at any cost. She tried angrily to shake off my hold, and said—

"'I'll die first before you have it; I will see my baby righted.'

"'Then die,' I said. The very devil himself got possession of me; with one powerful effort I flung her into the river. Far out into the deep water she fell, and sank like a stone."

Seymour stopped, buried his face in his hands, and shook from head to foot. Thorold fell back on his pillow, overpowered with horror.

"Seymour, Seymour, could you not save her?"

He lifted up his ghastly face, and looked at his cousin.

"I know not if I could--*I did not*. I stood on that spot where they say the eyes of the dead woman look, and saw her rise, her and the child--my child--once. She held up her arm, and shrieked out my name--'George! George! George Seymour, save me!' then the head fell back, the hand disappeared, the voice ceased, the waters closed over her, and I fled away from the spot a two-fold murderer!"

"I must hasten to the end. You must not breathe the same air with me now one moment longer than I can help. I have lived since then a life half rapture, half agony. When with Ermance, I was in a rapture of joy; absent from her, in an agony of remorse. The agony increased as my marriage day drew nearer. Annie's last cry has mingled with every sound I have heard of late. Yesterday I received a letter from Goldwin, describing this awful appearance on the river. From the moment I read it, a conviction fell like molten lead on my soul that the spirit of my murdered wife had come to earth again, and come that I might meet her--I know not for what purpose."

"The horror with which I thought of meeting *her* dead eyes--of seeing *her* again upon the very spot where I destroyed her--was beyond the power of words to tell; and yet I felt a dreadful, mysterious fascination, which I had no power to resist, dragging me to this place. I told Ermance I must leave her for two days, and, impelled by some awful power foreign to myself, I came here with my utmost speed."

"And now, Thorold, I will not keep you another moment in the presence of a murderer, but I ask you to remember your offer of help, and to grant me one favour in this my terrible extremity. Will you?"

"I will."

"Do this then for me. To-morrow night I go to the meadow-walk to meet that apparition to respond to her call--to fulfil the purpose for which she has come to seek me, whatever it may be; but I cannot go alone--*I am afraid*. Yes, it has come to this. I shudder with horror and fear at the very thought of seeing what that old man saw; yet I must go. Will you come with me?"

"Can you doubt it?" said Thorold.

"Then to-morrow evening meet me

at the College gate; till that hour I relieve you of my presence." And before Thorold had time to stop him, he had left the room, and had rushed down stairs at a pace which rendered pursuit impossible.

Next evening, in the shadowy twilight, Seymour and Thorold slowly paced the walk by the river-side together.

Thorold had passed his arm through that of his cousin; for deep as was his horror of the dreadful crime he had committed, he could not help now feeling the greatest compassion for him.

Is it not, indeed, the most terrible of all the agonies which human nature can endure, to bear about the consciousness of a deadly crime, once committed, and never, never, in all the eternal ages, to be recalled? And besides, the appalling presentiment of coming evil which seemed to hang over Seymour, and the strange fascination which had drawn him to witness the sight he dreaded above all others, affected Thorold very painfully. Yet he found not a word to say, as he walked to-and-fro with his cousin, during that time of dread suspense. What consolation was it possible to offer in such a case as this?

Once only the silence was broken by Seymour muttering these words to himself, which Thorold overheard

"No doubt, this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live."

And then silently again their terrible walk continued, within the limits of the few yards which faced the spot where the apparition appeared.

As the moments dragged heavily on, Thorold began to hope that, after all, nothing might be seen; when suddenly he was startled by Seymour letting his arm fall, and stopping short abruptly where he stood facing the river. Thorold's heart seemed to cease beating, as he followed the direction of his cousin's eyes, and saw on the opposite bank the form of a woman, with a child in her arms, emitting a strange white light, which, while it rendered the figure perfectly distinct, seemed yet to veil it in luminous vapour. Had Thorold never heard a word concerning this extra-

ordinary appearance, he would have felt the conviction in his inmost soul that he was gazing on that which was not of this world. So entranced was he by the awful sight, that he could not withdraw his eyes from it, or even give a thought for the time to Seymour, on whom, nevertheless, he saw that the gaze of the apparition was fixed; but as he looked upon her, slowly she began to move. Breathlessly he watched her, as she advanced over the water, and the cold drops stood on his forehead, as he saw her raise her wan hand, and beckon to Seymour. Then, for the first time, he cast a hasty glance on his cousin, and a horror unspeakable gained possession of him when he saw what was taking place.

In proportion as the figure advanced over the river, Seymour proceeded with measured steps down the bank to meet it. He walked as if by a power not his own—stiff, rigid, with his arms hanging motionless at his side. His countenance was ghastly beyond description; his eye staring wide open at the apparition; his jaw fallen, and a sound like the death-rattle in his throat. Already he had reached the edge of the river—already his feet were dipping into it—when Thorold, suddenly seized by an appalling fear, rushed down the bank, and caught him by the arm.

“Seymour! Seymour!—come back, come back! What are you doing?”

Not a word did he answer; not an

instant did his eyes move from the corpse-like face of the apparition. He shook off Thorold's grasp as if the fascination that drew him on had given him supernatural strength. The dead woman drew yet nearer, and her murderer plunged into the water to meet her; at the same moment she sank, but her head, and the hand, which still beckoned him on, remained above the water. A wailing, unearthly cry rose up, calling upon George to come, and with strong, powerful strokes, he swam towards her.

Thorold saw him reach the spot; he saw that white, wan arm clasped tightly round his neck. One instant the manly head, warm and glowing with life and youth, appeared touching the livid dead face of the woman, and the next both had vanished beneath the water, leaving no trace behind.

In a moment Thorold had flung himself into the river, and reached the spot; he swam round it again and again, and dived repeatedly, without the smallest success. There was nothing below or around, but the dark, chill waters. At length his strength became exhausted, and he was compelled to regain the bank, and seek assistance.

But all was in vain.

The body of George Seymour was never found, nor did the mysterious apparition ever again appear on the bank of the river.

THE LATE EARL OF EGLINTON.

THE death of Lord Eglinton has deprived Ireland of the services of one of the very few public men upon whose manly and judicious friendship she could, in every emergency, confidently reckon. All sorts of Irishmen of all sorts of politics, seem to have formed the same estimate of his noble nature and chivalric attachment to their country. The sentiment was universal, and the lamentation is unanimous. The press of Ireland, as well as of England, has borne its graceful and ample testimony to his worth, and recalled beside so much of his personal and family history as the public could reasonably desire.

Little more is left to us than to inscribe in these pages the simple record of our sorrow and respect.

Lord Eglinton was in all points pre-eminently the man to succeed with Irishmen. His princely hospitality; his taste for pageantry, at once elegant and splendid; the fame of his “tournament,” with its eccentric magnificence; his renown, altogether spotless, upon the turf; his love of athletic sports; even his commanding and powerful frame, and handsome and kindly features, were sure to gain him, on this side of the Channel, a favourable hearing, and at least a fair trial. He possessed,

beside the undefinable dignity of pure blood and ancient lineage—so highly prized in Ireland—an ancestry traced back to the Conquest, sung in the bardic minstrelsy, and famed in the feudal history of Scotland. But the spell of his power lay not in these. His honour was the secret of his success. He was utterly incapable of chicane or prevarication. Every word he spoke was altogether true, and he had hardly occupied the Castle of Dublin for a week, when Irishmen felt, with a common intuition, that their new viceroy was a gentleman of that ideal standard which belongs rather to the exalted regions of poetry and the traditions of chivalry than to the experience of actual life. Thoroughly pure, guileless, and true, sagacious and austere laborious, just but kind, intrepid but gentle, the Earl of Eglinton presents about as fine an image of nobility as human nature can well be expected to yield. His immense popularity, and the success of his administration, finally disposed of the unworthy axiom that the government of Ireland is properly a diplomatic office. It was precisely because he had the masculine good sense to scout that theory, and cherished an implacable antipathy to every thing resembling duplicity or cajolery, that he seized at once upon the sympathies and the confidence of the country, and retained his hold upon them to the last.

Ireland is not learned in a day. The Englishman who fancies that he has grasped the social characteristics and political necessities of the country when he has made himself master of "Harry Lorrequer," "Castle Rack-rent," and "O'Keefe's Farces," and digested the matter of fifty "Lenten Pastorals" and "Tenant-right Resolutions," will be surprised at the magnitude and the solidity of the interests, and at the gravity and subtilty of the character, which on a closer contemplation, comes forth, like the great headlands of our sea-coast, into stern and massive relief. He finds that the caricatures of a dead and buried generation are not portraits of existing men and manners, and that the clamours of the country are not its wants. He fails to discover anywhere the tipsy and insolent gentry, horse-whipping a rack-rented nantry, and pistolling one another

at eight paces from muzzle to muzzle—who figured in his dream of Ireland. He sees little or nothing of the "squalid apehood," the blundering, the drunkenness, the fatuous good-nature, and indiscriminate battery and assault, without pretext or purpose, which are described as the amiable peculiarities of a peasantry who will barter their last article of clothing for a bottle of whisky to treat you with, and then, with a good-humoured "hurroo," break your head without rhyme or reason, and finally give you their heart's dearest affections in exchange for a good joke or an indifferent pennyworth of tobacco. The whole of this monstrous mirage vanishes the moment he sets his foot upon the soil of Ireland. He beholds instead, a gentry as intelligent, hard-working, enterprising, thrifty, and, in the highest sense, respectable, as any in the empire; and a peasantry as industrious and temperate, receiving a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. He will see a tenantry possessed of improving farms, at reasonable rents, and of sufficient dimensions; and above all, a vast and energetic Protestant population, self-reliant and prosperous, and altogether unlike his ideal of an Orange community. He will find his notions of the relations of parties, the social facts of the country, and the wants and abuses of its domestic system, extensively modified, and still more extensively demolished. And if he possess (a faculty more uncommon than is supposed) the power of simple perception and energy to think and conclude for himself, he will discard nearly all he has previously conceived, and commence, *ab initio*, the study of the grave and complicated problem.

Lord Eglinton entered on his government in the spirit of a student. Coarser and duller politicians might have lectured and bullied; but he was neither arrogant nor flippant. He had the modesty of high intelligence and the caution of sensitive conscience. But this kind of diffidence is by no means akin to the moral supineness which delegates to others the prerogative of deciding. It was soon felt that the chief governor of Ireland was not himself to be governed by a coterie—he had accepted the labour and the powers of his high office, and had no notion

of shirking the one or delegating the other.

It was upon the to Ireland specially momentous question of the Galway line of communication with America that Lord Eglinton rendered those effectual and disinterested services which secured the gratitude of all parties in the country. Against the scheme were arrayed the influence of a powerful English directory backed by that of an extensive Scottish proprietary, both ably represented in Parliament. Few modern politicians will risk the personal hostility of a parliamentary section for the sake of serving the material interests of Ireland; still fewer Scotchmen, perhaps, would sacrifice to the claims of this country the competing interests of their own. But with a sensitive and cordial recognition of that *clientela* which his high office had established between Ireland and himself, he unhesitatingly did both. He saw that the measure would confer a benefit upon the mercantile public of England, though one still more important upon this country, and feeling that a great and legitimate service might be

rendered to Ireland, without fear or favour he did his duty.

Had the Earl of Eglinton succeeded to the leadership of his great party, a position designed for him had Lord Derby's state of health obliged him to retire, no one who carefully observed his Irish administration could doubt his success. He had all the tact which belongs to a quick and sensitive delicacy, and that sterling good sense which sees at once the essential in every question. While in Ireland he was a frequent and facile speaker, and on every occasion he impressed his hearers with that sense of adequacy which satisfied them that whatever the subject or the emergency he would have proved himself equal to it.

We are not, however, sketching a biography, far less a speculation; we are simply here inscribing the record of our admiration and regrets, adding one more suffrage to the general voice of the Irish press, and offering a very humble tribute to the memory of one who has not left another exactly like him in the whole muster-roll of the proud peerage of England.

THE VOLUNTEER FORCE IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

WITH the exception of Ireland, the Volunteer Force now ranks through the length and breadth of the land with the effective defences of the country. In the first year of its existence it had to fight an up-hill battle against the prejudice and ridicule lavished on it by those who forgot that the strongest man must at one stage of his career have passed through the nursery; in its second year it suffered even more at the hands of injudicious friends, who thought it incumbent upon them everlastingly to sing its praises in a superlative mood; but it now enters upon its third winter with more settled prospects, with yet growing numbers, and with a firm conviction in the minds of Englishmen of its vital importance to the country.

Ever since the inauguration of that empire which is (said to be) Peace, it has been more and more felt, that having a great ally, if we wished to

fit ourselves for keeping his company on terms of anything like equality, it was our manifest duty to maintain a more creditable appearance in a military point of view. For us only to have some 50,000 or 60,000 armed retainers at call, whilst his retinue, on home service, amounted to 500,000 or 600,000, was clearly disproportionate.

Lord Overstone showed that the immigration to this country of any portion of the French surplus fighting population would be productive of the most disastrous results; and some events occurred which gave rise to a suspicion that although the Empire itself might be filled—paved, if that expression be allowable—with the best and most peaceable intentions, the eagles which that Empire nourished had an unpleasant habit, and a still more restless desire, of “flying from victory to victory.”

For the Volunteer Force, which

owes its origin to this feeling, no apology need now be offered. It is the constitutional privilege of every Englishman to carry arms for his own defence; but the existence of bodies of trained marksmen dates back to a period long anterior to the Bill of Rights. It is an old story, familiar to our boyish recollections, how our forefathers adopted strenuous measures to maintain the pre-eminence of England in the use of the bow. Few require to be reminded how at one time, by law, boys at seven years of age were compelled to practise its use, and an adult was not allowed, under a penalty, to shoot at a target placed at a less distance than 220 yards. "The cloth-yard shaft" was a phrase significant to Continental ears; and so bent were our ancestors on maintaining their repute, that a restraint was put upon other games and sports, lest they should interfere with archery. The feeling might even be said to have continued beyond the grave, for the trees which waved over the resting-places of generations of by-gone Englishmen were in turn to contribute materials for the bows of their descendants. Strict enactments rendered it imperative that every inhabitant of the soil should possess a bow and arrows, and with these it was customary to exercise on the afternoons of Sundays and holidays, at "butts," which every parish in England was bound to maintain.

The effect of this constant training was visible whenever the English engaged in battle. It may be that at Crecy, the result was, in some degree, due to the advantage obtained by the English in bringing cannon into the field for the first time; it may be that at Agincourt, as at Crecy, the fact that the English gendarmerie fought on foot, and were furnished with a superior armament, was not without its weight; but history leaves no room for doubt as to how the battle of Poitiers was won:—"The Black Prince, pressed by an army four times the strength of his own--the only alternative being to conquer or perish--selected an elevated position, which could only be reached by a defile, bordered on each side with hedges and gardens, in which he placed his archers. Three hundred of the

bravest and most powerful knights in the French army were chosen to clear the defile and charge the English line, the infantry being ordered to follow closely after them; but such was the unerring aim of the English marksmen posted to receive them, that hardly one of this devoted band of knights succeeded in passing the defile."

When the death-blow was given to chivalry, by the introduction of fire-arms; when Bayard, the illustrious chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, lamented "that a brave man should be exposed to be killed by a miserable *friquenelle*;" and when Montluc, who called them the inventions of the devil, exclaimed- "Would that it had pleased God that that accursed instrument had never been invented; I should not bear the marks of it; and many brave and valiant men would not have been killed by poltroons, who shoot from a distance those they would not dare to face in open combat"—it became evident that, however reluctantly, England's favourite weapon must be abandoned or exchanged. Accordingly, an Act was passed to encourage the use of hand-guns, as they were then called, the enactment reciting that those who used them "and every of them, by the exercise thereof, might the better aid and assist to the defence of this realm when need shall require." These hand-guns were to be "of the length of one whole yard, and not under possibly from a lingering affection for the dimensions of the ancient weapon.

The enthusiasm with which the nation flew to arms when the Spanish Armada threatened the coast, was a gratifying proof that in spite of misrule the national heart was sound; but Mr. Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic" raises some awkward doubts whether these raw levies would have been found efficient to cope with the Spanish veterans, could these but have gained a footing on English soil. Cromwell was wiser in his generation. He looked "for recruits of decent station and grave character, fearing God, and zealous for public liberty. With such men he filled his own regiment, and subjected them to a discipline more rigid than had ever been known in England."

Macaulay epitomizes, in a brilliant

passage, the result of this system, when the whole British force had been reconstructed on similar principles :—

“From the time when the army was remodelled to the time when it was disbanded, it never found, either in the British Islands or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its onset. . . . Turenne was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy; and the banished cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, out-numbered by foes and abandoned by allies, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France.”

In our own day speeches and writings eulogistic of the force are too recent and too universal to leave any doubt of the prevailing sentiment that the Volunteer movement is wise and beneficial. The novelty has worn off, but still corps not only maintain their numbers and efficiency, but like the ranges at which the members accustom themselves to shoot, they have an expanding tendency. Reviews are held in all parts of the country, and at each the interest is as keen, and the desire that it shall eclipse its predecessors as great, as if the first grand review in Hyde Park had but just taken place.

These provincial gatherings, too, have features of interest outside the mere display, which seem to be wanting at kindred assemblies in the metropolis. Among the teeming populations of large cities, with whom to-day is the ruling care, the announcement of a volunteer review is commonly regarded by the spectators as an invitation to spend a day agreeably, and by those in the ranks as an opportunity of earning distinction with a moderate amount of personal exertion. If the political view of the question be at all entertained, it is probably with a passing feeling of satisfaction that the national defences have been strengthened. But in the country, where events move with a less

rapid step, where ideas are of slower growth, and where memories consequently are of more permanent duration, the Volunteer movement presents itself under a different aspect. Men have leisure to compare the aim and achievements of the present organization with those of previous levies *en masse* within their own counties, of which tradition preserves the recollection. It is easier, in imagination, to people the solitude of Stonehenge or Wroxeter with their Druid and Roman contemporaries, than it is to pause in the bustle near Temple Bar, and reproduce mentally the pageants which may have halted before the supposed palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey. Almost any one in the long list of county volunteer meetings would suffice, if named, to illustrate this assertion. That held at Warwick, to which came Volunteers from all the midland counties, was peculiarly rich in memories such as these. Let us select it for but a passing observation, both because little comparatively is known of the Volunteer movement in the midland counties of England, and because Warwick is essentially an historic town—in which we conceived ourselves especially fortunate to be present during the Review.

It may or may not have been the ancient *Præsidium*, and have echoed to the tramp of Roman legions. It was certainly a place of consequence when William the Norman entered his census returns in Domesday Book. Its castle was garrisoned for King Stephen; its representatives sat in the rude Parliament of Edward I., helped to find means for the contest with Wallace and Bruce, and assented to the reforms of the English Justinian; it was as strongly in the interest of the House of York as Coventry was in that of the House of Lancaster; it gave historical title to Richard Neville, the famous “king-maker,” who ruled the services and affections of 30,000 retainers of the Bear and Ragged Staff; it witnessed the outbreak of the Civil Wars; saw the quaint Puritanical device of a Bible and winding-sheet wave from the castle walls; beheld the unwilling retreat of the Cavaliers on the sixteenth day of the siege, and heard from the borders of the county echoes and still more

startling tidings of the doubtful fight of Edgehill, the place where Charles for the first time gazed, as he afterwards said, on the first body of rebels he had ever beheld. Once, at a crisis of the long struggle, Lord Brook found no difficulty in collecting to his standard 600 recruits from Warwick, Coventry, and the surrounding districts, "all the most forward of the county, who came and offered their services." But after this determined effort, the tide of war seems to have rolled away from the feldons and woodlands of Arden, and, happily removed by its position from later disturbances, Warwick has passed its days in peaceful agricultural pursuits, watching the stream which a few miles further waters the birthplace of immortal Shakspeare.

To this classic ground came on the occasion of this review 10,000 Volunteers under arms, and probably 30,000 to 40,000 spectators. In its details the display was of much the same character as its predecessors in different parts of the country. A determination to do their best was evinced by all the corps, some of which had come nearly 150 miles to the gathering—from Shrewsbury on one side, and Bristol on the other. Among the spectators there was not a branch of the regular service, and but few of the English volunteer regiments at least, which had not representatives present in uniform. The half-mile galleries overlooking the ground bloomed with bright looks and gay dresses; and if, as florists hold, roses "just washed in a shower" are most attractive, that superadded charm was not wanting.

As a whole, the review went off most successfully. The "Robin Hoods," whose admirable drill was made conspicuous by the peculiar sea-green hue of their uniforms, and the Duke of Manchester's cavalry, whose easy seat and hold of the bridle spoke more of the hunting-field than the riding-school, enhanced the golden opinions they had already won in Hyde Park. Other corps, especially the First Warwickshire, won and deserved a cordial reception. But to those who looked beyond the circumstances of the moment, there was one thing more gratifying than the presence and discip-

line of so large an array—more significant even than the fact that the force mustered at Warwick was but a twentieth of that organization which, like the wisdom that originated it, sprang armed to the ground—and that was the character of the force itself. No longer, as in previous periods of our history, purely feudal, or purely mercenary bands—no longer following rival roses, sprung from a parent stem—no longer classed as younger sons and yeomen, serving-men and tapsters, reckless libertines or military enthusiasts: in the Volunteer movement of the nineteenth century, the British people of all classes, creeds, and conditions, have united for one common, holy object—the security and welfare of the kingdom.

As if to strengthen the feeling of association with the past, the Earl of Warwick threw open his castle and grounds on the morning of the review to all Volunteers in uniform. Apart from the historical reminiscences, clustering thickly as tendrils of ivy round the building, the gems of art and treasures of antiquity accumulated by the taste and wealth of successive Earls of Warwick, and seen on this occasion to greatest advantage, rendered the invitation one of the highest compliments which could be paid to the Volunteer force; and as the red, and gray, and green uniforms of different regiments of the new army of reserve passed through the wide baronial hall and stately rooms, furnished, even to minutest detail, in unison with the period to which they belonged, it was impossible to resist the train of thought which glanced from the race of the present day to the armed arrays which those halls contained at former periods. From the walls frowned portraits of many a stern, determined Puritan, in near proximity to graceful courtiers:—and not nearer than the facts warranted; for was not Lord Brook, the Parliamentary general, a descendant from that Fulke Greville, "the servant of Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney," upon whom the hereditary castle of the Newburghs, Beauchamps, Nevils, Plantagenets, and Dudleys, was bestowed by royal favour, early in the seventeenth century? Before Henry III.

applied himself to the extinction of baronial power, and by lapse or forfeiture gained possession of these wide estates; ere the unhappy Duke of Clarence, sometime Earl of Warwick, expiated his double treachery by a too-deep draught of malmsey; before the ill-assorted allies had been crushed at Barnet by the Fourth Edward of the House of York, Warwick Castle knew a happier time. Ruled by one of the most opulent, most ancient, and illustrious of the English nobility, of whom it is left on record that he "distinguished himself by his gallantry in the field, the hospitality of his table, the magnificence, and still more, by the generosity of his expense, and by the spirited and bold manner which attended him in all his actions," the most glorious era of this noble house is associated with the name and fame of "the last of the barons." It is true that authentic data claim for it yet earlier renown—that underneath its walls the proud favourite of Edward II. paid with his life for the insult levelled at one of its lords; and that it acquired repute in its early struggle against the Danes. Tradition further claims for the founder of the race of Warwick the glorious overthrow of the great giant Colebrand, and casts a softer memory on the site by asserting that the sister of Alfred the Great here founded a retreat. But the castle is and will be most widely remembered in connexion with the wars of York and Lancaster. No more fitting scene than its immediate neighbourhood could, therefore, be selected for the appearance of England once more in arms, but with how different and how much more blessed a purpose, a contrast of past and present alone can adequately show.

Regarding the Volunteer movement as interwoven with the stability and credit of the country, and as conducive to the health and well-being of the population, it cannot appear otherwise than illogical that an integral portion of the United Kingdom should be excluded from the honour and advantages of the system. It is a curious anomaly, surely, that a meeting for purposes of drill should be commendable and patriotic at one point of the coast, while at another,

removed by a narrow channel, crossed now in little more than three hours, persons coming together with the same object would expose themselves to all the consequences of unlawfully assembling in arms. That the materials exist in Ireland for a Volunteer Force not a whit behind the English in point of ardour and efficiency, who can doubt? Our population are fonder of pageants than their colder neighbours; and love of notoriety and display, let it be just whispered, has something to do, and naturally enough, with the zeal of the "Robin Hoods" or "The Devil's Own." Let the hint but be given in Ireland, and, rapidly as sprang up the English Volunteer corps, our word for it, as sudden a marshalling of shoulder to shoulder would be seen in the Phoenix Park or on the skirts of the Curragh. Persons of ancient lineage and trusted character would promptly put themselves at the head of their county regiments, and freely expend considerable sums in equipping their tenantry for the field. The fairer portion of our aristocracy, who of late have revived somewhat of the age of chivalry by taking part in archery fetes and liberally gracing varied prize meetings with their presence, would fulfil their function in presenting colours to proud and pompous bands of incipient heroes, and smiling benignantly on early efforts to march in good order. There is as knightly a spirit among our gentry as can be found in any portion of her Majesty's dominions, and the aptitude of our people for military exercises has become a proverb. We furnish no small number of the recruits to the best regiments of the regular army, and few persons can have forgotten our militia corps, drawn from the bogs and broad fields of a county not the best in repute, though now among the most quiet in the whole country, which was so greatly coveted for permanent service by the wise heads at the Horse Guards, that they were willing to purchase it at an enormous cost in commissions to the officers—a bargain only broken off when interested third parties raised an outcry, the justice of which it does not lie with us here to consider. True it is that certain other Irish militia regiments have at times given trouble;

in every case, however, that we can call to mind, their quarrel lay among themselves, and was not caused by political or religious differences, but by a certain subtle spirit, as palatable to the orthodox as to errorists, and, up to a particular point of generous imbibition, rather a moderator than otherwise of the *odium theologicum*. Volunteer corps would seldom have an opportunity of paying court to Bacchus *en masse*, so that danger of breaches of the peace among them from this cause would be slight. And yet responsible persons do not see their way to uttering the single word which would add to the Volunteer Force of England at least, at a small computation, fifty thousand picked Irishmen.

It were idle to say that this exclusion from the Volunteer ranks is not felt in Ireland. Some would describe it simply as an unfortunate stigma, that, however irritating, had better be borne with patience; others pronounce it a disgrace; while a third class treat it as a wrong, and impute all manner of sinister and preposterous motives to leading statesmen for declining to remove it forthwith. To any one who will look at the matter calmly, the apathy of our own public is a circumstance that has an important bearing. Some time ago an agitation was set on foot in Dublin, under respectable auspices, for the purpose of pressing upon the Government the necessity of immediately recognising the right of the Irish people to bear arms for the common defence; and although it had the support of several influential organs of opinion, it made little way. Our people themselves do not seem satisfied of the propriety and prudence of introducing the Volunteer scheme into this country on the English basis; and as long as this is so, it cannot be expected that the authorities will exhibit any great anxiety to run a description of risk, as they may probably consider it to be. Even a later attempt to revive the claim formerly preferred by the Irish Rifle Corps Society of Dublin has not attained importance.

Before going further, it is proper to remember that Ireland has never been in as defenceless a condition as the sister country. We have always had

more than our share of the military force of the kingdom. It would not be wise to tell designing foreigners how few in number sometimes are the regular army stationed in England. As for Scotland, we recollect an occasion on which two regiments of much less than eight hundred men each, were said to form its entire garrison. One corps had the Castle of Edinburgh all to itself, and the other kept the Glasgow Irish in order, as it was unhandsomely said. England has never been in as poor a condition as this; but at the best of times her red-coats numbered a very low figure as compared with the ever readily-disposable domestic force of our Gallic neighbour. Her gates literally lay open before the Volunteers gathered round them—a loyal, efficient, and resolute national guard, animated by the spirit so grandly celebrated of old by the emperor, of dramatists. At the feet of a conqueror England never can lie whilst her sons use the rifle with as much skill, and the same invincible determination, as were displayed in her middle ages by her practised bowmen. But, even had we never been stirred by the possibility—it would be too much to say the prospect—of invasion, something like the Volunteer scheme would soon have become necessary in consequence of the demands of our still half-developed Colonies upon us for military assistance. We wanted an armed force even for domestic reasons, as a sort of special constables, if nothing else, to resist the probable outbreaks of a democracy whose passions reckless men were arousing. If this idea exerted an influence upon the authorities, however, it could only have been as subsidiary and incidental, the first and main design being to furnish the country with an army for defence, which should give an emphatic answer to those foreigners who speculated upon our helplessness by affirming—and we have read the argument more than once from French pens—that as we had an inadequate military force, and had at the same time not only no large idle or half-employed population to draw upon, but could not impose additional taxes to any extent upon an already somewhat discontented community, there was no help.

for us, no chance of holding our position, nothing except a certainty of retrogression, that must finally leave us a prey to the powerful kingdom lying beside us, possessed of half a million of men in arms, and being able to recruit these within a period of three years, should even a moiety of them be cut off. The Volunteer movement is an answer to these not foolish, though still short-sighted calculations. Great Britain has now got a magnificent citizen army which costs her nothing, and her apparent weakness has redounded to a strength so replete and imposing that our enemies may bite the lip of disappointment, and date forward indefinitely the year of their intended raid upon Middlesex.

It is this consideration of the cheapness and extent of the Volunteer project which has inspired many members of the regular army with a degree of jealousy, and caused them to apprehend that as soon as the invasion-panic has subsided, and questions of taxation assume importance again, the efficiency of the Volunteers, and the implicitness of the reliance which may be placed upon them, will be assigned as a reason for reducing the regular army or dealing with it less liberally. That, however, would be a fatal mistake; and greatly as a diminution of the popular burdens is to be desired, we would by no means purchase the boon at such a price. The country cannot do with a regiment less of regulars, or afford to neglect her army proper in the smallest particular. The Volunteers would be a wall of sand about our isles if they stood alone, or lost confidence in the nucleus of discipline and strategy which the regular army constitutes. To impair the latter to the extent of a single regiment would be to inflict irreparable injury upon the former. The two bodies are in some important senses interdependent, and in none antagonistic.

But this is a digression from Ireland. It was our intention to contrast the two countries as regards their disposable regular forces, the number of men usually maintained in their barracks and camps, in proportion to their respective populations and risks of invasion. Let due weight be given to considerations of this sort,

let it be borne in mind how large a body of military is always stationed in this country, and it will be seen that there was far greater necessity for the Volunteer movement in England than here. If an enemy intended assailing our independence or enriching himself at our expense by a sudden dash upon our soil, he certainly would not land at Killala or Bantry Bay. The days for remote and stealthy expeditions are gone. The invader should come now preceded by a telegram, and laying his account with this inevitable publicity, should rely purely upon the ponderous force he could bring to make a swift and majestic descent and victory. In such an attack he must strike directly at the heart. He would rather have an hour of conquest in the precincts of the Bank of England or the wealthy quarters of the City than hold for a month all Kerry, or all Ireland, perhaps, west of the Shannon. For these and other reasons we are, then, pretty safe here. Although Sackville-street is not made gay by volunteer uniforms, and galas do not occur in the Park, where young riflemen bear away for their skill the sweet reward of maidens' approval, we can sleep soundly, not perplexed by horrid dreams of *La Gloires* abreast of Kingstown harbour or Zouaves establishing themselves in College-green. If the invader thinks so little or so kindly of us as to leave us to be subdued last, we may patiently await the commencement of his operations. For all ordinary purposes our military are sufficient, and we possess, besides, in the Constabulary, a highly trustworthy body, whom the Government have recently been taking greater pains to render efficient—and more is likely to be done in this direction.

We can, therefore, take time to think soberly about the when, and how, and what extent of the Irish Volunteer movement. There is really no hurry. The loyalty of the bulk of our people is not necessarily impugned by this delay. Nor do foreigners conceive that the restriction is a general imputation of rebellious tendencies. They know better than we are in the habit of giving them credit for how matters exactly stand in Ireland, and can appreciate the motives that would postpone the organization of a Volun-

teer force without referring the hesitation to an universal distrust. They are quite well aware that an immense body of faithful Volunteers could be had in Ireland at almost a moment's warning, in comparison with whom the disaffected would weigh as nothing; but they can also understand that a certain peril of vexing internal difficulties would attend the movement and discern the wisdom of caution without fixing upon the necessity for it any exaggerated estimate. The Emperor of the French is, probably, well-informed upon this subject, and would regard an Irish Volunteer scheme, unless very carefully, and, to a large degree, distinctively managed, and sheltered from abuse, as rather a weakening of our national defence than otherwise. Be it never forgotten that the principal value of this movement is its moral effect upon Foreign Powers—upon France, the French people as well as the French Emperor, especially. Would the present imposing moral effect of the organization be enhanced or diminished by the calling forth, say, of fifty or sixty regiments throughout all the counties of Ireland? That is the consideration of supreme importance. If the answer can be confidently given in the affirmative, then the exclusion of Ireland for a single month more is indefensible. But we must remember that it takes a longer time to prove to foreign nations than to persons nearer home, our English neighbours, that a people are rapidly growing in sobriety of disposition and in loyalty to the Crown whom for more than a century they have been taught to regard as ever on the brink of insurrection against the rule of England. Whether the transition from old aspirations and the madness of former projects has reached the point where it would be compatible with the internal peace of the country to arm our population without reserve, is a question which must not receive the off-hand reply superficial and too zealous individuals have thought it sufficient to give. But, apart from that consideration, which is one for ourselves alone, there is the other and more important one whether such a course would impress foreign nations, and France in particular—its fiery Celtic marshal and its party of Irish sympa-

thizers included—with a greater awe of British prowess, or have rather an influence in the way of invitation to them to try by intrigues with a certain class in Ireland, how they might facilitate their ultimate purpose by stirring up internal dissensions here. And indications in this direction—slight, but significant so far as they go—have not been wanting during the discussions in extreme Irish and French journals, caused by the recent mooted again of this eminently delicate subject.

In all this we have said nothing absolutely against an Irish Volunteer movement, for we fancy we can see how a certain number of rifle corps might be raised in Ireland, whose existence would not be open to the objections that have been urged. The details of a plan by which a single regiment might be raised in one class of counties, and, say, a couple in others, without permitting questionable characters to obtain entrance as privates, or the control to pass into doubtful or imprudent hands, it is not necessary to define particularly. It cannot be difficult to perceive how sufficient precautions might be taken; but then these would narrow the character of the movement, and deprive it of the element of spontaneity, which is the chief glory of the English popular arming, and jealousies and misconstruction would inevitably result. Counties or districts, and classes of persons, whom it would be necessary to exclude, for cogent reasons of a public nature, and in a spirit of strict impartiality, would fret under the reproach, and, describing it as a grievance, at once promote an agitation for relief from the disability. Designing persons would find in such a state of things ground for violent appeals to popular passions; and thus the introduction of the scheme might only serve to vex society, already raw enough in this portion of the kingdom. And yet, who could look with complacency upon the setting up of rifle targets wherever a sufficient sum of money was contributed or subscribed by a political party to procure them? If a discriminating Volunteer movement might lead to mischief, from the impossibility of a common agreement upon the principles and limits of selection, and the government of corps.

an indiscriminate arming of the people is out of the question. A collision of regiments marked by difference of religious sentiment would not be so much a matter for apprehension as a host of undefinable difficulties and perils springing from the peculiarities of our social condition. Very naturally we are unwilling to admit that these peculiarities exist; we would rather consider society in Ireland fully as mature as in the sister country; but facts are facts, unfortunately, and we cannot ignore them. There are districts in Ireland to introduce rifles into which, for the use even of a class somewhat above the peasantry, would be simple madness. The man who should propose such a proceeding would be fit for Bedlam. Have we come to an agreement as to those places, and the general conditions upon which alone the institution of rifle clubs would be safe? This is the question that must be put, first of all, to the Irish nobleman who has spiritedly set himself forward as the apostle of Celtic volunteering. How does he propose dealing with the practical difficulties that present themselves? It can scarcely be that he has not seen them standing largely and stubbornly in the foreground. This is pre-eminently a subject for calm reflection. What, then, is the scheme which the Rifle Association propose? Are they speaking the language of a meritorious but somewhat wild enthusiasm? Do they mean to arm Donegal as well as Dublin, and Kerry and the King's County as well as Down and Antrim?

However easily popular assemblies may slur over these points, the Government are bound to consider them with great seriousness and patience; and until they are solved by something approximating to an unanimous consent of parties, it is to be feared that the authorities will be slow to move. We confess we cannot sympathize with those who rail at them for this. The obstructions to the Irish Volunteer movement are not English prejudices, but our own differences. Whether these will become so modified within a short period as to permit of something like a general arming, remains to be seen. We are by no means sanguine on the point.

But the Government can, for the pre-

sent, otherwise cause us to contribute our share to the general defence of the kingdom, and make our military spirit redound to our own security. The authorities can station a still larger body of military at our noble camp of the Curragh, unrivalled for situation, where lately her Majesty reviewed eighteen thousand of her troops; they can liberally strengthen our most important garrisons, and keep permanently embodied a large portion of our militia. To whatever plans they may have recourse, they ought not to let the idea get abroad that Ireland lies alongside of armed England a defenceless nation, ready for the first invader who may in his caprice—and nothing but caprice could direct such a movement—choose to snatch at her. Let a considerable portion of the troops released from duty in England by the growing efficiency of the Volunteer corps, be sent forth with to Ireland, and, if such be required, a second great Camp formed beside a leading line of railway. The troops can be supported here more cheaply than in England, and if suddenly needed abroad, can be as easily shipped from an Irish as an English port. Such a step would put an end at once to any lingering notion that Ireland is an easily commanded gate of entrance to England, which may possibly still haunt the mind of French bravadoes. Ultimately, on some cautious and safe principle, the Volunteer system might be partially substituted even here; but as that day is still more or less distant, the Government would act wisely in taking some fresh step which might have the effect at once of assuring Irishmen that their country was not to be left defenceless, a bait to foreign invasion, and of dispelling every French idea of preparing the way for a descent upon our coast by promoting feuds between two armed sections of the people. Thus our independence would be better provided for, and we should not be under the apprehension that, some fine morning, the Pontiff would draw off *his* section of our Volunteers, in a body, after they had been furnished with rifles by the Crown, and instructed carefully in the use of them, to fight against Generals Cialdini or La Marmora, under the banner of ex-King Francia.

If we are to have no Volunteer movement, even on the much modified scale that would be safe and just, let us at any rate rejoice that the Irish people are worthily represented in the British citizen force. Not only are many Celts scattered through the provincial English regiments, but there is the well-known London Irish Rifle Volunteer Corps, which, notwithstanding the difficulties encountered from the circumstance that its recruits are drawn from various and distant parts of the metropolis, maintains its efficiency most creditably. When Colonel M'Murdo, the able and indefatigable Inspector-General of Volunteers, reviewed them lately in Hyde Park, he said, addressing Lord Donegal—"The appearance of the men under arms is highly creditable, and nothing could exceed the steadiness with which they performed the battalion movements directed by your lordship." Colonel M'Murdo added, "I have served in Ireland, and I have learned to respect the Irish soldier, as well as to admire his courage. My gratification, therefore, is extreme, at seeing before me sons of many whom I have known, who have formed themselves into a regiment to assist in maintaining the security of these shores. I congratulate your commanding officer on the excellent material which he possesses in this regiment; and I wish particularly to ob-

serve, that the officers commanding companies, the subalterns, the non-commissioned officers, and supernumeraries, all seemed to understand their positions thoroughly, and did their duty in a very efficient manner." In our peculiar circumstances it is well to have even this representation among the Volunteers of the Empire. It is thoroughly well known in high quarters that Ireland contains an immense body of men, of all ranks and parties, who are as fully determined that England shall never lie at the proud feet of a conqueror as any Volunteer Corps which marched majestically through Hyde Park, inspired and ennobled by the just pride of a worthy patriotism. We are ready to obey the wishes of the Sovereign, whether to form into bands, or to assist in the general defence by the ordinary process of sending the flower of our youth into the regular army. But it would be unjust to us to conclude that we indulge any precipitate desire to strut about in the panoply of the Volunteers, or are insensible to the difficulties by which the extension of the system to Ireland is surrounded. Irish public opinion is at least unanimous on the necessity of extreme caution and sensitive preliminary and precautionary arrangements, which, in short, it has been the design of these observations to indicate.

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NEW IRISH TALE.

"THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-YARD:

A SOUVENIR OF CHAPELIZOD."

This Tale, the Third Part of which appears in our pages for the present Month, December, will be continued in succeeding numbers.

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THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-YARD—A SOUVENIR OF CHAPELIZOD.

BY CHARLES DE CRESSERON.

CHAPTER XI.

RELATING HOW PUDDOCK PURGED O'FLAHERTY'S HEAD—A CHAPTER WHICH, IT IS HOPED, NO GENTLE PERSON WILL READ.

RUM disagreed with O'Flaherty confoundedly, but, being sanguine, and also of an obstinate courage not easily to be put down, and liking that fluid, and being young withal, he drank it defiantly and liberally whenever it came in his way. So this morning he announced to his friend Puddock that he was suffering under a headache "that 'id burst a pot." The gallant fellow's stomach, too, was qualmish and disturbed. He heard of breakfast with loathing. Puddock rather imperiously insisted on his drinking some tea, which he abhorred, and of which, in very imperfect clothing and with deep groans and occasional imprecations on "that bastely clar't"—to which he chose to ascribe his indisposition—he drearily partook.

"I tell you what, thir," said Puddock, finding his patient nothing better, and not relishing the notion of presenting his man in that seedy condition; "I've got a remedy, a very thimble one; it uthed to do wonderth for my poor uncle Neagle, who loved rum shrub, though it gave him the headache *always*, and sometimes the gout."

And Puddock had up Mrs. Hogg, his landlady, and ordered a pair of little muslin bags about the size of a pistol-

cartridge each, which she promised in five minutes, and he himself tumbled over the leaves of his private manuscript quarto—a desultory and miscellaneous album, stuffed with sonnets on Celia's eye, a lock of hair, or a pansy here or there pressed between the pages, birth-day verses addressed to Sacharissa, receipts for "puptions," "farces," &c.; and several for toilet luxuries, "Angelica water," "The Queen of Hungary's" ditto, "surfeit waters," and, finally, that he was in search of, to wit, "My great-aunt Bell's recipe for purging the head" (good against melancholy or the head-ache). You are not to suppose that the volume was slovenly or in anywise unworthy of a gentleman and officer of those days. It was bound in red and gold, had two handsome silver clasps and red edges, the writing being exquisitely straight and legible, and without a single blot.

"I have them all except—two—three," murmured the thoughtful Puddock when he had read over the list of ingredients. These, however, he got from Toole, close at hand, and with a little silver grater and a pretty little agate pocket pestle and mortar—an heir-loom derived from poor Aunt Bell—he made a wonderful pow-

"And here I am," says O'Flaherty, vehemently; "and you don't know whether I'm poisoned or no!"

At this moment he saw Dr. Sturk passing by, and drummed violently at the window. The doctor was impressed by the summons; for however queer the apparition, it was plain he was desperately in earnest.

"Let's see the recipe," said Sturk, drily; "you think you're poisoned—I know you do;" poor O'Flaherty had shrunk from disclosing the extent of his apprehensions, and only beat about the bush; "and if you be, I lay you fifty, I can't save you, nor all the doctors in Dublin—show me the recipe."

Puddock put it before him, and Sturk looked at the back of the volume with a leisurely disdain, but finding no title there, returned to the recipe. They both stared on his face, without breathing, while he conned it over. When he came about halfway, he whistled; and when he arrived at the end, he frowned hard; and squeezed his lips together till the red disappeared altogether, and he looked again at the back of the book, and then turned it round once more, reading the last line over with a severe expression.

"And so you actually swallowed this—this devil's dose, sir, did you?" demanded Sturk.

"I—I believe he did, thome of it; but I warned him, I did, upon my honour! Now, tell him, did I not warn you, my dear Lieutenant, not to thwallow," interposed little Puddock, who began to grow confoundedly agitated; but Sturk, who rather liked shocking and frightening people, and had a knack of making bad worse, and an alacrity in waxing savage without adequate cause, silenced him with—

"I p-pity you, sir," and "pity" shot like a pellet from his lips. "Why the deuce will you dabble in medicine, sir? Do you think it's a thing to be learnt in an afternoon out of the bottom of an old cookery-book?"

"Cookery-book! ekthcuthe me, Doctor Thturk," replied Puddock, offended. "I'm given to underthtand, thir, it's to be found in Culpepper."

"Culpepper!" said Sturk, viciously. "Cull-p~~oison~~—you have peppered him to a purpose, I promise you! How

much of it, pray, sir, (to O'Flaherty. have you got in your *viscera*!)"

"Tell him, Puddock," said O'Flaherty, helplessly.

"Only a trifle, I'll assure you," put in Puddock (I need not spell his lie, extenuating, "in a little—a—muslin bag, about the size of the top joint of a lady's little finger."

"Top joint of the devil!" roared O'Flaherty, bitterly, rousing himself. "I tell you, Dr. Sturk, it was as big as my thumb, and a miracle it did not choke me."

"It may do that job for you yet, sir," sneered the Doctor, with stern disgust. "I dare say you feel pretty hot here?" jerking his finger into his stomach.

"And—and—and—*what* is it!—is it—do you think—it's any thing—any ways—*dangerous*?" faltered poor O'Flaherty.

"Dangerous!" responded Sturk, with an angry chuckle—indeed, he was specially vindictive against lay intruders upon the mystery of his craft; "why, yes—ha, ha!—just maybe a little. It's only *poison*, sir, deadly, barefaced poison!" he began, sardonically, with a grin, and ended with a black glare and a knock on the table, like an auctioneer's "gone!"

"There are no less than two—three—*five* mortal poisons in it," said the Doctor, with emphatic acerbity. "You and Mr. Puddock will allow *that's* rather strong."

O'Flaherty sat down and looked at Sturk, and wiping his damp face and forehead, he got up without appearing to know where he was going. Puddock stood with his hands in his breeches pockets, staring with his little round eyes on the Doctor. I must confess, with a very foolish and rather guilty vacuity all over his plump face, rigid and speechless, for three or four seconds; then he put his hand, which did actually tremble, upon the Doctor's arm, and he said, very thickly

"I feel, thir, you're right; it's my fault, thir, I've poithoned him—mer-thiful goodneth!—I—I"—

Puddock's distress acted for a moment upon O'Flaherty. He came up to him pale and queer, like a somnambulist, and shook his fingers very cordially with a very cold grasp.

"If it was the last word I ever spoke, Puddock, you're a good na-

tured—he is a gentleman, sir—and it was *all* my own fault; he warned me, he did, again' swallyin' a dhrop of it—remember what I'm saying, Doctor—'twas *I* that done it; I was *always* a botch, Puddock, an' a fool; and—and—gentlemen—good-by."

And the flowered dressing-gown and bare legs disappeared through the door into the bed-room, from whence they heard a great souse on the bed, and the bedstead gave a dismal groan.

"Is there—is there nothing, Doctor—for mercy's sake, think—Doctor do—I conjure you—pray think—there must be something"—urged Puddock, imploringly.

"Ay, that's the way, sir, fellows quacking themselves and one another; when they get frightened, and with good reason, come to us, and expect miracles; but, as in this case, the quantity was not very much, 'tis not, you see, overpowering, and he *may* do, if he takes what I'll send him."

Puddock was already at his bedside, shaking his hand hysterically, and tumbling his words out one over the other—

"You're thafe, my dear thir—*dum thpiro thpero*—he thayth—Dr. Thturk—he can thave you, my dear thir—my dear Lieutenant—my dear O'Flaherty—he can thave you, thir—thafe and thound, thir."

O'Flaherty, who had turned his face to the wall, in the bitterness of his situation—for, like some other men, he had the intensest horror of death when he came peaceably to his bed-side, though ready enough to meet him with a "hurrah!" and a shake of the hand, if he arrived at a moment's notice, with due dash and eclat—sat up like a shot, and gaping upon Puddock for a few seconds, relieved himself with a long sigh, a devotional upward roll of the eyes, and some muttered words, of which the little ensign heard only "blessing," very fervently, and "catch me again," and "divil bellows it;" and forthwith out came one of the fireworker's long bare shanks, and O'Flaherty insisted on dressing, shaving, and otherwise preparing as a gentleman and an officer, with great gait of heart, to meet his fate on the Fifteen Acres.

In due time arrived the antidote. It was enclosed in a gallipot, and was what I believe they called an elec-

tuary. I don't know whether it is an obsolete abomination now, but it looked like brick-dust and treacle, and what it was made of even Puddock could not divine. O'Flaherty, that great Hibernian athlete, unconsciously winced and shuddered like a child at sight of it. Puddock stirred it with the tip of a tea-spoon, and looked into it with inquisitive disgust, and seemed to smell it from a distance, lost for a minute in inward conjecture, and then with a slight bow, pushed it ceremoniously toward his brother in arms.

"There is not much the matter with me now—I feel well enough," said O'Flaherty, mildly, and eyeing the mixture askance; and after a little while he looked at Puddock. That disciplinarian understood the look, and said, peremptorily, shaking up his little powdered head—

"Lieutenant O'Flaherty, thir! I inthitht on your inthtantly taking that phythic. How you may feel, thir, hath nothing to do with it. If you hethitate, I withdraw my thanction to your going to the field, thir. There'th no—there *can* be—no earthly ekthuthe but a—a mitherable objection to a—thwallowing a—a rethipe, thir—that ithn't—that ith may be—not intended to pleathe your palate, but to thave your *life*, thir—remember, thir, you've thwallowed a—you—you *require*, thir—you don't think I fear to thay it, thir!—you have thwallowed that you ought not to have thwallowed, and don't, thir—don't—for *both* our thakes—for heaventh thake—I implore—and inthitht—don't trifle, thir."

O'Flaherty felt himself passing under the chill and dismal shadow of death once more, such was the eloquence of Puddock, and so impressible his own nature, as he followed the appeal of his second. "Life is sweet;" and though the compound was nauseous, and a necessity upon him of swallowing it in horrid instalments, spoonful after spoonful, yet, though not without many interruptions, and many a shocking apostrophe, and even some sudden paroxysms of horror, which alarmed Puddock for the fate of the entire electuary, he did contrive to get through it pretty well, except a little residuum in the bottom, which Puddock wisely connived at.

The clink of a horse-shoe drew Puddock to the window. Sturk rid-

that identical little Puddock, about a year ago, had that ugly attack of pleurisy, and was so low and so long about recovering, and so puny and fastidious in appetite, she treated him as kindly as if he were her own son, in the matter of jellies, strong soups, and curious light wines, and had afterwards lent him some good books which the little Lieutenant had read through, like a man of honour, as he was. And, indeed, what specially

piqued Aunt Becky's resentment just now was, that having had, about that time, a good deal of talk with Puddock upon the particular subject of duelling, he had, as she thought, taken very kindly to her way of thinking; and she had, a dozen times in the last month, cited Puddock to the General; and so his public defection was highly mortifying and intolerable.

CHAPTER XV.

RELATING HOW THE GENTLEMEN SAT OVER THEIR CLARET, AND HOW DOCTOR STURK SAW A FACE.

PUDDOCK drove up the avenue of gentlemanlike old poplars, and over the little bridge, in his "jingle," and under the high-arched bower of elms, walled up at either side with evergreens, and so into the courtyard of Belmont. Three sides of a parallelogram, the white old house being the largest, and offices white and in keeping, but overgrown with ivy, and opening to yards of their own on the other sides, facing one another at the flanks, and in front a straight Dutch-like moat, with a stone balustrade running all along from the garden to the bridge, with great stone flower-pots set at intervals, the shrubs and flowers of which associated themselves in his thoughts with beautiful Gertrude Chatterworth, and so were wonderfully bright and fragrant. And there were two swans upon the water, and several peacocks marching dandily in the courtyard; and a grand old Irish dog, with a great collar, and a Celtic inscription, dreaming on the steps in the evening sun.

It was always pleasant to dine at Belmont. Old General Chatterworth was so genially hospitable, and so really glad to see you, and so hilarious himself, and so enjoying. A sage or a scholar, perhaps, might not have found a very great deal in him. Most of his stories had been heard before. Some of them, I am led to believe, had even been printed. But they were not very long, and he had a good-natured word and a cordial smile for everybody; and he had a good cook, and explained his dishes to those beside him, and used sometimes to toddle out himself to the cellar in search of a curious bonbouche; and of

nearly every bin in it he had a little anecdote or a pedigree to relate. And his laugh was frequent and hearty, and somehow the room and all in it felt the influence of his presence like the glow, and cheer, and crackle of a bright Christmas fire.

Miss Becky Chatterworth, very stately, in a fine brocade and a great deal of point lace, received Puddock very loftily, and only touched his hand with the tips of her fingers. It was plain he was not yet taken into favour. When he entered the drawing-room, that handsome stranger, with the large eyes, so wonderfully elegant and easy in the puce-coloured cut-velvet—Mr. Mervyn—was leaning upon the high back of a chair, and talking agreeably, as it seemed, to Miss Gertrude. He had a shake of the hand and a fashionable greeting from stout, dandified Captain Cluffe, who was by no means so young as he would be supposed, and made up industriously and braced what he called his waist, with great fortitude, and indeed sometimes looked half-stifled, in spite of his smile and his swagger. Sturk, leaning at the window with his shoulders to the wall, beckoned Puddock gruffly, and cross-examined him in an undertone as to the issue of O'Flaherty's case. Of course he knew all about the duel, but the Corps also knew that Sturk would not attend on the ground in any affair where the Royal Irish Artillery were concerned, and therefore they could bring what doctor they pleased to the field without an affront.

"And see, my buck," said Sturk, winding up rather savagely with a

ally there reading his breviary when the hostile parties came upon the ground—for except when an accident of this sort occurred, or the troops were being drilled, it was a sequestered spot enough—and he forthwith joined them, as usual, to reconcile the dread debate.

Somehow, I think his arguments were not altogether judicious.

"I don't ask particulars, my dear—I abominate all that concerns a quarrel; but, Lieutenant O'Flaherty, jewel, supposin' the very worst—supposin', just for argument, that he has horse-whipped you"——

"An' who dar' suppose it?" glared O'Flaherty.

"Or, we'll take it that he spit in your face. Well," continued his reverence, not choosing to hear the shocking ejaculations which this hypothesis wrung from the lieutenant; "what of that, my darlin'. Think of the indignities, insults, and disgraces that the blessed Saint Martellus suffered, without allowing any thing worse to cross his lips than an Ave Mary or a smile iv resignation."

"Ordher that priest off the ground, sor," said O'Flaherty, lividly, to little Puddock, who was too busy with Mr. Mahony to hear him, and Roach had already transferred his pious offices to Nutter, who speedily flushed up, and became, to all appearances, in his own way, just as angry as O'Flaherty.

"Lieutenant O'Flaherty, a word in your ear," once more droned the mellow voice of Father Roach; "you're a young man, and here's Lieutenant Puddock by your side, a young man too; I'm as ould, my honies, as the two of you put together, an' I advise you, for your good—don't shed human blood—don't even draw your swords—don't, my darlins; don't be led or said by them army-gentlemen, that's always standin' up for fightin', because the leedies admire fightin' men. They'll call you cowards, polthroons, curs, sneaks, turn-tails—*let* them!"

"There's no standin' this any longer, Puddock," said O'Flaherty, incensed indescribably by the odious names which his reverence was hypothetically accumulating; "if you want to see the fightin', Father Roach—I say, if you want to see us fightin'"——

"Apage, Sathanas!" murmured his reverence, pettishly, raising his plump,

blue chin, and dropping his eyelids with a shake of the head, and waving the back of his fat, red hand gently towards the speaker.

"In that case, stay here, an' look your full, an' welcome, only don't make a noise; behave like a Christian, an' hould your tongue; but if you really hate fightin', as you say"——

Having reached this point in his address, but intending a good deal more, O'Flaherty suddenly stopped short, drew himself into a stooping posture, with a flush and a strange distortion, and his eyes fastened upon Father Roach with an unearthly glare for nearly two minutes, and seized Puddock upon the upper part of his arm with so awful a grip, in his great bony hand, that the gallant little gentleman piped out in a flurry of anguish—

"O—O—O'Flaherty, thir—*let* go my arm, thir."

O'Flaherty drew a long breath, uttered a short, deep groan, and wiping the moisture from his red forehead, and resuming a perpendicular position, was evidently trying to recover the lost thread of his discourse.

"There'th dethidedly thomething the matter with you, thir," said Puddock, anxiously, *sotto voce*, while he worked his injured arm a little on the shoulder.

"You may say that," said O'Flaherty, very dismally, and, perhaps, a little bitterly.

"And—and—and—you don't mean to thay—why—eh?" asked Puddock, uneasily.

"I tell you what, Puddock—there's no use in purtendin'—the poison's working—*that's* what's the matter;" returned poor O'Flaherty, in what romance-writers call "a hissing whisper."

"Good — merthiful — graciouth — thir!" ejaculated poor little Puddock in a panic, and gazing up into the brawny fireworker's face with a pallid fascination—indeed they both looked unpleasantly unlike the popular conception of heroes on the eve of battle.

"But—but it can't be—you forget Dr. Thturk and—oh dear!—the antidote. It—I thay—it can't be, thir," said Puddock, rapidly.

"It's no use, now; but I shirked two or three spoonfuls, and I left some more in the bottom," said the

change the hearts of her enemies, or, at all events, confound their politics; and each, with a sort of awful second-sight, when they viewed one another across the street, beholding her neighbour draped in a dark film of thunder-cloud, and with a sheaf of pale lightning, instead of a fan, flickering in her hand.

When they came down to dinner, the gallant Captain Cluffe contrived to seat himself beside Aunt Becky, to whom the rogue commended himself by making a corner on his chair, next hers, for that odious greedy little brute, "Fancy," and by a hundred other adroit and amiable attentions. And having a perfect acquaintance with all her weak points—as everybody had who lived long in Chapelized—he had no difficulty in finding topics to interest her, and in conversing acceptably thereupon. And, indeed, whenever he was mentioned for some time after, she used to remark that Captain Cluffe was a very conversable and worthy young (!) man.

In truth, that dinner went swiftly and pleasantly over for many of the guests. Gertrude Chatterworth was placed between the enamoured Puddock and the large-eyed, handsome, mysterious Mervyn. Of course the hour flew with light and roseate wings for her. Little Puddock was in great force, and chatted with energy, and his theatrical lore, and his oddities, made him not unamusing. So she smiled on him more than usual, to make amends for the frowns of the higher powers, and he was as happy as a prince and as proud as a peacock, and quite tipsy with his success.

It is not always easy to know what young ladies like best or least, or quite what they are driving at; and Cluffe, from the other side of the table, thought though Puddock *was* an agreeable fellow, and exerting himself uncommonly (for Cluffe, like other men, not deep in the *literæ humaniores*, had a sort of veneration for book-learning, under which category he placed Puddock's endless odds and ends of play lore, and viewed the little Lieutenant himself accordingly with awe as a man of parts and a scholar, and prodigiously admired his verses, which he only half understood); he fancied, I say, although Puddock was unusually entertaining, that Miss

Gertrude would have been well content to exchange him for the wooden lay-figure on which she hung her draperies when she sketched, which might have worn his uniform and filled his chair, and spared her his agreeable conversation, and which had eyes and saw not, and ears and heard not. In short, the cunning fellow fancied he saw, by many small signs, a very decided preference on her part for the handsome and melancholy, but evidently eloquent stranger. Like other cunning fellows, however, Cluffe was not always right; and right or wrong, in his own illusions, if such they were, little Puddock was, for the time, substantially blessed.

The plump and happy Lieutenant, when the ladies were flown away to the drawing-room, and their small tea-cups, waxed silent and sentimental, but being a generous rival, and feeling that he could afford it, made a little effort, and engaged Mervyn in talk, and found him pleasantly versed in many things of which he knew little, and especially in the Continental stage and drama, upon which Puddock heard him greedily; and the General's bustling talk helped to keep the company merry, and he treated them to a bottle of the identical sack of which his own father's wedding posset had been compounded! Dangerfield, in a rather harsh voice, but agreeably and intelligently withal, told some rather pleasant stories about old wines and curious wine fanciers; and Cluffe and Puddock, who often sang together, being called on by the General, chanted a duet rather prettily, though neither, separately, had much of a voice. And the incorrigible Puddock, apropos of a piece of a whale once eaten by Dangerfield, after his wont, related a wonderful receipt—"a weaver surprised." The "weaver" turned out to be a fish, and the "surprising" was the popping him out of ice into boiling water, with after details, which made the old General shake and laugh till tears bedewed his honest cheeks. And Mervyn and Dangerfield, as much surprised as the weaver, both looked, each in his own way, a little curiously at the young warrior who possessed this remarkable knowledge.

And the claret, like the General's other wines, was very good, and Dan-

slowly turned up his face, wrung into ten thousand horrid puckers, to the sky, till his chin was higher than his forehead, with his teeth and eyes shut, and he uttered a sound like a half-stifled screech; and, indeed, looked very black and horrible.

Some of the spectators, rear-rank men, having but an imperfect view of the transaction, thought that O'Flaherty had been hideously run through the body by his solemn opponent, and swelled the general chorus of counsel and ejaculation, by all together advising cobwebs, brown-paper plugs, clergymen, brandy, and the like; but as none of these comforts were at hand, and nobody stirred, O'Flaherty was left to the resources of Nature.

Puddock threw his cocked hat upon the ground, and stamped in a momentary frenzy.

"He'th *dying*—Devereux—Cluffe—he'th—I *tell* you, he'th dying;" and he was on the point of declaring himself O'Flaherty's murderer, and surrendering himself as such into the hands of anybody who would accept the custody of his person, when the recollection of his official position as poor O'Flaherty's second flashed upon him, and collecting, with a grand effort, his wits and his graces—

"It'th totally impothible, gentlemen," he said, with his most ceremonious bow; "conthidering the awful condition of my printhipal—I—I have reathon to fear—in fact I know—Dr. Thturk hath theen him—that he'th under the action of *poithon*—and it'th quite impracticable, gentlemen, that thith affair of honour can protheed, at prethent;" and Puddock drew himself up peremptorily, and replaced his hat, which somebody had slipped into his hand, upon his round powdered head.

Mr. Mahony, though a magnificent gentleman, was, perhaps, a little stupid, and he mistook Puddock's agitation, and thought he was in a passion, and disposed to be offensive. He, therefore, with a marked and stern sort of elegance, replied—

"*Poison*, sir, is a remarkably strong aipathet; it's language, sir, which, if a gentleman uses at all, he's bound in justice, in shivalry, and in dacency to a generous adversary, to define with precision. Mr. Nutter is too well known to the best o' society, moving in a circle, as he does, to require the

paigneric of humble me. They drank together last night, they differed in opinion, that's true, but fourteen clear hours has expired, and poison being mentioned"—

"Why, body o' me! thir," cried Puddock, in fierce horror; "can you imagine, for one moment, thir, that I or any man living could thuppothe, for an inthtant, that my rethpected friend, Mr. Nutter, to whom (a low bow to Nutter, returned by that gentleman) I have now the mithfortune to be oppothed, is capable—capable, thir, of poithoning any living being—man, woman, or child; and to put an end, thir, at onthe to all misapprehension upon thith point, it wath I—I, thir—mythelf—who poithoned him, altogether accidentally, of cou:the, by a valuable, but mithmanaged retheipt, thith morning, thir—you—you *thee*, Mr. Nutter!"

Nutter, baulked of his gentleman-like satisfaction, stared with a horrified but somewhat foolish countenance from Puddock to O'Flaherty.

"And now, thir," pursued Puddock, addressing himself to Mr. Mahony; "if Mr. Nutter dethires to pothpone the combat, I conthent; if not, I offer mythelf to maintain it inththead of my printhipal."

And so he made another low bow, and stood bareheaded, hat in hand, with his right hand on his sword hilt.

"Upon my honour, Captain Puddock, it's precisely what I was going to propose myself, sir," said Mahony, with great alacrity; "as the only way left us of getting honourably out of the great embarrassment in which we are placed by the premature *death*-struggles of your friend; for nothing, Mr. Puddock, but being *bond fide in articulo mortis*, can palliate his conduct."

"My dear Puddock," whispered Devereux, in his ear, "surely you would not kill Nutter to oblige two such brutes as these?" indicating, by a glance, Nutter's splendid second, and the magnanimous O'Flaherty, who was still sitting speechless upon the ground.

"Captain Puddock," pursued that mirror of courtesy, Mr. Patrick Mahony, of Muckafubble, who, by-the-by, persisted in giving him his captaincy; "may I inquire who's *your* friend upon this unexpected turn of affairs?"

"There's no need, sir," said Nutter, drily and stoutly, "I would not hurt a hair of your head, Mr. Puddock."

"Do you hear him?" panted O'Flaherty, for the first time articulate, and stung by the unfortunate phrase—it seemed fated that Nutter should not open his lips without making some allusion to human hair; "do you *hear* him, Puddock? Mr. Nutter—(he spoke with great difficulty, and in jerks)—sir—Mr. Nutter—you shall—ugh—you shall render a strict accow-ow-oh-im-m-m!"

The sound was smothered under his compressed lips, his face wrung itself crimson with a hideous squeeze, and Puddock thought the moment of his dissolution was come, and almost wished it over.

"Don't try to thpeak—pray, thir, don't—there—there, now," urged Puddock, distractedly; but the injunction was unnecessary.

"Mr. Nutter," said his second, sulkily, "I don't see any thing to satisfy your outraged honour in the curious spectacle of that gentleman sitting on the ground making faces; we came here not to trifle, but, as I conceive, to dispatch business, sir."

"To dispatch O'Flaherty, you mean, and that seems pretty well done to your hand," says little Dr. Toole, bustling up from the coach where his instruments, lint, and plaisters were deposited. "What's it all, eh?—oh, Dr. *Sturk's* been with him, eh? Oh, ho, ho, ho!" and he laughed sarcastically, in an undertone, and shrugged, as he stooped down and took O'Flaherty's pulse in his fingers and thumb.

"I tell you what, Mr. a-a-a—sir," said Nutter, with a very dangerous look; "I have had the honour of knowing Lieutenant Puddock since August, 1756; I won't hurt him, for I like and respect him; but if fight I must, I'll fight *you*, sir!"

"Since August, 1756!" repeated Mr. Mahony, with prompt surprise. "Pooh! why didn't you mention that before? why, sir, he's an old friend, and you *could* not pleasantly ask him to volunteer to bare his waypon against the bosom of his friend. No, sir, shivalry is the handmaid of Christian charity, and honour walks hand in hand with the human heart."

With this noble sentiment he bowed, and shook Nutter's cold hard hand,

and then Puddock's plump little white paw.

You are not to suppose that Paddy Mahony, of Muckafubble, was a peacetronee; on the contrary, he had fought several shocking duels, and displayed a remarkable amount of savagery and coolness; but having made a character, he was satisfied therewith. They may talk of fighting for the fun of it, liking it, delighting in it; don't believe a word of it. We all hate it, and the hero is only he who hates it least.

"Ugh, I can't stand it any longer; take me out of this, some of you," said O'Flaherty, wiping the damp from his red face. "I don't think there's ten minutes life in me."

"*De profundis conclamari*," murmured fat Father Roach; "lean up on me, sir."

"And me," said little Toole.

"For the benefit of your poor soul, my honey, just say you forgive Mr. Nutter before you leave the field," said the priest, quite sincerely.

"Any thing at all, Father Roach," replied the sufferer; "only don't bother me."

"You forgive him, then, aroon?" said the priest.

"Och, bother! forgive him, to be sure I do. There now. *That's* supposin,' mind, I don't recover; but if I *do*'—"

"Och, pacible, pacible, my son," said Father Roach, patting his arm, and soothing him with his voice. It was the phrase he used to address to his nag, Brian O'Lynn, when Brian had had too much oats, and was disagreeably playful. "Nansince, now, can't you be pacible—pacible, my son—there now, pacible, pacible."

Upon his two stout supporters, and followed by his little second, this towering sufferer was helped, and tumbled into the coach, into which Puddock, Toole, and the priest, who was curious to see O'Flaherty's last moments, all followed; and they drove at a wild canter for the coachman was "hearty"—over the green grass, and toward Chapelizod, though Toole broke the check-string without producing any effect, down the hill, quite frightfully, and were all within an ace of being capsized. But ultimately they reached, in various states of mind, but safely enough, O'Flaherty's haltings.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIEUTENANT PUDDOCK RECEIVES AN INVITATION AND A RAP OVER THE KNUCKLES.

THE old gentlemen, from their peep-holes in the Magazine, watched the progress of this remarkable affair of honour, as well as they could, with the aid of their field-glasses, and through an interposing crowd.

"By Jupiter, sir, he's through him!" said Colonel Bligh, when he saw O'Flaherty go down.

"So he is, by George!" replied General Chatterworth; "but, eh, which is he?"

"The *long* fellow," said Bligh.

"O'Flaherty?—hey!—no, by George!—though so it is—there's work in Frank Nutter yet, by Jove," said the General, poking his glass and his fat face an inch or two nearer.

"Quick work, General!" said Bligh.

"Devilish," replied the General.

The two worthies never moved their glasses; as each, on his inquisitive face, wore the grim, wickedish, half-smile, with which an old stager recalls, in the prowess of his juniors, the pleasant devilment of his own youth."

"The cool old hand, sir, too much for your new Fireworker," remarked Bligh, cynically.

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"Awkward if he dies a Papist," said cynical old Bligh—the R.I.A. were Protestant by constitution.

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"There's no need, sir," said Nutter, drily and stoutly, "I would not hurt a hair of your head, Mr. Puddock."

"Do you hear him?" panted O'Flaherty, for the first time articulate, and stung by the unfortunate phrase—it seemed fated that Nutter should not open his lips without making some allusion to human hair; "do you *hear* him, Puddock? Mr. Nutter—(he spoke with great difficulty, and in jerks)—sir—Mr. Nutter—you shall—ugh—you shall render a strict accow-ow-oh-im-m-m!"

The sound was smothered under his compressed lips, his face wrung itself crimson with a hideous squeeze, and Puddock thought the moment of his dissolution was come, and almost wished it over.

"Don't try to thpeak—pray, thir, don't—there—there, now," urged Puddock, distractedly; but the injunction was unnecessary.

"Mr. Nutter," said his second, sulkily, "I don't see any thing to satisfy your outraged honour in the curious spectacle of that gentleman sitting on the ground making faces; we came here not to trifle, but, as I conceive, to dispatch business, sir."

"To dispatch O'Flaherty, you mean, and that seems pretty well done to your hand," says little Dr. Toole, bustling up from the coach where his instruments, lint, and plaisters were deposited. "What's it all, eh?—oh, Dr. *Sturk's* been with him, eh? Oh, ho, ho, ho!" and he laughed sarcastically, in an undertone, and shrugged, as he stooped down and took O'Flaherty's pulse in his fingers and thumb.

"I tell you what, Mr. a—a—a—sir," said Nutter, with a very dangerous look; "I have had the honour of knowing Lieutenant Puddock since August, 1756; I won't hurt him, for I like and respect him; but if fight I must, I'll fight *you*, sir!"

"Since August, 1756?" repeated Mr. Mahony, with prompt surprise. "Pooh! why didn't you mention that before? why, sir, he's an old friend, and you *could* not pleasantly ask him to volunteer to bare his waypon against the boosom of his friend. No, sir, shivalry is the handmaid of Christian charity, and honour walks hand in hand with the human heart!"

With this noble sentiment he bowed, and shook Nutter's cold hard hand,

and then Puddock's plump little white paw.

You are not to suppose that Pat Mahony, of Muckafubble, was a poltroon; on the contrary, he had fought several shocking duels, and displayed a remarkable amount of savagery and coolness; but having made a character, he was satisfied therewith. They may talk of fighting for the fun of it, liking it, delighting in it; don't believe a word of it. We all hate it, and the hero is only he who hates it least.

"Ugh, I can't stand it any longer; take me out of this, some of you," said O'Flaherty, wiping the damp from his red face. "I don't think there's ten minutes life in me."

"*De profundis conclamavi*," murmured fat Father Roach; "lean upon me, sir."

"And me," said little Toole.

"For the benefit of your poor soul, my honey, just say you forgive Mr. Nutter before you leave the field," said the priest, quite sincerely.

"Any thing at all, Father Roach," replied the sufferer; "only don't bother me."

"You forgive him, then, aroon?" said the priest.

"Och, bother! forgive him, to be sure I do. There now. *That's* supposin,' mind, I don't recover; but if I *do*'—"

"Och, pacible, pacible, my son," said Father Roach, patting his arm, and soothing him with his voice. It was the phrase he used to address to his nag, Brian O'Lynn, when Brian had had too much oats, and was disagreeably playful. "Nansince, now, can't you be pacible—pacible, my son—there now, pacible, pacible."

Upon his two stout supporters, and followed by his little second, this towering sufferer was helped, and tumbled into the coach, into which Puddock, Toole, and the priest, who was curious to see O'Flaherty's last moments, all followed; and they drove at a wild canter—for the coachman was "hearty"—over the green grass, and toward Chapelizod, though Toole broke the check-string without producing any effect, down the hill, quite frightfully, and were all within an ace of being capsized. But ultimately they reached, in various states of mind, but safely enough, O'Flaherty's lodgings.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIEUTENANT PUDDOCK RECEIVES AN INVITATION AND A RAP OVER THE KNUCKLES.

THE old gentlemen, from their peep-holes in the Magazine, watched the progress of this remarkable affair of honour, as well as they could, with the aid of their field-glasses, and through an interposing crowd.

"By Jupiter, sir, he's through him!" said Colonel Bligh, when he saw O'Flaherty go down.

"So he is, by George!" replied General Chatterworth; "but, eh, which is he?"

"The *long* fellow," said Bligh.

"O'Flaherty?—hey!—no, by George!—though so it is—there's work in Frank Nutter yet, by Jove," said the General, poking his glass and his fat face an inch or two nearer.

"Quick work, General!" said Bligh.

"Devilish," replied the General.

The two worthies never moved their glasses; as each, on his inquisitive face, wore the grim, wickedish, half-smile, with which an old stager recalls, in the prowess of his juniors, the pleasant devilment of his own youth."

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tered); but then, sir, as I was saying, though the thing has its uses"—

"I'd like to know where society 'd be without it," interposed Bligh, with a sneer.

"Though it may have its uses, sir; it's not a thing one can sit down and say is *right*—we *can't*!"

"I've heard your sister, Miss Becky, speak strongly on that point, too," said Bligh.

"Ah! I dare say," said the General, quite innocently, and coughing a little. This was a sore point with the hen-pecked warrior, and the grim scarecrow by his side knew it, and grinned through his telescope; and you see—I say—eh! I think they're breaking up, a—and—I say—I—it seems all over—eh—and so, dear Colonel, I must take my leave, and"—

And after a lingering look, he shut up his glass, and walking thoughtfully back with his friend, said suddenly—

"And, now I think of it—it could not be *that*—Puddock, you know, would not suffer the priest to sit in the same coach with such a design—Puddock's a good officer, eh! and knows his duty."

A few hours afterwards, General Chatterworth, having just dismounted outside the Artillery barrack, to his surprise, met Puddock and O'Flaherty walking leisurely in the street of Chapelizod. O'Flaherty looked pale and shaky, and rather wild; and the General returned his salute, looking deuced hard at him, and wondering all the time in what part of his body (in his phrase), "he had got it;" and how the plague the doctors had put him so soon on his legs again.

"Ha, Lieutenant Puddock," with a smile, which Puddock thought significant—"give you good evening, sir,—Dr. Toole anywhere about, or have you seen Sturk?"

No, he had not.

The General wanted to hear by accident, or in confidence, all about it; and having engaged Puddock in talk, that officer followed by his side.

"I should be glad of the honour of your company, Lieutenant Puddock, to dinner this evening—Sturk comes, and Captain Cluffe, at five o'clock, if the invitation's not too late."

The Lieutenant acknowledged, and accepted, with a blush and a very low bow, his commanding officer's

hospitality; in fact there was a *tendre* in the direction of Belmont, and little Puddock had inscribed in his private book many charming stanzas of various lengths and structures, in which the name of "Gertrude" was of frequent recurrence.

"And—a—I say, Puddock—Lieutenant O'Flaherty, I thought—I—I thought, d'ye see, just now, eh? (he looked inquisitively, but there was no answer); I thought, I say, he looked devilish out of sorts, is he—a—ill?"

"He *wath* very ill, indeed, thith afternoon, General; a thudden attack"—

The General looked quickly at Puddock's plump, consequential face; but there was no further light in it. "He *was* hurt then, I knew it"—he thought—"who's attending him—and why is he out—and was it a flesh-wound—or where was it?" all these questions silently, but vehemently, solicited an answer—and he repeated the last aloud, in a careless sort of way.

"And—a—Lieutenant Puddock, you were saying—a—tell me—how—*where* was it?"

"In the Park, General," said Puddock, in perfect good faith.

"Eh? ah! in the Park, was it? but I want to know, you know, what part of the body—d'ye see—the shoulder—or?"—

"The duodenum, Dr. Toole called it—just here, General," and he pressed his fingers to what is popularly known as the "pit" of his stomach.

"What, sir, do you mean to say the pit of his stomach?" said the General, with more horror and indignation than he often showed.

"Yes, just about that point, General, and the pain wath very violent, indeed," answered Puddock, looking with a puzzled stare at the General's stern and horrified countenance—an officer might have a pain in his stomach, he thought, without exciting all that emotion. Had he heard of the poison, and did he know more of the working of such things than, perhaps, the doctors did?

"And what in the name of Bedlam, sir, does he mean, by walking about the town, with a hole through his—his—what's its name? I'm hanged but I'll place him under arrest, this moment." The General thundered, and his little eyes swept the perspective *this way and that*, as if they

would leap from their sockets, in search of the reckless O'Flaherty. "Where's the Adjutant, sir?" he bel-
lowed, with a crimson scowl, and a stamp, to the unoffending sentry.

"That's the way to make him lie quiet, and keep his bed, till he heals, sir."

Puddock explained—and the storm subsided, rumbling off in half a dozen testy assertions on the General's part that he, Puddock, had distinctly used the word "*wounded*," and now and then renewing faintly, in a muttered explosion, on the troubles and worries of his command, and a great many "pshaws!" and several fits of coughing, for the General continued out of breath for some time. He had showed his cards, however, and so, in a dignified disconcerted sort of way, he told Puddock that he had heard something about O'Flaherty's having got most improperly into a foolish quarrel, and having met Nutter that afternoon, and for a moment feared he might have been hurt; and then came inquiries about Nutter, and there appeared to have been no one hurt—and yet the parties on the ground—and no fighting—and yet no reconciliation—and, in fact, the General was so puzzled with this conundrum, and so curious, that he was very near calling after Puddock, when they parted at the bridge, and making him entertain him, at some cost of consistency, with the whole story.

So Puddock—his head full of delicious visions—marched homeward—to powder and perfume, and otherwise equip for that banquet of the gods, of which he was to partake at five o'clock, and just as he turned the corner at "The Phoenix," who should he behold, sailing down the Dublin road, from the King's House, with a grand powdered footman, bearing his cane of office, and a great bouquet behind her, and Gertrude Chatterworth by her side, but the splendid and formidable Aunt Becky, who had just been paying her compliments to old Mrs. Colonel Stafford, from whom she had heard all about the duel. So as Puddock's fat cheeks grew pink at sight of Miss Gertrude, all Aunt Becky's colour flashed into her face, as her keen, prominent black eye pierced the unconscious Lieutenant from afar off, and chin and nose high in air, her mouth just a little tucked

in, as it were, at one corner—a certain sign of coming storm—an angry hectic in each cheek, a fierce flirt of her fan, and two or three short sniffs that betokened mischief—she quickened her pace, leaving her niece a good way in the rear, in her haste to engage the enemy. Before she came up she commenced the action at a long range, and very abruptly—for an effective rhetorician of Aunt Becky's sort, jumps at once, like a good epic poet, *in medias res*; and as Nutter, who, like all his friends, in turns, experienced once or twice "a taste of her quality," observed to his wife, "by Jove, that woman says things for which she ought to be put in the watch-house." So now and here she maintained her reputation—

"You ought to be flogged, sir; yes," she insisted, answering Puddock's bewildered stare, "tied up to the halberts and flogged."

"Madam," said he, his ears tingling, and making a prodigious low bow; "commissioned officers are never flogged."

"So much the worse for the service, sir; and the sooner they abolish that anomalous distinction the better. I'd have them begin, sir, with you and your accomplice in murder, Lieutenant O'Flaherty."

"Madam! your most obedient humble servant," said Puddock, with another bow, still more ceremonious, flushing up intensely to the very roots of his powdered hair, and feeling in his swelling heart that all the generals of all the armies of Europe dared not have held such language to him.

"Good evening, sir," said Aunt Becky, with an energetic toss of her head, having discharged her shot; and with an averted countenance, and in high disdain, she swept grandly on, quite forgetting her niece, who said a pleasant word or two to Puddock as she passed, and smiled so kindly, and seemed so entirely unconscious of his mortification, that he was quite consoled, and on the whole was made happy and elated by the rencontre, and went home to his wash-balls and perfumes in a hopeful and radiant, though somewhat excited state.

Indeed the little Lieutenant knew that kind-hearted termagant, Aunt Becky, too well, to be long cast down or even flurried by her onset. When

that identical little Puddock, about a year ago, had that ugly attack of pleurisy, and was so low and so long about recovering, and so puny and fastidious in appetite, she treated him as kindly as if he were her own son, in the matter of jellies, strong soups, and curious light wines, and had afterwards lent him some good books which the little Lieutenant had read through, like a man of honour, as he was. And, indeed, what specially

piqued Aunt Becky's resentment just now was, that having had, about that time, a good deal of talk with Puddock upon the particular subject of duelling, he had, as she thought, taken very kindly to her way of thinking; and she had, a dozen times in the last month, cited Puddock to the General; and so his public defection was highly mortifying and intolerable.

CHAPTER XV.

RELATING HOW THE GENTLEMEN SAT OVER THEIR CLARET, AND HOW DOCTOR STURK SAW A FACE.

PUDDOCK drove up the avenue of gentlemanlike old poplars, and over the little bridge, in his "jingle," and under the high-arched bower of elms, walled up at either side with evergreens, and so into the courtyard of Belmont. Three sides of a parallelogram, the white old house being the largest, and offices white and in keeping, but overgrown with ivy, and opening to yards of their own on the other sides, facing one another at the flanks, and in front a straight Dutch-like moat, with a stone balustrade running all along from the garden to the bridge, with great stone flower-pots set at intervals, the shrubs and flowers of which associated themselves in his thoughts with beautiful Gertrude Chatterworth, and so were wonderfully bright and fragrant. And there were two swans upon the water, and several peacocks marching dandily in the courtyard; and a grand old Irish dog, with a great collar, and a Celtic inscription, dreaming on the steps in the evening sun.

It was always pleasant to dine at Belmont. Old General Chatterworth was so genially hospitable, and so really glad to see you, and so hilarious himself, and so enjoying. A sage or a scholar, perhaps, might not have found a very great deal in him. Most of his stories had been heard before. Some of them, I am led to believe, had even been printed. But they were not very long, and he had a good-natured word and a cordial smile for everybody; and he had a good cook, and explained his dishes to those beside him, and used sometimes to toddle out himself to the cellar in search of a curious bonbouche; and of

nearly every bin in it he had a little anecdote or a pedigree to relate. And his laugh was frequent and hearty, and somehow the room and all in it felt the influence of his presence like the glow, and cheer, and crackle of a bright Christmas fire.

Miss Becky Chatterworth, very stately, in a fine brocade and a great deal of point lace, received Puddock very loftily, and only touched his hand with the tips of her fingers. It was plain he was not yet taken into favour. When he entered the drawing-room, that handsome stranger, with the large eyes, so wonderfully elegant and easy in the puce-coloured cut-velvet—Mr. Mervyn—was leaning upon the high back of a chair, and talking agreeably, as it seemed, to Miss Gertrude. He had a shake of the hand and a fashionable greeting from stout, dandified Captain Cluffe, who was by no means so young as he would be supposed, and made up industriously and braced what he called his waist, with great fortitude, and indeed sometimes looked half-stifled, in spite of his smile and his swagger. Sturk, leaning at the window with his shoulders to the wall, beckoned Puddock gruffly, and cross-examined him in an undertone as to the issue of O'Flaherty's case. Of course he knew all about the duel, but the Corps also knew that Sturk would not attend on the ground in any affair where the Royal Irish Artillery were concerned, and therefore they could bring what doctor they pleased to the field without an affront.

"And see, my buck," said Sturk, winding up rather savagely with a

sneer; "you've got out of that scrape, you and your *patient*, by a piece of good luck that's not like to happen twice over; so take my advice, and cut that leaf out of your—your—grandmother's cookery book, and light your pipe with it."

This slight way of treating both his book and his ancestors nettled little Puddock—who never himself took a liberty, and expected similar treatment—but he knew Sturk, the nature of the beast, and only bowed grandly, and went to pay his respects to cowed, kindly, querulous little Mrs. Sturk, at the other end of the room. An elderly gentleman, with a rather white face, a high forehead and grim look, was chatting briskly with her; and Puddock, the moment his eye lighted on the stranger, felt that there was something remarkable about him. Taken in detail, indeed, he was insignificant. He was dressed as quietly as the style of that day would allow, yet in his toilet there was entire ease and even a latent air of fashion. He wore his own hair; and though there was a little powder upon it and upon his coat collar, it was perfectly white, frizzed out a little at the sides, and gathered into a bag behind. The stranger rose and bowed as Puddock approached the lady, and the Lieutenant had a nearer view of his great white forehead—his only good feature—and the pair of silver spectacles that glimmered under it, and his small hooked nose and stern mouth.

"'Tis a mean countenance," said the General, talking him over when the company had dispersed.

"No countenance," said Miss Becky, decisively, "*could* be mean with such a forehead."

The fact is—if they had cared to analyze—the features, taken separately, with the one exception, were insignificant; but the face was singular, with its strange pallor, its intellectual mastery, and sarcastic decision.

The General, who had accidentally omitted the ceremony—in those days essential—now strutted up to introduce them.

"Mr. Dangerfield, will you permit me to present my good friend and officer, Lieutenant Puddock. Lieutenant Puddock, Mr. Dangerfield—

Mr. Dangerfield, Lieutenant Puddock."

And there was a great deal of pretty bowing, and each was the other's "most obedient," and declared himself honoured; and the conventional parenthesis ended, things returned to their former course.

Puddock only perceived that Mrs. Sturk was giving Dangerfield a rambling sort of account of the people of Chapelizod. Dangerfield, to do him justice, listened attentively. In fact, he had led her upon that particular theme, and as easily and cleverly kept her close to the subject. For he was not a general to manœuvre without knowing first how the ground lay, and had an active, inquiring mind, in which he made all sorts of little notes.

So Mrs. Sturk prattled on, to her own and Mr. Dangerfield's content, for she was garrulous when not under the eye of her lord, and always gentle, though given to lamentation, having commonly many small hardships to mention. So, quite without malice or retention, she poured out the gossip of the town, but not its scandal. Indeed she was a very harmless, and rather sweet, though dolorous little body, and was very fond of children, especially her own, who would have been ruined were it not that they quailed as much as she did before Sturk, on whom she looked as by far the cleverest and most awful mortal then extant, and never doubted that the world thought so too. For the rest, she kept her dresses, which were not amiss, for an interminable time, her sheets were always well aired, her maids often saucy, and she often in tears, but Sturk's lace and fine linen were always forthcoming in exemplary order; she rehearsed their catechism with the children, and loved Dr. Walsingham heartily, and made more raspberry jam than any other woman of her means in Chapelizod, except perhaps Mrs. Nutter, between whom and herself there were points of resemblance, but something as nearly a feud as could subsist between their harmless natures. Each believed the other matched with a bold bad man, who was always scheming something—they never quite understood what—against her own peerless lord; each, on seeing the other, hoping that heaven would defend the right and

change the hearts of her enemies, or, at all events, confound their politics; and each, with a sort of awful second-sight, when they viewed one another across the street, beholding her neighbour draped in a dark film of thunder-cloud, and with a sheaf of pale lightning, instead of a fan, flickering in her hand.

When they came down to dinner, the gallant Captain Cluffe contrived to seat himself beside Aunt Becky, to whom the rogue commended himself by making a corner on his chair, next hers, for that odious greedy little brute, "Fancy," and by a hundred other adroit and amiable attentions. And having a perfect acquaintance with all her weak points—as everybody had who lived long in Chapelized—he had no difficulty in finding topics to interest her, and in conversing acceptably thereupon. And, indeed, whenever he was mentioned for some time after, she used to remark that Captain Cluffe was a very conversable and worthy young (!) man.

In truth, that dinner went swiftly and pleasantly over for many of the guests. Gertrude Chatterworth was placed between the enamoured Puddock and the large-eyed, handsome, mysterious Mervyn. Of course the hour flew with light and roseate wings for her. Little Puddock was in great force, and chatted with energy, and his theatrical lore, and his oddities, made him not unamusing. So she smiled on him more than usual, to make amends for the frowns of the higher powers, and he was as happy as a prince and as proud as a peacock, and quite tipsy with his success.

It is not always easy to know what young ladies like best or least, or quite what they are driving at; and Cluffe, from the other side of the table, thought though Puddock *was* an agreeable fellow, and exerting himself uncommonly (for Cluffe, like other men, not deep in the *literæ humaniores*, had a sort of veneration for book-learning, under which category he placed Puddock's endless odds and ends of play lore, and viewed the little Lieutenant himself accordingly with awe as a man of parts and a scholar, and prodigiously admired his verses, which he only half understood); he fancied, I say, although Puddock was unusually entertaining, that Miss

Gertrude would have been well content to exchange him for the wooden lay-figure on which she hung her draperies when she sketched, which might have worn his uniform and filled his chair, and spared her his agreeable conversation, and which had eyes and saw not, and ears and heard not. In short, the cunning fellow fancied he saw, by many small signs, a very decided preference on her part for the handsome and melancholy, but evidently eloquent stranger. Like other cunning fellows, however, Cluffe was not always right; and right or wrong, in his own illusions, if such they were, little Puddock was, for the time, substantially blessed.

The plump and happy Lieutenant, when the ladies were flown away to the drawing-room, and their small tea-cups, waxed silent and sentimental, but being a generous rival, and feeling that he could afford it, made a little effort, and engaged Mervyn in talk, and found him pleasantly versed in many things of which he knew little, and especially in the Continental stage and drama, upon which Puddock heard him greedily; and the General's bustling talk helped to keep the company merry, and he treated them to a bottle of the identical sack of which his own father's wedding posset had been compounded! Dangerfield, in a rather harsh voice, but agreeably and intelligently withal, told some rather pleasant stories about old wines and curious wine fanciers; and Cluffe and Puddock, who often sang together, being called on by the General, chanted a duet rather prettily, though neither, separately, had much of a voice. And the incorrigible Puddock, apropos of a piece of a whale once eaten by Dangerfield, after his wont, related a wonderful receipt—"a weaver surprised." The "weaver" turned out to be a fish, and the "surprising" was the popping him out of ice into boiling water, with after details, which made the old General shake and laugh till tears bedewed his honest cheeks. And Mervyn and Dangerfield, as much surprised as the weaver, both looked, each in his own way, a little curiously at the young warrior who possessed this remarkable knowledge.

And the claret, like the General's other wines, was very good, and Dan-

you thee, a thing I happened to meet—and—and jutht read it in the—in a book—and the—I—a”——

Aunt Becky, with her shoulders raised in a shudder, and an agonized and peremptory “there, there, *there*,” moved out of hearing in dignified disgust, to the General’s high entertainment, who enjoyed her assaults upon innocent Puddock, and indeed took her attacks upon himself, when executed with moderation, hilariously enough—a misplaced good-humour which never failed to fire Aunt Becky’s just resentment.

Indeed the General was so tickled with this joke that he kept it going for the rest of the evening, by sly allusions and mischievous puns. As for instance, at supper, when Aunt Rebecca was deploring the miserable depression of the silk manufacture, and the distress of the poor Protestant artisans of the Liberty, the General, with a solemn wink at Puddock, and to that officer’s terror, came out with—

“Yet, who knows, Lieutenant Puddock, but the weavers, poor fellows, may be surprised, you know, by a sudden order from the Court, as happened last year.”

But Aunt Rebecca only raised her eyebrows, and with a slight toss of her head, looked sternly at some dressed crabs on the other side. But from some cause or another—perhaps it was Miss Gertrude’s rebellion in treating the outlawed Puddock with special civility that evening, Miss Becky’s asperity seemed to acquire edge and venom as time proceeded. But Puddock rallied quickly. He was on the whole very happy, and did not grudge Mervyn his share of the talk, though he heard him ask leave to send Miss Gertrude Chatterworth a portfolio of his drawings made in Venice, to look over, which she with a smile accepted—and at supper, Puddock, at the General’s instigation, gave them a solo, which went off pretty well, and as they stood about the fire after it, on a similar pressure, an imitation of Barry in Othello; and upon this, Miss Becky, who was a furious partisan of Smock-alley and Mossop against Barry, Woodward, and the Crow-street play-house, went off again. Indeed, this was a feud which just then divided the ladies of all Dublin,

and the greater part of the country with uncommon acrimony.

“Crow-street was set up,” she harangued, “to ruin the old house in the spirit of covetousness, *you say*” (Puddock had not said a word on the subject); “well, covetousness, we have good authority for saying, is idolatry—nothing less—*idolatry*, sir—you need not stare.” (Puddock certainly did stare.) “I suppose you once read your Bible, sir. But every sensible man, woman, child, and infant, sir, in the kingdom, knows it was malice; and malice, Holy Writ says, is *murder*—but I forgot, that’s perhaps no very great objection with Lieutenant Puddock,” and she dropped a slight scornful courtesy.

And little Puddock flushed up, and his round eyes grew rounder and rounder, as she proceeded, every moment; and he did not know what to say—for it had not struck him before that Messrs. Barry’s and Woodward’s theatrical venture might be viewed in the light of idolatry or murder. So, dumbfounded as he was, he took half of Lord Chesterfield’s advice in such cases, that is, he forgot the smile, but he made a very low bow, and with this submission, the combat (*si rixa est*) subsided.

Dangerfield had gone away sometime—so had Mervyn—Sturk and his wife went next, and Cluffe and Puddock, who lingered as long as was decent, at last took leave. The plump Lieutenant went away very happy, notwithstanding the two or three little rubs he had met with, and a good deal more in love than ever. And he and his companion were both thoughtful, and the walk home was quite silent, though very pleasant.

Cluffe was giving shape mentally to his designs upon Miss Rebecca’s £20,000 and savings. He knew she had had high offers in her young days, and refused; but those were passed and gone—and gray hairs bring wisdom—and women grow more practicable as the time for action dwindles—and she was just the woman to take a fancy—and “once the maggot bit,” to go any honest length to make it fact. And Cluffe knew that he had the field to himself, and that he was a well-made, handsome, agreeable officer—not so young as to make the thing absurd, yet young enough to inspire the right sort of feeling. To be sure there

were a few little things to be weighed. She was, perhaps—well she *was*—eccentric. She had troublesome pets and pastimes—he knew them all—was well stricken in years, and had a will of her own—that was all. But, then, on the other side was the money—a great and agreeable arithmetical fact not to be shaken—and she could be well-bred when she liked, and a self-possessed, dignified lady, who could sail about a room, and courtesy, and manage her fan, and lead the conversation, and do the honours, as Mrs. Cluffe, with a certain air of *haut ton*, and in an imposing way, to Cluffe's entire content, who liked the idea of overawing his peers.

And the two warriors, side by side, marched over the bridge, in the starlight, and both, by common consent, halted silently, and wheeled up to the battlement; and Puddock puffed a

complacent little sigh up the river toward Belmont; and Cluffe was a good deal interested in the subject of his contemplation, and in fact, the more he thought of it, the better he liked it.

And they stood, each in his reverie, looking over the battlement toward Belmont, and hearing the hushed singing of the river, and seeing nothing but the deep blue, and the stars, and the black outline of the trees that overhung the bridge, until the enamoured Cluffe, who liked his comforts, and knew what gout was, felt the chill air, and remembered suddenly that they had stopped, and ought to be in motion towards their beds, and so he shook up Puddock, and they started anew, and parted just at the Phoenix, shaking hands heartily like two men who had just done a good stroke of business together.

IRISH MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.

SOME amount of credulity must be necessary to make a patriotic and picturesque historian, if not a judicious one. The exact degree of requisite faith cannot be measured on any known scale, since belief must rise or fall, like mercury in a barometer, according to the proofs or the doubts on each moot point. The canons of credibility for historical purposes are far less rigid than either those which weigh legal evidence in criminal causes, or the axioms ensuring mathematical certainty; yet if they were applied in all strictness to the records of what is usually called the prehistoric period of Ireland, no history of that dark age could possibly be written. The author of the voluminous lectures* before us, however, declares that materials for a veracious account of this period are abundant. Of the critical balance in which he would poise them, he does not give an accurate idea; and our present purpose is to protest against prepossessions that may induce any of his followers to kick the beam. As we have premised, if heavy scruples

were thrown into the scale of scepticism, the students in this department would find themselves in the position of Sir Walter Raleigh, when, according to the anecdote, during his imprisonment in the Tower, and whilst he was occupied in composing his *History of the World*, a quarrel occurred among some soldiers in the court-yard: on proceeding to the scene, he found that three out of the fifteen men engaged in the scuffle were wounded, but that the testimony of no two of the whole number agreed as to either the cause or the conduct of the dispute. "If such is the difficulty as to evidence on the very spot, and at the very time, I had better burn my history," quoth Raleigh.

Certainly, no hard-hearted sceptic could become an Irish historian. For instance, would that one of our bishops who wrote an essay to prove the non-existence of matter have admitted of "Carbry the Cat-headed," who is declared to have been the Captain Rock of the year 10, when, as leader of the tenant class of Erin, he organized a

* "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History." Delivered by Eugene O'Curry, Professor of Irish History and Archæology in the Catholic University of Ireland. Dublin: 8vo. pp. 722. 1861.

massacre of landlords, and was placed by acclamation on the throne of Tara? As to eyewitnesses, ready to swear to the identity of Carbry, and to the fact that he was the Jack Cade, or King of the Ribandmen, of that primitive age, such are not forthcoming. But if we argue by analogy, we may either suppose that, as there was a pig-faced lady, there may have been a cat-headed king, or say he was so styled for his treachery, as we speak of an obstinate bull-headed fellow. And we may also on reasonable grounds believe that there was some such notable revolution, of which an ineffaceable tradition lasted in the popular mind.

Traditions form, indeed, the sole basis of native accounts of any country in times before the use of writing; and therefore, the time that elapsed between the actions they refer to and the date when they became legends, or written history, is one of the tests of their veracity. Whenever, also, as in the above legend, some general commotion of a revolutionary character is recorded, the historiographer may lay his account on it as likely. It has been well remarked by Dean Milman, "History to be true must condescend to speak the language of legend; the belief of the times is part of the record of the times; and though there may occur what may baffle its more calm and searching philosophy, it must not disdain that which was the primal, almost universal motive of human life."

But when we consider the strict office of a critical historian, it is obvious that such cases are fair subjects of analysis, conducted with the view of ascertaining their real relation to nature and fact; and if an Irish writer would redeem the story of his country from the discredit and ridicule hitherto cast upon it, he assuredly should keep the two objects in writing, instruction and amusement, quite distinct; in the wholesome fear lest over-credulity, and a desire to give interest to his work, may make him amusing in another than the intended sense.

Mr. O'Curry's lectures on the "so-called" Gaelic prophecies are the most valuable portion of his work, for he has brought his intimate knowledge of our history to bear on the task of exposing these once potent, but abominable fabrications. His

keen perception of the true ages of the handwriting in which these clumsy, spurious predictions were penned, beside his extensive acquaintance with historic occurrences, has frequently enabled him to fix the dates of their respective forgeries, and to show that they were made to serve party purposes on particular occasions. Thus, of these false prophecies, one was coined to foment the insurrection of 1569, when a novel war-cry, "*Papa-abo!*" or "Ho for the Pope!" was also invented. Others are confidently assigned to the 12th, 11th, and earlier centuries, or as Mr. O'Curry explains:—"The fact is, the practice of writing those long and but too suspiciously circumstantial prophetic poems, and ascribing them to distinguished persons far back in our history, appears to have first sprung up in Erin after the occurrence of the Danish invasion, at the close of the eighth century; and I may, indeed, add that we have lately seen instances of the same practice continued down so late as to about the year of our Lord 1854!"

Most honourable to the learned lecturer are the motives inducing him to expose the dishonest use of these pretended prophecies. As he declares, the more he examined them, the more imperatively he felt himself called on, "as one who had spent his whole life in the perusal and comparison of original Gaelic documents," to examine them fairly and thoroughly, and, without dogmatizing, to record his humble opinion of this class of compositions. Further, he gives this interesting explanation:—

"Another motive, too, impelled me to come forward—the first that I am aware of to do so—to throw doubt and suspicion on the authenticity of these long-talked-of 'Irish prophecies'—I mean the strong sense I entertain of the evils that a blind belief in and reliance on their promises have worked in this unfortunate land for centuries back. I have myself known—indeed I know them to this day—hundreds of people, some highly-educated men and women among them, who have often neglected to attend to their worldly advancement and security by the ordinary prudential means, in expectation that the false promises of these so-called prophecies—many of them gross forgeries of our own day—would, in some never accurately specified time, bring about such changes in the state of the country as must re-

store it to its ancient condition. And the believers in these idle dreams were but too sure to sit down and wait for the coming of the promised golden age, as if it were fated to overtake them, without the slightest effort of their own to attain happiness or independence.

"When such has been and continues to be the belief in such predictions, and even in these modern times of peace, what must their effect have been in the days of our country's wars of independence, when generation after generation so often nobly fought against foreign usurpation, plunder, and tyranny! And in the constant application of spurious prophecies to the events of troubled times in every generation, observe that the spirit of intestine faction did not fail to make copious use of them. So we have the blind prophet predicting that a Red Hugh O'Donnell would annihilate the Anglo-Norman power on the plains of the Liffey; but we have him adding, too, that the same redoubtable hero would, to complete his triumph, burn and ravage Leinster, Munster, and Connaught also, as if for the very purpose that the common enemy should, on his next coming over the water, have less opposition to meet."

Passing from this "class of composition," as our lecturer gravely styles what the ballad of "Lillibolero" calls "an old prophecy found in a bog," we turn to another sort of superstition, and think of the awe-inspiring fear connected with "the good people," which still costs dear to many of our poor countrymen when struck by "fairy darts."

On supernatural archæology our author is highly original and authoritative. In the minor matter of fairies and banshees, he enlightens us to the fact that the former were the males, the latter the females of immortal phantom beings, supposed to dwell in *síths* (pronounced *shee*), that is to say, residences appropriate to these phenomena. The race was thus divided into *farr-shee*, i.e., men of the supernatural residences, and *bann-shee*, women of the same. Be it known, therefore, that the word fairy is no other than a corruption of the Celtic *farr-shee*; and perhaps strict search in pedigree-books would discover some Irish Oberon as the transmitter of the genius for poetry and painting which renders Sir Martin Shee immortal.

Every one in this country is cognisant of the cruel appropriation of

Mab, once Queen of Connaught, by a playwright of the sister island, under a scarcely recognisable fairy form. One of our countrymen, indeed, has compiled a catalogue of what he calls literary larcenies of this sort, including the rape in point, and the carrying off by the Scotch of some of our sweetest songs, and liveliest airs. His calendar is a heavy one; but so far from concurring in his verdicts in all the supposed criminal cases, we consider the community between our country and other lands in legends and harmonies convincing evidence of the original kinmanship of their people.

Expanded and comprehensive views are assuredly required in archæologic investigations. Isolated facts require comparing to be useful. Thus our author gives this novel etymology:—*Crom Cruach*, the name of the great idol of the Pagan Irish, literally signifies the "Bloody Maggot;" and an inferior idol was called *Crom Dubh*, or the "Black Maggot," whose name is still, in the south and west, connected with the first Sunday in the month of August. A rich field for inquiry is here opened into the relation between Irish and other Pagan forms of worship. As to the word "maggot," we conceive it to be merely another term for "worm" or serpent; and we offer the conjecture that some form of *paistha*, or serpent worship was the idolatry said to have been put down by St. Patrick.

Our author, while admitting that much narrated of the exploits of Finn MacCumhaill is "apocryphal enough," reprehends the mistake of supposing that this hero was merely a mythical, imaginary character, and stoutly vindicates his claim to be considered a genuine personage. In these views, that Finn actually existed, and deserves a prominent place in history, we thoroughly concur, and could not wish him a better biographer than our author, provided he will give more criticism to the task than in his version of Finn's pedigree, which, although he declares it unquestionable, we venture to challenge. If its dates and generations are correct, Finn and his five ancestors were born when their fathers had reached an average age of sixty-five years! Everything relating to Finn, the son of Cumhal, as the prototype of "Fingal," has its

interest; but is, at the same time, open to objection; as, for instance, the vulgar notion that his father, Cumhal (pronounced Coole) lived at Rath-coole, and used to drive into Dublin daily. Our hearty desire to see the Ossianic age impartially and accurately investigated springs far less from the interest with which poetry has invested that age, than from the wish to know more of a period when the very foundations of the Christian religion and of real history were laid in the British Islands.

In the last century, some learned Scotsmen were sufficiently ignorant of the early history of their country to enable them to enjoy faith in the truth of Macpherson's Ossianic poems; and it was reserved for men like Dr. Johnson to dispel the flattering illusion, for though he knew nothing of Gaelic, and had not yet ventured from Fleet-street to the scene of those fictions, he had common sense as his principal prepossession.

Whether the British people have surrendered their belief in the legends anent King Arthur and the Round Table, is not precisely known. But we are not to suppose that Queen Victoria's Laureate, in charming and delighting the world with *Idylls of the King*, and quoting an old chronicler, to the effect that his faultless monster was "the flower of kings," would have us pin our faith on the historical authenticity of his poetry, nor that our Irish lecturer completely reverences such old wives' tales as "the Courtship of Momera," "the Tragical death of Celtchair," "the Love of Gormlaith for Niall of the Black Knee," and "the Elopement of the Wife of Ailell." Yet our lecturer assured his confiding audience, that there are "few important passages of our early history" which may not be illustrated by the help of the "Historic Tales," and very few distinguished kings and chiefs recorded in our annals concerning whom considerable details may not be found in these stories. So that, he says, "the facts, personal and historical, necessary to complete our early history, may be gleaned from these materials." Similarly, all the old fables of Romulus, Remus, and the She-Wolf, of Decius and the Sensitive Gulph, were admitted into Roman history, taught in schools, and believed, until a celebrated German exploded the heap of

nonsense. Is our lecturer awake to the temper now alive on points of historic credibility, and does he expect men in this day to listen to what set the men of the dark ages purposely to sleep? He would have an historical as well as an illustrative use made of these twaddling tales, as he explains:—

"But the recital of the facts of history, however detailed, cannot satisfy those who seek in a history, properly so called, a lively as well as truthful report of the life and character, the thoughts and manners, of their ancestors, as well as a record of their government, and of the heroic achievements of the kings and chieftains among them. History is only really valuable to a people for the lessons it gives them of what their race has succeeded or has failed to do; for the lessons it gives them in the capacities as well as the faults of the men whose blood is in their own veins to-day, and whose peculiar virtues and vices, their descendants have probably inherited, and will perpetuate to the end of time. History is really valuable when it revives and strengthens the bond which connects us with our forefathers—the bond of sympathy, of respect towards themselves, of pride in and emulation of their brave deeds and their love of country. We want to know not merely of the existence of the kings of ancient Erin, but we want also to become acquainted with themselves, to be able to realize in our minds how they and their people lived. To do this, the historian must introduce us to their laws, to their social customs, to their mode of education, and, above all, to so much of their private life as shall exhibit to us the relation in which the stronger and the weaker sex stood to one another—in short, to the nature of the civilization of ancient Erin in detail."

In order, apparently, to produce a sample of the sort of historiography which can be manufactured out of the combined materials of chronicles and tales, our author gives a correct biography of Gormlaith, daughter of Flann, King of Meath, who flourished in a black age, the tenth century. Let us see what we gather from this piece of female Irish memoir.

The lady under view is described as "a very fair, virtuous, and learned demosell." Yet what was the fate of this paragon princess, in a land and age which the national poets paint as, in point of chivalric conduct to the soft sex, surpassing any in their

tandom? Her first husband was the King of Munster, by name Cormac, to whom the beautiful chapel at Cashel is ascribed, and who, declaring he had no more than pledged his troth to the young lady, sent her back to her parents. Thus repudiated, she was married, against her inclination, to the King of Leinster, who joined with her father in revenging the *spretæ injuria formæ*, slew the cruel Cormac, and caused him to be quartered. Severely wounded himself, he was carried home, and was assiduously attended to by his queen, who was scarcely ever absent from his couch. Indeed, she is expressly stated to have sat on the foot-rail of the bed, in a luckless hour, when her husband, convalescent, and, it may be, jealous of the time when she lived with Cormac, described the fight in which Cormac was slain, and seemed to dwell with exuberant satisfaction on the dismemberment of his body. The queen, however, moved with pity, lamented that Cormac's corpse should have been so mutilated; upon which the king, in a fit of rage, struck her so rude a blow with his foot, as threw her headlong on the floor, by which her petticoats (as Mr. O'Curry explains) were thrown into disorder in the presence of her attendants. Highly mortified at this insult, she fled to her father; but he, though "Monarch of Erin," was so afraid of his son-in-law's allies, the Danes of Dublin, he dared not quarrel with him, and, therefore, sent his daughter back to her husband. Her wrongs, however, and probably also her charms, fired the breast of a cousin, the bold young warrior, Niall of the Black Knee, son of the King of Ulster. Raising all the northern clans, he marched at their head to the borders of her rude husband's realm, with the intention of avenging the insult, and taking the injured lady under his protection. Her majesty, however, objected to violence, and merely insisted on a separation, with restoration of her dowry. The King, thus menaced, released her from her vows as his wife, in the legal way, says our lecturer, who will, we hope, enlighten us further on this nice point in divorce; and, for her accommodation, gave her "four and twenty residences;" but whether these palaces were in the Grecian, or

Roman, or Irish style of architecture, the story saith not.

Shortly after, his majesty was slain by the Danes; and then, all impediments being removed, young Niall of the Black Knee took the lady to wife, and was subsequently declared chief king of Erin. In the year 917, the Danes defeated and slew him in battle, and thus the unfortunate Gormlaith was for the third time left a widow. This was not all her ill fate. The four-and-twenty palaces of which we have heard unaccountably slipped out of her possession. Other kings, who knew not Gormlaith, and probably did not wish to know an aged queen dowager, rioted in her residences, and she sank into such poverty as that, say the annals, she begged from door to door, forsaken of all her friends. This neglect must have been a poignant soreness to the hapless lady, who is described as a gifted poetess, and is declared to have relieved her wounded feelings in verse, as on the death of her son, when she composed "many pitiful and learned ditties." Her miserable widowhood lasted thirty years, when she perished in the following way, which our lecturer considers strange, but appears to think credible:

"Gormlaith, daughter of King Flann, and queen of Ireland, died of a tedious and grievous wound, which happened in this manner: She dreamed that she saw Niall of the Black Knee, whereupon she got up and sate in her bed to behold him; whom he for anger would forsake, and leave the chamber; and as he was departing in that angry motion (as she thought), she gave a snatch after him, thinking to have taken him by the mantle, to keep him with her, and fell upon the bedstick of her bed, that it pierced her breast, even to her very heart, which received no cure until she died thereof."

She was, in short, not kilt at once, or entirely, by the last of those tumbles out of bed which deprived her first of a husband and finally of her life. Now for the historic deductions which our serious lecturer looks for, and which we humbly propound, first asking his pardon for having treated his narrative with levity. What are we to think of the Sir Creswell O'Creswell of the day, who indulged this princess with a divorce and a separation?

What are we to think of institutions that did not secure a dowry to a queen? What are we to infer of a nation that allowed the widow of two kings to become a beggar-woman? Of the truth of the legend which tells of her poverty we have no doubt, since neither pride nor power were served by it; and we venture to recommend this critical rule as an excellent test of the veracity of most traditions.

On the ancient "Imaginative Tales and Poems," and on the use to be made of them in serious historic investigation, our lecturer is rational. Pointing out that, in the composition of the wildest flights of fiction, it will almost always be found that the imagery and incidents introduced by the author are drawn from the life and scenes around him, or else from those which he has learnt from minute and vivid descriptions,—Mr. O'Curry pronounces that this rule applies most strictly to the earliest class of both prose and poetic compositions. Many glimpses, therefore, may be obtained, even in the most fanciful tales, elucidatory of the ancient manners, ideas, and mode of life of an imaginative and interesting race, the Celtic people of this island.

In a lecture on Irish books of pedigrees, our author is erudite, but much too complaisant. The lofty genealogies in question are the skeletons, as it were, on which the fabric of the early history hangs; so that, if merely one of the vertebræ were proved brittle, the entire fabrication would fall to pieces; our lecturer, therefore, handles the old bones tenderly, lest they should, like relics of saints, crumble on being exposed, or, like ghosts, "prudently depart before the break of day." In a few words we are told why genealogies of clans are entitled to credence:—"Every free-born man of the tribe was, according to law, entitled by blood, should it come to his turn, to succeed to the chieftaincy; and every principal family kept its own pedigree as an authority for its claim, should the occasion arise." To this explanation may be added, that the genealogist makers and keepers were the bards or *bhairds*, that is, the wards of the clan records, if oral knowledge may be so termed. These officers and the *brehons* were the legal referees upon

all questions concerning property, the rights to which intimately depended on bardic acquaintance with pedigree. For as the clansmen were the owners of the usufruct of the clan country, the sole title to share therein lay in proof of pedigree or kinsmanship, by which again the respective seniority of all claimants of the office of senior or chief, and of thanist, or second chief of the sept, was also defined. Under this system of rights of ownership and of claims to power, genealogies were, no doubt, kept with jealous accuracy. Yet this assertion, true as it is in application to ages when clans had become populous, is much less so as regards earlier times, of which no records show the earliest family branches, and of which there is no trace beyond a bare traditional line of kings, whose names are probably as fanciful as those in Rabelais' pedigree of Gargantua. A man might sing, with sufficient belief, and proudly—

"Wasn't my father the first of the Flannagans,
Wasn't my mother the flow'r of the Brallaghans;"

yet, whether Flann, or Felim, or Faile was the progenitor in the sixth century of these Flannagans, was of no actual importance to the singer, except as a question of pride, which is a passion there have never been persons wanting to administer to in the matter of pedigree-making. And as the main point was to prove title to land and power, we find that almost every chieftain was traced up to an acknowledged conqueror. In fact, power having been derived from the sword, every swordsman gloried in being styled a "Milesian," a term which appears to be an invention or corruption from the Gaelic form of *miles*, a soldier. This conjecture is much warranted by the fact that the first who bore the name of Milesian here, was so called because he was a famous military commander; and also by our lecturer's explanation, that the weapon known as a celt, was in ancient Gaelic called *Lia Míldh*, or warrior's stone. Links are not wanting to connect the first "Milesians," or foreign soldiers, hired by the Pictish kings of Tara, with the *gallo-glacha*, i.e., foreign warriors, retained by subsequent chieftains; yet the chain of evidence is

likely to remain long incomplete, if we look to our Gaelic experts to lift the welding hammer. This strict sect of antiquaries—being adepts in the accounts given by the majority of Irish authorities on the origin of the Irish people—maintain the old creed pure and undefiled, as Mahomedans do the Koran. It is even to be suspected that any departure from this faith was, in earlier times, held sufficiently heretical to warrant an *auto da fe* of the offending documents. How else can we account for the disappearance of those portions of MSS. which specially set forth the Scandinavian extraction of several Irish families? But notwithstanding these gaps, made somehow or other, sufficient testimony remains to show the presence of Scandinavians in this country long anterior to the date ascribed by the “Annals of the Four Masters,” which these archæologists uphold as an infallible authority; and there is reason for believing that the pirates who in primitive ages cut off the noses of the aborigines of this island whenever they failed to pay tribute, were the paternal ancestors of the great O’Neills and M’Mahons, and others, who either ignored their true extraction, or whom it suited to be traced up to Celtic kings.

Our modern ethnologists, who reasonably prefer examining the outside of an old Irish skull to being guided in their science by the dogmatic theory which issued from the inside of this sort of cerebellum, will learn much less from our lecturer’s thick green-bound tome than by consulting the interior of a grassy barrow. According to a passage in a MS. book of genealogies, quoted by the lecturer, our profoundest ancient ethnologists had arrived at a very curt and comprehensive classification of the three principal races in the island, so as at once they could distinguish who was what, by his appearance and characteristics. “Every one,” said they, “who is white of skin, brown of hair, bold, bountiful, brave, &c., is a Milesian. Every one who is fair-haired, vengeful, large; and every plunderer, musician, and adept in Druidic arts, is a descendant of the Tuatha de Danaan. Lastly, every one who is black-haired, a tattler, guileful, noisy, contemptible, every mean thief, every churl,

and the promoters of discord among people, these are the descendants of the Firbolgs,” &c. This old theory will hardly be countenanced by the ethnologists of the present day, unaccustomed as they are to associate mental qualities with the hue of a whisker; and it strangely enough omits the *Gwyddyl Coch*, or red-haired Gael, the tint by which the Welsh knew the Irish. This is unaccountable, considering the fact that similarity in complexion and features was the sole proof of paternity in heathen ages, when marriage was unknown.

As to the early pedigrees, dependent on tradition, and uncertified by either matrimonial or baptismal certificates, we regard them as comparatively modern inventions, and think it pretty plain that the men who, as we have seen, fabricated false prophecies, did not scruple to extend their detestable talent to the construction of spurious genealogies. Professor O’Curry, however, trusts in these genealogies from remote times, partly basing his confidence on the high position of the *ollamhs*, or ancient professors, whom he considers as having been placed above corruption.

We are thus taught to contemplate the Golden Age of Erin, when, though her sons loved temptations, they never yielded to them; and therefore our readers can understand the retrospective longing of the “Professor of Irish History in the Catholic University of Ireland” to have lived in the pastoral, peaceful, palmy days when, as he studiously sets forth, every ordained *ollamh*, or professor of history, was entitled to rank next in precedence to the king of Ireland at the Tara dinner-table; when it was beneath his dignity to take luncheon under the roof of any one lower than a lord, and when other honourable privileges, besides an ample establishment, were by law provided for himself and his wife. These prerogatives were, it seems, very numerous; but our author cannot refrain from citing some of them, such as the twenty-one cows which constituted each historian’s regular dairy, and which his king was expected to keep up and to find grass for. Besides these and other necessaries, the attention paid to an *ollamh* was so

delicate, he had a stud of six horses kept for him, and a couple of dogs, probably greyhounds, for the purpose of clearing cobwebs from his brain by a course now and then after the hares. Those arcadian and bacchanalian days, when Con of the Hundred Battles (perhaps the true reading is Bottles) ruled the land, must indeed have been easy to his chroniclers, and faith and troth, quite put the hard times of Queen Bess to shame, when, as Sir Philip Sydney saw and said, learning, though revered in this country, went very bare.

On some MS. pieces of Irish history, which, perhaps, merit the amount of credence ordinarily given to similar fragments not being Irish, our author comments learnedly, and deploras, with due indignation, the fact that these rare materials remain in a state of MS. For instance, there is the valuable account of the wars of Thomond, compiled in 1459. Our lecturer describes this tract as an unrivalled specimen of family and topographic history, and it assuredly ought to have formed part of Mr. O'Donoghue's recent Memoir of the O'Briens.

The question of the authenticity of the "Historic Tales" is delicately discussed by our lecturer, who, considering that, as he says, "their authors might not alter the historic circumstances themselves, nor tamper with the truth of genealogies, which it was their professional duty to teach in purity to the people," still finds it strange that they should have been permitted to introduce fairy agency into these descriptions of the exploits of real heroes. However, concludes he, "it is certain that the rules of these compositions permitted the introduction of a certain amount of poetical machinery." And he acknowledges that the licence used by the tale-makers must remain matter for critical investigation. He, however, is certain, sure of "the historical authority of all the substantial statements respecting the battles, expeditions, and alliances of the early kings," which are made in these tales.

Sir William Temple gives a different account of the original objects of this prose department of bardic art: he writes:—

"The great men of Irish clans had,

among the many officers of their family, not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like. but a poet and a tale-teller: the first recorded and sang the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company at feasts; the latter amused them with tales, when they were melancholy and could not sleep. A very gallant gentleman of the north of Ireland has told me, of his own experience, that in his wolf-huntings there, when he used to be in the mountains three or four days together, and lay very ill a-nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring him one of these tale-tellers, that when he lay down would begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damsel, and such rambling stuff, and continue it all night long in such an even tone, that you heard it going on whenever you awaked; and he believed nothing any physicians give would have so good and so innocent effect to make men sleep."

Engaged in giving another course of lectures, "On the Social Customs, Manners, and Life of the People of Ancient Erin," our author promises the future publication of two volumes on these very interesting subjects. The works will embrace—1st, the system of legislation and government; 2nd, the system of ranks and classes in society; 3rd, the religious system, "if," our author observes, "that of Druidism can be so called." Assuredly Druidism was one of the forms of *id quod religat*, and the topic will properly give opportunity for comparing its Irish phase with other aspects of Druidism of which there are accounts, and which will serve to prove the relation between the Irish and British races. "4th, the education of the people, with some account of their learning in ancient times." In our opinion, what learning there was in those ages, was the monopoly of the Druidic or bardic castes, by which they obtained their power, and to retain which, they persecuted the Christian missionaries, as promulgators of new doctrines and interests. 5th, the military system. As to this topic, let us hope the author will fail to find what he is in search of, an ancient authority for the qualifications indispensable to an old Irish militiaman, one of which was that he should have been educated to compose verses, and have learned the twelve books of poetry, since should this "authority"

turn up, our lecturer is quite ready to accept it. "6th, the nature, use, and manufacture of arms used in ancient times; 7th, the buildings, public, military, and domestic, with the furniture of the latter." As to public buildings in Erin during the Druidic period, we are at a loss to know what they were. The only one in this category was the banquetting hall on Tara Hill, which must have been of an ephemeral character, from its liability to conflagration during the incessant contests for sovereignty. "8th, the materials and form of dress, as well as its manufacture and ornamentation; 9th, the ornaments used by all classes; 10th, musical instruments, and the cultivation of music; 11th, agriculture; 12th, commerce, with arts and manufactures; 13th, funeral rites, and places of sepulture."

On all these topics, Mr. O'Curry's intimate acquaintance with masses of manuscript renders him specially informed; and we should hail the promised appearance of the two tomes, if there were hope that the acumen exhibited by him in the case of the false prophecies has been extended to his socio-historic researches.

The ethnology and migrations of the Picts would form a topic highly worthy of our erudite author's lucubrations, since whatever may be his present opinion regarding this people, the theory that they were the progenitors of large sections of the Celtic nations is gaining ground among the learned. On the authority of a Gaelic MS., he traces them from Thrace (where they may have sprung from the only painted tribe mentioned by Herodotus), to France, where they bequeathed their name to Picardy and Poitiers, thence to Britain, which country, indeed, derived its name from them, Pictish and British being synonymous terms. From thence migrating further westward, some of them landed on the coast of Wexford, and founded, as we believe, the *Tuatha Fiodha*, or Tribes of the Forests, which gradually spread over the entire island, and continued, even in the sixteenth century, to live in the sylvan state the Britons exhibited when Cæsar saw and described them. The close analogy between the Irish, Welch, Scotch, and Breton dialects of the Celtic tongue fully suffices to

prove the original kinsmanship of these races; and a link in the strong chain between the Irish and the British is welded by our author's observation, that they both had a similar alphabet and mode of writing. This admission will lead, let us hope, to the collation of the most antique MSS. in those dialects. There is, as the lecturer states, want of an accurate and copious Irish dictionary; and if any thing we can say would quicken the liberality which is likely, sooner or later, to supply this want, we would press the importance of having the work undertaken whilst Mr. O'Curry, and our honoured fellow-citizen, Dr. O'Donovan, could endow it with their vast philologic experience.

It is hardly probable that a history of the pagan period of Ireland will be ever written by an impartial, competent narrator. The materials, though considered by Mr. O'Curry rich and abundant, resemble an old stack of straw, half mouldy and useless, much bitten by rats, and with only a few grains of corn, which may be found in some of the ears, but are hardly worth the trouble of threshing and winnowing out from the mass of chaff. Stern history, however, set aside, the "materials" under consideration might flavour some sort of books as pleasantly as lemons and whisky go to make a jug of punch. Everybody likes fairy tales, mythic legends, romantic traditions, and would be amused by good Irish specimens in this department of literary manufacture, and interested in comparisons between them and those of neighbouring nations. Can the lecturer tell us something new of La Belle Yseult, that lovely daughter of a Danish lord in Dublin, whose beauty fascinated Sir Tristram, and is the theme of the earliest romance in our language? Can he connect our native story of "the tragical fate of the Children of Lear" with the legends on which the drama of "King Lear" was raised, a monument of imperishable genius? Will he feed the flame of some young gifted Celtic acolyte, who would rival the renown of "Ossian," or would pale the fires of "Macbeth" and "Cymbeline" by his sunburst style of setting Conor Mac Nessa and Lughaidh the Long-Handed on the stage; or hold the mirror up to

the nature of Tara's palace, and of that pure and philosophic Irish court which, if faithfully described, would make us regard King Arthur's British court, its Lancelots, Guineveres, and Vivians, as, in comparison, a parcel of miserable sinners.

Mr. O'Curry speaks with unnecessary humility as to his qualifications for expounding the result of his labours, which, although they have hitherto been silent, are, however, well and gratefully known to all who take interest in the development of Irish materials of history. They have been, as he says, "underground," and what we wish is that he, and all other sappers and miners, or rather, pioneers, at work in the same thicket, should see clearly, and ply their axes thoroughly, in making tolerably straight paths through the dense wilderness. To the levelling of all the legendary rubbish that obstructs our way to a better view of the Green Isle of old, we ourselves should not object, even to the demolition of many an old mythic tradition, on which a "melody," graceful but fanciful as the "Origin of the Irish Harp," has been composed.

No one can cut down one of these silly stories with more skill than Professor O'Curry, as is plain from his mode of treating the fabled origin of the surname of the O'Sullivan family, which was thus accounted for. One of their ancestors, whose princely munificence was proverbial, had the misfortune to be blind of an eye. One morning he was visited by a malicious poet, who tried to prove him illiberal by asking of him what he thought would be refused, and accordingly demanded the chieftain's only eye. To his surprise, the king tore out the eye, and handed it to him! As some one sings, this king "gave his bright eye for a proverb to shine;" and the act extraordinary caused him to be named *O'Suilabhain*, that is, the one-eyed, though the correct appellative would have been "the no-eyed." This stupid trash our lecturer throws to the winds, by observing that, were it true, the name would have been *Suilabhain*, one eye, whereas it is written *Suidhubhain*, that is, the black-eyed. Even the most childish of the lecturer's pupils has now no excuse for believing the story; and,

for the matter of that, it may have occurred to some of those lads, that the poet gave, on the contrary, the party in question a black eye.

Fifty other puerilities could be similarly exposed, which still receive belief, yet are only fit for *Glennagealt*, the glen of lunatics, whither all the Irish who are out of their minds would, it is said, proceed if they could. Our author has not shaken himself free from some of these sillinesses: *e. g.*, he is not content to take the name of our city from *Dubh-linn*, the black pool; its obvious derivative: he must quote a legend that the pool was so called because "a lady called Dubh was drowned there." Did any one ever hear that London took its name from Sally Lunn, who invented the famous buns still sold under her name? The primitive Irish archaeologists took roads as short as these to etymologies, and even made long voyages to learn new languages, of which they brought a consignment home. Of King Fenius, styled *Farrsaigh*, or the Antiquary, we are told that he went to learn poetry in the Tower of Babel, where he had the advantage of hearing a multitude of tongues, and from whence he brought the Fenian, or law dialect, an invention of his own. A companion philologist, one Gaedhel, brought another style back—the Gaelic—which he also named after himself, having also invented it.

Dared we object to this piece of history, we should observe that among other nations mothers usually dictate in the matter of language. In old Erin, things went quite contrary: foreign speech was at first an article of free importation, until, as we shall show by-and-by, the caste of juriconsults, using the obsolete Fenian dialect as a law language, were averse to popular education, and when the bards refused to teach English in their schools. All this contrariety is very perplexing; but of the difficulties which beset the candid inquirer into the early condition of this country, the most puzzling arise from the fact that its domestic writers had not the gift to see themselves as others saw them, since their statements generally differ diametrically from those of foreign authorities.

Mr. O'Curry vindicates the claim

of Ireland to have a history written of the ages which are usually considered her pre-historic period. She has more, he believes, than a mere claim—she has a right. For ourselves, whatever honours our country gladdens us: the Gael of old were foemen worthy of the Saxon steel; our Celtic countrymen of this day are our brethren in arms and rivals in renown, and we should rejoice if the assumed right were capable of proof. It is not necessary to cite Dr. Johnson for the purpose of encouraging investigation into the period when Ireland was the school of the West, since her sons in general are now alive to the inquiry, which also interests very many persons who lay no claim to share in her ancient sources of renown. Of these latter, the Anglo-Irish nobility and gentry have, as our lecturer shows, ever given proof of their attachment to their country by setting high value on literary remains which illustrate her antiquities. So great, in feudal times, was their appreciation of such documents, it more than once happened that a much-prized Irish MS. was the object of warfare and the stipulated ransom of a captive nobleman. The Geraldines, Burkes, and Butlers stored their libraries with choice and costly volumes in that venerable language, the Gaelic, in which, indeed, they thought, spoke, and wrote. In 1515, the manuscripts of this class in the Earl of Kildare's collection almost equalled the number of his other books either in English, French, or Latin. The history which is the most confiding exponent of bardic theories and legends was compiled by an Anglo-Irishman, Dr. Keating, to whom the proverbial taunt of "being more national than the natives" applies.

History of this sort, written for political purposes, was, however, considered factious, as well as contemptible, by the English colonists, as they rose to ascendancy; and it is not surprising that during civil war, when lawyer's gowns give way to weapons, the native literary men, who supported old sinking interests even to the extent of fomenting insurrection by false prophecies, were roughly handled. In the middle of the seventeenth century, so neglected and disheartened were the descendants of the

old bards, who had made their livelihood by keeping manuscript chronicles and other records, that these representatives of an almost defunct profession are described as degenerately putting their children to school to learn English, and as permitting tailors to cut up, for yard measures, the vellum leaves of the volumes so much cherished by their ancestors. No such neglect is now shown; many an Englishman would exchange gold by weight for some of the unique tomes our lecturer describes with just enthusiasm. And although the *Sassenach* could not read the language of his prize, he would preserve the precious relic, and permit the learned, like our lecturer, to publish its revelations as to the past.

With regard to the best mode of interpreting and dealing with these revelations, we feel this—the more persons qualified for the task the better; and we, therefore, cheer the lecturer's students on in their search after truths which are great and will prevail. Free trade in the national archæology will, doubtless, elicit an assortment of goods, which, though not novel, will be marketable; and it is high time that there should be an end to the monopoly of knowledge of this sort, the evils of which pressed with serious and severe importance on the ancient Irish. In the book before us, we read how, on one occasion, prior to the Christian era, two "sages," or judges, having fallen out on a point of law, discussed the dispute, before an assembly of chiefs and other judges, in language so obscure that no one could understand them. They employed the antique law dialect, which was as incomprehensible to uninitiated Irishmen as Norman-French was to the Anglo-Saxons; and, indeed, by this means they enjoyed a monopoly of jurisdiction. At last, the chiefs, becoming impatient, abolished this dangerous exclusion, by throwing open the study of the law to all men, admitting them to interpret and expound the ancient code of the country. Here was an admirable provision towards a general knowledge of law; and it is a good precedent for a similar step towards a general knowledge of history. Do we read the Irish character aright, as it breaks out in all the annals of time, ungo-

vernableness is its salient trait ; so that, if this be so, and although allowance may be made for the effect of the moral education of mankind, which has gradually advanced since the creation, considerable restiveness to criticism on the part of young Celtic genius must be anticipated ; and it is,

therefore, hardly to be expected that an unprejudiced history of Ireland, before and after the deluge, will be given to the world, even near the last day, when, according to some supposed prophets, the island will still be partially unsubjugated.

POLITICAL MEMOIRS OF HALF A CENTURY.

THERE are two kinds of books which, in these days of boundless printing, authors and editors may hold themselves fairly warranted in laying before the world. There are the books which specially claim our notice as finished works of art, the ripe issue of original brains, drawing sweets out of the things around them, as the honey-bee takes his tribute from many different flowers. Such works as "Eothen," "Vanity Fair," "In Memoriam," "Cosmos," "The French Revolution," by Carlyle, have a certain value of their own, an artistic wholeness, and self-attesting purpose, which sever them by a very broad line from the fairest looking fruits of ordinary bookmaking. To the same class belong works of less original genius, but otherwise of a merit differing rather in degree than kind. And on the other hand, there are books which have no completeness in themselves, whose worth, for the most part, depends on their relation to things without them, or else on the amount they show of raw material fit for after-absorption into books of the higher sort.

Of the latter class, samples, good, bad, and indifferent, will readily occur to any one who has watched the literary harvests of the last ten or twenty years. Wonderful alike for good and evil are the manifold uses to which men have already turned the discovery first made fruitful by Guttenberg and Caxton. Like paper, glass, gutta serena, and a score of other things, the printing-press has come to supply all sorts of real or fancied wants in all classes of human beings, has grown into a kind of general servant warranted equal to whatever work it may at any moment be called upon to do. Among other duties of the most opposite nature to it has been now assigned the office of embalming all matters,

small or great, that bear, however lightly, on the history of any person whom his own merits, the partiality of a few friends, or the intercourse he had with a greater than himself, may have put forward as more or less worthy of public mention. Through this unfailing crucible the most worthless scraps of old paper come forth transmuted into sheets of pretentious print, samples of which are duly qualified to take up precious room in our public libraries. Amid no small amount of mere rubbish some bits of sterling ore have thus been saved from the limbo of forgotten things, and new light shed on the student's researches, or, in the course of time, another leaf added to the chaplet of some able writer. Each new volume of printed diaries, letters, chronicles, state-papers, of documents, in short, unpublished before, or perhaps unknown, serves eventually to lighten, even when it may seem most to complicate, the labours of those who have to ransack all kinds of musty paper-heaps for the means of forming trustworthy conclusions touching matters of historical weight, or questions in any way demanding a due knowledge of past events. Some gleams of daylight will force their way through the biggest and blackest clouds. Under the smoke of much irrelevant matter and bewildering misstatement burns some fire of essential truth, which the careful inquirer will do his best to blow up anon into a broader and clearer flame. If for the headstrong and the one-sided there be danger in a multitude of original documents, no one with any zeal for historic truth would be likely to affirm that too much light has hitherto been thrown on even the best studied passages in the history of Europe's proudest empires or England's greatest heroes.

Viewed from this comprehensive standpoint, such works as that before us claim, each in its own degree, the attention of those who care to follow the different phases of British politics during a period less than the lifetime of many a statesman whose public career dates from the latter years of Fox and Pitt. From the day when the late Lord Colchester began his Diary to those which mark the close of the late Duke of Buckingham's last published volumes, English history presents a series of political movements big with matter of the deepest interest for all discerning eyes. Perhaps no age can wholly comprehend the true character of its own relations whether towards the past or the future, and we, children of a latter day, are as ready to think too highly of the present as our elders are to overpraise the virtues of a past to which memory has lent a colouring of its own. Yet to us it seems that the contemporaries of George III. must have felt themselves to be playing no common part in the far from commonplace drama of English history; while we cannot but think that some at least of those who have long survived the glories of their youth must see good reason to rejoice in the present as heartily as they, doubtless, pride themselves in the past. For, during the years of which we have spoken, the tree of our political freedom threw out more branches and struck deeper root than in any like period of our former history. While other parts of Europe were harried by wars, rent asunder by civil commotions, or trampled under the feet of grinding tyrannies, the people of these islands were struggling for the most part in a peaceful way towards the attainment of a prize which their neighbours secretly hate them for enjoying, while they have hitherto signally failed in every attempt to win it for themselves. Proud, as we well may be, of our warlike triumphs in the long fight with French Jacobinism, we have yet more cause for rejoicing in the peaceful development of those great political changes, which French Jacobins and English Tories of the Eldon pattern alike failed to render hateful in

the eyes of a steady-going self-governed nation. Through all the sufferings, dangers, perplexities, which fell to England's share in the course of that deadly struggle for the defence of order and national rights abroad, amidst the partial eclipse of her own liberties in furtherance of Europe's general good, or in deference to the feelings of a king the more respected for the clouds that gathered round his mental powers, her people held fast in the main to their old traditions, and waited in all loyalty for the hour when those traditions might once more be bearing fruit in measure all the more plenteous for the unwonted barrenness of so many past years. Having won for Europe peace and deliverance from the maw of French ambition, they turned with redoubled zeal to the work of setting their own politics in order, and bore up the banner of popular freedom inch by inch to that fair tableland whereon it now floats, the envy and the wonderment of surrounding nations.

Lord Colchester's Diary carries us over the larger and more critical half of the important period aforesaid.* In those three thick volumes of pretty close print, their author jots down every thing of public interest in the least connected with his own personal career, from the third year of the French war, when, as plain Mr. Abbot, he first entered Parliament, down to the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, against which, as Lord Colchester, he spoke and voted as long as failing health allowed his attendance among the Peers. Barring a short memoir and a very few notes, which help out instead of hampering the text, the body of the book consists wholly of Lord Colchester's own writing, or of the letters and other papers written by friends, which he had thought fit to preserve among his own. From these volumes the editor has wisely kept out all such parts of the original manuscript as "related to strictly private or family affairs." Of the remainder, there is still much that to most readers will appear superfluous, and much that will interest them only as an old almanac or a meagre guide-book will interest those who

* "The Diary and Correspondence of Charles Abbot, Lord Colchester." Edited by his Son. 3 vols. London: John Murray. 1861.

have lived among the events or scenes to which it may refer. But the pudding on the whole is not hard of digestion, nor poorly stocked with plums for the more dainty. Whether as a work of useful reference for the scholar, or of varied information for the general reader, this Diary should take a foremost place among books of that secondary class, to which the diaries of D'Ewes and Evelyn specially belong.

It was under the patronage of the Duke of Leeds that Mr. Abbot took his seat for Helston in the Parliament that met during the autumn of 1795. Bound to his patron by no special promises, he determined to give a general support to the minister of the day, but on questions of an open nature to vote according to his own feelings, however little they might agree with the interest either of minister or duke. Being himself a Tory of the stiffest school, a stout believer in the perils supposed to threaten his country from the political doctrines avowed or half defended by Fox, Sheridan, and Erskine, he was ready enough to side with Pitt, as long as Pitt's policy tallied with the prejudices of his royal master. His first speech was made in warm approval of Pitt's Bill for putting down seditious assemblies, a measure in which he and his patron took opposite sides, without harm to the good-will which reigned between them. The Duke assured him, that if he had had four votes instead of one, he should have been welcome to use them all in the same way. There were bounds, however, to his Grace's good-humoured forbearance, in itself a virtue by no means common in the days when a large proportion of the seats in Parliament were filled by members who voted to their patrons' order, as regularly as an Irish peasant still votes to the direction of his priest. When, two years later, happened another difference of opinion, on another measure of Pitt's proposing, the Duke could not help betraying some annoyance at Mr. Abbot's determined breach of what he considered parliamentary politeness, in voting for a bill of which the Duke himself most strongly disapproved. His own politeness and a friendly regard for his refractory nominee, forbade his accepting Mr. Abbot's offer to resign his seat, and so, with a parting glance at the Duke's own reading of his friend's political

duties, Mr. Abbot was left for the future to "regulate his public conduct by his own judgment alone;" thereby setting an example which his Grace could only wish to see "more generally followed in both Houses."

While the House of Commons was carrying, by vast majorities, measures of coercion so harsh that, in the eyes of Fox and Grey, prudence alone could restrain the people of England from openly resisting them, it was also displaying a patriotism quite equal to that of old Rome, by encouraging its members to cut down their consumption of wheaten bread, "either by actual abstinence from one-third of their usual quantity," or by mixing with two-thirds of wheat one-third of "barley, rye, Indian corn, &c." Two years of bad harvest had seriously heightened the distress entailed by more than two years of foreign war; and the one form of sedition most rife in the land was that which generally springs from a growing lack of bread. Among the means proposed for lessening the evil, was Whitbread's Bill for fixing a minimum to the wages of farm-labourers. But a better economist than Whitbread opposed the second reading of his bill. Pointing out the probable injustice of such a scheme, and the truer wisdom of letting labour find its own value, by leaving it unfettered, Mr. Pitt suggested, as a means to that end, the need of "unfettering the poor from their restraints under the present law of settlement," a wholesome measure, which our rulers are only now beginning partially and haltingly to carry out. As the war went on, the spirit of the upper classes rose to even greater sacrifices for the public good; and the increasing taxation was made to fall by far the most heavily on those who seemed best able to bear it. Besides the treble assessment of 1798, a voluntary contribution fund was set on foot, to which, while it lasted, the King himself subscribed £20,000 a-year, or one-third of his privy purse, several noblemen £2,000 a-year each, and Mr. Abbot himself as much as £500, or "a fair fifth of his net disposable income." So catching was the good example thus set in high places, that by the year's end Pitt was able to announce an addition of two millions to the revenue otherwise obtained.

In Parliament the member for Helston spoke seldom, but always carefully and to the point. Even before his first appearance on that stage, from the date indeed of Sheridan's long speech against Warren Hastings, "the style of parliamentary debating" had grown, we are assured, "intolerably diffuse and prolix." The taking of notes by shorthand writers, though still in those days managed under the rose, had perhaps already brought about, or at least encouraged the nuisance of which in these days every one who reads a newspaper is sure to complain. Mr. Abbot for his part busied himself with useful measures and offered weighty advice to all who asked for it. Among those who began to confer with him was the Great Minister himself, whose acquaintance he first made at the committee-table in 1796. His Diary for this year touches on the well-known contrast between Pitt's mental capacity and his bodily weakness. Public business must have often come to a standstill, when the man who engrossed nearly its whole management became completely ill, and for a day or two disabled from work, if he happened to miss his regular dinner, or his regular supply of sleep. In a series of short but shrewd sketches of the leading statesmen of that day, Mr. Abbot fairly describes Pitt as "without a rival as a parliamentary speaker in arrangement and elocution; and fairly matched with Mr. Fox in matter of argument." So greatly did the latter feel his own inferiority in point of diction, that he used, we are told, to declare in private, "although he himself is never in want of words, Mr. Pitt is never without the very best words possible." The great Whig leader is described as "vehement in his elocution, ardent in his language, prompt in his invention of arguments, adroit in its use, comprehensive in his view of the given subject, and equal to his political rival in the power of agitating the passions; but offending continually by the tautology of his diction, and the repetition of his arguments." In political judgment and the art of ruling others, his critic deemed him markedly the reverse of Pitt, whose good luck, however, and impatience of near rivals may, to our own thinking, have had much to do with the difference thus

perceptible. If Fox was easily misled by others, it is hardly fair to describe Sheridan as playing him off against the King's ministers, and "acting himself, hand and heart, with the most desperate Jacobins." But this was written, we must remember, by a genuine old Tory, before Sheridan had proved his loyalty by the bold advice to which was probably owing the suppression of the mutiny at the Nore. To his chief merits as a speaker, his fluency, the shrewdness of his conceptions, his dexterous reasoning, and the witty terseness of his prepared speeches, due justice is readily done; nor need we gainsay that he was "witty often when the subject required gravity." The somewhat comrade and late opponent of Fox and Sheridan, Edmund Burke, had already passed away from the floor of a House where his eloquence had so often been marred by his violent temper. Among Mr. Abbot's sketches of smaller celebrities, there is one of the then Attorney-General which no one at all conversant with anecdotes of Lord Eldon will fail to recognise:—

"Argumentative and copious in his matter, but involved in his style; always qualifying his assertions to a degree which does away their force, and too much inclined to draw the whole debate into a question about the vindication of his own conduct. One night, whilst he was in tears upon this topic, old Jack Robinson, who sat close to me, was snoring aloud."

In 1796 Mr. Abbot and his colleague were re-elected for Helston by the unanimous vote of sixteen electors. These, with three more who stayed away, made up the whole of that large constituency in the quiet old days of George III. At the beginning of this year had the ill-starred Princess of Wales given birth to the future wife of Prince Leopold; and before the middle of it she and her husband had come to an open quarrel, in which—according to Mr. Abbot—her own behaviour "seems to have been the most discreet and amiable which in her peculiar situation could be expected." Further on in these volumes, when the Princess had become by right a queen, her former champion was rightly or wrongly calling out for extreme measures against the reputed paramour of Count Bergamo,

the intrusive claimant of honours which had ceased to be her due. This year a bill for abolishing the Slave Trade, supported by Pitt and Fox, but opposed by some of Pitt's own subalterns, was thrown out by seventy-four votes against seventy, after it had safely passed through the second reading. It is curious to see how small a House could be mustered on so great a question. Whenever it came on for discussion, the members who voted on each side always fell short of a hundred, and once at least, if not oftener, the contending parties failed to count up a hundred votes between them. From some of these debates Mr. Abbot himself, though a professed Abolitionist, thought fit to keep away. Pitt's own influence could make little head against the prejudices of his followers, aided by the lukewarm, if not unfriendly feelings of the Court; and many years had still to elapse before the extinction of slavery throughout the British empire became a historical fact.

On all questions touching the conduct of the war, or the doings of Government at home, Pitt was sure of a majority large enough to drive the most resolute opponents to despair. Whether the issue was tried against an Order in Council for suspending cash payments at the bank, against further loans to the Emperor of Russia, for a repeal of the Treason and Sedition Bills, for the censure or dismissal of his Majesty's ministers, or against a further prosecution of the war, Fox and Grey could very seldom muster more than fifty or sixty followers against a phalanx ranging always from two to three hundred strong. But Pitt himself could not afford to sail too close to the wind of any popular prejudice, any more than he could hope to carry his point against the influence of the Crown. In deference to the loud complaints of the Scottish clergy, who also in their turn feared to shock the religious sentiments of their lay countrymen, he had to beg that Mr. Abbot would so far modify his bill for obtaining a census of these islands, as to exempt that body aforesaid from all official share in the task of numbering their neighbours. This census, taken in 1801, was the first of those national reckonings which have since enabled us from time to time to discover the

exact growth of our material greatness during a given cycle of years.

"Theseamen of Portsmouth returned to their duty" is the Diarist's short remark on the Mutiny of Spithead. A few weeks later he touches almost as briefly on the measures taken by Government to suppress the yet more dangerous Mutiny at the Nore, in the month of June, 1797. In the very next page is a letter from Dublin, recording the progress made in putting down the rebellion which had lately broken out among the Irishmen of the North. "Whole districts in the North," writes Lord Clifden, "are coming in to take the oath of allegiance, and, what is of more value, giving up their arms"

No day passes without informations being received; and in fact they are betraying each other as fast as you can desire." Further on, Mr. Abbot is told that "the army shows the best disposition in all places and on all occasions. The British Fencibles and Irish Militia try who shall shoot or cut in pieces United Irishmen fastest." The writer is also "happy to say the South of Ireland is in the best state, and all men are ready to suppress the smallest appearance of riot or disturbance." Little did he foresee that a few months later the same process of shooting and slashing which had proved so quieting in the North, would have to be repeated on a yet larger scale in the South.

Besides close attendance in the House of Commons, and on several committees, of which he was either chairman or a leading member, Mr. Abbot had for some time been equally regular in joining the drills of the Light Horse Volunteers. One day we find him sitting on horseback from ten till four; on another, rising at three in the morning "to dress and arm" for a parade which lasted from five till ten. In those days of grease and hair powder, and other strange essentials of human adornment, a gentleman's dressing must have taken far more time than a lady's would do now. They also who now object to seeing the Volunteers used for political ends, will be somewhat startled to read how Mr. Abbot's regiment was marched out one day to break up a seditious meeting called by "The London Corresponding Society," and how, another day, a troop of the same

regiment "went to the Tower to escort O'Connor and the other prisoners upon the road towards Maidstone for their trial."

On the 22nd January, 1799, the King sent down to Parliament a message concerning the projected union of the English and Irish Parliaments. An amendment to the answering address of the Commons was proposed by Sheridan, who pleaded that this was no time, nor had the Irish Parliament any power to settle so grave a question on fair and lasting grounds. His objections, however, were ably and fully met by the great minister; and, in every debate upon the question or the mode of settling its practical issues, Pitt was sure to command a majority such as no amount of logic or eloquence could have pared away. Happily for Ireland, the Union was speedily and quietly carried out under the auspices of its projector, who found no more real resistance in the Parliament of College-green than in that of Westminster. Towards the close of 1800, Pitt's great power seemed more impregnable than ever. Of the opposition leaders at home, several had ceased to attend the debates, and the rest were mostly fain to keep a despairing silence. At court he seemed to be in the highest favour, and in the country his praise dwelt on every tongue. But the Nemesis of so much greatness was already close upon his heels. On the 23rd January, 1801, "the Roll of the House for England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, was called over, and the members, as they answered, were sworn at the table." Six days after the King had quarrelled with his ministers on the ground of their having "pledged themselves, without his participation, for granting to the Irish Catholics a free admission to all offices and seats in Parliament, and for repealing the Test Act," and other things, all of which he declared himself "bound by his coronation oath" to disallow. The next day, says Mr. Abbot, the King "sent for the Speaker (Mr. Addington), and desired him to undertake the conduct of affairs," Mr. Pitt having drawn on his own dismissal by steadily refusing to give way for all his Majesty's earnest dissuasions.

No wonder that Pitt thereafter becomes "unwell" with his father's own complaint, the gout, or that his

Majesty worried himself into a fever, which reminded his friends of the dangerous symptoms first seen at their height in 1788. The hot-headed King took it as a personal affront that the Minister in whom he had so long trusted would rather forfeit his place and the royal favour than break his promise to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. An interview with Lord Eldon, who kept harping on the fancied duties contained in the coronation oath, added fuel to the King's disorder, and heightened the alarm he had already caused his friends and physicians. For more than a fortnight, in the pages of this diary, his Majesty's fever grows either worse or better, until on 11th March, we find him once more reprieved from the doom which overtook him in the end. Meanwhile, Addington was forming a new ministry in place of that whose resignation on such a point, at such a moment of general difficulty, Mr. Abbot deemed "absolutely unjustifiable." The present age, however, will hardly confirm a sentence which implies that the ministers of an English sovereign should give up their own policy and go back from their plighted word, in deference to the whim of a ruler practically irresponsible for the deeds done by others in his name. To us it seems that Pitt had no choice but to resign, when the King insisted on the recall of pledges already given. A step in itself so painful to such a man, was rendered yet more painful by its connexion with the serious illness which attacked the King; and, in the nature of that illness may be discovered the sufficient reason of Pitt's subsequent return to power under an unworthy compromise.

In 1804 Pitt had to choose between two serious evils: between leaving his country as it were without any government, or worrying into downright madness the master whose personal friendship he had so long enjoyed, and for whom he must still have felt much grateful compassion, if not much of the old affectionate esteem. All doubt indeed touching his motives for the choice he afterwards made seem cleared away by a passage in Mr. Abbot's diary for 1801, which tells us of the inquiry made by the King, through Dr. Willis, as to Pitt's way of bearing the news of his

master's illness; "for he must know to what causes all my illness has been owing." In the depth of his concern, and on finding from Dr. Willis that his answer might be material not only to his Majesty's health, but even his life, Pitt renewed as a direct message the assurance he had just before made, to the effect that "he would never give his Majesty any disquiet upon this subject."

In July, 1801, Mr. Abbot went to Ireland as Chief Secretary to Lord Hardwicke, the new viceroy under Mr. Addington. Of the six months he stayed there, the first two, he writes, "were a time of war, and daily expectation of rebellion and invasion." About 120,000 troops of all kinds were held ready to meet the French, whom loyal and disaffected alike thought to be watching their time for a landing on the Irish coast. Outrages still occurred in some parts of the country, and even near Dublin disaffection began to show itself once more; while a large French armament riding in Brest harbour, threatened havoc to both sides of the Irish Channel. But to the joy of most people in these islands, the preliminaries of peace with France were settled by the end of September, and for a little while Great Britain could rest from her warlike toils, and recruit her sinking energies against the outbreak of another plot for her destruction. That in such a peace the wiser heads saw nothing better than a truce to be broken by the French ruler at any moment, seems pretty clear from the following passage in Mr. Yorke's "private and confidential" letter to the new Irish Secretary.

" . . . On the other hand, no one, I think, can doubt of Bonaparte's inveteracy. It is, I believe, extreme against this country, and notwithstanding all that has been said of his magnanimity and wisdom, for my part I give him credit for neither in their true sense. He has the great qualities of a great villain and successful robber, and no other; and in the present state of France I would not give a twelve-month's purchase for any peace, however fair upon the face of it, that can be had with it. At the same time we certainly require breathing time, and the people will not be satisfied without the name of it. It is astonishing how few really seem to appreciate the true

difficulties and dangers of Europe and Great Britain."

Mr. Abbot, of course, was inclined to share Lord Redesdale's views against rendering Ireland "too comfortable to the Papists." He was trying his best, however, to put Ireland in the way of becoming prosperous, when he exchanged his post at Dublin for that of Speaker to the British Parliament. This place he held for the next fifteen years, until in May, 1817, continued illness forced him to resign it in exchange for the title of Lord Colchester, and a pension of £4,000 a year. The year 1802 passed over in peace and general contentment, but on the 8th March, 1803, a message was brought from the King, "acquainting Parliament that France was arming." Two months later Lord Whitworth had been recalled, and France and England were once more plunged into a long and wasting struggle, to gratify the restless greed of a Corsican adventurer who rose to power on the back of the French Revolution. Among the firstfruits of this new war was Emmet's bootless attempt to bring about a new rising of United Irishmen in July, 1803. But for the cruel murder of Lord Kilwarden, and a few more by the mob (an event which might have been averted by greater energy on the part of General Fox, commanding the troops in Dublin), this failure would have been fitly classed with the comical issue of a like conspiracy put down by a few Irish policemen not many years ago. In December of this year, all England is astir to resist the threatened invasion of which so many signs were visible about the cliff and waters of Boulogne. One feels a touch of the old enthusiasm at reading Mr. Abbot's account of the mighty muster of England's volunteers, and of the measures concerted for the defence of her shores, and the protection of her public treasure, her warlike stores, and the leading members of her Sovereign's court and cabinet. While Nelson and Cornwallis are blockading the French ports, the poor old King has a fit of gout in the middle of January, 1804, which soon turns into another attack of brain disease demanding the strait waistcoat so many hours a day while it lasts. In a

month, however, his recovery seemed no longer doubtful, and towards the end of April he could once more take his accustomed share of the public business.

In May Pitt found himself called on to form a new ministry in the place of Addington's, with the one condition, that Fox should have no part in it. The King, as he himself said, regained an old friend; but the country lost its chance of a strong government, and the increased strain which circumstances put on the great minister's bodily and mental powers, brought him ere long to his untimely end. On 23rd January, 1806, he ceased to breathe, just a fortnight after the remains of the hero of Trafalgar had been buried, with public honours, in St. Paul's. "His death at the present crisis," writes Mr. Abbot at the close of a handsome tribute to his living worth, "was considered as a great public calamity by all ranks and descriptions of men; and his loss will perhaps be more deeply lamented hereafter." His less fortunate rival succeeded him as a minister only to be carried a few months later to the same tomb.

From this time onward, for several years, the Diary teems with matter of special interest to the historian and the biographer. Into all the political intrigues and entanglements of that stirring period, Mr. Abbot, by reason of his long Speakership and good name at court, enjoyed a larger insight than most of his neighbours. Refusing, in 1809, a seat in Percival's Cabinet, he continued privately to share the confidence, sometimes to shape the counsels of the leading statesmen in each successive ministry. Besides reports of conversations with the King, with Canning, or Percival, letters or summaries of letters from Castlereagh, Lord Redesdale, the Prince Regent, and several more, almost every page has some kind of allusion to some topic worthy of more than passing notice. If Canning's quarrel with Castlereagh may seem of little account to those who would appraise the former at somewhat less than he was wont to appraise himself, it is at least amusing to hear him disparage the military talents of Sir John Moore, as displayed in his memorable retreat towards Corunna.

Very short, but very full of meaning, is the extract given us from the Diary, for 5th February, 1807:—"House of Lords read Slave Trade Abolition Bill a second time. Division, 100 to 32." After many years the seed sown by Wilberforce, Fox, and Pitt, had begun to bear fruit worthy of lasting remembrance. In March of the same year Lord Grenville's ministry—strong as Mr. Abbot himself allowed it to be—was too weak to carry against the King and the high Tories, a bill for enabling Roman Catholics to hold rank in the fleets and armies of Great Britain. Curiously illustrative of the power at that time by many claimed for the Crown, is his Majesty's demand on the same Ministry for a written promise never again to "bring forward the Catholic claims, nor any measure connected therewith." A few years after, when Mr. Percival failed to strengthen his own party by an alliance with Lords Grey and Grenville, on terms which the latter could not with strict decency accept, his offended Majesty wondered that these noblemen would not think of surrendering opinions recently espoused, in deference to the wish of a king who had never changed his opinions from the first. Not less remarkable in a pleasanter way, was the show of feeling aroused in the Lower House, when Sir F. Burdett, declaiming in 1809 against the corruption that prevailed there, talked of Bonaparte's having *a strong ally* in the British Parliament. "Whereupon a shout was raised from all parts of the House; and after it had finished once, it began again before he could proceed, so loud that the boats passing upon the river (it was about seven o'clock in the evening) lay upon their oars with surprise at the sudden and violent burst of noise."

It was in 1809, that a bill for preventing the sale of seats in Parliament first attempted to deal with that moral fester, which all the efforts of succeeding reformers have left almost as noisome as before. The Diary, for February 1810, alludes to the hot debate which took place that day on a motion to thank Lord Wellington for his late victory at Talavera. The same year saw the rejection of Sir Samuel Romilly's bill for taking the

sentence of death off robberies amounting to the value of thirty-nine shillings! A bill to the same effect was indeed carried next year, but for many years to come the stealing of forty shillings and upwards was still accounted worthy of death; and for more than a quarter of this nineteenth century, very little was done to lessen the long list of capital offences which the legislative wisdom of former centuries had bequeathed to our own. In 1813 Sir Samuel Romilly was beaten in his efforts to soften the cruelties enacted by our old laws in cases of felony and high treason.

On 30th March, 1813, there sat an "East India Committee of the whole House. Witnesses examined by counsel till twelve at night. Mr. Hastings [best known as Warren Hastings], the first witness, aged eighty-three and feeble with gout, went through an examination of three hours with perfect clearness . . . Mr. Hastings, on account of his age, &c., had a chair *behind* the bar." A few weeks later the great Catholic question had been nearly settled by the Commons, when the Speaker in committee moved an amendment forbidding Roman Catholics to sit and vote in either House of Parliament. The amendment being carried by four in a full house, led its opponents at once to withdraw a bill thus maimed in its most essential part; and Abbot enjoyed the pleasure not only of being thanked on all sides for the services he had rendered Church and State, but also of crowing over his own success in the speech he made before the Prince Regent—the poor old King had gone quite mad two years before—on the prorogation of Parliament that same year. When the Duke of Wellington, flushed with a long course of victory, returned thanks in person for the honours voted him in 1814 by the House of Commons, Abbot, who dearly loved a little bit of fine speaking, answered the Duke's few and simple words in a speech, whose elaborate turgidness harmonized for once with the grand occasion. In 1815 he seems to have voted in favour of the Corn Laws. Two years afterwards, having once more aided in the

defeat of Grattan's motion for a committee on the Roman Catholic claims, the Speaker was forced by ill health to throw up his office and accept a peerage with a handsome pension in its stead.

In 1819, a year of great political ferment and popular distress at home, the new Lord Colchester travelled abroad for his health. For some time his diary, recording what he did and saw in various parts of Italy, is interspersed with letters from England detailing the progress of ministerial efforts to put down the Radicals there. At length, after witnessing a political crisis at Naples, and hearing of others elsewhere in the South, he returned home in 1822, just in time to cause the miscarriage of a Roman Catholic relief bill through the House of Lords. Another bill of the same kind was thrown out in 1825 by an amendment of his proposing. Indeed a large part of the third volume seems taken up with matter bearing on this question, mixed up with frequent allusions to the Radical tendencies of the day, or to the growing ailments that tortured his Majesty's later years. On the whole this volume is brimful of the general history of times peculiarly interesting to the student of European politics, of times too, comparatively unknown to readers born since the Battle of Waterloo.

From 1815 to the death of George IV., the most part of Europe was heaving with the inward restlessness that was sure to follow a long period of intense excitement from without. Everywhere was confusion, distress, disturbance, a fierce and ever fiercer quarrel between old systems and new ideas. For good or evil new voices were making themselves heard in the management of public affairs. At the very turning-point of this period death stopped Lord Colchester's hand, just after the Duke of Wellington had carried the Roman Catholic Relief Bill by a large majority through the Lords.

The other two books before us take up the tale of British politics at the point where Lord Colchester's diary breaks off.* The late Duke of Buckingham devotes the better part of his

* "Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Victoria. From

two volumes to a kind of historical dirge on the great development of modern liberalism during the reign of William IV., while Mr. Raikes's Correspondence brings out nearly the same view of things as seen from a rather more foreign standpoint. Far inferior in solid worth to the volumes already discussed, these two works do nevertheless open out some useful glimpses into the political movements of an age still recent, but not, therefore, too familiarly known to the youth of our own day. Writers in leading journals may sneer at the dark forebodings of those watchful statesmen who mistook a passing summer-cloud for the signs of a lowering rain-flood; but thoughtful readers will learn a more profitable lesson from the faulty reckonings of statesmen whose past renown has not yet wholly paled before the light of any younger celebrity. What such men as Wellington and Peel thought of the dangers overhanging their country from the first violence of a great popular movement for the extension, downwards, of rights theretofore wielded by only a favoured few, should inspire the political talkers of to-day with a little more distrust in their own opinions, or at least with a kindlier forbearance towards the mistakes of men who only foreshaped the future according to their own experience in the past and the present. There even lingers a touch of interest, half sad, half mirthful, about the sentiments uttered by Mr. Raikes and his brother "dandies," anent the progress of that new state of things to which they stood in all the marked antagonism that cuts off the manners and morals of the Regency from those of our good Queen's mild and virtuous reign.

It was a troublous time for many parts of Europe when the sailor-king mounted the British throne. A few days afterwards France was to set up the King of the Barricades, in exchange for his ousted kinsman Charles X. Ere long the Belgians rose in arms to shake off a sovereign guilty of being

at once a Protestant and a Dutchman. Revolutions and popular tumults became rife throughout Germany, and Portugal was rent asunder by the rage of hostile factions. A little later the unhappy Poles were beginning their last desperate struggle against the might of Russian despotism. Italy also rose against her oppressors. In our own islands cause for anxiety seemed plentiful enough. The removal of Roman Catholic disabilities had been followed in Ireland by a growing demand for repeal of the Union with Great Britain, in England by a more and more threatening demand for some large measure of Parliamentary Reform. Those rotten boroughs against which Pitt's youthful eloquence had half a century earlier been levelled in vain, still turned the House of Commons into an idle mockery of that representative body which legal use and wont declared it to be. Among the middle and lower classes, the distress arising from scanty harvests, unequal taxes, and stagnant trade, had aided the perilous teaching of events across the Channel, in fostering a wild impatience of institutions which seemed to rob those classes of their due share in the management of public business. While O'Connell was trying to persuade his countrymen that Ireland's evils could only be cured by a repeal of the Union, English demagogues pointed to a large extension of the elective franchise, as the one sure specific for every ailment, social or political, wherewith a powerful people had long been punished for the wrongdoing of its hereditary rulers. The working men's trade unions were plotting to keep up the price of labour by a series of organized strikes, which have proved even more fatal to the interests of their own order than to those of their employers and the country at large. A good deal of seditious talk at popular meetings in large towns was kept in countenance by riots in various counties, which aimed to better the plight of a starving peasantry by doing away with threshing-ma-

Original Family Documents." By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1861.

"Private Correspondence of Thomas Raikes with the Duke of Wellington and other Distinguished Contemporaries." London: Bentley. 1861.

vernableness is its salient trait ; so that, if this be so, and although allowance may be made for the effect of the moral education of mankind, which has gradually advanced since the creation, considerable restiveness to criticism on the part of young Celtic genius must be anticipated ; and it is,

therefore, hardly to be expected that an unprejudiced history of Ireland, before and after the deluge, will be given to the world, even near the last day, when, according to some supposed prophets, the island will still be partially unsubjugated.

POLITICAL MEMOIRS OF HALF A CENTURY.

THERE are two kinds of books which, in these days of boundless printing, authors and editors may hold themselves fairly warranted in laying before the world. There are the books which specially claim our notice as finished works of art, the ripe issue of original brains, drawing sweets out of the things around them, as the honey-bee takes his tribute from many different flowers. Such works as "Eothen," "Vanity Fair," "In Memoriam," "Cosmos," "The French Revolution," by Carlyle, have a certain value of their own, an artistic wholeness, and self-attesting purpose, which sever them by a very broad line from the fairest looking fruits of ordinary bookmaking. To the same class belong works of less original genius, but otherwise of a merit differing rather in degree than kind. And on the other hand, there are books which have no completeness in themselves, whose worth, for the most part, depends on their relation to things without them, or else on the amount they show of raw material fit for after-absorption into books of the higher sort.

Of the latter class, samples, good, bad, and indifferent, will readily occur to any one who has watched the literary harvests of the last ten or twenty years. Wonderful alike for good and evil are the manifold uses to which men have already turned the discovery first made fruitful by Guttenberg and Caxton. Like paper, glass, gutta serena, and a score of other things, the printing-press has come to supply all sorts of real or fancied wants in all classes of human beings, has grown into a kind of general servant warranted equal to whatever work it may at any moment be called upon to do. Among other duties of the most opposite nature to it has been now assigned the office of embalming all matters,

small or great, that bear, however lightly, on the history of any person whom his own merits, the partiality of a few friends, or the intercourse he had with a greater than himself, may have put forward as more or less worthy of public mention. Through this unfailing crucible the most worthless scraps of old paper come forth transmuted into sheets of pretentious print, samples of which are duly qualified to take up precious room in our public libraries. Amid no small amount of mere rubbish some bits of sterling ore have thus been saved from the limbo of forgotten things, and new light shed on the student's researches, or, in the course of time, another leaf added to the chaplet of some able writer. Each new volume of printed diaries, letters, chronicles, state-papers, of documents, in short, unpublished before, or perhaps unknown, serves eventually to lighten, even when it may seem most to complicate, the labours of those who have to ransack all kinds of musty paper-heaps for the means of forming trustworthy conclusions touching matters of historical weight, or questions in any way demanding a due knowledge of past events. Some gleams of daylight will force their way through the biggest and blackest clouds. Under the smoke of much irrelevant matter and bewildering misstatement burns some fire of essential truth, which the careful inquirer will do his best to blow up anon into a broader and clearer flame. If for the headstrong and the one-sided there be danger in a multitude of original documents, no one with any zeal for historic truth would be likely to affirm that too much light has hitherto been thrown on even the best studied passages in the history of Europe's proudest empires or England's greatest heroes.

Viewed from this comprehensive standpoint, such works as that before us claim, each in its own degree, the attention of those who care to follow the different phases of British politics during a period less than the lifetime of many a statesman whose public career dates from the latter years of Fox and Pitt. From the day when the late Lord Colchester began his Diary to those which mark the close of the late Duke of Buckingham's last published volumes, English history presents a series of political movements big with matter of the deepest interest for all discerning eyes. Perhaps no age can wholly comprehend the true character of its own relations whether towards the past or the future, and we, children of a latter day, are as ready to think too highly of the present as our elders are to overpraise the virtues of a past to which memory has lent a colouring of its own. Yet to us it seems that the contemporaries of George III. must have felt themselves to be playing no common part in the far from commonplace drama of English history; while we cannot but think that some at least of those who have long survived the glories of their youth must see good reason to rejoice in the present as heartily as they, doubtless, pride themselves in the past. For, during the years of which we have spoken, the tree of our political freedom threw out more branches and struck deeper root than in any like period of our former history. While other parts of Europe were harried by wars, rent asunder by civil commotions, or trampled under the feet of grinding tyrannies, the people of these islands were struggling for the most part in a peaceful way towards the attainment of a prize which their neighbours secretly hate them for enjoying, while they have hitherto signally failed in every attempt to win it for themselves. Proud, as we well may be, of our warlike triumphs in the long fight with French Jacobinism, we have yet more cause for rejoicing in the peaceful development of those great political changes, which French Jacobins and English Tories of the Eldon pattern alike failed to render hateful in

the eyes of a steady-going self-governed nation. Through all the sufferings, dangers, perplexities, which fell to England's share in the course of that deadly struggle for the defence of order and national rights abroad, amidst the partial eclipse of her own liberties in furtherance of Europe's general good, or in deference to the feelings of a king the more respected for the clouds that gathered round his mental powers, her people held fast in the main to their old traditions, and waited in all loyalty for the hour when those traditions might once more be bearing fruit in measure all the more plenteous for the unwonted barrenness of so many past years. Having won for Europe peace and deliverance from the maw of French ambition, they turned with redoubled zeal to the work of setting their own politics in order, and bore up the banner of popular freedom inch by inch to that fair tableland whereon it now floats, the envy and the wonderment of surrounding nations.

Lord Colchester's Diary carries us over the larger and more critical half of the important period aforesaid.* In those three thick volumes of pretty close print, their author jots down every thing of public interest in the least connected with his own personal career, from the third year of the French war, when, as plain Mr. Abbot, he first entered Parliament, down to the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, against which, as Lord Colchester, he spoke and voted as long as failing health allowed his attendance among the Peers. Barring a short memoir and a very few notes, which help out instead of hampering the text, the body of the book consists wholly of Lord Colchester's own writing, or of the letters and other papers written by friends, which he had thought fit to preserve among his own. From these volumes the editor has wisely kept out all such parts of the original manuscript as "related to strictly private or family affairs." Of the remainder, there is still much that to most readers will appear superfluous, and much that will interest them only as an old almanac or a meagre guide-book will interest those who

* "The Diary and Correspondence of Charles Abbot, Lord Colchester." Edited by his Son. 3 vols. London: John Murray. 1861.

have lived among the events or scenes to which it may refer. But the pudding on the whole is not hard of digestion, nor poorly stocked with plums for the more dainty. Whether as a work of useful reference for the scholar, or of varied information for the general reader, this Diary should take a foremost place among books of that secondary class, to which the diaries of D'Ewes and Evelyn specially belong.

It was under the patronage of the Duke of Leeds that Mr. Abbot took his seat for Helston in the Parliament that met during the autumn of 1795. Bound to his patron by no special promises, he determined to give a general support to the minister of the day, but on questions of an open nature to vote according to his own feelings, however little they might agree with the interest either of minister or duke. Being himself a Tory of the stiffest school, a stout believer in the perils supposed to threaten his country from the political doctrines avowed or half defended by Fox, Sheridan, and Erskine, he was ready enough to side with Pitt, as long as Pitt's policy tallied with the prejudices of his royal master. His first speech was made in warm approval of Pitt's Bill for putting down seditious assemblies, a measure in which he and his patron took opposite sides, without harm to the good-will which reigned between them. The Duke assured him, that if he had had four votes instead of one, he should have been welcome to use them all in the same way. There were bounds, however, to his Grace's good-humoured forbearance, in itself a virtue by no means common in the days when a large proportion of the seats in Parliament were filled by members who voted to their patrons' order, as regularly as an Irish peasant still votes to the direction of his priest. When, two years later, happened another difference of opinion, on another measure of Pitt's proposing, the Duke could not help betraying some annoyance at Mr. Abbot's determined breach of what he considered parliamentary politeness, in voting for a bill of which the Duke himself most strongly disapproved. His own politeness and a friendly regard for his refractory nominee, forbade his accepting Mr. Abbot's offer to resign his seat, and so, with a parting glance at the Duke's own reading of his friend's political

duties, Mr. Abbot was left for the future to "regulate his public conduct by his own judgment alone;" thereby setting an example which his Grace could only wish to see "more generally followed in both Houses."

While the House of Commons was carrying, by vast majorities, measures of coercion so harsh that, in the eyes of Fox and Grey, prudence alone could restrain the people of England from openly resisting them, it was also displaying a patriotism quite equal to that of old Rome, by encouraging its members to cut down their consumption of wheaten bread, "either by actual abstinence from one-third of their usual quantity," or by mixing with two-thirds of wheat one-third of "barley, rye, Indian corn, &c." Two years of bad harvest had seriously heightened the distress entailed by more than two years of foreign war; and the one form of sedition most rife in the land was that which generally springs from a growing lack of bread. Among the means proposed for lessening the evil, was Whitbread's Bill for fixing a minimum to the wages of farm-labourers. But a better economist than Whitbread opposed the second reading of his bill. Pointing out the probable injustice of such a scheme, and the truer wisdom of letting labour find its own value, by leaving it unfettered, Mr. Pitt suggested, as a means to that end, the need of "unfettering the poor from their restraints under the present law of settlement," a wholesome measure, which our rulers are only now beginning partially and haltingly to carry out. As the war went on, the spirit of the upper classes rose to even greater sacrifices for the public good; and the increasing taxation was made to fall by far the most heavily on those who seemed best able to bear it. Besides the treble assessment of 1798, a voluntary contribution fund was set on foot, to which, while it lasted, the King himself subscribed £20,000 a-year, or one-third of his privy purse, several noblemen £2,000 a-year each, and Mr. Abbot himself as much as £500, or "a fair fifth of his net disposable income." So catching was the good example thus set in high places, that by the year's end Pitt was able to announce an addition of two millions to the revenue otherwise obtained.

In Parliament the member for Helston spoke seldom, but always carefully and to the point. Even before his first appearance on that stage, from the date indeed of Sheridan's long speech against Warren Hastings, "the style of parliamentary debating" had grown, we are assured, "intolerably diffuse and prolix." The taking of notes by shorthand writers, though still in those days managed under the rose, had perhaps already brought about, or at least encouraged the nuisance of which in these days every one who reads a newspaper is sure to complain. Mr. Abbot for his part busied himself with useful measures and offered weighty advice to all who asked for it. Among those who began to confer with him was the Great Minister himself, whose acquaintance he first made at the committee-table in 1796. His Diary for this year touches on the well-known contrast between Pitt's mental capacity and his bodily weakness. Public business must have often come to a standstill, when the man who engrossed nearly its whole management became completely ill, and for a day or two disabled from work, if he happened to miss his regular dinner, or his regular supply of sleep. In a series of short but shrewd sketches of the leading statesmen of that day, Mr. Abbot fairly describes Pitt as "without a rival as a parliamentary speaker in arrangement and elocution; and fairly matched with Mr. Fox in matter of argument." So greatly did the latter feel his own inferiority in point of diction, that he used, we are told, to declare in private, "although he himself is never in want of words, Mr. Pitt is never without the very best words possible." The great Whig leader is described as "vehement in his elocution, ardent in his language, prompt in his invention of arguments, adroit in its use, comprehensive in his view of the given subject, and equal to his political rival in the power of agitating the passions; but offending continually by the tautology of his diction, and the repetition of his arguments." In political judgment and the art of ruling others, his critic deemed him markedly the reverse of Pitt, whose good luck, however, and impatience of near rivals may, to our own thinking, have had much to do with the difference thus

perceptible. If Fox was easily misled by others, it is hardly fair to describe Sheridan as playing him off against the King's ministers, and "acting himself, hand and heart, with the most desperate Jacobins." But this was written, we must remember, by a genuine old Tory, before Sheridan had proved his loyalty by the bold advice to which was probably owing the suppression of the mutiny at the Nore. To his chief merits as a speaker, his fluency, the shrewdness of his conceptions, his dexterous reasoning, and the witty terseness of his prepared speeches, due justice is readily done; nor need we gainsay that he was "witty often when the subject required gravity." The somewhat comrade and late opponent of Fox and Sheridan, Edmund Burke, had already passed away from the floor of a House where his eloquence had so often been marred by his violent temper. Among Mr. Abbot's sketches of smaller celebrities, there is one of the then Attorney-General which no one at all conversant with anecdotes of Lord Eldon will fail to recognise:—

"Argumentative and copious in his matter, but involved in his style; always qualifying his assertions to a degree which does away their force, and too much inclined to draw the whole debate into a question about the vindication of his own conduct. One night, whilst he was in tears upon this topic, old Jack Robinson, who sat close to me, was snoring aloud."

In 1796 Mr. Abbot and his colleague were re-elected for Helston by the unanimous vote of sixteen electors. These, with three more who stayed away, made up the whole of that large constituency in the quiet old days of George III. At the beginning of this year had the ill-starred Princess of Wales given birth to the future wife of Prince Leopold; and before the middle of it she and her husband had come to an open quarrel, in which—according to Mr. Abbot—her own behaviour "seems to have been the most discreet and amiable which in her peculiar situation could be expected." Further on in these volumes, when the Princess had become by right a queen, her former champion was rightly or wrongly calling out for extreme measures against the reputed paramour of Count Bergamo,

the intrusive claimant of honours which had ceased to be her due. This year a bill for abolishing the Slave Trade, supported by Pitt and Fox, but opposed by some of Pitt's own subalterns, was thrown out by seventy-four votes against seventy, after it had safely passed through the second reading. It is curious to see how small a House could be mustered on so great a question. Whenever it came on for discussion, the members who voted on each side always fell short of a hundred, and once at least, if not oftener, the contending parties failed to count up a hundred votes between them. From some of these debates Mr. Abbot himself, though a professed Abolitionist, thought fit to keep away. Pitt's own influence could make little head against the prejudices of his followers, aided by the lukewarm, if not unfriendly feelings of the Court; and many years had still to elapse before the extinction of slavery throughout the British empire became a historical fact.

On all questions touching the conduct of the war, or the doings of Government at home, Pitt was sure of a majority large enough to drive the most resolute opponents to despair. Whether the issue was tried against an Order in Council for suspending cash payments at the bank, against further loans to the Emperor of Russia, for a repeal of the Treason and Seditious Speeches Bills, for the censure or dismissal of his Majesty's ministers, or against a further prosecution of the war, Fox and Grey could very seldom muster more than fifty or sixty followers against a phalanx ranging always from two to three hundred strong. But Pitt himself could not afford to sail too close to the wind of any popular prejudice, any more than he could hope to carry his point against the influence of the Crown. In deference to the loud complaints of the Scottish clergy, who also in their turn feared to shock the religious sentiments of their lay countrymen, he had to beg that Mr. Abbot would so far modify his bill for obtaining a census of these islands, as to exempt that body aforesaid from all official share in the task of numbering their neighbours. This census, taken in 1801, was the first of those national reckonings which have since enabled us from time to time to discover the

exact growth of our material greatness during a given cycle of years.

"Theseamen of Portsmouth returned to their duty" is the Diarist's short remark on the Mutiny of Spithead. A few weeks later he touches almost as briefly on the measures taken by Government to suppress the yet more dangerous Mutiny at the Nore, in the month of June, 1797. In the very next page is a letter from Dublin, recording the progress made in putting down the rebellion which had lately broken out among the Irishmen of the North. "Whole districts in the North," writes Lord Clifden, "are coming in to take the oath of allegiance, and, what is of more value, giving up their arms"

No day passes without informations being received; and in fact they are betraying each other as fast as you can desire." Further on, Mr. Abbot is told that "the army shows the best disposition in all places and on all occasions. The British Fencibles and Irish Militia try who shall shoot or cut in pieces United Irishmen fastest." The writer is also "happy to say the South of Ireland is in the best state, and all men are ready to suppress the smallest appearance of riot or disturbance." Little did he foresee that a few months later the same process of shooting and slashing which had proved so quieting in the North, would have to be repeated on a yet larger scale in the South.

Besides close attendance in the House of Commons, and on several committees, of which he was either chairman or a leading member, Mr. Abbot had for some time been equally regular in joining the drills of the Light Horse Volunteers. One day we find him sitting on horseback from ten till four; on another, rising at three in the morning "to dress and arm" for a parade which lasted from five till ten. In those days of grease and hair powder, and other strange essentials of human adornment, a gentleman's dressing must have taken far more time than a lady's would do now. They also who now object to seeing the Volunteers used for political ends, will be somewhat startled to read how Mr. Abbot's regiment was marched out one day to break up a seditious meeting called by "The London Corresponding Society," and how, another day, a troop of the same

regiment "went to the Tower to escort O'Connor and the other prisoners upon the road towards Maidstone for their trial."

On the 22nd January, 1799, the King sent down to Parliament a message concerning the projected union of the English and Irish Parliaments. An amendment to the answering address of the Commons was proposed by Sheridan, who pleaded that this was no time, nor had the Irish Parliament any power to settle so grave a question on fair and lasting grounds. His objections, however, were ably and fully met by the great minister; and, in every debate upon the question or the mode of settling its practical issues, Pitt was sure to command a majority such as no amount of logic or eloquence could have pared away. Happily for Ireland, the Union was speedily and quietly carried out under the auspices of its projector, who found no more real resistance in the Parliament of College-green than in that of Westminster. Towards the close of 1800, Pitt's great power seemed more impregnable than ever. Of the opposition leaders at home, several had ceased to attend the debates, and the rest were mostly fain to keep a despairing silence. At court he seemed to be in the highest favour, and in the country his praise dwelt on every tongue. But the Nemesis of so much greatness was already close upon his heels. On the 23rd January, 1801, "the Roll of the House for England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, was called over, and the members, as they answered, were sworn at the table." Six days after the King had quarrelled with his ministers on the ground of their having "pledged themselves, without his participation, for granting to the Irish Catholics a free admission to all offices and seats in Parliament, and for repealing the Test Act," and other things, all of which he declared himself "bound by his coronation oath" to disallow. The next day, says Mr. Abbot, the King "sent for the Speaker (Mr. Addington), and desired him to undertake the conduct of affairs," Mr. Pitt having drawn on his own dismissal by steadily refusing to give way for all his Majesty's earnest dissuasions.

No wonder that Pitt thereafter becomes "unwell" with his father's own complaint, the gout, or that his

Majesty worried himself into a fever, which reminded his friends of the dangerous symptoms first seen at their height in 1788. The hot-headed King took it as a personal affront that the Minister in whom he had so long trusted would rather forfeit his place and the royal favour than break his promise to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. An interview with Lord Eldon, who kept harping on the fancied duties contained in the coronation oath, added fuel to the King's disorder, and heightened the alarm he had already caused his friends and physicians. For more than a fortnight, in the pages of this diary, his Majesty's fever grows either worse or better, until on 11th March, we find him once more reprieved from the doom which overtook him in the end. Meanwhile, Addington was forming a new ministry in place of that whose resignation on such a point, at such a moment of general difficulty, Mr. Abbot deemed "absolutely unjustifiable." The present age, however, will hardly confirm a sentence which implies that the ministers of an English sovereign should give up their own policy and go back from their plighted word, in deference to the whim of a ruler practically irresponsible for the deeds done by others in his name. To us it seems that Pitt had no choice but to resign, when the King insisted on the recall of pledges already given. A step in itself so painful to such a man, was rendered yet more painful by its connexion with the serious illness which attacked the King; and, in the nature of that illness may be discovered the sufficient reason of Pitt's subsequent return to power under an unworthy compromise.

In 1804 Pitt had to choose between two serious evils: between leaving his country as it were without any government, or worrying into downright madness the master whose personal friendship he had so long enjoyed, and for whom he must still have felt much grateful compassion, if not much of the old affectionate esteem. All doubt indeed touching his motives for the choice he afterwards made seem cleared away by a passage in Mr. Abbot's diary for 1801, which tells us of the inquiry made by the King, through Dr. Willis, as to Pitt's way of bearing the news of his

master's illness; "for he must know to what causes all my illness has been owing." In the depth of his concern, and on finding from Dr. Willis that his answer might be material not only to his Majesty's health, but even his life, Pitt renewed as a direct message the assurance he had just before made, to the effect that "he would never give his Majesty any disquiet upon this subject."

In July, 1801, Mr. Abbot went to Ireland as Chief Secretary to Lord Hardwicke, the new viceroy under Mr. Addington. Of the six months he stayed there, the first two, he writes, "were a time of war, and daily expectation of rebellion and invasion." About 120,000 troops of all kinds were held ready to meet the French, whom loyal and disaffected alike thought to be watching their time for a landing on the Irish coast. Outrages still occurred in some parts of the country, and even near Dublin disaffection began to show itself once more; while a large French armament riding in Brest harbour, threatened havoc to both sides of the Irish Channel. But to the joy of most people in these islands, the preliminaries of peace with France were settled by the end of September, and for a little while Great Britain could rest from her warlike toils, and recruit her sinking energies against the outbreak of another plot for her destruction. That in such a peace the wiser heads saw nothing better than a truce to be broken by the French ruler at any moment, seems pretty clear from the following passage in Mr. Yorke's "private and confidential" letter to the new Irish Secretary.

" . . . On the other hand, no one, I think, can doubt of Bonaparte's inveteracy. It is, I believe, extreme against this country, and notwithstanding all that has been said of his magnanimity and wisdom, for my part I give him credit for neither in their true sense. He has the great qualities of a great villain and successful robber, and no other; and in the present state of France I would not give a twelve-month's purchase for any peace, however fair upon the face of it, that can be had with it. At the same time we certainly require breathing time, and the people will not be satisfied without the name of it. It is astonishing how few really seem to appreciate the true

difficulties and dangers of Europe and Great Britain."

Mr. Abbot, of course, was inclined to share Lord Redesdale's views against rendering Ireland "too comfortable to the Papists." He was trying his best, however, to put Ireland in the way of becoming prosperous, when he exchanged his post at Dublin for that of Speaker to the British Parliament. This place he held for the next fifteen years, until in May, 1817, continued illness forced him to resign it in exchange for the title of Lord Colchester, and a pension of £4,000 a year. The year 1802 passed over in peace and general contentment, but on the 8th March, 1803, a message was brought from the King, "acquainting Parliament that France was arming." Two months later Lord Whitworth had been recalled, and France and England were once more plunged into a long and wasting struggle, to gratify the restless greed of a Corsican adventurer who rose to power on the back of the French Revolution. Among the firstfruits of this new war was Emmet's bootless attempt to bring about a new rising of United Irishmen in July, 1803. But for the cruel murder of Lord Kilwarden, and a few more by the mob (an event which might have been averted by greater energy on the part of General Fox, commanding the troops in Dublin), this failure would have been fitly classed with the comical issue of a like conspiracy put down by a few Irish policemen not many years ago. In December of this year, all England is astir to resist the threatened invasion of which so many signs were visible about the cliff and waters of Boulogne. One feels a touch of the old enthusiasm at reading Mr. Abbot's account of the mighty muster of England's volunteers, and of the measures concerted for the defence of her shores, and the protection of her public treasure, her warlike stores, and the leading members of her Sovereign's court and cabinet. While Nelson and Cornwallis are blockading the French ports, the poor old King has a fit of gout in the middle of January, 1804, which soon turns into another attack of brain disease demanding the strait waistcoat so many hours a day while it lasts. In a

month, however, his recovery seemed no longer doubtful, and towards the end of April he could once more take his accustomed share of the public business.

In May Pitt found himself called on to form a new ministry in the place of Addington's, with the one condition, that Fox should have no part in it. The King, as he himself said, regained an old friend; but the country lost its chance of a strong government, and the increased strain which circumstances put on the great minister's bodily and mental powers, brought him ere long to his untimely end. On 23rd January, 1806, he ceased to breathe, just a fortnight after the remains of the hero of Trafalgar had been buried, with public honours, in St. Paul's. "His death at the present crisis," writes Mr. Abbot at the close of a handsome tribute to his living worth, "was considered as a great public calamity by all ranks and descriptions of men; and his loss will perhaps be more deeply lamented hereafter." His less fortunate rival succeeded him as a minister only to be carried a few months later to the same tomb.

From this time onward, for several years, the Diary teems with matter of special interest to the historian and the biographer. Into all the political intrigues and entanglements of that stirring period, Mr. Abbot, by reason of his long Speakership and good name at court, enjoyed a larger insight than most of his neighbours. Refusing, in 1809, a seat in Percival's Cabinet, he continued privately to share the confidence, sometimes to shape the counsels of the leading statesmen in each successive ministry. Besides reports of conversations with the King, with Canning, or Percival, letters or summaries of letters from Castlereagh, Lord Redesdale, the Prince Regent, and several more, almost every page has some kind of allusion to some topic worthy of more than passing notice. If Canning's quarrel with Castlereagh may seem of little account to those who would appraise the former at somewhat less than he was wont to appraise himself, it is at least amusing to hear him disparage the military talents of Sir John Moore, as displayed in his memorable retreat towards Corunna.

Very short, but very full of meaning, is the extract given us from the Diary, for 5th February, 1807:—"House of Lords read Slave Trade Abolition Bill a second time. Division, 100 to 32." After many years the seed sown by Wilberforce, Fox, and Pitt, had begun to bear fruit worthy of lasting remembrance. In March of the same year Lord Grenville's ministry—strong as Mr. Abbot himself allowed it to be—was too weak to carry against the King and the high Tories, a bill for enabling Roman Catholics to hold rank in the fleets and armies of Great Britain. Curiously illustrative of the power at that time by many claimed for the Crown, is his Majesty's demand on the same Ministry for a written promise never again to "bring forward the Catholic claims, nor any measure connected therewith." A few years after, when Mr. Percival failed to strengthen his own party by an alliance with Lords Grey and Grenville, on terms which the latter could not with strict decency accept, his offended Majesty wondered that these noble-men would not think of surrendering opinions recently espoused, in deference to the wish of a king who had never changed his opinions from the first. Not less remarkable in a pleasanter way, was the show of feeling aroused in the Lower House, when Sir F. Burdett, declaiming in 1809 against the corruption that prevailed there, talked of Bonaparte's having *a strong ally* in the British Parliament. "Whereupon a shout was raised from all parts of the House; and after it had finished once, it began again before he could proceed, so loud that the boats passing upon the river (it was about seven o'clock in the evening) lay upon their oars with surprise at the sudden and violent burst of noise."

It was in 1809, that a bill for preventing the sale of seats in Parliament first attempted to deal with that moral fester, which all the efforts of succeeding reformers have left almost as noisome as before. The Diary, for February 1810, alludes to the hot debate which took place that day on a motion to thank Lord Wellington for his late victory at Talavera. The same year saw the rejection of Sir Samuel Romilly's bill for taking the

sentence of death off robberies amounting to the value of thirty-nine shillings! A bill to the same effect was indeed carried next year, but for many years to come the stealing of forty shillings and upwards was still accounted worthy of death; and for more than a quarter of this nineteenth century, very little was done to lessen the long list of capital offences which the legislative wisdom of former centuries had bequeathed to our own. In 1813 Sir Samuel Romilly was beaten in his efforts to soften the cruelties enacted by our old laws in cases of felony and high treason.

On 30th March, 1813, there sat an "East India Committee of the whole House. Witnesses examined by counsel till twelve at night. Mr. Hastings [best known as Warren Hastings], the first witness, aged eighty-three and feeble with gout, went through an examination of three hours with perfect clearness . . . Mr. Hastings, on account of his age, &c., had a chair *behind* the bar." A few weeks later the great Catholic question had been nearly settled by the Commons, when the Speaker in committee moved an amendment forbidding Roman Catholics to sit and vote in either House of Parliament. The amendment being carried by four in a full house, led its opponents at once to withdraw a bill thus maimed in its most essential part; and Abbot enjoyed the pleasure not only of being thanked on all sides for the services he had rendered Church and State, but also of crowing over his own success in the speech he made before the Prince Regent—the poor old King had gone quite mad two years before—on the prorogation of Parliament that same year. When the Duke of Wellington, flushed with a long course of victory, returned thanks in person for the honours voted him in 1814 by the House of Commons, Abbot, who dearly loved a little bit of fine speaking, answered the Duke's few and simple words in a speech, whose elaborate turgidness harmonized for once with the grand occasion. In 1815 he seems to have voted in favour of the Corn Laws. Two years afterwards, having once more aided in the

defeat of Grattan's motion for a committee on the Roman Catholic claims, the Speaker was forced by ill health to throw up his office and accept a peerage with a handsome pension in its stead.

In 1819, a year of great political ferment and popular distress at home, the new Lord Colchester travelled abroad for his health. For some time his diary, recording what he did and saw in various parts of Italy, is interspersed with letters from England detailing the progress of ministerial efforts to put down the Radicals there. At length, after witnessing a political crisis at Naples, and hearing of others elsewhere in the South, he returned home in 1822, just in time to cause the miscarriage of a Roman Catholic relief bill through the House of Lords. Another bill of the same kind was thrown out in 1825 by an amendment of his proposing. Indeed a large part of the third volume seems taken up with matter bearing on this question, mixed up with frequent allusions to the Radical tendencies of the day, or to the growing ailments that tortured his Majesty's later years. On the whole this volume is brimful of the general history of times peculiarly interesting to the student of European politics, of times too, comparatively unknown to readers born since the Battle of Waterloo.

From 1815 to the death of George IV., the most part of Europe was heaving with the inward restlessness that was sure to follow a long period of intense excitement from without. Everywhere was confusion, distress, disturbance, a fierce and ever fiercer quarrel between old systems and new ideas. For good or evil new voices were making themselves heard in the management of public affairs. At the very turning-point of this period death stopped Lord Colchester's hand, just after the Duke of Wellington had carried the Roman Catholic Relief Bill by a large majority through the Lords.

The other two books before us take up the tale of British politics at the point where Lord Colchester's diary breaks off.* The late Duke of Buckingham devotes the better part of his

* "Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Victoria. From

two volumes to a kind of historical dirge on the great development of modern liberalism during the reign of William IV., while Mr. Raikes's Correspondence brings out nearly the same view of things as seen from a rather more foreign standpoint. Far inferior in solid worth to the volumes already discussed, these two works do nevertheless open out some useful glimpses into the political movements of an age still recent, but not, therefore, too familiarly known to the youth of our own day. Writers in leading journals may sneer at the dark forebodings of those watchful statesmen who mistook a passing summer-cloud for the signs of a lowering rain-flood; but thoughtful readers will learn a more profitable lesson from the faulty reckonings of statesmen whose past renown has not yet wholly paled before the light of any younger celebrity. What such men as Wellington and Peel thought of the dangers overhanging their country from the first violence of a great popular movement for the extension, downwards, of rights theretofore wielded by only a favoured few, should inspire the political talkers of to-day with a little more distrust in their own opinions, or at least with a kindlier forbearance towards the mistakes of men who only foreshaped the future according to their own experience in the past and the present. There even lingers a touch of interest, half sad, half mirthful, about the sentiments uttered by Mr. Raikes and his brother "dandies," anent the progress of that new state of things to which they stood in all the marked antagonism that cuts off the manners and morals of the Regency from those of our good Queen's mild and virtuous reign.

It was a troublous time for many parts of Europe when the sailor-king mounted the British throne. A few days afterwards France was to set up the King of the Barricades, in exchange for his ousted kinsman Charles X. Ere long the Belgians rose in arms to shake off a sovereign guilty of being

at once a Protestant and a Dutchman. Revolutions and popular tumults became rife throughout Germany, and Portugal was rent asunder by the rage of hostile factions. A little later the unhappy Poles were beginning their last desperate struggle against the might of Russian despotism. Italy also rose against her oppressors. In our own islands cause for anxiety seemed plentiful enough. The removal of Roman Catholic disabilities had been followed in Ireland by a growing demand for repeal of the Union with Great Britain, in England by a more and more threatening demand for some large measure of Parliamentary Reform. Those rotten boroughs against which Pitt's youthful eloquence had half a century earlier been levelled in vain, still turned the House of Commons into an idle mockery of that representative body which legal use and wont declared it to be. Among the middle and lower classes, the distress arising from scanty harvests, unequal taxes, and stagnant trade, had aided the perilous teaching of events across the Channel, in fostering a wild impatience of institutions which seemed to rob those classes of their due share in the management of public business. While O'Connell was trying to persuade his countrymen that Ireland's evils could only be cured by a repeal of the Union, English demagogues pointed to a large extension of the elective franchise, as the one sure specific for every ailment, social or political, wherewith a powerful people had long been punished for the wrongdoing of its hereditary rulers. The working men's trade unions were plotting to keep up the price of labour by a series of organized strikes, which have proved even more fatal to the interests of their own order than to those of their employers and the country at large. A good deal of seditious talk at popular meetings in large towns was kept in countenance by riots in various counties, which aimed to better the plight of a starving peasantry by doing away with threshing-ma-

Original Family Documents." By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1861.

"Private Correspondence of Thomas Raikes with the Duke of Wellington and other Distinguished Contemporaries." London: Bentley. 1861.

chines and setting fire to stacks of corn. Popular himself by nature and past conduct, his Majesty began to find himself sharing the unpopularity of his ministers. Forgetful of the services which Peel and Wellington had so lately rendered the Roman Catholics, people now saw in them only the bigoted opponents to every scheme of parliamentary reform. It was curious enough, as the great Duke afterwards wrote to his Grace of Buckingham, that he should have been "the only loser by the Roman Catholic question." And yet it should hardly have seemed so very curious to one who had already tasted the fickleness of popular feeling, and who must, one thinks, have elsewhere seen how readily, in the popular mind, past deserts are effaced by present shortcomings. So at least it was now, and the saviour of Europe, who had asserted their just rights for one class of British subjects, fell at last into deep disgrace for turning a deaf ear to the well-founded claims of another class. Forsaken by the more thorough-going Tories for his concession of the Roman Catholic claims, his tottering ministry fell within a few months before the attacks of a party represented at one end by Lord Grey, at the other by Messrs. Hunt and O'Connell.

When the mischief had been done, and Lord Grey was making out the list of his new Cabinet, the seceding Tories began to repent them of their late unkindness, and offered to help in bringing their old leader back to office. The Duke, however, at once refused to accept the proffered aid of those gentlemen who had just conspired to turn him out. Having been "defeated in his attempt to serve the public," he determined, both in fairness to the King, and in justice to his own character, to keep for the present aloof from any scheme for organizing a new ministry. He would wait and see how the King's Government might be carried on under Lord Grey. "I am convinced," he writes, in January, 1831, "that it is the duty of those who wish to maintain things as they are in the country, to remain quiet till they see real cause to take an active part." The only chance he could see of staving off such a reform as would rejoice the followers of Hunt and Cobbett, lay in abstinence from an

opposition which promised rather to strengthen the hands of ministers, than to weld anew the broken pieces of his former party.

Meanwhile the new Premier had to deal with difficulties of his own, to carry out such plans of reform, retrenchment, and repression as would insure him the countenance of moderate reformers, without wholly estranging the friends of universal suffrage and democratic disorder. Illegal processions, monster-meetings, mob-riots, domiciliary visits from the armed followers of "Captain Rock," had to be summarily put down; a taking programme of parliamentary reform had to be put together; while the growth of French armaments seemingly left England but little choice, between quarrelling outright with France, and allowing the latter to use her name for enforcing the letter of a treaty between Holland and Belgium, in a spirit of sheer injustice towards the least offending of those states. Lord Grey's seat was not one of the softest, and all men waited, a few in hope, but the many in fear, for the issues which none could clearly foresee. In its first proceedings against rioters and those who encouraged them, the new government displayed a fair amount of firmness and impartiality, winning for itself, on these and other grounds, the partial support of most moderate Conservatives, and drawing down on its head the trenchant personalities of O'Connell, or the foaming tirades of Hunt. Compliments were exchanged between Lord Grey and the Premier he had dethroned, while Peel himself followed up his praise of the former's general policy, by declaring that "the present ministers had killed their opponents, and had immediately entered into possession of their doctrines."

At length, amidst a startling accompaniment of monster petitions and monster meetings, the ministerial Reform Bill made its first appeal to parliamentary favour. On the 1st March, 1831, in an able and temperate speech of some length, Lord John Russell ushered into the House of Commons a bill for lowering the elective franchise and redistributing a certain number of seats in Parliament. After a seven days' debate, memorable for the brilliant speech of Macaulay

in favour, and the eloquent warnings of Peel against the measure, leave was granted to bring in the bill. Greatly as the Duke and Peel disliked its purport, it was not till the second reading was demanded, that any steps were openly taken to throw it out. Convinced, as he was, that "the well-judging people" in town and country were against a measure which he himself regarded as ruinous in its issues to the common weal, his Grace saw reason also for a little wise delay. "It is certainly true," he writes on 19th March, to the Duke of Buckingham, "that the terror in the country is very great. I don't know of which people are most afraid, of passing the bill or of opposing it." The Whigs, too, he says, had already raised their tone, but on the other hand, he hears that "many of them are much alarmed at their own handiwork, and would not be sorry to see it destroyed." So, for a while, the more impatient of his followers had to growl and chafe at a course they hardly cared to comprehend.

Swiftly enough, however, came on the tug of war. On the 21st of March Lord John proposed that his Reform Bill should be read a second time. Some of the Conservative party were for opposing the measure, by amending it in detail; but their sturdy general would hear of no halting half-way. To his mind there could be no scheme of parliamentary reform that did not do an injustice somewhere, or threaten serious mischief to some part of the body politic; and the old system had worked in the main so well, that he could find no good reason for altering it ever so slightly, at such a time. Accordingly, when the question was put by the Speaker, there mustered on the side of things as they were 311 votes against 312 in favour of reform. The ministerial triumph was greater than it seemed, for more than two-thirds of the boroughs that would have suffered most by the changes proposed, naturally voted against the bill. Regarding his defeat in this serious light, yet still hopeful of better things, Wellington wrote to his friend, the Duke of Buckingham, avowing his intent to keep on opposing the Bill, and in the event of its passing, never more to enter the House of Lords. How he kept the latter promise, every one knows.

From the other purpose some of his friends still tried to shake him. But neither would he himself agree to any modified measure of Reform, nor would Sir Robert Peel accept the leadership of any party to which his old friend and colleague did not belong. Meanwhile, amid much noisy ferment out of doors, and many fierce squabbles within either House of Parliament, the question of Reform was for the moment shelved by the successful issue of a Conservative amendment, carried through committee at the eleventh hour. But Lord Grey had resolved to stand or fall by his measure. While howling mobs were venting their stupid rage on the windows of Wellington, Peel, and other leaders known for their bold antagonism to the popular cry, the ministers were about to trust their fortunes to the verdict of another Parliament. To the Duke of Wellington his Majesty's decision, unavoidable as we hold it to have been, seemed to be-token more fatal consequences than any other step taken by an English sovereign since the days of Charles I. For a while his fears, backed by the deep dismay of many reasonable men in all parts of the country, bade fair to be true prophets. During that summer sedition, anarchy, mob-violence, heightened in Ireland by a serious famine, threatened to leave these countries in no better plight than some other parts of Europe were in already. When the new Parliament met in the middle of June, King William, in his speech from the throne, pointed to the prevalent commotion as an excuse for adopting such measures of Reform as seemed most likely to allay it. A few days after Lord John again brought up the question on whose issue so much depended. On the 6th of July, three days' debating ended in the second reading of the Reform Bill, by an overwhelming majority of 136. Do what they could to maim or shelve it in its latter stages, the Tories found themselves beaten on almost every division, and the time drew near for bringing it to a final issue in the Upper House. A large creation of peers in honour of his Majesty's crowning, had greatly strengthened the hands of his ministers, but the Duke of Wellington still felt hopeful

of the result. At length, on the 3rd of October, Lord Grey proposed the second reading of his bill. A finer debate has seldom been recorded in English history, than that which followed Lord Wharncliffe's amendment. After five nights of weighty eloquence from such speakers as Brougham and Lyndhurst, Plunket and Wellington, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Eldon, the ministry were beaten by 199 votes to their 158.

This defeat was the signal for fresh outbreaks of mob fury and seditious speech-making. The breaking of windows in town was followed by yet worse outrages in the country. Between the latter part of October, and the reassembling of Parliament in December, little was to be heard anywhere but news of incendiary fires in one place, of some fearful riot in another, of political societies branching out into all the larger towns; while far and wide the cholera was reaping its awful harvest among victims already weakened by want, terror, or over-excitement. Beyond issuing a proclamation which declared the political unions illegal, the government did little to check the reigning disorder. Once more the Reform Bill, slightly modified, was passed through the Lower House by larger majorities than ever, and once more in the spring of 1832, its progress was stayed by a hostile vote in the Upper House, after the second reading had been already carried, and Wellington himself had ceased to oppose it any further. Ministers resigned their places; Lord Lyndhurst was sent for by the King, and the Duke was invited to form a government. But out of doors the uproar became so loud, and the popular movements so threatening, that his Grace ere long declined to interfere, and Lord Grey had to be recalled. At length, after a year of such excitement as had never been paralleled since the days of William III., the hateful bill was allowed to pass through its latter stages; and on the 7th June, his Majesty's assent was publicly given to a measure, which the King himself seems to have regarded with an equal mixture of hope and fear, to a measure from which nearly all the Conservative statesmen of that day, foreboded an amount of evil yet more largely exceeding the actual result,

than the blessings wrought by it have fallen short of those anticipated by its promoters.

English history, during these last thirty years, has amply illustrated both the worse and the better features of that measure. The Government of England was not destroyed, as Wellington at the moment declared it to be, nor has the reign of universal suffrage and yearly parliaments as yet succeeded that wholesale lowering of the franchise which, in so many of our larger boroughs, has virtually surrendered the whole elective power into the hands of classes the least fit to wield it by themselves. Cheap government is still a dream of the future, and the curse of political bribery has yet to be rooted out of the land. Gentlemen, however, have not ceased to sit in Parliament because pocket boroughs have well-nigh ceased to be, nor has the old Conservative party yet gone the way of some of its once dearest traditions.

Of the second volume of these memoirs, by far the greater part describes the political sayings and doings of the Duke himself, or his leading partisans, after the Reform Bill became law. Two years only after the meeting of the first reformed parliament, his Grace is once more holding office, this time under Sir Robert Peel, who, ousted again the following year, and baffled in his attempt to form a ministry in 1839, was at length, in 1841, enabled to lead his followers up to a height of power, whence nothing but their own blindness could have dislodged them for many a coming year. During the five years of Peel's government, England began to enjoy a comparative rest from the turmoil and ferment of the previous decade. Chartist riots and Irish demonstrations died away for want of their wonted fuel, and the timely repeal of the corn laws, while it saved Ireland from the worst results of a wide-spread famine, took away the sorest of those old grievances which once sowed so wide a gulf of ill-will between different classes of the commonwealth. The 10th April, 1848, saw Chartism annihilated, and the Iron Duke raised on a height of popular esteem such as he had never reached even in the glorious times that followed Water-

loo. The heart of the nation, never really diseased, once more beats calm and hopeful; and the steady mustering of so many myriad Volunteers, should assure our statesmen that they have little to fear just now either from the groans of Manchester politicians, or the ravings of Trade Union socialists. During the last ten years Ireland's ailments have dropped off one by one. England may be cursed with a few

metropolitan boroughs of the worst repute, but on the whole her members of Parliament have not yet been degraded into local delegates. Whigs and Tories are laying aside their outworn shibboleths for something very like a common tongue, and Conservatism itself needs nothing but able and honest leaders to draw out no uncertain echo from almost every corner of the United Kingdom.

MR. DICKENS'S LAST NOVEL.

IF the title of Mr. Dickens's last novel could fairly be taken to mean more than a slight foreshadowing of the plot therein developed, we could not easily bring ourselves to congratulate the author on a hit so curiously unhappy as that which a playful fancy will be prone to lay to his account. Of those who may have had the boldness to expect great things, even in these latter days, from the growing weakness of a once mighty genius, there can be few who have not already chewed the cud of a disappointment bitter in proportion to the sweetness of their former hopes. Doubtless there were some good easy souls who saw in "Hard Times" and "Little Dorrit" either the fitting outcome or the momentary eclipse of bygone triumphs won by the pen of "Boz." In "A Tale of Two Cities" friendly critics of the latter class seemed to discover flashes of something that might, by courtesy, be taken for the well known brilliance of other days. But, after all, how many of those who have helped to carry "Great Expectations" into a fourth or even fifth edition, entered on the reading of it with any serious hope of finding in Pip's adventures a worthy pendant to those of Pickwick or Martin Chuzzlewit? Would it not be far nearer the truth to say, that nine persons out of ten have approached these volumes with no other feeling than one of kindly regard for the most trivial utterances of an old favourite, or of curiosity, half painful, half careless, to see what further ravages time might have yet in store for the mental frame of a novelist already past his prime?

To ourselves, indeed, the title of the book suggested something utterly at variance with the mood of mind in which we sat down to read the book itself. Expecting little, we gained on the whole a rather agreeable surprise. Our last effort at reading a new novel by the author of "Pickwick," had left us stranded high and dry among the midmost chapters of "Little Dorrit." Thenceforth nothing could tempt us into renewing our olden intercourse with a writer whose pen had lost so large a share of its olden cunning, until the perusal of some half dozen conflicting criticisms on his latest performance aroused within us an amused desire to ascertain for ourselves, how far the more flattering opinions had overshot the bounds of literal truth. After a careful reading of "Great Expectations," we must own to having found the book in most ways better than our very small expectations could have foreboded. But, in saying this much, we are very far from endorsing the notion that it comes in any way near those earlier works which made and which alone are likely hereafter to keep alive their author's fame. The favourite of our youth still stands before us, in outline but little changed, the old voice still sounding pleasantly in our ears, the old humour still peeping playfully from lip and eye; but time, flattery, and self-indulgence have robbed his phrases of half their whilom happiness; the old rich humour shines wan and watery through an ever-deepening film of fancies farfetched or utterly absurd; while all the old mannerisms and deformities that once seemed to impart a kind of picturesque quaint-

ness to so many neighbour beauties, have been growing more and more irredeemably ungraceful and pitilessly obtrusive.

In judging of this new work, however, it is best not to look back too far along the line of its forerunners. Popular authors in these days live fast. A few years of such astonishing success as Mr. Dickens began long since to enjoy were little likely to effect no change for the worse in the outflowings of a genius naturally weak to withstand the dangerous spells of popular admiration. It would be doing him scant justice to rank his last novel with any of those which lifted him into his present leadership in the realm of letters. The best of racehorses will break down with too frequent running at too early an age; and novel-writing, at too high a pressure, is sure, in the long run, to tell its own tale. Some authors there are on whom the hand of time and the shocks of chance may have fallen lightly; but their number in these days is not large, and to that number clear-seeing criticism must shrink from adding the name of Mr. Dickens. But in refusing to place him on his old level, let us give him all credit for what he has really done. Compared with such works as "*Bleak House*" and "*Little Dorrit*," the one before us certainly claims a much higher place in our regards than either of the two just named. With all its faults it has the merit of being less wearisome, less weak in structure, less scarred with politics and pretension, less bedizened with finespun sentiment and groundless sarcasm. The story itself, however absurd in outline and fantastic in details, moves on with a livelier, firmer tread, dawdling indeed through much of the second volume, but only, as it were, to save itself for the grand rush of startling incidents that fill so many pages of the third. And the characters also, however strange to our experience of any other world than that of farce or popular fiction, seem to have been wrought out with more of the old workmanlike skill, and lighted up with freer touches of the old laugh-begetting humour, than the author, if we are not mistaken, had contrived for many years past to show forth.

To a reader ignorant of his earlier

works and tolerant of all extravagances, if only they can tickle his fancy or keep his interest in full play, "*Great Expectations*" would offer a plenteous stock of enjoyable or exciting passages. Take for granted the truthlikeness of his portraiture, and you cannot but admire the clearness with which he conceives, and the consistency with which he works it up. After a little, the most critical reader resigns himself to the passing witchery, and begins to believe in Magwitch, Gargery, Miss Havisham, almost as heartily as their creator himself might be supposed to do. Each character speaks a language of its own, and behaves, however farcically, in its own peculiar fashion. Round each there circles a distinctive atmosphere made up of the humorous, dashed, more or less largely, with the sentimental or the frightful. Of food for laughter, for compassion, for eager curiosity, there is here no lack, if once you can lay aside your own ideas of what is fit and probable, and enter without reserve into the spirit—wild, whimsical, outrageous though it often be—of an entertainment got up by the oldest, yet still the first of our living humorists. Taken up in this manner, the book will easily commend itself to any reader wishful of wiling away a lonely evening by his own fireside. If with the pursuit of mere emotional enjoyment he can blend never so little of a critic's taste for reading his author's own character, the pleasure to himself will be all the greater, and the time devoted to it will not have been spent in vain.

The very first lines of the book give the keynote to its general character, and also to one of the writer's most marked peculiarities.

"My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip. . . . As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, '*Also Georgiana*

Wife of the Above, I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained, that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trowser-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence."

Here you at once feel is a novel meant to contain a good deal of funny writing after the pattern which so many copyists have done their worst to make too familiarly known. In this case, however, we have gotten at least the genuine article turned out of the old original workshop. Inferior as it may be to some earlier samples, it bears the stamp of no 'prentice hand. Little Pip's absurd speculations about his dead kindred resemble nothing so much as the childish fancies of a *Copperfield* or a *Paul Dombey*. In their very extravagance there is just enough of likelihood to impart a keener edge to our enjoyment of the humorous surprises therein revealed; while none but their actual author would have been held excusable for putting into a child's brain fancies at once so laughably original and so ingeniously absurd—fancies which are only kept within the pale of things possible by the belief that he who has thus depicted them was surely capable of having in his childhood conceived the like.

More clearly farcical, nor less thoroughly characteristic, is the passage alluding to the hero's name. Fancy, in the first place, such a surname as *Pirrip* in real life! Among all the names we have ever heard of, is there one so gibberingly unmeaning as this? But Mr. Dickens is here seized only with a worse attack of his old weakness for the funniest sounding and least possible words that ever were hashed out of our English alphabet. *Pirrip*, *Gargery*, *Wemmick* come not unnaturally after *Nickleby*, *Chuzzlewit*, *Micawber*, *Meagles*, and a dozen more with which we are all familiar. They all help to show by what small tricks their inventor would heighten the impression already made on us by his eccentric humour, much as

some popular comedian might raise an additional laugh by making faces now and then aside at his audience. For the same reason are we so often reminded that Pip was brought up by hand, that *Wemmick's* mouth was like a post-office, that Mr. Jaggers had a trick of biting his finger at you, and a way of washing the dirt of his daily business off his hands at frequent intervals. But in Pip's case there was the further amusement of twisting a funny name out of one less funny, as "*Boz*" had once been tortured out of "*Moses*." Or rather, it may be, by an inverted process was Philip Pirrip found to be involved in Pip. Anyhow we have here a clue to the weaker side of Mr. Dickens's humour, to that unsoundness, whether of feeling or culture, which flaws even his finest conceptions, to that wild love of farce and caricature which, growing up with him from the earliest of his author-days, has certainly not decayed with the growth of his literary greatness.

His genius being always extravagant and his humour essentially comic, that extravagance must generally take a farcical turn. As Sydney Smith could not help being witty, so the author of "*Pickwick*" cannot help continually writing broad farce. For all his other excellences this is the one department in which he has gained the doubtful honour of a foremost place. Many even of his more serious passages are tainted with a strong infusion of funny caricature. His best descriptions, whether of things or people, smell of unmistakable farce. His fancy fastening on the ridiculous side of things, brings it out into a prominence as absurdly overdone as Mr. Doyle brings out the heads and faces in his wonderful caricatures of English life and manners. Had chance not turned him into a writer of serial stories, he might have furnished the theatres with a long succession of farces and melodramas that would have driven all rivalry out of the field. There is hardly a character of his painting in which this tendency does not more or less prevail. To the delightful unreality of Sam Weller, Dick Swiveller, or Mark Tapley, we have not the heart to object; nor could such a being as Mrs. Nickleby have been drawn effectively without some admixture

of the farcical. But if every character in a novel is more or less flavoured with farce, shall we call such novel a striking picture of real life? And in Mr. Dickens's many volumes how many characters would a fair critic deem wholly true to nature or to any reasonable conception of natural chances? In "Great Expectations," at any rate, the natural is largely overlaid by the farcical. Joe Gargery, Mr. Jaggers, the Convict, Pumblechook, Miss Havisham, Wemmick, which of these is exempt from tokens of their common parent's besetting weakness? Some fibres of human interest run through them all: in some of them we are drawn for the nonce to believe almost as earnestly as the child believes in her pet doll; but even in our kindest moments nothing can tempt us wholly to forget that their humanity is at best a theatrical caricature. Most nearly natural is the likeness of dear old Joe, the patient husband of a termagant wife and the stealthy playmate of her little fatherless brother. But from this fair-haired, blue-eyed Hercules of a blacksmith the taint of farcicality spreads ever darker and deeper, until in the portrait of Estella's crazy guardian it seems to cover all things with a hue as strangely misleading as the reflection of a healthy human face in an ill-made, time-disfigured looking-glass.

The extravagance of Mr. Dickens's nature often tempts him to harp too much on the same string, to spin too fine a thread out of even his happiest ideas. Having, for instance, got so much fun out of Pip's dead belongings, he presently, without seeming excuse, returns to the charge, and makes Pip launch out into yet wilder fancies than before in his childish effort to grasp the full meaning of "Georgiana Wife of the Above." The murderous-looking casts in Mr. Jaggers's room are everlastingly grinning, scowling, or otherwise unpleasantly reminding us of their hanged originals. Why should Mrs. Pocket be always throwing "grandpapa's granddaughter" in our teeth? Whatever grains of humour might have suggested the likening of anybody's mouth to a post-office, their effect is wholly lost in the tiresome frequency with which that likeness is pointed out, until poor Wemmick cannot eat

his dinner without being said to post it. So, too, among other bits of illustrative humour touching the Convict's first appearance to little Pip, we are told that as he limped his way in fetters over the churchyard brambles and nettles, he looked, in Pip's young eyes, "as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in." Perhaps the most daring stretch of fancy in the whole book is the account of little Pip's frightened pleading to the face of a black ox, seen through the white marshmists, whom his guilty conscience mistook for some minister of punishment come to accuse him of his unwilling theft. In this merciless pumping-up of grotesque or ridiculous fancies Mr. Dickens recalls the similar weakness of an otherwise different writer, whose sickly straining after sentimental subtleties marred the great literary merits of "Transformation." But Mr. Hawthorne's whimsies could hardly go down with any but the sickliest of American school-girls, while those of Mr. Dickens will often evoke an irrepressible laugh from English boys and men who can sometimes allow themselves to feel like boys.

The first part of "Great Expectations" is, perhaps, the most redolent of its author's own manner. There is something of the old weird power in the opening interviews between Pip and the runaway convict on the marshes and in the churchyard. The description of Pip's home leads out into a very amusing sketch of Mrs. Gargery, the cross-grained sister, who revenges herself for the trouble of bringing Pip up by hand by perpetually taunting him with the fact, and treating him to such frequent tastes of "Tickler," that the poor little fellow saw no reason to doubt that he was indeed brought up by hand. Pip's kind friend, Joe Gargery, seemed, also, to be brought up in the same fashion, to judge by the lady's constant habit of seizing him by the whiskers, and beating his head against the wall—treatment which disturbed the calmness of Joe's temper as little as it harmed the surface of his skull. Joe and Pip being brothers in misfortune, become fast friends, and fortify each other by secret looks

and signs, and whispers, whenever Mrs. Gargery is "on the rampage." When Joe crossed his fingers at Pip, it denoted the crossness of his wife's temper—a mood so common to her, that the two friends would often, for weeks together, be, as to their fingers, "like monumental crusaders as to their legs." Artfully abstaining from all open defence of his little playmate, Joe would display his goodwill by helping him largely to gravy, or accidentally putting himself between Pip and "Tickler." Delightful in its own way is the description of Joe's horror at the sudden disappearance of a hunch of bread and butter, which Pip had secretly shifted from his knee to the inside of his trowsers. Stopping on the threshold of a bite off his own piece, he shakes his head at the other, in very serious remonstrance.

"'I say, you know! Pip, old chap! You'll do yourself a mischief. It'll stick somewhere. You can't have chawed it, Pip.'

"'What's the matter, *now*?' repeated my sister, more sharply than before.

"'If you can cough any trifle on it up, Pip, I'd recommend you to do it,' said Joe, all aghast. 'Manners is manners, but still your 'elth's your 'elth.'"

His wife, in utter desperation, knocks his head against the wall, with an angry demand to know what is the matter.

"Joe looked at her in a helpless way; then took a helpless bite, and looked at me again.

"'You know, Pip,' said Joe, solemnly, with his last bite in his cheek, and speaking in a confidential voice, as if we two were quite alone, 'you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell upon you any time; but such a'—he moved his chair and looked about the floor between us, and then again at me—'such a most uncommon bolt as that!'

"'Been bolting his food, has he?' cried my sister.

"'You know, old chap,' said Joe, looking at me, and not at Mrs. Joe, with his bite still in his cheek, 'I bolted, myself, when I was your age—frequent; and as a boy, I've been among a many bolters; but I never see your bolting equal yet, Pip, and it's a mercy you ain't bolted dead.'"

Thereupon poor little Pip was fished up by the hair, and dosed by Mrs. Joe with a pint of tar-water, the sub-

stitute in her days for Mrs. Squeers's brimstone and treacle. Joe, for his part, got off with half-a-pint, which he was forced to swallow, "because he had had a turn."

Not less conducive to merry laughter is the account of that Christmas dinner in Mrs. Gargery's state-room, uncovered for that day, after having passed the rest of the year "in a cool haze of silver paper." Between the pangs of a guilty conscience, burdened with a secret that may not be divulged, and the ceaseless file-fire of didactic pleasantries poured into him by Mrs. Joe and her guests, poor little Pip had much need of all the gravy that Joe kept ladling tenderly into his plate. Intense as Pip's own, but in another way, is the feeling with which we regard Mr. Pumblechook going through the bodily distortions consequent on a draught of brandy mixed with tar; and the timely appearance of the soldiers at Gargery's door brings to ourselves a relief almost as grateful as that felt by Pip at the very moment he had fancied himself lost for ever, the self-acknowledged thief of Mrs. Gargery's pork-pie. There is vigour, too, in the description of the midnight chase after the runaway convicts; and our early dislike of Mr. Pumblechook is well sustained by the further development of his disagreeable tendencies at various periods of Pip's life. Overlaid as it is with the broadest caricature, his character keeps essentially true to itself, whether we see him worrying Pip with arithmetical questions, all through his breakfast, or slaving him with maudlin entreaties for the honour of shaking his hand, or slandering him all over the town as ungrateful to his earliest benefactor.

Wherever Joe Gargery makes his appearance, some pages of pleasant reading are sure to await us. His character seems to be wrought out with the same kindly affection that inspired the drawing of Mark Tapley and Newman Noggs. His battle with the brute Orlick teaches us to respect the mighty strength which all his wife's outrageous worrying can never provoke him, for one moment, to use against her. Allowing to Pip that when she went "on the rampage," Mrs. Joe was certainly "a buster," he contents himself with the reflection that she is a master-mind, and

having seen so much in his poor mother "of a woman drudging and slaving, and breaking her honest heart, and never getting no peace in her mortal days," avows, in his dread of not doing right by a woman, that he would "far rather go wrong the t'other way, and be a little ill-convenienced" himself. In his kindly way of alluding to the drunken father who, having spent his days in hammering at his own wife and son, went off at last in "a purple leptic fit;" in his thoughtful fear of doing aught to enhance the weight of his little friend's bodily sufferings; in his honest wrath with Jaggers at the notion of being recompensed for the loss of Pip's services; in his wondering delight at the extent to which Pip had "growed, and swelled, and *gentle-folke*," since he had left the forge; and in his touchingly calm acknowledgment of the difference which time had caused between his own worldly position and that of the old playmate with whom he had once hoped to enjoy "such larks;" the simple, manly, faithful-hearted blacksmith approves himself as one of nature's truest noblemen—a being whose soul, but for its great humility, might have looked down on Pip's from a far loftier height than that whence Pip himself, in the heyday of his social preferment, seemed to regard his awkward, quaint-spoken friend of yore. And the sense of that other greatness flashes in good time on the ungrateful hero, when, after the bursting of all his brightest bubbles, he awakes from a lingering fever to find the dear, kind face of his forgotten playfellow stooping tenderly above his own, and to learn that during his long illness that face had never been absent for many minutes together from his bedside.

Biddy, too, with her quiet thoughtfulness for the folk at the forge, and her loving endurance of Pip's overbearing priggishness, seems like another of those sweet, simple flowers that bloom now and then to gladden the byways and hollows of human life. How cheerfully she bears the weight of Pip's condescending airs; listening, with unfeigned sympathy, to his tale of love for another; or showing, by her softly sad replies to his unjust reproaches, that the "bad side of human nature" was certainly

not the one she turned to him! With what delicate kindness, in her letter to Pip, she expresses her hope and trust in the unchanged goodness of his heart towards the friend who is coming to see him! It is she who makes Joe's home cheerful after Pip's departure, and whose counsel determines Joe to hasten to the sick-bed of his long-truant friend. Her after-marriage to Joe comes rather suddenly on the reader, who had been led to fancy her thoroughly in love with Pip; but we feel that the latter, at any rate, was rightly punished for his absurd conceit, while our sense of moral fitness rejoices to see the two worthiest people in the book allowed to taste, in each other's arms, the happiness which, even in real life, does sometimes favour the most deserving.

About Pip himself, the apparent hero of his own story, we hardly know what to say. As long as he remains at the forge, trying to teach Joe his letters, or seeking to enlarge his own stock first under Mr. Wopale's great aunt, and then under that stage-stricken hero himself, he still maintains in our eyes somewhat of the interest first evoked by his meeting with the terrible convict in the dreary church-yard by the marsh. Under Joe's roof, even during the years of his apprenticeship, he seems to win for himself a little of the love so largely due from us to his companion. But time and good fortune, combined with the weakness that mars all Mr. Dickens's attempts at painting the social life of the more polished classes, go far to efface our first impressions, and make us wonder whether the original Pip might not have died in early boyhood, leaving some worthless substitute to trade thenceforward on his good name. Anyhow Pip's acquaintance with Estella seems gradually to turn him into as feeble a snob as ever was palmed off on the novel reader for a hero. Under the blighting influence of Satis House, his character grows as shadowy as the greatness of his own expectations proves at last to be. The growth of his mad love for a girl of mere moonshine, melts away his manlier qualities, and renders him weakly ungrateful alike to his first and his latest benefactor. Between his departure for London in the character of a new

made gentleman and there-appearance of Abel Magwitch, the story of his life is a broad waste of sluggish unreality, relieved once or twice by a bit of green oasis in the form of a visit from Joe Gargery, or of an evening spent at Walworth in the company of Pip's quaint friend, Wemmick. After a time, indeed, the march of events brings him once more nearer to our human sympathies; but even then we are anxious far less about himself than about the rough-mannered, kind-hearted outcast, whose invincible longing to look upon the gentleman of his own making, tempts him to dare the risk of discovery, and consequent death, by coming back to the land from which his judges' doom had banished him for ever. If Mr. Dickens had tried his best to portray the idle young man of Barnard's Inn as a mere weak-minded snob in fine clothing, he could not have succeeded better than he has perhaps unwittingly done. It may be that a love so foolish as that of Pip for Estella would weaken the fibres of never so brave a heart, and that a youth just new to the enjoyment of wealth and personal freedom would for the moment fling away all remembrance of his former friends. But Pip's tiresome maundering about his sweetheart, his consciously prolonged avoidance of poor Joe, and his morbid loathing of the kind but coarse-mannered wretch to whom his rise in the world is wholly due, seem to our thinking as little needed for working out the first conception of Pip's character, as they are likely to increase our interest in a hero whose claim thereon was never of the clearest. Repentance comes, indeed, to him at the last, but by that time our attention is fixed on far more notable objects; and in the whirl of incidents that wind up the story, we hardly care to know whether the nominal hero is to end his days in a debtor's prison, to pine abroad a poor lonely bachelor, or to marry in good time the young lady who has meanwhile given herself away to a worthless rival.

Far more boldly, if not more naturally drawn, is the figure of Abel Magwitch, the convict who frightens Pip at the outset of the tale. The shivering famine-stricken savage limp-

ing away on that wild marsh has a heart within him that appeals to ours from the moment we hear that click in his throat, which sounded to Pip "as if he had works in him like a clock, and was going to strike." The touching story he afterwards tells his "dear boy" on that next meeting in Barnard's Inn, wild as some of it may seem to an exacting critic, should have stirred Pip's heart, as it would stir that of any kindly reader, into swift forgetfulness of those outward defects of garb and breeding to which Pip continues so morbidly alive. From his birth an Arab of modern society, tossed from roadside to prison, from prison to roadside, without a soul to help or admonish him, he settles of need into a life of crime or of criminal tendencies which brings him to the hulks, and finally lands him an exile for life at the Antipodes. Yet even then his heart has a soft place for the one being who once did him a kindness, such as it was, in his sore need. "I swore that time," he says, "sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore afterwards, sure as ever I spec'lated and got rich, you should get rich. I lived rough that you should live smooth; I worked hard that you should be above work. What odds, dear boy? Do I tell it fur you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it fur you to know as that there dunghill dog wot you kep life in, got his head so high that he could make a gentleman—and, Pip, you're him!" Having at length stolen back to England, that he might disclose to Pip the secret of his unknown benefactor, and enjoy in his dear boy's society a happiness which the dear boy was very far from sharing, he is driven ere long to hide from the stealthy dogging of a foe who has done him too deep a wrong to miss the chance of getting him out of his own way. His final capture at the very moment when escape seemed surest, enables the author to show us what he can still do in the pathetic way. And here his pathos, less redundant than of yore, gains fresh power from the worthiness of the occasion. Amid the softening spells of that sick room, from which the poor bruised patient felon will never go to the gallows outside, we, too, may learn, like Pip,

some lessons of humility and loving-kindness which shall bear good fruit in afterdays.

Of Pip's London friends, Herbert Pocket is perhaps the most natural, but Wemmick is certainly the most entertaining. On the latter, and his master Jaggers, the author seems to have expended an equal amount of his happiest comedy and his broadest farce. Jaggers, the terror and the hope of all evildoers, the bullying stickler for straightforward answers, whose rough tongue and threatening forefinger are seen in company with a dauntless spirit, a lurking kindness of heart, and much shrewd honesty of purpose, is one of those powerfully unpleasant beings whose real worth, like the light of the glow-worm or the hearthfire, shines out clearest after dark. Indeed it is only when he and Wemmick find out at the same moment the common weakness which each had hitherto kept carefully secret from the other, that our prejudice against the former begins to thaw. With Wemmick, on the other hand, we are not long in finding ourselves at home. When he shakes off his Newgate manner, and offers us the first peep into his "Walworth sentiments," we soon learn to forget that he carries about him, in the shape of rings and such-like ornaments, the "portable property" of many a poor wretch whom Jaggers's skilfulness had failed to rescue from the gallows. In the picture of his small "castle," with its quaint contrivances and quainter inmates, there are some bits of happy Dutch painting, of telling humour, droll or tender, marred as usual by a good deal of overdone pleasantry and wild caricature. Wemmick's way of courting the young lady with "a wooden appearance" and very green gloves, may pass for a fair stroke of fun, but the excitement of the pig in the back premises at the jorum of tea brewed by Miss Skiffins, is a joke that could only be enjoyed by the upper galleries, while the whole account of Wemmick's wedding—especially the "Hallo! here's a church"—amuses only from its farcical absurdity and outrageous piling up of caricature.

The other characters in the story belong either to farce or melodrama,

or a mixture of both. Orlick is a ruffian without paint, whose attempt on Pip's life contributes one thrilling chapter to the last volume. Mr. and Mrs. Pocket never lived beyond the precincts of the old Adelphi. Estella—a dim reflexion of Mrs. Dombey—bears small resemblance to any possible daughter of Eve, and as for Miss Havisham, we should think that no traditions of human madness, far less of humanity at large, could show forth her like. She herself and everything about her lack that show of reality which flavours the bulk even of Mr. Dickens's peculiar creations. Fancy, for instance, any woman not wholly unsound of mind, living for so many years the life that Miss Havisham must have done, amidst the mouldering finery of a wedding-day that was never to be; no gleam of daylight ever allowed to enter the rooms, where all kinds of creeping things were feasting on the rotten bride-cake, where the clocks for ever pointed to one same hour, where the woman herself sat or roamed year after year in the same old rotting bridal gown; with one foot always out of its faded old satin shoe! But the whole conception of her character is morally and physically absurd; nor would it be worth our while to discuss the probable fruits of any training that a girl so shadowy as Estella could have received from such a phantom mistress. Bentley Drummie, the brute who marries the ward, has little more reality than his own surname, and from the general sketch of him it would be hard to tell in what kind of society he was meant to move. More cleverly, if not more soberly drawn, are the portraits of Pumblechook and Wopsle, the latter of whom, after his "drop" from the church to the stage, affords matter for one highly amusing chapter written in the author's funniest vein.

In the management of his story Mr. Dickens seems to have aimed at engrafting on his own faulty methods the yet faultier subtleties of Mr. Wilkie Collins. Novelists of the latter type seem to fancy that the art of story-telling lies in the weaving of sheer riddles, the putting together of puzzles that claim attention from their intricacy alone. Into this rut the author of "Great Expectations" has evidently floundered with results

in their own way remarkably successful. The "Woman in White" may henceforth hang her head before a greater than she. From the convict's reappearance almost to the end of the book we are surprised with a series of unforeseen events and awful disclosures depending from certain dim clues scattered here and there, as if by chance, over the first part of the tale. Rockets and blue lights follow each other in furious haste. In every chapter at least one shell is bursting at our feet. First comes the convict, with his wonderful story and the shadow of a future Nemesis dogging him up the staircase of Barnard's Inn. Then follow close on each other's heels the discovery of Miss Havisham's lover and a mysterious hinting at the ties which join together the convict, Martha, and Miss Havisham's ward. Ere long Miss Havisham herself goes out of the world in a flame of fire. Then, with his arms badly singed in trying to save her, Pip goes forth to that terribly unexpected meeting with Orlick, from which nothing but a degree of blindness, more convenient for the author than natural to Pip, could have failed to forewarn him. What we lose however in likelihood we gain in melodramatic horror; and the scene at the mill has the double merit of being strikingly conceived and powerfully painted. Far weaker and essentially blundered is the subsequent description of Pip's untoward attempt to carry the convict

safe out of his enemies' clutches. Is this, we ask ourselves, the same hand that once painted the flight of Bill Sykes; or the last scene in the life of Quilp? What follows, however, in its depth of quiet pathos almost atones for the previous shortcoming, while it acts like a soothing change of scene to spirits overworn with protracted excitement of various kinds. On the whole, to us, not expecting very great things, this novel has proved an agreeable surprise. More compact than usual in its structure, it contains a good many striking passages, a few racy and one or two masterly portraits, a story for the most part cleverly sustained and wrought out to no lame or disjointed issues. In his characters, Mr. Dickens repeats himself least of all living novelists—a virtue which time has not yet impaired, and on which too great a stress can hardly be laid. Those in his present work are for the most part not more distinct from each other than from any to be found in former works. His plot, like his characters, however improbable, has a kind of artistic unity and clear purpose, enhanced in this case by the absence of much fine-drawn sentiment and the scarcity of surplus details. If the author must keep on writing novels to the last, we shall be quite content to gauge the worth of his future essays by the standard furnished to us in "Great Expectations."

JULIET'S TOMB AT VERONA.

HALF hidden in the green old garden's gloom
 Behold Love's tomb,
 Famed in the passionate strains
 Of many a lyre.
 Within a pinch of mould alone remains :
 Dim, silent, cold residuum
 Of Being redolent with fire,
 Of pulses toned to ecstasies,
 And coursing rich as morning seas ;
 Of Youth's delicious harmonies
 Now dumb.
 Of beauty, life, love, hope, and trust
 Immortal in the poet's rhyme,
 All that old Time,
 Whose dumb gray ocean swallowing all things, saves
 Only earth's graves,
 Is dust.

T. IRWIN.

ULTOR DE LACY.

A LEGEND OF CAPPERCULLEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE JACOBITE'S LEGACY.

IN my youth I heard a great many Irish family traditions, more or less of a supernatural character, some of them very peculiar, and all, to a child at least, highly interesting. One of these I will now relate, though the translation to cold type from oral narrative, with all the aids of animated human voice and countenance, and the appropriate *mise en scene* of the old-fashioned parlour fireside and its listening circle of excited faces, and outside the wintry blast and the moan of leafless boughs, with the occasional rattle of the clumsy old window-frame behind shutter and curtain, as the blast swept by, is at best a trying one.

About midway up the romantic glen of CapperculLEN, near the point where the counties of Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary converge, upon the then sequestered and forest-bound range of the Slieve-Felim hills, there stood, in the reigns of the two earliest Georges, the picturesque and massive remains of one of the finest of the Anglo-Irish castles of Munster—perhaps of Ireland.

It crowned the precipitous edge of the wooded glen, itself half-buried among the wild forest that covered that long and solitary range. There was no human habitation within a circle of many miles, except the half-dozen hovels and the small thatched chapel composing the little village of Murroe, which lay at the foot of the glen among the straggling skirts of the noble forest.

Its remoteness and difficulty of access saved it from demolition. It was worth nobody's while to pull down and remove the ponderous and clumsy oak, much less the masonry or flagged roofing of the pile. Whatever would pay the cost of removal had been long since carried away. The rest was abandoned to time—the destroyer.

The hereditary owners of this noble building and of a wide territory in

the contiguous counties I have named, were English—the De Lacys—long naturalized in Ireland. They had acquired at least this portion of their estate in the reign of Henry VIII., and held it, with some vicissitudes, down to the establishment of the revolution in Ireland, when they suffered attainder, and, like other great families of that period, underwent a final eclipse.

The De Lacy of that day retired to France, and held a brief command in the Irish Brigade, interrupted by sickness. He retired, became a poor hanger-on of the Court of St. Germain, and died early in the eighteenth century—as well as I remember, 1705—leaving an only son, hardly twelve years old, called by the strange but significant name of Ultor.

At this point commences the marvellous ingredient of my tale.

When his father was dying, he had him to his bedside, with no one by except his confessor; and having told him, first, that on reaching the age of twenty-one, he was to lay claim to a certain small estate in the county of Clare, in Ireland, in right of his mother—the title-deeds of which he gave him—and next, having enjoined him not to marry before the age of thirty, on the ground that earlier marriages destroyed the spirit and the power of enterprise, and would incapacitate him from the accomplishment of his destiny—the restoration of his family—he then went on to open to the child a matter which so terrified him that he cried lamentably, trembling all over, clinging to the priest's gown with one hand and to his father's cold wrist with the other, and imploring him, with screams of horror, to desist from his communication.

But the priest, impressed, no doubt, himself, with its necessity, compelled him to listen. And then his father showed him a small picture, from which also the child turned with

shrieks, until similarly constrained to look. They did not let him go until he had carefully conned the features, and was able to tell them, from memory, the colour of the eyes and hair, and the fashion and hues of the dress. Then his father gave him a black box containing this portrait, which was a full-length miniature, about nine inches long, painted very finely in oils, as smooth as enamel, and folded above it a sheet of paper, written over in a careful and very legible hand.

The deeds and this black box constituted the most important legacy bequeathed to his only child by the ruined Jacobite, and he deposited them in the hands of the priest, in trust, till his boy, Ultor, should have attained to an age to understand their value, and to keep them securely.

When this scene was ended, the dying exile's mind, I suppose, was relieved, for he spoke cheerily, and said he believed he would recover; and they soothed the crying child, and his father kissed him, and gave him a little silver coin to buy fruit with; and so they sent him off with another boy for a walk, and when he came back his father was dead.

He remained in France under the care of this ecclesiastic until he had attained the age of twenty-one, when he repaired to Ireland, and his title being unaffected by his father's attainder, he easily made good his claim

to the small estate in the county of Clare.

There he settled, making a dismal and solitary tour now and then of the vast territories which had once been his father's, and nursing those gloomy and impatient thoughts which befitted the enterprises to which he was devoted.

Occasionally he visited Paris, that common centre of English, Irish, and Scottish disaffection; and there, when a little past thirty, he married the daughter of another ruined Irish house. His bride returned with him to the melancholy seclusion of their Munster residence, where she bore him in succession two daughters—Alice, the elder, dark-eyed and dark-haired, grave and sensible—Una, four years younger, with large blue eyes and long and beautiful golden hair.

Their poor mother was, I believe, naturally a light-hearted, sociable, high-spirited little creature; and her gay and childish nature pined in the isolation and gloom of her lot. At all events she died young, and the children were left to the sole care of their melancholy and embittered father. In process of time the girls grew up, tradition says, beautiful. The elder was designed for a convent, the younger her father hoped to mate as nobly as her high blood and splendid beauty seemed to promise, if only the great game on which he had resolved to stake all succeeded.

CHAPTER II.

THE FAIRIES IN THE CASTLE.

THE Rebellion of '45 came, and Ultor de Lacy was one of the few Irishmen implicated treasonably in that daring and romantic insurrection. Of course there were warrants out against him, but he was not to be found. The young ladies, indeed, remained as heretofore in their father's lonely house in Clare; but whether he had crossed the water or was still in Ireland was for some time unknown, even to them. In due course he was attainted, and his little estate forfeited. It was a miserable catastrophe—a tremendous and beggarly waking up from a life-long dream of returning principality.

In due course the officers of the

crown came down to take possession, and it behoved the young ladies to flit. Happily for them the ecclesiastic I have mentioned was not quite so confident as their father, of his winning back the magnificent patrimony of his ancestors; and by his advice the daughters had been secured £20 a year each, under the marriage settlement of their parents, which was all that stood between this proud house and literal destitution.

Late one evening, as some little boys from the village were returning from a ramble through the dark and devious glen of Capperullen, with their pockets laden with nuts and "frahans," to their amazement and

even terror they saw a light streaming redly from the narrow window of one of the towers overhanging the precipice among the ivy and the lofty branches, across the glen, already dim in the shadows of deepening night.

"Look—look—look—'tis the Phooka's tower!" was the general cry, in the vernacular Irish, and a universal scamper commenced.

The bed of the glen, strewn with great fragments of rock, among which rose the tall stems of ancient trees, and overgrown with a tangled copse, was at the best no favourable ground for a run. Now it was dark; and terrible work breaking through brambles and hazels, and tumbling over rocks. Little Shaeen Mull Ryan, the last of the panic rout, screaming to his mates to wait for him—saw a whitish figure emerge from the thicket at the base of the stone flight of steps that descended the side of the glen, close by the castle-wall, intercepting his flight, and a discordant male voice shrieked—

"I have you!"

At the same time the boy, with a cry of terror, tripped and tumbled; and felt himself roughly caught by the arm, and hauled to his feet with a shake.

A wild yell from the child, and a volley of terror and entreaty followed.

"Who is it, Larry; what's the matter?" cried a voice, high in air, from the turret window. The words floated down through the trees, clear and sweet as the low notes of a flute.

"Only a child, my lady; a boy."

"Is he hurt?"

"Are you hurt?" demanded the whitish man, who held him fast, and repeated the question in Irish; but the child only kept blubbering and crying for mercy, with his hands clasped, and trying to drop on his knees.

Larry's strong old hand held him up. He *was* hurt, and bleeding from over his eye.

"Just a trifle hurted, my lady!"

"Bring him up here."

Shaeen Mull Ryan gave himself over. He was among "the good people," who he knew would keep him prisoner for ever and a day. There was no good in resisting. He grew bewildered, and yielded himself passively to his fate, and emerged from the glen on the platform above;

his captor's knotted old hand still on his arm, and looked round on the tall mysterious trees, and the gray front of the castle, revealed in the imperfect moonlight, as upon the scenery of a dream.

The old man who, with thin wiry legs, walked by his side, in a dingy white coat, and blue facings, and great pewter buttons, with his silver gray hair escaping from under his battered three-ecked hat; and his shrewd puckered resolute face, in which the boy could read no promise of sympathy, showing so white and phantom-like in the moonlight, was, as he thought, the incarnate ideal of a fairy.

This figure led him in silence under the great arched gateway; and across the grass-grown court, to the door in the far angle of the building; and so, in the dark, round and round, up a stone screw stair, and with a short turn into a large room, with a fire of turf and wood, burning on its long unused hearth, over which hung a pot, and about it an old woman with a great wooden spoon was busy. An iron candlestick supported their solitary candle; and about the floor of the room, as well as on the table and chairs, lay a litter of all sorts of things; piles of old faded hangings, boxes, trunks, clothes, pewter plates, and cups; and I know not what more.

But what instantly engaged the fearful gaze of the boy were the figures of two ladies; red drugget cloaks they had on, like the peasant girls of Munster and Connaught, and the rest of their dress was pretty much in keeping. But they had the grand air, the refined expression and beauty, and above all, the serene air of command that belong to people of a higher rank.

The elder, with black hair and full brown eyes, sat writing at the deal table on which the candle stood, and raised her dark gaze to the boy as he came in. The other, with her hood thrown back, beautiful and riant, with a flood of wavy golden hair, and great blue eyes, and with something kind, and arch, and strange in her countenance, struck him as the most wonderful beauty he could have imagined.

They questioned the man in a language strange to the child. It was not English, for he had a smattering

of that, and the man's story seemed to amuse them. The two young ladies exchanged a glance, and smiled mysteriously. He was more convinced than ever that he was among the good people. The younger stepped gaily forward and said—

"Do you know who I am, my little man? Well, I'm the fairy Una, and this is my palace; and that fairy you see there (pointing to the dark lady, who was looking out something in a box), is my sister and family physician, the Lady Graveairs; and these (glancing at the old man and woman), are some of my courtiers; and I'm considering now what I shall do with you, whether I shall send you to-night to Lough Guir, riding on a rush, to make my compliments to the Earl of Desmond in his enchanted castle; or straight to your bed, two thousand miles under ground, among the gnomes; or to prison in that little corner of the moon you see through the window—with the man-in-the-moon for your gaoler, for thrice three hundred years and a day! There, don't cry: You only see how serious a thing it is for you, little boys, to come so near my castle. Now, for this once, I'll let you go. But, henceforward, any boys I, or my people, may find within half a mile round my castle, shall belong to me for life, and never behold their home or their people more."

And she sang a little air and chased mystically half a dozen steps before him, holding out her cloak with her pretty fingers, and courtesying very low, to his indescribable alarm.

Then, with a little laugh, she said—

"My little man, we must mend your head."

And so they washed his scratch, and the elder one applied a plaister to

it. And she of the great blue eyes took out of her pocket a little French box of bon-bons and emptied it into his hand, and she said—

"You need not be afraid to eat these—they are very good—and I'll send my fairy, Blanc-et-bleu, to set you free. Take him (she addressed Larry), and let him go, with a solemn charge."

The elder, with a grave and affectionate smile, said, looking on the fairy—

"Brave, dear, wild, Una! nothing can ever quell your gaiety of heart."

And Una kissed her merrily on the cheek.

So the oak door of the room again opened, and Shaeen, with his conductor, descended the stair. He walked with the scared boy in grim silence near half way down the wild hill-side toward Murroe, and then he stopped, and said in Irish—

"You never saw the fairies before, my fine fellow, and 'tisn't often those who once set eyes on us return to tell it. Whoever comes nearer, night or day, than this stone," and he tapped it with the end of his cane, "will never see his home again, for we'll keep him till the day of judgment; good night, little gossoon—and away with you."

So these young ladies, Alice and Una, with two old servants, by their father's direction, had taken up their abode in a portion of that side of the old castle which overhung the glen; and with the furniture and hangings they had removed from their late residence, and with the aid of glass in the casements and some other indispensable repairs, and a thorough airing, they made the rooms they had selected just habitable, as a rude and temporary shelter.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRIEST'S ADVENTURES IN THE GLEN.

AT first, of course, they saw or heard little of their father. In general, however, they knew that his plan was to procure some employment in France, and to remove them there. Their present strange abode was only an adventure and an episode, and they believed that any day they might receive instructions to commence their journey.

After a little while the pursuit relaxed. The government, I believe, did not care, provided he did not obtrude himself, what became of him, or where he concealed himself. At all events, the local authorities showed no disposition to hunt him down. The young ladies' charges on the little forfeited property were paid without any dispute, and no vexatious inquiries were

raised as to what had become of the furniture and other personal property which had been carried away from the forfeited house.

The haunted reputation of the castle—for in those days, in matters of the marvellous, the oldest were children—secured the little family in the seclusion they coveted. Once, or sometimes twice a week, old Laurence, with a shaggy little pony, made a secret expedition to the city of Limerick, starting before dawn, and returning under cover of the night, with his purchases. There was beside an occasional sly moonlit visit from the old parish priest, and a midnight mass in the old castle for the little outlawed congregation.

As the alarm and inquiry subsided, their father made them, now and then, a brief and stealthy visit. At first these were but of a night's duration, and with great precaution; but gradually they were extended and less guarded. Still he was, as the phrase is in Munster, "on his keeping." He had firearms always by his bed, and had arranged places of concealment in the castle in the event of a surprise. But no attempt nor any disposition to molest him appearing, he grew more at ease, if not more cheerful.

It came, at last, that he would sometimes stay so long as two whole months at a time, and then depart as suddenly and mysteriously as he came. I suppose he had always some promising plot on hand, and his head full of ingenious treason, and lived on the sickly and exciting dietary of hope deferred.

Was there a poetical justice in this, that the little *manege* thus secretly established, in the solitary and time-worn pile, should have themselves experienced, but from causes not so easily explicable, those very supernatural perturbations which they had themselves essayed to inspire?

The interruption of the old priest's secret visits was the earliest consequence of the mysterious interference which now began to display itself. One night, having left his cob in care of his old sacristan in the little village, he trudged on foot along the winding pathway, among the gray rocks and ferns that threaded the glen, intending a ghostly visit to the fair recluses of the castle, and he lost his way in this strange fashion.

There was moonlight, indeed, but it was little more than quarter-moon, and a long train of funereal clouds were sailing slowly across the sky—so that, faint and wan as it was, the light seldom shone full out, and was often hidden for a minute or two altogether. When he reached the point in the glen where the castle-stairs were wont to be, he could see nothing of them, and above, no trace of the castle-towers. So, puzzled somewhat, he pursued his way up the ravine, wondering how his walk had become so unusually protracted and fatiguing.

At last, sure enough, he saw the castle as plain as could be, and a lonely streak of candlelight issuing from the tower, just as usual, when his visit was expected. But he could not find the stair; and had to clamber among the rocks and copse-wood the best way he could. But when he emerged at top, there was nothing but the bare heath. Then the clouds stole over the moon again, and he moved along with hesitation and difficulty, and once more he saw the outline of the castle against the sky, quite sharp and clear. But this time it proved to be a great battlemented mass of cloud on the horizon. In a few minutes more he was quite close, all of a sudden, to the great front, rising gray and dim in the feeble light, and not till he could have struck it with his good oak "wattle" did he discover it to be only one of those wild, gray frontages of living rock that rise here and there in picturesque tiers along the slopes of those solitary mountains. And so, till dawn, pursuing this mirage of the castle, through pools and among ravines, he wore out a night of miserable misadventure and fatigue.

Another night, riding up the glen, so far as the level way at bottom would allow, and intending to make his nag fast at his customary tree, he hears on a sudden a horrid shriek at top of the steep rocks above his head, and something—a gigantic human form, it seemed—came tumbling and bounding headlong down through the rocks, and fell with a fearful impetus just before his horse's hoofs and there lay like a huge palpitating carcass. The horse was scared, as, indeed, was his rider, too, and more so when this apparently lifeless thing sprang up to his legs, and throwing

his arms apart to bar their further progress, advanced his white and gigantic face towards them. Then the horse started about, with a snort of terror, nearly unseating the priest, and broke away into a furious and uncontrollable gallop.

I need not recount all the strange and various misadventures which the honest priest sustained in his endeavours to visit the castle and its isolated tenants. They were enough to wear out his resolution, and frighten him into submission. And so at last

these spiritual visits quite ceased; and fearing to awaken inquiry and suspicion, he thought it only prudent to abstain from attempting them in the daytime.

So the young ladies of the castle were more alone than ever. Their father, whose visits were frequently of long duration, had of late ceased altogether to speak of their contemplated departure for France, grew angry at any allusion to it, and they feared, had abandoned the plan altogether.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LIGHT IN THE BELL TOWER.

SHORTLY after the discontinuance of the priest's visits, old Laurence, one night, to his surprise, saw light issuing from a window in the Bell tower. It was at first only a tremulous red ray, visible only for a few minutes, and which seemed to pass from the room, through whose window it escaped upon the courtyard of the castle, and so to lose itself. This tower and casement were in the angle of the building, exactly confronting that in which the little outlawed family had taken up their quarters.

The whole family were troubled at the appearance of this dull red ray from the chamber in the Bell Tower. Nobody knew what to make of it. But Laurence, who had campaigned in Italy with his old master, the young ladies' grandfather—"the heavens be his bed this night!"—was resolved to see it out, and took his great horse-pistols with him, and ascended to the corridor leading to the tower. But his search was vain.

This light left a sense of great uneasiness among the inmates, and most certainly it was not pleasant to suspect the establishment of an independent and possibly dangerous lodger or even colony, within the walls of the same old building.

The light very soon appeared again, steadier and somewhat brighter, in the same chamber. Again old Laurence buckled on his armour, swearing ominously to himself, and this time bent in earnest upon conflict. The young ladies watched in thrilling suspense from the great window in their stronghold, looking diagonally

across the court. But as Laurence, who had entered the massive range of buildings opposite, might be supposed to be approaching the chamber from which this ill-omened glare proceeded, it steadily waned, finally disappearing altogether, just a few seconds before his voice was heard shouting from the arched window to know which way the light had gone.

This lighting up of the great chamber of the Bell Tower, grew at last to be of frequent and almost continual recurrence. It was, there, long ago, in times of trouble and danger, that the De Lacys of those evil days used to sit in feudal judgment upon captive adversaries, and, as tradition alleged, often gave them no more time for shrift and prayer, than it needed to mount to the battlement of the turret over-head, from which they were forthwith hung by the necks, for a caveat and admonition to all evil disposed persons viewing the same from the country beneath.

Old Laurence observed these mysterious glimmerings with an evil and an anxious eye, and many and various were the stratagems he tried, but in vain, to surprise the audacious intruders. It is, however, I believe, a fact that no phenomenon, no matter how startling at first, if prosecuted with tolerable regularity, and unattended with any new circumstances of terror, will very long continue to excite alarm or even wonder.

So the family came to acquiesce in this mysterious light. No harm accompanied it. Old Laurence, as he smoked his lonely pipe in the grass-

grown courtyard, would cast a disturbed glance at it, as it softly glowed out through the darkening aperture; and mutter a prayer or an oath. But he had given over the chase as a hopeless business. And Peggy Sullivan, the old dame of all work, when, by chance, for she never willingly looked toward the haunted quarter, she caught the faint reflection of its dull effulgence with the corner of her eye,

would sign herself with the cross or fumble at her beads, and deeper furrows would gather in her forehead, and her face grow ashen and perturbed. And this was not mended by the levity with which the young ladies; with whom the spectre had lost his influence, familiarity, as usual, breeding contempt, had come to talk, and even to jest, about it.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAN WITH THE CLARET-MARK.

BUT as the former excitement flagged, old Peggy Sullivan produced a new one; for she solemnly avowed that she had seen a thin-faced man, with an ugly red mark all over the side of his cheek, looking out of the same window, just at sunset, before the young ladies returned from their evening walk.

This sounded in their ears like an old woman's dream, but still it was an excitement, jocular in the morning, and just, perhaps, a little fearful as night overspread the vast and desolate building, but still, not wholly unpleasant. This little flicker of credulity suddenly, however, blazed up into the full light of conviction.

Old Laurence, who was not given to dreaming, and had a cool, hard head, and an eye like a hawk, saw the same figure, just about the same hour, when the last level gleam of sunset was tinting the summits of the towers and the tops of the tall trees that surrounded them.

He had just entered the court from the great gate, when he heard all at once the hard peculiar twitter of alarm which sparrows make when a cat or a hawk invades their safety, rising all round from the thick ivy that overclimbed the wall on his left, and raising his eyes listlessly, he saw, with a sort of shock, a thin, ungainly man, standing with his legs crossed, in the recess of the window from which the light was wont to issue, leaning with his elbows on the stone mullion, and looking down with a sort of sickly sneer, his hollow yellow cheeks being deeply stained on one side with what is called a "claret mark."

"I have you at last, you villain!"

cried Larry, in a strange rage and panic; "drop down out of that on the grass here, and give yourself up, or I'll shoot you."

The threat was backed with an oath, and he drew from his coat pocket the long holster pistol he was wont to carry, and covered his man cleverly.

"I give you while I count ten—one—two—three—four. If you draw back, I'll fire, mind; five—six—you'd better be lively—seven—eight—nine—one chance more; will you come down? Then take it—ten!"

Bang went the pistol. The sinister stranger was hardly fifteen feet removed from him, and Larry was a dead shot. But this time he made a scandalous miss, for the shot knocked a little white dust from the stone wall a full yard at one side; and the fellow never shifted his negligent posture or qualified his sardonic smile during the procedure.

Larry was mortified and angry.

"You'll not get off this time, my tulip!" he said with a grin, exchanging the smoking weapon for the loaded pistol in reserve.

"What are you pistolling, Larry?" said a familiar voice close by his elbow, and he saw his master, accompanied by a handsome young man in a cloak.

"That villain, your honour, in the window, there."

"Why there's nobody there, Larry," said De Lacy, with a laugh, though that was no common indulgence with him.

As Larry gazed, the figure somehow dissolved and broke up without receding. A hanging tuft of yellow and red ivy nodded queerly in place of

the face, some broken and discoloured masonry in perspective took up the outline and colouring of the arms and figure, and two imperfect red and yellow lichen streaks carried on the curved tracing of the long spindle shanks. Larry blessed himself, and drew his hand across his damp forehead, over his bewildered eyes, and could not speak for a minute. It was all some devilish trick; he could take his oath he saw every feature in the fellow's face, the lace and buttons of his cloak and doublet, and even his long finger nails and thin yellow fingers that overhung the cross-shaft of the window, where there was now nothing but a rusty stain left.

The young gentleman who had arrived with De Lacy, staid that night and shared with great apparent relish the homely fare of the family. He was a gay and gallant Frenchman, and the beauty of the younger lady, and her pleasantry and spirit, seemed to make his hours pass but too swiftly, and the moment of parting sad.

When he had departed early in the morning, Ultor De Lacy had a long talk with his elder daughter, while the younger was busy with her early dairy task, for among their retainers this *proles generosa* reckoned a "kind" little Kerry cow.

He told her that he had visited France since he had been last at Capperallen, and how good and gracious their sovereign had been, and how he had arranged a noble alliance for her sister Una. The young gentleman was of high blood, and though not rich, had, nevertheless, his acres and his *nom de terre*, besides a captain's rank in the army. He was, in short, the very gentleman with whom they had parted only that morning. On what special business he was now in Ireland there was no necessity that he should speak; but being here he had brought him hither to present him to his daughter, and found that the impression she had made was quite what was desirable.

"You, you know, dear Alice, are promised to a conventual life. Had it been otherwise"-----

He hesitated for a moment.

"You are right, dear father," she said, kissing his hand, "I am so promised, and no earthly tie or allure-

ment has power to draw me from that holy engagement."

"Well," he said, returning her caress, "I do not mean to urge you upon that point. It must not, however, be until Una's marriage has taken place. That cannot be, for many good reasons, sooner than this time twelve months; we shall then exchange this strange and barbarous abode for Paris, where are many eligible convents, in which are entertained as sisters some of the noblest ladies of France; and there, too, in Una's marriage will be continued, though not the name, at all events the blood, the lineage, and the title which, so sure as justice ultimately governs the course of human events, will be again established, powerful and honoured in this country, the scene of their ancient glory and transitory misfortunes. Meanwhile, we must not mention this engagement to Una. Here she runs no risk of being sought or won; but the mere knowledge that her hand was absolutely pledged, might excite a capricious opposition and repining such as neither I nor you would like to see; therefore be secret."

The same evening he took Alice with him for a ramble round the castle wall, while they talked of grave matters, and he as usual allowed her a dim and doubtful view of some of those cloud-built castles in which he habitually dwelt, and among which his jaded hopes revived.

They were walking upon a pleasant short sward of darkest green, on one side overhung by the gray castle walls, and on the other by the forest trees that here and there closely approached it, when precisely as they turned the angle of the Bell tower, they were encountered by a person walking directly towards them. The sight of a stranger, with the exception of the one visiter introduced by her father, was in this place so absolutely unprecedented, that Alice was amazed and affrighted to such a degree that for a moment she stood stock-still.

But there was more in this apparition to excite unpleasant emotions, than the mere circumstance of its unexpectedness. The figure was very strange, being that of a tall, lean, ungainly man, dressed in a dingy

suit, somewhat of a Spanish fashion, with a brown laced cloak and faded red stockings. He had long lank legs, long arms, hands, and fingers, and a very long, sickly face, with a drooping nose and a sly, sarcastic leer, and a great purplish stain overspreading more than half of one cheek.

As he strode past, he touched his cap with his thin, discoloured fingers, and an ugly side glance, and disappeared round the corner. The eyes of father and daughter followed him in silence.

Ultor De Lacy seemed first absolutely terror-stricken, and then suddenly inflamed with ungovernable fury. He dropped his cane on the ground, drew his rapier, and, without wasting a thought on his daughter, pursued.

He just had a glimpse of the retreating figure as it disappeared round the far angle. The plume, and the lank hair, the point of the rapier-scabbard, the flutter of the skirt of the cloak, and one red stocking and heel; and this was the last he saw of him.

When Alice reached his side, his drawn sword still in his hand, he was in a state of abject agitation.

"Thank Heaven, he's gone!" she exclaimed.

"He's gone," echoed Ultor, with a strange stare.

"And you are safe," she added, clasping his hand.

He sighed a great sigh.

"And you don't think he's coming back?"

"He!—who?"

"The stranger who passed us but now. Do you know him, father?"

"Yes—and—no, child—I know him not—and yet I know him too well. Would to heaven we could

leave this accursed haunt to-night. Cursed be the stupid malice that first provoked this horrible feud, which no sacrifice and misery can appease, and no exorcism can quell or even suspend. The wretch has come from afar with a sure instinct to devour my last hope—to dog us into our last retreat—and to blast with his triumph the very dust and ruins of our house. What ails that stupid priest that he has given over his visits? Are *my* children to be left without mass or confession—the sacraments which *guard* as well as save—because he once loses his way in a mist, or mistakes a streak of foam in the brook for a dead man's face? D—n him!"

"See, Alice, if he won't come," he resumed, "you must only *write* your confession to him in full—you and Una. Laurence is trusty, and will carry it—and we'll get the bishop's—or, if need be, the Pope's leave for him to give you absolution. I'll move heaven and earth, but you *shall* have the sacraments, poor children!—and see him. I've been a wild fellow in my youth, and never pretended to sanctity; but I know there's but one safe way—and—and—keep you each a bit of this—(he opened a small silver box)—about you while you stay here—fold and sew it up reverently in a bit of the old psaltary parchment, and wear it next your hearts—'tis a fragment of the consecrated wafer—and will help, with the saints' protection, to guard you from harm—and be strict in fasts, and constant in prayer—I can do nothing—nor devise any help. The curse has fallen, indeed, on me and mine."

And Alice saw, in silence, the tears of despair roll down his pale and agitated face.

This adventure was also a secret, and Una was to hear nothing of it.

CHAPTER VI.

VOICES.

Now Una, nobody knew why, began to lose spirit, and to grow pale. Her fun and frolic were quite gone! Even her songs ceased. She was silent with her sister, and loved solitude better. She said she was well, and quite happy, and could in no wise be got to account for the lamentable

change that had stolen over her. She had grown odd too, and obstinate in trifles; and strangely reserved and cold.

Alice was very unhappy in consequence. What was the cause of this estrangement—had she offended her, and how? But Una had never before

borne resentment for an hour. What could have altered her entire nature so? Could it be the shadow and chill of coming insanity?

Once or twice, when her sister urged her with tears and entreaties to disclose the secret of her changed spirits and demeanour, she seemed to listen with a sort of silent wonder and suspicion, and then she looked for a moment full upon her, and seemed on the very point of revealing all. But the earnest dilated gaze stole downward to the floor, and subsided into an odd wily smile, and she began to whisper to herself, and the smile and the whisper were both a mystery to Alice.

She and Alice slept in the same bedroom—a chamber in a projecting tower—which on their arrival, when poor Una was so merry, they had hung round with old tapestry, and decorated fantastically according to their skill and frolic. One night, as they went to bed, Una said, as if speaking to herself—

“’Tis my last night in this room—I shall sleep no more with Alice.”

“And what has poor Alice done, Una, to deserve your strange unkindness?”

Una looked on her curiously and half frightened, and then the odd smile stole over her face like a gleam of moonlight.

“My poor Alice, what have you to do with it?” she whispered.

“And why do you talk of sleeping no more with me?” said Alice.

“Why? Alice dear—no why—no reason—only a knowledge that it must be so, or Una will die.”

“Die, Una darling!—what can you mean?”

“Yes, sweet Alice, die, indeed. We must all die some time, you know, or—or undergo a change; and my time is near—*very* near—unless I sleep apart from you.”

“Indeed, Una, sweetheart, I think you *are* ill, but not near death.”

“Una knows what you think, wise Alice—but she’s not mad—on the contrary, she’s wiser than other folks.”

“She’s sadder and stranger too,” said Alice, tenderly.

“Knowledge is sorrow,” answered Una, and she looked across the room through her golden hair which she was combing—and through the window, beyond which lay the tops of the

great trees, and the still foliage of the glen in the misty moonlight.

“’Tis enough, Alice dear; it must be so. The bed must move hence, or Una’s bed will be low enough ere long. See, it shan’t be far though, only into that small room.”

She pointed to an inner room or closet opening from that in which they lay. The walls of the building were hugely thick, and there were double doors of oak between the chambers, and Alice thought, with a sigh, how completely separated they were going to be.

However she offered no opposition. The change was made, and the girls for the first time since childhood lay in separate chambers. A few nights afterwards Alice awoke late in the night from a dreadful dream, in which the sinister figure which she and her father had encountered in their ramble round the castle walls, bore a principal part.

When she awoke there were still in her ears the sounds which had mingled in her dream. They were the notes of a deep, ringing bass voice rising from the glen beneath the castle walls—something between humming and singing—listlessly unequal and intermittent, like the melody of a man whiling away the hours over his work. While she was wondering at this unwonted minstrelsy, there came a silence, and—could she believe her ears?—it certainly was Una’s clear low contralto—softly singing a bar or two from the window. Then once more silence—and then again the strange manly voice, faintly chaunting from the leafy abyss.

With a strange wild feeling of suspicion and terror, Alice glided to the window. The moon whose eyes so many things, and keeps all secrets, with her cold impenetrable smile, was high in the sky. But Alice saw the red flicker of a candle from Una’s window, and, she thought, the shadow of her head against the deep side wall of its recess. Then this was gone, and there were no more sights or sounds that night.

As they sat at breakfast, the small birds were singing merrily from among the sun-tipped foliage.

“I love this music,” said Alice, unusually pale and sad; “it comes with the pleasant light of morning. I remember, Una, when *you* used to sing,

like those gay birds, in the fresh beams of the morning; that was in the old time, when Una kept no secret from poor Alice."

"And Una knows what her sage Alice means; but there are other birds, silent all day long, and, they say, the sweetest too, that love to sing by *night* alone."

So things went on—the elder girl pained and melancholy—the younger silent, changed, and unaccountable.

A little while after this, very late one night, on awaking, Alice heard a conversation being carried on in her sister's room. There seemed to be no disguise about it. She could not distinguish the words, indeed, the walls being some six feet thick, and two great oak doors intercepting. But Una's clear voice, and the deep bell-like tones of the unknown, made up the dialogue.

Alice sprung from her bed, threw her clothes about her, and tried to enter her sister's room; but the inner door was bolted. The voices ceased to speak as she knocked, and Una opened it, and stood before her in her night-dress, candle in hand.

"Una—Una, darling, as you hope for peace, tell me who is here?" cried frightened Alice, with her trembling arms about her neck.

Una drew back, with her large, innocent blue eyes fixed full upon her.

"Come in, Alice," she said, coldly.

And in came Alice, with a fearful glance around. There was no hiding place there; a chair, a table, a little bedstead, and two or three pegs in the wall to hang clothes on; a narrow window, with two iron bars across; no hearth or chimney—nothing but bare walls.

Alice looked round in amazement, and her eyes glanced with painful inquiry into those of her sister's. Una smiled one of her peculiar sidelong smiles, and said—

"Strange dreams! I've been dreaming—so has Alice. She hears and sees Una's dreams, and wonders—and well she may."

And she kissed her sister's cheek with a cold kiss, and lay down in her little bed, her slender hand under her head, and spoke no more.

Alice, not knowing what to think, went back to hers.

About this time U'tor de Lacy re-

turned. He heard his elder daughter's strange narrative with marked uneasiness, and his agitation seemed to grow rather than subside. He enjoined her, however, not to mention it to the old servant, nor in presence of anybody she might chance to see, but only to him and to the priest, if he could be persuaded to resume his duty and return. The trial, however, such as it was, could not endure very long; matters had turned out favourably. The union of his younger daughter might be accomplished within a few months, and in eight or nine weeks they should be on their way to Paris.

A night or two after her father's arrival, Alice, in the dead of the night, heard the well-known strange deep voice speaking softly, as it seemed, close to her own window on the outside; and Una's voice, clear and tender, spoke in answer. She hurried to her own casement, and pushed it open, kneeling in the deep embrasure, and looking with a stealthy and afrighted gaze towards her sister's window. As she crossed the floor the voices subsided, and she saw a light withdrawn from within. The moonbeams slanted bright and clear on the whole side of the castle overlooking the glen, and she plainly beheld the shadow of a man projected on the wall as on a screen.

This black shadow recalled with a horrid thrill the outline and fashion of the figure in the Spanish dress. There were the cap and mantle, the rapier, the long thin limbs and sinister angularity. It was so thrown obliquely that the hands reached to the window-sill, and the feet stretched and stretched, longer and longer as she looked, toward the ground, and disappeared in the general darkness; and the rest, with a sudden flicker, shot downwards, as shadows will on the sudden movement of a light, and was lost in one gigantic leap down the castle wall.

"I do not know whether I dream or wake when I hear and see these sights; but I will ask my father to sit up with me, and we two surely cannot be mistaken. May the holy saints keep and guard us!" And in her terror she buried her head under the bed-clothes, and whispered her prayers for an hour.

CHAPTER VII.

UNA'S LOVE.

"I HAVE been with Father Denis," said De Lacy, next day, "and he will come here to-morrow; and, thank Heaven! you may both make your confession and hear mass, and my mind will be at rest; and you'll find poor Una happier and more like herself."

But 'tween cup and lip there's many a slip. The priest was not destined to hear poor Una's shrift. When she bid her sister good-night she looked on her with her large, cold, wild eyes, till something of her old human affections seemed to gather there, and they slowly filled with tears, which dropped one after the other on her homely dress as she gazed in her sister's face.

Alice, delighted, sprung up, and clasped her arms about her neck. "My own darling treasure, 'tis all over; you love your poor Alice again, and will be happier than ever."

But while she held her in her embrace Una's eyes were turned towards the window, and her lips apart, and Alice felt instinctively that her thoughts were already far away.

"Hark!—listen!—hush!" and Una, with her delighted gaze fixed, as if she saw far away beyond the castle wall, the trees, the glen, and the night's dark curtain, held her hand raised near her ear, and waved her head slightly in time, as it seemed, to music that reached not Alice's ear, and smiled her strange pleased smile, and then the smile slowly faded away, leaving that sly suspicious light behind it which somehow scared her sister with an uncertain sense of danger; and she sang in tones so sweet and low that it seemed but a reverie of a song, recalling, as Alice fancied, the strain to which she had just listened in that strange ecstasy, the plaintive and beautiful Irish ballad, "Shule, shule, shule, aroon," the midnight summons of the outlawed Irish soldier to his darling to follow him.

Alice had slept little the night before. She was now overpowered with fatigue; and leaving her candle burning by her bedside, she fell into a deep sleep. From this she awoke suddenly and completely, as will

sometimes happen without any apparent cause, and she saw Una come into the room. She had a little purse of embroidery—her own work—in her hand; and she stole lightly to the bedside, with her peculiar oblique smile, and evidently thinking that her sister was asleep.

Alice was thrilled with a strange terror, and did not speak or move; and her sister slipped her hand softly under her bolster, and withdrew it. Then Una stood for a while by the hearth, and stretched her hand up to the mantelpiece, from which she took a little bit of chalk, and Alice thought she saw her place it in the fingers of a long yellow hand that was stealthily introduced from her own chamber-door to receive it; and Una paused in the dark recess of the door, and smiled over her shoulder toward her sister, and then glided into her room, closing the doors.

Almost freezing with terror, Alice rose and glided after her, and stood in her chamber, screaming—

"Una, Una, in heaven's name what troubles you?"

But Una seemed to have been sound asleep in her bed, and raised herself with a start, and looking upon her with a peevish surprise, said—

"What does Alice seek here?"

"You were in my room, Una dear; you seem disturbed and troubled."

"Dreams, Alice. My dreams crossing your brain; only dreams—dreams. Get you to bed, and sleep."

And to bed she went, but not to sleep. She lay awake more than an hour; and then Una emerged once more from her room. This time she was fully dressed, and had her cloak and thick shoes on, as their rattle on the floor plainly discovered. She had a little bundle tied up in a handkerchief in her hand, and her hood was drawn about her head; and thus equipped, as it seemed, for a journey, she came and stood at the foot of Alice's bed, and stared on her with a look so soulless and terrible that her senses almost forsook her. Then she turned and went back into her own chamber.

She may have returned; but Alice

thought not—at least she did not see her. But she lay in great excitement and perturbation; and was terrified, about an hour later, by a knock at her chamber door—not that opening into Una's room, but upon the little passage from the stone screw staircase. She sprang from her bed; but the door was secured on the inside, and she felt relieved. The knock was repeated, and she heard some one laughing softly on the outside.

The morning came at last; that dreadful night was over. But Una! Where was Una?

Alice never saw her more. On the head of her empty bed were traced in chalk the words—*Ultori de Lacy, Ultor O'Donnell*. And Alice found beneath her own pillow the little piece of embroidery she had seen in Una's hand. It was her little parting token, and bore the simple legend—"Una's love!"

De Lacy's rage and horror were boundless. He charged the priest, in frantic language, with having exposed his child, by his cowardice and neglect, to the machinations of the Fiend, and raved and blasphemed like a man demented.

It is said that he procured a solemn exorcism to be performed, in the hope of disenthraling and recovering his daughter. Several times, it is alleged, she was seen by the old servants. Once on a sweet summer morning, in the window of the tower, she was perceived combing her beautiful golden tresses, and holding a little mirror in her hand; and first, when she saw herself discovered, she looked affrighted, and then smiled her slanting, cunning smile. Sometimes, too, in the glen, by moonlight, it was said, belated villagers had met her, always startled first, and then smiling, generally singing snatches of old Irish ballads, that seemed to bear a sort of dim resemblance to her melancholy fate. The apparition has long ceased. But it is said that now and again, perhaps once in two or three years, late on a summer night, you may hear—but faint and far away in the recesses of the glen—the sweet, sad notes of Una's voice, singing those plaintive melodies. This, too, of course, in time will cease, and all be forgotten.

CHAPTER VIII.

SISTER AGNES AND THE PORTRAIT.

WHEN Ultor de Lacy died, his daughter Alice found among his effects a small box, containing a portrait such as I have described. When she looked on it, she recoiled in horror. There, in the plenitude of its sinister peculiarities, was faithfully portrayed the phantom which lived with a vivid and horrible accuracy in her remembrance. Folded in the same box was a brief narrative, stating that, "A.D. 1601, in the month of December, Walter de Lacy, of Capercullen, made many prisoners at the ford of Ownhey, or Abington, of Irish and Spanish soldiers, flying from the great overthrow of the rebel powers at Kinsale, and among the number one Roderic O'Donnell, an arch traitor, and near kinsman to that other O'Donnell who led the rebels; who, claiming kindred through his mother to De Lacy, sued for his life with instant and miserable entreaty, and offered great ransom, but was by De Lacy, through great zeal for

the queen, as some thought, cruelly put to death. When he went to the tower-top, where was the gallows, finding himself in extremity, and no hope of mercy, he swore that though he could work them no evil before his death, yet that he would devote himself thereafter to blast the greatness of the De Lacys, and never leave them till his work was done. He hath been seen often since, and always for that family perniciously, insomuch that it hath been the custom to show to young children of that lineage the picture of the said O'Donnell, in little, taken among his few valuables, to prevent their being misled by him unawares, so that he should not have his will, who by devilish wiles and hell-born cunning, hath steadfastly sought the ruin of that ancient house, and especially to leave that stemma generosum destitute of issue for the transmission of their pure blood and worshipful name."

Old Miss Croker, of Ross House, who was near seventy in the year 1821, when she related this story to me, had seen and conversed with Alice de Lacy, a professed nun, under the name of Sister Agnes, in a reli-

gious house in King-street, in Dublin, founded by the famous Duchess of Tyrconnell, and had the narrative from her own lips. I thought the tale worth preserving, and have no more to say.

A REMONSTRANCE AGAINST STRIKES.

OF all people in the world perhaps the British workman may fairly take the lead for cleverness in doing what the old English saw has so racily described as the cutting off your nose to spite your face. Even the folly which has lately tempted our kinsmen beyond the Atlantic to lay a virtual embargo on British trade at the moment of a desperate quarrel between the two halves of the Union, looks slight in comparison with the ever-recurring madness that rouses whole bodies of British workmen into a long-sustained and self-ruinous revolt against their employers. In spite of the bitter suffering so often reaped by every trade in turn, in spite of countless efforts to show forth the fallacies on which all strikes are more or less grounded, it is seldom that a year passes without furnishing more than one sad counterpart to the scenes so touchingly drawn by the earnest author of "Mary Barton."

Experience is but a poor teacher to those who cannot or will not learn. The means of better knowledge are offered in vain to minds imbued from early childhood with principles and feelings, such as the demagogues who thrive upon their ignorance, and trade in their very virtues, take every care to strengthen and embitter. Of what use, after all, are Lectures, Mechanics' Institutes, and Government Savings-banks to the kind of men who strike easy work and give up excellent wages at the mere invitation of such a friend to the people as Mr. Potter? It is only two years since that wise and noble philanthropist threw half the building trade of England out of working-gear, in order that British capitalists might win their point with the loss meanwhile of a few hundred thousand pounds, and that a large body of British workmen might forego their foolish claims after lingering for many idle weeks on the verge of down-

right starvation. Unpitied, at least for their own sakes, by all lovers of fair play, the poor slaves of a despotism far worse than any they were taught to revile, had at length to resume their work on any terms that the masters might be generous enough to grant, and it was hoped that their late defeat had broken the neck of a system whose enormous powers of mischief no honest observer could any longer deny. But the evil beast was not so easily quelled. It only waited to recover breath, and very lately, in the height of a busy season, were the great bulk of working builders called off from the London yards in pursuance of a fresh conspiracy devised by their all-powerful leaders, the Trades-Union Committees, against the public weal as involved in the right of master-builders to pay fair wages for fair work, to every man according to his actual deserts.

As in 1859, the workmen began their game by demanding ten hours' wages for nine hours' work—a modest proceeding grounded on a plea which was sure to make itself heard by every tender heart. They wanted another hour for improving their minds. Their hard toil of ten hours, including—mind you—at least an hour and a-half allowed them for meals, and a good many minutes of forced or stolen idleness here and there, left them little time for studying chemistry or hearing lectures on Social Science. And yet these interesting victims of social cruelty had many of them wives who found their husbands in beer-money by working twelve or fourteen hours a day, and young children who earned a weekly trifle by ten hours of daily drudgery in a crowded close-smelling factory-room. How many hard-working shopmen, clerks, and persons yet higher in the social scale, have more leisure for improving either mind or body than

these ill-used masons and bricklayers now enjoy? And even if the latter had gained their point, how many of those who struck work would really make good profit out of the additional hour? Mental improvement indeed! If swilling bad beer at all spare moments, and taking in treason from the lips of tap-room spouters, be marks of mental improvement, men of this class should need no further teaching.

But the cant of self-improvement would not do. Public opinion sided with the masters against those who put forth demands so transparently unjust, and the men were obliged to shift their ground of attack. The next demand was for more play hours on Saturday. In order to do full justice to both sides of the question, the masters began to offer a slight advance of wages reckoned henceforth by the hour. Under the new arrangement, a mason could work ten hours a day, and the usual number of hours on Saturday, for one and two-pence more than his old wages of thirty-three shillings a week. Or without the loss of a penny on his former earnings, he might, if he chose, improve his mind by taking two hours more to himself on Saturday. On these terms it seemed as if the rebels must surrender without more ado. Further resistance could only place them utterly in the wrong with a public already disposed to deny the justice of their cause. But Mr. Potter and his fellow-tyrants would not consent without one more struggle to see all ground for further mischief cut away from under their feet. In offering payment by the hour, the masters had aimed a death-blow at the very heart of Mr. Potter's power. Gentlemen of this sort could only reign by flourishing some grievance, great or small, before their followers' eyes. An arrangement that would enable the men of capital to pick out the skilful, and reward the industrious workman at the expense of the more idle and unfit, would soon force the Trades' Unions back into their lawful and commonplace sphere of helping their subscribers in the day of sickness or other specified suffering. Take away all causes of misunderstanding between master and workman, let the wages be assigned in proportion to the work done, not to the number of workmen who want employment on equal

terms, and where, in due time, would be found the Potters of our working world?

Just as the men were once more settling down to their work, they were ordered to prepare for a general strike, on the plea that payment by the hour must lead, among other evils, to that of working overtime. Ere long it was open war between the unionists and the great building firms of London. Combining for their own defence, the latter have hitherto presented a firm front to the foe, and rejecting all thought of further compromise, seem determined to win or lose all in the struggle.

And at length the whole feeling of the country is in their favour. Never was their cause so good, or the conduct of their adversaries so utterly disgraceful. Most of us have, for some time past, lent rather too willing an ear to stories regarding the wrongs and capabilities of the working man. Viewed through a haze of philanthropic poetry and hustings rhetoric, he seemed as it were a kind of intellectual Titan, buried under a mountain of social and political disabilities. Only give him the elective suffrage, and encourage him to form partnerships for the good of his own class, and what height of improvement was there that he might not reach in good time? We began to judge of him in the main by a few of the very best samples of his kind. But the strike of 1859, the debates on the Reform Bill of 1860, and the unaccountable distress entailed last winter on so many workmen by a few weeks' frost, led people to look once more at the rough prosaic side of the picture, and to realize the huge difference between the everyday garb of proven fact and the brand-new Sunday-best of philanthropic fancy. It came out that men of whom so much was expected, still lacked the faintest notions of proper self-respect, of common prudence, of justice towards their employers, of charity or forbearance towards their fellow workmen. They had shown themselves ready to give up work and eat the bread of idleness at the bidding of any wiseacre who played thimblarig with their sense of right and wrong. They had not shrunk from using all sorts of cowardly and cruel means to frighten others away from the work

they would not do themselves. Receiving better pay than thousands of those who live by the sweat of their brain, there were many of them reduced to sudden helplessness by a few weeks of not very hard frost at the usual time of the year. And, as if to cap the disenchantment, a large number of these men subsequently broke out into deadly quarrel on a point wherein they placed themselves more than ever in the wrong.

Until the Trade Union, as now organized, can be deprived of its fangs, there will be no sure peace for the masters, nor much hope of improvement for the men. It may be hard to see the latter suffering for the sins of their nominal champions; but out of the passing evil would come forth a lasting gain which they themselves will some day be glad enough to own. Meanwhile it behoves the masters to do their duty even at some present loss to themselves. The terms they have offered are both just and wise, and those terms have been rejected without a trial. Whatever may happen, they at least are free for this once from any touch of blame. Now—with a thoroughly good cause and a favouring public on their side—now or never is their time for assailing the last stronghold of a tyranny which has done so much for so many years to heighten the hatred ignorantly conceived by labour towards capital. If they should win the battle—as win they surely must with common prudence and a little self-denial—the country at large will thank them with one voice for having opened the way to a fair solution of other problems bearing on the relative worth of those two rival aids to all social progress.

The cause for which they are fighting is, in effect, the cause of free labour as opposed to the tyranny that would fetter both alike by rules in themselves absurd, and practices transparently outrageous. The unions would dictate to them not only what wages their men shall draw, how long these shall work, and how much work they shall do in a given time, but even how many hands the masters shall keep employed without reference to their own wants or the character of the men employed. It was bad enough when a clever workman could receive no more wages, or work

more hours, than the idle or the stupid workman; when bricklayers were forbidden to put aside the trowel, and the strongest hodman might carry no more weight than the weakest; when the men who accepted terms on their own account, or worked on at those which their neighbours refused, were bullied, waylaid, and cruelly ill-used. All these things pointed indeed to one issue, always more or less speciously disguised. But the master-builders' latest moves left their opponents no escape from submission save in the open avowal of purposes which needed but the open avowal to condemn themselves in all honest eyes. Henceforth every one knows what it is these unions want. The old anxiety about mental improvement has resolved itself into a fear lest the men should be driven to work overtime: in other words, lest the masters should win back their right to choose their own workmen, and pay them according to their several deserts. For if some men should take a fancy to work after hours, though this was not what the masters themselves desired, others would lose their old share of work and consequent wages: in short, the same amount of work as before would be got through with fewer and abler men. Once let the workman choose for himself how many hours a week he shall devote to work or play, and the shrewder men of his class will soon give their lazier comrades the go-by. Skill and industry will reap their due reward, while the stupid and the idle will go, as in this world they naturally do go, to the wall.

Wherever labour and capital have fair play, this must be the inevitable result. When the average workman sees the way to rise by his own exertions, he will never let himself be kept down by order of a society that pretends to insure him protection against his employer. Against such a likelihood the Trade Union shepherds would of course spare no effort to guard their flocks. Their great aim is not justice to the working man as against the master, but the maintenance of a close monopoly enjoyed by a certain number of workmen against the efforts both of masters and of fellow-workmen outside their own pale. On the one hand they force the masters to employ continually more or fewer hands than they often need,

and to pay all of a certain class the very same wages, regulated not by the market price of the day, but by the supreme will and pleasure of the unions themselves. On the other, they stick at no injustice to drive out of their self-usurped domains all those who would enter in save by the one narrow door of subscription to a Trade Union. Hence their power is naturally far more deeply and widely baneful than that of a combination against employers alone.

The gross injustice they entail on others glares forth from the briefest statement of their ways and deeds. It is verdict enough against them to say that unionists have repeatedly struck against the employment of non-union workmen, that thousands of the latter have sometimes been thrown out of work by a strike among their unionist comrades, and that masters have continually been forced to pay a body of unionist workmen wages sufficient to have paid twice their number of men who would only have been too glad to take their place. And like all close tyrannizing monopolies, the harm these unions have done to others has commonly recoiled against themselves. They have spent in profitless strikes the time and money that would have helped to make most of their members comfortable for life. They have kept the average rate of wages down to a lower level than it would otherwise have reached. They have driven some masters into the *Gazette*, and others into combinations, leading to their own defeat. Either the trade to which they belonged has been frightened away from their neighbourhood, or the places of union workmen have, during their absence, been well-nigh filled up with new hands. On every side, in every possible way, they have wrought mischief, and yet the Potters who rule them can still elicit a cheer from many an audience, when they declaim against the tyranny of the masters, and the hardship of working ten hours a day for the wages of ten hours a day.

When the master-builders, after the lock-out of 1859, refused in general to open their yards to men who per-

sisted in subscribing to a Trade Union for aggressive purposes, it was held by some that they had gone too far, that the unions were mainly charitable funds, which every good workman did well to support. Yet what, after all, is the patent fact? The best workmen in the higher handicrafts will not form or belong to any such union, knowing well enough to what purposes their money would be misused. Non-union trades have generally prospered far better than those where unions prevail. In some places the masters have themselves started a strictly charitable fund for their men, which has insured them far greater benefits than the Trade Union pretended to offer.* And of what real avail is the help doled out to the working-man on strike in return for the weekly sums coaxed or bullied out of him by the union committee: the help that enables him to prolong to such little purpose the strike which a union committee ordered him to begin? The very fact that unions wilfully provoke and embitter all kinds of differences between masters and men should render them hideous in our eyes. What is all the good they have ever done compared with the suffering and the evil passions born of one such strike as that of the tailors in 1834, or that of the building trades in 1859? But for these unions, strikes would be almost unknown. Wherever you find the former in full play, the latter are sure to follow. Wherever strikes are most frequent, there shall the unions be most powerful. The amount of mischief contained in the one may always be tested by the extent, duration, and disastrous issues of the other.

Just think of the world of meaning expressed in the fact of some twenty thousand builders being on strike, most of them for more than four months, and depending—more than half of them—on the few shillings a-week doled out by their own unions, aided at last by frequent contributions from the purses of fellow-workmen employed in various parts of the country. Think of the loss in wages to themselves, in bodily health and comfort to a thousand families, in

* For this and other useful facts see "Workmen's Earnings, Strikes, and Savings." By Samuel Smiles. London: Murray. 1861.

profits and productive power to the masters, and to many a tradesman besides. Think of seventy or eighty thousand pounds of their own and their comrades' savings squandered in a few months; and all this for what end?—simply, that some of them should be allowed to resume work on the old terms wherever their places had not yet been filled by wiser men. For, hundreds of new hands had meanwhile been taken on, so that even six months after the first lock-out, fifteen hundred of the old workmen were still without a penny beyond the pittance they could draw from the union fund.

Or turn to the great strike of the Preston cotton-spinners in 1854, when, according to Mr. Smiles, "about 17,000 persons remained idle for thirty-six weeks," in order that their employers might yield to a number of unfair and foolish demands. After a loss in wages of half a million sterling, and a fruitless outlay by their own and the neighbouring unions of £97,000, these poor misguided workmen went back to their work on the old terms, with nothing better to show for their patient devotion to a bad cause than "broken hearts, ruined homes, and moral and physical desolation." By another strike of Glasgow cotton-spinners in 1837, about 29,000 persons were more or less harmed, and during the last weeks of it only one and sixpence could be allowed to each member of a union. After a loss of nearly £80,000 in wages to the men, and of more than £100,000 of coincident gains to the town itself, this strike also ended just where it began, at least as far as the masters were concerned.* No matter how slight or rotten the ground for it, a strike is sure to happen if the union wills it. For a rise in wages or against a fall, for the right of equal wages with some other district where the masters can better afford the higher wages, for an equal distribution of earnings among the more and the less skilled, for the exclusion of non-union men or new machinery, a body of workmen will turn out by order at a moment's notice, and bear an amount of privation and mental suffering that

would have raised them into heroes in a nobler cause.

But when strikes are immediately successful, the afterfruits to the workman are even worse than at other times. A calico printing firm near Glasgow yielded, in 1835, to a compromise with their workmen who had struck a few months before. Six months later the firm became bankrupt, and of the 2,000 men who had just been drawing thirty shillings a week and upwards, only a few were afterwards able to find employment at eight shillings a week. Like results have happened elsewhere. Ireland has been especially famous for successful strikes, and where now are the trades among which they happened? "The shipwrights and sawyers," says Mr. Smiles, "carried every point with their masters; and in the course of a few years there was not a single master shipwright in Dublin." The manufacturers of flannel, silk, lace, and gloves have decayed from a like cause. The blanket trade of Kilkenny, and the iron trade of Dublin have been wholly or nearly destroyed by the tyranny that workmen wielded over their masters. Many a capitalist and numbers of able workmen have been driven from time to time to seek elsewhere the fair opening refused them in Ireland. In short, we may lay it down as a general rule, that strikes of every sort, got up on whatever grounds, and marked by whatever show of immediate success, are sure in the long run to bring defeat, if not always utter ruin on those who carry them out.

On the other hand, wherever Trade Unions are not, or have ceased to be, there disagreements between masters and men have seldom arisen, and never, we might almost say, been pushed to the length of an open and protracted war. Wherever these unions have failed to monopolize the better kinds of work, and to force wages for their own members above the market rates for the time being, there the non-union workmen have drawn for years past a steadily increasing amount of wages, marred by none of those forced breaks and extreme fluctuations which the union-

* "Trades' Unions, Combinations, and Strikes." By Thos. M. Busted, B.A., London and Dublin. 1860.

ridden districts have repeatedly shown. Even in spite of unions and their brood of consequent evils, the average working man in these islands receives at this moment better pay, in proportion to the means of living, than workmen in the best paid countries of either hemisphere; far better pay than the best paid English workmen were thankful to receive some fifty years ago. Never, indeed, in the palmiest days of our social history have our working classes been so well off as now.

"O, fortunati nimium sua si bona norint!"

When adult workmen in the iron trades earn from thirty shillings up to seven and ten guineas a week; when a pound a week is the lowest wages for adult workers in cotton factories; when bricklayers, masons, smiths, millwrights, pattern-makers, earn from thirty to thirty-three shillings a week; when a hundred pounds a-year is below the average income earned by the family of a Lancashire workman, while three hundred is nothing out of the way; when, in short, we find that the average earnings of an artisan's household, taken by themselves apart from all questions of social usages telling in the artisan's favour, rise above the average of middle-class incomes, we may well be excused for wondering at the obstinate blindness to their real good which still possesses so many of the finest workmen in the world; and for inveighing at the wild improvidence which reduces the best of them to downright pauperism after a few weeks of passing inaction.

In the face of such blindness and such improvidence, what is the use of crying up, as so many sham reformers are wont to do, the intellectual greatness of the working man? Is the average workman worthy to be trusted with the franchise which a ten pound householder thinks nought of selling for a five pound note? The earnings of the average workman still "go in at the spigot and come out at the bung-hole." The higher they are, the less chance have they of reaching the savings' bank, especially if the Trade Union steps in to claim what the gin shop and the weekly "outing" may have spared. Married or single his main thought is to make one moment what he spends the next. His self-respect is undermined by the

fruits of self-indulgence or domestic misfortune, and his moral eyesight clouded by the rant of mischievous demagogues speaking from the tap-room or through the press. Beyond a certain readiness to obey the commands of a union committee, he has no notion of voluntary self-denial, or of any large sympathy with workmen outside his own clique. To live and let live is not his rule of action. His natural selfishness turns him not only against his employer, but against those who trespass on his fancied rights, by seeking to enter his own field of work. The interests of his trade he measures chiefly by the amount of his master's power to withstand a combination of his men. Looking on his master as the traditional foe of his own class, he willingly lends himself to any scheme for killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, by narrowing the other's free agency, and grasping at an undue share of those very profits on which their mutual welfare must depend. It is almost useless to talk of the self-balancing virtues of free competition, and the mutual interests of capital and labour to men who cannot realise the gross injustice of driving others from the work they themselves may have wilfully abandoned, and the amazing cruelty of bringing thousands of families to the brink of ruin for the enforcement of some demand, the allowing or the rejecting of which may bring the employer into nearly equal danger of losing his all.

That the workman is not always alone to blame, that his grievances may sometimes rest on a slight ground of reason, we shall not for one moment deny. Selfishness reigns everywhere, and a single master here and there may be as blind to his ultimate interests as most workmen are to their own. The manufacturers of the North are not much wiser than the farmers of the South. There is also a power for good or evil in mere personal behaviour, which some masters are too liable to overlook. As in house-keeping, so in the factory or the mine, it is not the master who pays highest, but he who displays the kindest heart or the most popular manners, whose servants are generally the most contented. Personal influence will always go far with uneducated minds. But for one reason

and another, the quarrel between labour and capital is usually all on one side: a quarrel started by blind selfishness on the one hand, against enlightened selfishness on the other. The workman strives to get the best wage he can: the master finds his interest in giving the best wage he can from time to time afford. In the mechanical trades the same rule holds good as in house-keeping or the tradesman's shop. The master offers his men such wage as his own purse, the nature of his work, and the state of the labour-market may allow. If his terms are below the average, he must either agree to raise them or content himself with an inferior set of men. When the labour-market is well stocked, his choice of workmen will be greater and their wages proportionally less. When the workmen are few and their employers in proportion many, wages will rise as surely as the quicksilver does with an easterly wind. If the master's profits are unusually high, fresh competitors soon bring them down to a fair level; if low, they shortly begin to rise again by the outflow of capital into other fields. So also with the workman's wages; according as they are high or low, do workmen seek or abandon a given trade. It is the interest alike of workman and master to increase the capital, that insures to the one his regular wages and to the other a fair return for former outlay. As the master's wealth increases, the workman's average wages will also rise, while a steady demand for any given article will keep the demand for labour steadily abreast of the supply. Hence it is that, in spite of the many hindrances they have thrown in their own way, the working classes of Great Britain have drawn gradually higher wages for the last thirty or forty years; and wages not only higher in themselves, but representing also a much higher amount of purchasing-power. In good truth, the competition of their employers is the best

surety for fair play to the working-men. If the former, shackled as they have been by unionist dictation and reckless strikes, have stood their ground against foreign competitors by dint of sheer energy, boldness, and weight of purse, how much greater might have been their success, and how much steadier the improvement of the working-classes, if the latter had shown a little less eagerness to grasp beforehand the good they were sure to receive in due time, and a little more inclination to follow the Christian rule of doing to others as we would have them do unto us.

How long will the working man shut his eyes to truths which no unprejudiced thinker can be slow to perceive? All of us, doubtless, if we did but know it, have some fond prejudice which no amount of rational discussion can quite dispel, some dear old rag of intellectual childishness to which we cling as faithfully as our children do to the last shred of some long familiar toy. But this particular prejudice on the part of labour against capital has wrought such harm already, that no true patriot could give it a moment's quarter, if he only knew in what part of his body an Achilles so mischievous might receive his death-wound. We fear that time alone and hard experience will open the eyes of the working man. Through various channels the light will gradually force its way, but we must neither hope too much nor give up all hoping, because the signs of improvement may long remain so few. Whatever may lead him to think for himself, to look beyond the present, to deny himself aught for the sake of others, to desire the comforts of a decent home, to enlarge the sphere of his sympathies, and sharpen his perceptions of right and wrong, will do more to hasten the desired result than the longest array of unimpeachable arguments addressed to his intellect alone.

STRAY LEAVES OF IRISH SATIRE.

THERE would be little profit in commencing with a guess as to the origin of satire, and a dissertation on the etymology of the word. For the latter we refer to the commentators on Horace, Juvenal, and Aristophanes; and as to the first, every country that possesses a literature, vocal or written, is in possession of a body of satirical effusions, not borrowed from other peoples but of unmistakeable home growth. Satire being the outward expression of discontent with the treatment of our rulers or fellow-citizens, or with a relaxation of morals, or absurdity of customs among our neighbours, no Briton, ancient or modern, would think of lashing a Chinese Mandarin, or ridiculing the stunted feet of his wife, while smarting under the tyranny of his neighbour, Justice Oldmixon, or disgusted with the hoops and porkpie hat of his flaunting lady.

This is so far fortunate for the writer, as it saves him from giving the history of satire as it existed in Rome and Athens, and from instancing the witty contests of two irritated Greenlanders, when instead of meeting within a ring of fancy men with low foreheads and heads broad behind, and pounding each other's faces, they stand opposite each other, and in neat poetic satire, abuse each other till the delighted crowd award the palm to the more-clever scold.

Taking the sensitive, apprehensive, excitable Celtic character into account, we naturally calculate on the flourishing condition of satire among our ancestors, and are not disappointed. What stickler for the glory of "Tara of the Kings" does not expatiate on the generosity of kings and chiefs, Danaan or Milesian, to the bards, whether of the four hundred and fifty, or the one hundred and fifty legends! Their generosity will not be here denied, but the motive in many cases was the dread of being lampooned by the wandering minstrel if left unrequited. It formed an item in the general belief that a master in satirical verse could inflict disease or death on the object of his

dislike, and not only on human beings sensible to the venom of the verses, but even on unreasoning brutes. Rats and mice were particularly obnoxious to the rhymsters on account of their household depredations.

Belief in this supposed power of the Irish rhymers was not confined to their own country. The following instances are cited from English writers in allusion to the antipathy entertained for these "small deer" by the bards. *Rosalind*, in "As you like it," uses this expression, "I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras's time, that I was an Irish rat." Ben Jonson gives the direction—

"Rhime them to death as they do Irish rats
In drumming tunes."

Randolph, in the "Jealous Lovers," says—

"And my poet
Shall, with a satire steeped in vinegar,
Rhime them to death, as they do rats in
Ireland."

The following verses are found in "Rhythmes against Martin Mac Prelate."

"I am a rimer of the Irish race,
And have already rimde thee staring mad;
But if thou cease not thy bold jests to
spread,
I'll never leave thee till I've rimde thee
dead."

Admirers of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, will probably desire to taste the quality of the satire so much dreaded by the ancestral mice of Ireland. Here it is, but divested of the poetic form in which probably its pungency lay. Seanchan, chief bard of Ireland, being in a sulky mood at the court of the hospitable Guaire, king of Connaught, and refusing food for some days, is at last obliged by hunger to condescend to touch an egg. But see the waywardness of destiny! Between the roasting and the dishing, and all through Bridget's negligence, the mice have pierced the shell, and intermeddled with white and yolk. The reader, hungry or mindful of past hunger, can scarcely blame the

uneven-tempered bard for thus denouncing the thievish tribe :

SEAN: "The mice, though sharp are their beaks,
Are not powerful in the battle of warriors,
Venomous death I'll deal out to the tribe;
In avengement of Bridget's leavings."

MOUSE: "Small were the leavings you left:
It was not abundance you retired from,
Receive payment from us; receive compensation;
Don't satirize us, O learned Bard."

BRIDGET: "Thou mouse that art in the hole,
Whose utterance is opposition,
'Twas thou, whose claws are not short,
That ate my leavings in your amblings."

MOUSE: "My own son of the white breast,
Thou art the non-observer of ordinances;
To the mighty and luxurious bardic body,
Is the knowledge of it, thou little doomed being."

SEAN: "Clear ye out of your spacious abodes,
As we are prepared to convict you;
Come ye all out of the burrow,
And lie down here, O ye mice!"

Out creep ten mice, hold up their miserable paws and die; but the hungry and ill-tempered poet bethinks it poor revenge after all; and proceeds to satirize the feline tribe, who should have restrained such depredations—ay, even in the person of their King and Chief Brehon, Hirusan son of Arusan, who at that moment was enjoying existence in the far-off cave of Dowth on the Boyne, in the bosom of his royal household, namely *Sharp Teeth* his queen, daughter of *Fiery Mouth*, princess *Sharp Tooth* his daughter, and the princes, viz.,

the *Purrer of Cruachan* and *Surly Rough Tooth*. This was the thunderbolt launched eastwards from Cruachan of the Kings in Roscommon to the rich meadows of Meath:

"Hirusan son of Arusan, of the monstrous claws—remnant food of the otter—cow-tail-hanging Irusan—similar to a horse watching a horse; a monster is Irusan."*

In the entertainments furnished by the bards to the princes and chiefs, and their little courts, and of which the exploits of Fion and Osgur formed the great feature, pieces ridiculing the doings of hostile or unfriendly chiefs were occasionally introduced; but for obvious reasons these ill-natured effusions could not become generally popular, however well received in this or that locality. Hence while multiplied copies were made of the "Pursuit of Diarmuidh," of the "Battle of Gabhra," and of the "Chase of Glan-a-Smol," there are but very few relics of the old satiric effusions extant. The best that has come under our notice is the "Proceedings of the Bardic Association," the object of which was to expose the selfishness and arrogance of the minstrels of the sixth century, and cover them with ridicule.

The bards, with the dowager of the last chief bard, and all, amounting to upwards of a thousand people, are the guests of the thrice hospitable Guaire, king of Connaught. All are magnificently lodged in a building constructed expressly for their comfort; but every night some one is seized with a dreadful longing for an unattainable delicacy, and if that is not gratified within twenty-four hours, the king must look upon himself as branded with the name of niggard. The great dowager wakes up in a fright and rouses the whole thousand of literary epicures with the enumeration of what she must get, or die of inanition. Sympathise with the poor king when he hears the beadroll:—
A bowl of the ale of sweet milk; the

* *Paraphrase of the above.*—O Arusan, when the mouse gets into his hole you can only dart your claws at him for spite. O Arusan, when your great great grandfather was once asleep by the side of a pond, the otter bit off the tips of his ears; and since then the ears of your clan are jagged and incomplete. O Arusan, the cow's tail does not hang more limp than yours, when a mouse escapes you. O Arusan, as a horse watches a horse, so do the mouse and yourself each keep his attention fixed on the movements of the other.

marrow of a wild hog's ankle-bone; a pet cuckoo on an ivy tree (the time being the Christmas holidays); a girdle of the yellow lard of a white boar; a steed with a brown mane and white legs; and a beautiful mantle of spiders' silk. The distracted king runs to a sanctuary, and thus pours out his misery :—

"Here is my sorrow, O Son of my God!
Through all that happened to me yesterday;
Thrice fifty learned men—a vexatious clan,
Who came to this palace with Seanchan.

"Though great is the number of austere bards,
That came to Durlus of Guaire,
Each enjoyed pleasure and entertainment
Until the old woman intruded.

"Great was the task I took in hand,
To administer to the learned of sumptuous living;
Should any depart from my house unsupplied,
In vain to this day has been my generosity.

"Why hath the KING of the brilliant Sun
Conferred on myself his likeness?
Should he of his bounty not grant to me
Means to protect my countenance?"

The only feasible plan of escaping disgrace that he can hit on, is to pass near the rath of a bitter enemy, and by death escape dishonour; but he is relieved by his brother, a holy man who has charge of the royal pigs.

Those curious in such matters, will find a list of ancient satires in Doctor O'Donovan's "Tribes of Ireland," the only ones we can mention being that made on Sir John Stanley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1414, by Nial O'Higgin, a poet of Westmeath; the satire of Athairne of Howth, on the men of Leinster, for killing his son (this poetic curse withered the foliage, corn, and grass through the province), and the well-merited satire on the Earl of Thomond in 1572, after he had hung up three of the fraternity.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the agents of Mountjoy and Carew employed the Red Angus O'Daly to satirize the Irish chiefs and the Irish-favouring Anglo-Norman lords through the country. He cunningly seized on the only bad quality that

no previous ill-wisher had ever thought of endowing them with—stinginess; so that after his finishing hand they might appear not to be in possession of a single virtue. A literal translation was put into the hands of poor Clarence Mangan, from whose not very faithful version the following lines are selected :—

ANGUS O'DALY'S SATIRE ON THE IRISH TRIBES.

"By my oath, my friend Charley, you've covered with shame
And a cloud of dishonour, the name of O'Connor.
You stint your poor children; you starve your fair dame.
They are all such squelettes as a man shall see once. For heaven's love give them something substantial.

"The tribe of O'Kelly, the screws whom I hate,
Will give you goat's milk mixed with meal on a plate.
This hotch-potch they'll heat with burnt stones, and how droll! some
Among them will tell you 'tis pleasant and wholesome.

"The clan Rickard I brand as a vagabond crew,
Who are speeding to wreck fast. Ask them for a breakfast!
They march to mass daily on Sundays, 'tis true;
But within their house portal,
To a morsel, was never admitted a mortal.

"To the north of Lough Sheelan, in winter, they say,
The people subsist on a half meal a day;
But when spring comes about, and while summer too blesses
Their fields, they have three meals of shamrocks and cresses.

"The men of Fermanagh, though certes no fools,
Are a race that search bread crumbs as ducks search the pools.
Of all shabby acts I know nothing forlornier
Than their practice of hiding the cake in the corner.

"O'Hanlon the tattered I saw in the glen,
Getting ready a dinner for Orior's thin men.
He was roasting it brown on two bars of a narrow
Old gridiron there—'twas the leg of a sparrow!

"One day feeling footsore and faintish, I made
By tardy approaches my way to the
Roches:
It relieved me at least to creep into the
shade.
I got bread, but my landlady shut her
Old rat-haunted cupboard at once on the
butter.

"Three reasons there were why I lately
withdrew
In a hurry from Bantry: its want of a
pantry
Was one; and the dirt of its people was
two.
Good! how they daub and bespatter
Their duds! I forget the third reason:
no matter.

"I've a horror of Thomond, because after
noon
In its houses you never meet noggin or
spoon.
Twelve o'clock daily there bounds the
stomach's horizon,
And food after that you can nowhere clap
eyes on.

"The pinch-bowel clan of Mac Mahon the
Red,
Give you just on your dish the bare sha-
dow of bread.
An ant put in harness, I think, would be
able
To drag their best cake and their biggest
from table.

"Last, O'Meagher, for yourself—last though
certes not least—
You're a prince, and are partial to mirth
and the feast.
Huge cauldrons, vast fires, with fat sheep,
calves, and cows, and
Harp music, distinguish your house mid
a thousand."

The Red Bard was rewarded for
his lampoon by a death-wound from
the skean of one of the followers of
O'Meagher, the only chief who had
escaped his foul tongue. The man
had probably not read the *Æneid*, yet
he had some instinctive knowledge of
the advice given by Laocöon to the
Trojans looking up at the Wooden
Horse.

A certain Dr. Whaley, the son of
one of Cromwell's followers, had his
abode in Stephen's-green in the end
of the seventeenth century, and pub-

lished astrological almanacs at the
sign of the Pot in that fashionable
square. Another poet of the clan
O'Daly, wrote a bitter cursing dia-
tribe on him. This satire, in whole
or in part, would not tend to edifica-
tion if translated for these pages.

Much blame is given our old native
chiefs, and our Hibernicised Butlers,
and Fitzgeralds, and Olan Rickards,
and Fitzhenrys, for their profuse
housekeeping, conducting their de-
scendants of our times to the dread-
ful room of the Incumbered Com-
missioners in Henrietta-street. Many
of these felt the folly of the proceed-
ing as much as any of their modern
censurers; but the political circum-
stances and the social usages of their
epochs, made it as imperative on them
to support in idleness their numerous
hangers on, as our laws would, to
oblige a shop-keeper of Grafton-street
to support his seventeen children.
The Plearaca (feast) was translated
by Dean Swift.

PLEARACA NA RUARCACH.

"O'Roark's noble fare will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there, or those who
were not.

"His revels to keep, we sup and we dine
On seven score sheep, fat bullocks and
swine.

"Usquebaugh to our feast in pails was
brought up;
A hundred at least, and a madder* our
cup. . . .

"Come harper strike up; but first by your
favour,
Boy give us a cup. Ah! this hath some
savour.

"O'Rourk's jolly boys ne'er dreamt of the
matter,
Till roused by the noise of the music and
clatter.

"They bounce from their nest, no long^{er}
will tarry;
They rise ready drest, without one Ave-
Mary.

"They dance in a round, cutting capers and
ramping,
A mercy, the ground did not burst with
their stamping.

* Correctly *medher*, a square wooden cup, carved; *mazer* belongs to the family.
The writer has seen medhers in ordinary use in farm houses on the slopes of the
Black Stairs and White Mountain, county Wexford.

sheer force, as we read in the ensuing words of the same document, which explain that he who would obtain one of these kingships could not succeed "unless he be the strongest of his nation, for there shall be none chief captain in any of the said regions by lawful succession, but by *forte main* and election; and he that hath the strongest army and the hardest sword among them hath best right and title; and," concludes the commentator on this custom, "by reason thereof, there be but few of the said nations that be at peace within themselves, but commonly rebelleth alway against their chief capytaine."

Above all lands, Ireland was the country where a man's worst foes were those of his own household, and where the proverb that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and the truism that a crowned head is an uneasy one, were most fulfilled. And it was the land where, more than elsewhere, when its kings were delirious the people suffered.

Every circumstance, whether natural or artificial, conspired to keep the country poor. The humid atmosphere and clouded sky almost forbade the growth of corn, and the laws and wars of the inhabitants combined to ratify the decree. Where tenure of the soil was only for twelve months, and that of life was even less secure, few would build, and many would not till. And when intestine contests racked the land, its desolation was almost complete. In the vast desert around Coleraine, as we see depicted in a map of 1552, the red deer, wolf, and wild cat enjoyed undisturbed possession. Of the testimonies as to the effect of thanistry and male-gavel in preventing clans from becoming a civilized nation, the most conclusive is the fact that the population of the region under consideration did not increase, taking the numerical strength of its military force as the criterion, from the era when its *ard-righ* brought 3,000 men, as aforesaid, to besiege Trim Castle, until the end of the sixteenth century, a term of four hundred years. It is true that when extraordinary exertions were made to procure foreign auxiliaries, double

that number was brought into the field; but in ordinary years, as in 1586, the standing armament was 300 horse and 1,500 foot, composed of the O'Neills, who were all cavaliers, the Quins, Hogans, Donnellyns, and the native galloglachs. These were the indigenous regulars, in aid of whom, in case of need, whole clans of Scots, sometimes to the number of 3,000, were brought over. On these mercenaries, whom sub-chiefs paid and victualled, the strength and greatness of O'Neillmore always stood.

Let us see what was the size of his country, which, while it remained in such hands, did not support the hundredth part of the number of human beings it was capable of maintaining. Tyrone proper—*Tir-eoghan*, i.e., the land of the Eoghanachs, or men descended from Owen O'Neill—had no precise and permanent limits. But their kings laid claim to a territory described as marked by great and unmistakable natural boundaries, always declaring that their dominion extended "from the Boyne to the Fynne at Loughfoyle," and included political sovereignty over their *oir-righa*, or sub-kings, such as the chiefs of Oriel and Fermanagh. During our hero's reign, his power reached from Newry to Loughfoyle, and from Lough Erne to the Bann. Sometimes, indeed, he made the blood-red hand felt (and he had *la main longue*) as far as the gates of Carrickfergus, for only in Ulster within the walls of this foreign seaport town were his laws disregarded. The size of Tyrone was unknown to the Dublin government, to whom it was *terra incognita*, and not until after two or three incursions could the lord lieutenant form even a guess at its extent. In 1541* it was conjectured to be forty miles in length and breadth, though in reality it was much larger, viz., about seventy statute miles long by fifty broad, of oblong form, as including the present shires of Derry and Armagh. In this instance, the saying, "*omne ignotum pro magnifico habetur*" was not verified, for subsequently this extensive district was thought† to be about the size of Kent, whereas the present county of Tyrone is nearly as large

* State Papers, vol. III., p. 356.

† State Papers, vol. III., p. 342.

The character of Dean Swift has been roughly handled by clever and bilious critics; but their strictures have either not been heard of, or not valued by the great mass of the Irish populace, who have not believed, and will never believe, any thing affecting his goodness of heart or his patriotism. These very apocryphal anecdotes are all attached to his memory at fireside re-unions.

Going along the road one day, he found a boy minding a brood of young pigs. "Who owns these fine young pigs, my boy?" "The sow there, sir." "Very good, indeed." The next interview of Dean and boy took place in his parlour, when the lad brought him a present of a salmon; and the Dean, for foolishly volunteering a lesson of politeness, found himself obliged, in the war of wits, to hand a half-crown to the youngster. For the particulars, see any old jest-book. The boy becomes the Dean's own man; and as they are on a journey, the master expostulates with him for having neglected the polishing of his boots. "Sir, I did not see the good, as they will be as dirty as ever before night." "Oh, very well!" Next morning they set out again, the boy not having got breakfast. "Sir, you forgot to order breakfast for me." "What would be the use of breaking your fast? You would be as hungry as ever before night." As they jog along they join a traveller, who enters into conversation with the man. "Who is the gentleman before us?" "That, sir, is the great Dane Swift." "And where are you going to-day?" "To heaven, sir." "Why, man, this is only the road to Bandon." "No matter. My master's praying, and I'm fasting: can you show me a better road?"

But to the Roman Catholic peasant and his family the Dean's memory is still further endeared by the following tradition, which even Dr. Wilde would find some difficulty in persuading them to discredit.

The Dean being on his death-bed, and receiving ghostly assistance from a Protestant clergyman, acknowledged that he died in peace with all mankind except one priest of *Dirty-lane* chapel; him he could not find it in his heart to forgive. "But you know you must be in charity with all mankind: no exception can be allowed." At last he consented to see the offending

priest, and part in peace with him, the officiating clergyman waiting outside till the conference should be over. It held so long that he lost patience, and looking in, he found the priest administering the last sacrament to the patient. "Oh, if you ever rise from that bed, I'll have you stripped of your gown." "Ah! if I ever rise, I'll have you transported for admitting a priest to the bed-side of a man not in his right mind."

Every one knows the exertions of the Dean to prevent the Irish people from being saddled with Wood's bad halfpence and farthings, and his efforts to have home-made clothing preferred to English importations. He could or would have been severely punished if any one was found, for a large reward, to bring the authorship of certain pamphlets home to him. But informing, except for spite or resentment, is not reckoned among our national vices, and the patriotic Dean escaped prosecution. Mrs. Mary Howitt mentions in her preface to "Wood Leighton," that her great-grandfather, William Wood, the patentee for the bad halfpence, was ruined by the selfish cunning of Swift. Ruined he might have been through Dr. Swift's love of his country, but certainly neither cunningly nor for any selfish purpose.

The following verses are from "An Excellent New Song on a Seditious Pamphlet, 1720," and "William Wood's Petition, 1725":—

"Brocadoes, and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are by Robert Ballantine lately brought over,
With forty things more; now hear what the law says:
'Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.'
"Though a printer and dean
Seditiously mean,
Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

"This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *coram nobis* so oft has been called,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen:
And if swearing can do't, shall be swingingly manled.

And as for the dean—
 (You know whom I mean)—
 If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce
 come off clean.
 Then we'll buy English silks for our
 wives and our daughters,
 In spite of his deanship and journey-
 man Waters."

"My dear Irish folks, come leave off your
 jokes,
 And buy up my halfpence so fine:
 So fair and so bright, they'll give you
 delight;
 Observe how they glisten and shine!

"Come hither and try: I'll teach you to
 buy
 A pot of good ale for a farthing.
 Come! three pence a score: I ask you
 no more;
 And a fig for the Drapier and Harding!

"When tradesmen have gold, the thief will
 be bold,
 By day and by night for to rob him:
 My copper is such, no robber will touch;
 And so you may daintily bob him.

"The little blackguard, who gets very hard
 His halfpence for cleaning your shoes,
 When his pockets are crammed with mine,
 and ——
 He may swear he has nothing to lose.

"Here's halfpence in plenty—for one you'll
 have twenty,
 "Though thousands are not worth a
 pudden.
 Your neighbours will think, when your
 pocket cries chink,
 You are grown plaguy rich on a sud-
 den."

Having once secured one of the
 "Drapier's Letters," original edition,
 printed by —— Harding, in Moles-
 worth-court, the writer of this article
 discovered the entrance to the same
 court on Wood-quay; and passing
 through a covered way, going up di-
 lapidated steps, and taking a sudden
 turn to the left, he found himself in
 Fishamble-street, that once fashion-
 able locality. The Fishamble-street
 arm of the angle is now altogether
 destroyed, and there is little in the
 other to reward a pilgrim's zeal.

The expressions, "As rich as Damer,"
 "If I owned Damer's estate," are
 current in the country parts of Lein-
 ster, at least were so in our youth.
 The only thing definite we could ever
 learn of him, till we met with the fol-
 lowing elegy, was that he used to ex-

hibit his treasures at a shilling or six-
 pence per head. His local habitation
 was also unknown to our informants;
 more happy in this than his unfortu-
 nate myriad of debtors.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DAMER,
 THE USURER, WHO DIED THE
 6TH OF JULY, 1720.

"Know all men by these presents, Death,
 the tamer,
 By mortgage has secured the corpse of
 Damer;
 Nor can four hundred thousand sterling
 pound
 Redeem him from his prison under
 ground. . . .
 He walked the streets, and wore a thread-
 bare cloak;
 He dined and supped at charge of other
 folk;
 And by his looks, had he held out his
 palms,
 He might be thought an object fit for
 alms.
 Where'er he went, he never saw his bet-
 ters;
 Lords, knights, and squires, were all his
 humble debtors;
 And under hand and seal, the Irish na-
 tion
 Were forced to own to him their obliga-
 tion.
 He that could once have half a kingdom
 bought,
 In half a minute is not worth a groat.
 His coffers from the coffin could not save,
 Nor all his interest keep him from the
 grave. . . .
 Oh, London tavern! thou hast lost a
 friend,
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing
 spend;
 He touched the pence when others touched
 the pot;
 The hand that signed the mortgage, paid
 the shot.
 Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
 On him could ever boast a power to seize.
 He who so long was current, 'twould be
 strange
 If he should now be cried down since his
 change.
 The sexton shall green sods on thee be-
 stow;
 Alas! the sexton is thy banker now.
 A dismal banker must that banker be,
 Who gives no bills but of mortality.

The last keen observation that came
 from his pencil, in a poetic form, was
 made towards the close of his life,
 when taking a drive through the Park
 in one of his lucid intervals. Point-
 ing to a building in course of erection,
 he asked the lady who was sitting

beside him, for what it was intended. On being told that it was to be a magazine, he requested his tablets, and wrote the following quatrain :—

"A solid proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen:
When nought is left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine."

It is a terrible task for a tolerably decent Christian of our times to strive to pick his steps through the indecencies and direful expressions of hate and contempt frequent in the poetical remains of the Dean of St. Patrick's. "Siegfried" of the Nibelungen lay, forged a blade so trenchant, that being applied to Mimer's helmet, and slightly pressed, it clove the man to the thighs. Being asked to describe his sensations, the victim said he felt as if a cup of water had been spilled on his head. He was ignorant of his state till, on attempting to rise, he fell asunder. Such, so keen, so polished was the weapon wielded by Pope, by Canning, by Moore, while Swift's offensive arms consisted of a gapped billhook and a shovelful of the dirtiest dirt he could collect.

Considerable tracts in the county of Kerry were granted to Trinity College about the middle of the seventeenth century. But as the learned proprietors took more interest in the pleasant fields of literature than the rocks and heaths of that wild county, their possessions were mismanaged by middlemen, and gross instances of tyranny occurred. Things were not improved by the Jacobite wars. A nameless scholar of the early part of last century endeavoured to enlist the sympathies of the Fellows by the following imitation of the first eclogue of Virgil. It is from a copy supposed to be unique, presented by Sir William Betham to Thomas Crofton Croker, and was published by the Percy Society.

THE KERRY PASTORAL.

MURROGHOH.

"To her (Trinity College) I owe the happiness you see;
'Twas she restored my farm and liberty,
For which full mathers to her health we'll drink,
And to the bottom stranded hogsheds sink—

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Good stranded claret wrecked upon our shore,
And when that's out, we'll go in search for more."

OWEN.

"When all these omens met at once, I knew
What sad misfortune must of course ensue.
But tell me, Murrogh, what the College is:
There's nothing more I long to know than this."

MURROGHOH.

"Owen, I was so foolish once, I own,
To think it like our little school in town,
Or like the school that's in Tralee, you know,
Where we to 'sises and to sessions goe,
And when arrested, stand each other's bail,
And spend a cow or two in law and ale.
I might compare Drumcon to Knockamore,
Curragh of Ballyline to Lissamore
With much more reason, but my dearest friend,
The College does our schools so far transcend,
Or all the schools that ever yet I saw,
As Karny's cabin is below Lixnaw."

OWEN.

"But what good fortune led you to that place?"

MURROGHOH.

"To tell my sufferings, and explain my case,
'Tis true I lost my landlord's favour by 't,
But then, dear Owen, I regained my right.
All my renewal fines with him were vain,
Nor pray'r nor money could my farm obtain.
What could I do but to the College run?
And well I did, or I should be undone.
There did I see a venerable board—
Provost and Fellows, men that kept their word.
They soon (for Justice here knows no delay),
Gave this short answer, 'Murrogh, go your way:
Return, improve your farm as before;
Begone, you shall not be molested more.'"

OWEN.

"Thrice happy you! who, living at your ease,
Have nought to do but see your cattle graze,
Speak Latin to the stranger passing by,
And on a shambrog bank reclining lie;
Or on the grassy sod cut points to play
Backgammon, and delude the livelong day."

MURROGHOH.

"Sooner shall Kerry men quit cards and dice,
Dogs be pursued by hares, and cats by mice,
Water begin to burn, and fire to wet,
Before I shall my College friends forget."

OWEN.

"But I must quit my dear Ivragh, and roam
The world about to find another home,
To Paris go with satchel crammed with books,
With empty pockets and with hungry looks;
Or else to Dublin to Tim Sullivan,
To be a drawer or a waiting man;
Or else perhaps, some favourable chance
By box and dice my fortune may advance.
But shall this foreign Captain force from me
My house, my land, my weirs, my fishery?
Was it for him, I these improvements made?
Must his long sword turn out my lab'ring spade?
Adieu, my dear abode!"

MURROGHOH.

"But stay, dear Owen! cosher here this night.
Behold the rooks have now begun their flight;
The sheep and lambkins all around us bleat;
The sun's just down; to travel is too late.
Slaecan and scollops shall adorn my board,—
Fit entertainment for a Kerry lord;
In egg-shells then we'll take our parting cup,
Lie down on rushes—with the sun get up."

In the original there is a profusion of italics, which, in mercy to the compositor, we have omitted. The whole piece is replete with allusions to the modes of life prevalent in the kingdom of Kerry 150 years ago.

In the early part of last century flourished a schoolmaster, William Moffet by name, who did not die till he had perpetrated two doggrel pieces in the metre of *Hudibras*—one called the "Irish Hudibras," and the other "Hesperi-neso-graphia," the latter being written for the express purpose of casting ridicule on the old Jacobite families of the country. It is as bitter as any of Swift's bitter pieces, and more dirty if possible, but nearly destitute of talent or poetic spirit. It is marked in Lowndes' catalogue of books as first published in London in

1755. Our copy is badly printed on coarse paper by Thomas Wilkinson, on the corner of Cook-street, Dublin; but he does not condescend to tell in what year. *Gillo* (correctly *Giolla*, an attendant) makes a feast, which concludes with a brawl, the ladies of the party exhibiting such powers and abuses of language as would be the death of a fishwoman. The boaster and coward of the story being hunted to the cowhouse, finds a black oxhide, returns, and as the devil, puts all to rout, and dire confusion ensues. Some of the best lines are quoted below. Countrymen of one book, when they can buy a copy, get the greater part of the poem by heart, as they do with the "Battle of Aughrim." From the lips of one of these repositories of stray literature we first made acquaintance with

GILLO'S PEDIGREE.

"In Western Isle, renowned for fogs,
For Tories, and for great wolf dogs,
For drawing hobbies by the tail,
And threshing corn with fiery flail,
And where in bowels of the ground
There are great heaps of butter found,
And where in leathern hairy boat,
O'er threatening waves, bold mortals float,
One Gillo lived, the son of Shane,
Who was the son of Patrick Bane,
Who was the son of Teigue the Tory,
Who, to his great and endless glory,
Out of a bush a shot let fly,
And killed a man that passed by,
For which he was advanced high,
Who was the son of Phelim Fad,
Who on his hand six fingers had;
Could twist horse shoes, and at one meal
With ease could eat the greatest veal
With's head, instead of hammer, could
Knock nail into a piece of wood;
And with his teeth, without least pain,
Could pull the nail from thence again."

Along with the reproach of fastening the plough-traces to the tails of our horses in old times, we were accused of setting fire to our loosened corn sheaves, and thus separating the grain without the trouble of threshing. If we are belied, may our calumniators be forgiven!

In the centre of the southern side of Stephen's-green stands a noble building, with a large stone lion reposing over the entrance, and finding his legs and tail encroached on by grass and weeds. Its fine halls and spacious apartments are now occupied by the students and professors of the

building known as the Catholic University; but while we were ruled by the Duke of Buckingham, and were so anxious that Prince George should enjoy an unfettered regency during the mental malady of his father, that mansion belonged to the great Buck Whalley, and witnessed many a noble feast and mad carouse.

At last, when all the pleasures that could be procured on Irish land were tried, and found to result in satiety and disgust, and his tailor and wine merchant began to disturb him, he resolved to seek new scenes of excitement, and made a wager that he would have a game of ball against the walls of Jerusalem. A bard who contributed to a collection of political squibs, entitled "Both Sides of the Gutter" (1790, or thereabouts) thus sung the going forth of the expedition:—

WHALLEY'S EMBARKATION.

TUNE—"Rutland Gigg."

"One morning walking George's Quay,
A monstrous crowd stopped up the way,
Who came to see a sight so rare—
A sight that made all Dublin stare.

Balloons, a vol. review,
Ne'er gathered such a crew,
As there did take their stand,
This sight for to command.

"Buck Whalley lacking much some cash,
And being used to cut a dash,
He wagered full ten thousand pound,
He'd visit soon the Holy Ground.

In Loftus's fine ship
He said he'd take a trip,
And Costello so famed,
The captain then was named.

"From Park-street down through College-green,
This grand procession now was seen.
The Boxing Chairmen first moved on
To clear away the blackguard throng;
Then Whalley debonair
Marched forward with his bear,
And Lawlor too was there
Which made Lord Naas to stare.

"Says Lawlor, 'Whalley, my dear friend,
My sage advice to you I'll lend.
As you this bet will win, no doubt,
I'll show you how to lay it out;
And Moore, that dirty whelp,
I'm sure will lend a help,
With box and dice, my buck,
We'll all have charming luck.'

"Next Heydon in her vis-a-vis,
With paint and ribbons, smile and glee;

As aide-de-camp, close by her side,
Long Bob the turkey-cock did ride;
And Guilford's Lord came next,
Who seemed extremely vexed,
To see the Lady's nob
So very close to Bob.

"Then came French valets two and two;
By garlick you'd have smelt the crew;
And large as any Shetland hog,
Came Watch, the black Newfoundland dog.

A Swiss bore in the train,
A baboon with a chain;
The striped post-chaise came by
With Zara and with Fly.

"In phaeton and six high reared,
Dudley Loftus next appeared:
A monkey perched was by his side,
Which looked, for all the world, his bride.
Poor Singleton in black
Upon a dirty hack,
With heavy heart moved on
To see his friend begone.

"And now behold upon the strand,
This cargo for the Holy Land,—
Bears, lap-dogs, monkeys, Frenchmen—
Bear-leaders, and dependants poor.
Black Mark lounged in the crew,
He'd nothing else to do:
Peg Plunket on her horse
Was surely there of course.

"His creditors, poor men, were there,
And in their looks you'd see despair,
For bailiffs he cared not a louse,
Because you know 'he's in the House.'
Cuffe from the Barrack Board
Swore by Great Temple Lord,
This action to requite,
Tom should be dubbed a knight.

"The Boxing Bishop, and at his back,
Jack Coffee, alias Paddy Whack.
His Grace had come, long may he live!
His benediction for to give.
He trod, though did not know,
On Napper Tandy's toe,
Who lent his Grace a clout,
And so they boxed it out.

"Now all embarked, this motley crew
Each minute lessened to the view;
And soon will plough the bolsterous main,
Wealth, honour, and renown to gain.
Jerus'lem's barren lands,
And Egypt's dreary sands,
Like wandering pilgrims, roam,
To bring much knowledge home.

"From Cork see Tom Fitzgerald steers,
His boat now trimmed in its best geers,
To give Beau Whalley an escort,
And see him safely out of port.
And in a fishing boat,
Astern was Lundy Foot,
With all his penny boys
To make a roaring noise."

The following piece is from the same collection, which includes squibs tending to promote very opposite objects. A good many are written to ridicule the Members who were anxious to invest the Prince with unrestricted powers. In every page "Rats" and "Round Robins" are to be met, and the Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Buckingham, comes in for much abuse. Grattan, Fitzgibbon, Sir Jonah Barrington, Flood, Castle-reagh, Pitt, and every public personage of the period, share in the plucking, the brave old king always excepted.

There is no need of a key to the names of the "Dogs" in the piece.

THE DOGS.

"Billy Pitt's a cunning dog, and though
he's rather young, sir,
Of all puppies in the land he's the first at
giving tongue, sir;
Buckingham's a greedy dog full loth to
quit his station,
Provided he gets prey, then the devil
take the nation!

Bow, wow, wow!

"Edmund is a lank greyhound, and fond
of giving bastings;
He lately raised the pack for to hunt
down Warren Hastings.
Sheridan's a clever dog, who hunts with
scent full keen, sir,
And Lansdowne is a shuffling dog who
fain would trim between, sir.

Bow, wow, wow!

"Charley, though a Fox-dog, to his friends
is thought a kind dog;
And North, once a famous dog, is now
become a blind dog.

Bow, wow, wow!

"Abingdon's a frothy dog, nor knows what
his intent is,
For 'tis, that, like his master, he's scarcely
compos mentis.
Gordon is a Newgate dog, for the Kirk a
steady watch-dog,
Tho' perhaps he stands alone, a disinter-
ested Scotch dog.

Bow, wow, wow!

"The Prince he is a noble dog as any in the
land, sir,
Though a vile pack of venal curs have
bound him foot and hand, sir;
But his Irish friends, like loyal dogs, no
fettters have inflicted,
For the toast throughout Ierne is—'The
Regent unrestricted.'

Bow, wow, wow!"

The subjoined *jeu d'esprit* on the probable effects of the Union by Counsellor Lysacht, is better known than several others of the pieces selected. The author was more distinguished for his poetic abilities and convivial qualities than for his success at the Bar. He was the contemporary and intimate of Curran, Sir Jonah Barrington, and the other champions of Irish independence, and was the author of "Donnybrook Fair," "Kate of Garnyvilla," and sundry convivial and love songs. Several interesting particulars of his life may be found in Sir Jonah Barrington's "Personal Memoirs."

EFFECTS OF THE UNION.

"How justly alarmed is each Dublin Cit,
That he'll soon be transformed to a
clown, sir!
By a magical move of that Conjuror
Pitt,
The country is coming to town, sir.
Chorus.—Give Pitt and Dundas and Jenky
a glass;
Who'd ride on John Bull, and
make Paddy an ass.

"Thro' Capel-street soon as you'll rurally
range,
You'll scarce recognise it the same
street:
Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal
Exchange,
Fine cabbages down along Dame-
street.
Chorus.

"Wild oats in the College won't want to be
tilled,
And hemp in the Four Courts may
thrive, sir;
Your markets again shall with muttons
be filled;
By St. Patrick, they'll graze there
alive, sir.

"In the Parliament House quite alive shall
there be,
All the vermin the land ever gathers;
Full of rooks as before, Daly's club-house
you'll see.
But the pigeons won't have any
feathers.

"Our Custom House quay full of weeds—
oh rare sport!
But the minister's minions—kind
elves, sir,
Will give us free leave all our goods to
export,
When we've got none at home for
ourselves, sir.

"Says an Alderman, 'corn will soon grow
in your shops;
This Union must work our enslave-
ment.'

'That's true,' says the Sheriff, 'for plenty
of crops
Already I've seen on the pavement'!

"We brave loyal yeomen, dress'd gaily in
red,
This minister's plan must elate us;
And well may John Bull when he's
robbed us of bread,
Call Ireland 'the land of potatoes.'"
Give Pitt, &c., &c.

In "Croker's Popular Songs of Ireland" Capel-street is made to connect the Castle with the College, and Dame-street finds its way northward from Essex Bridge. Daly's Club House extended from Anglesea-street to Foster-place,—a building worthy in its way of any European capital. The crops mentioned by the Sheriff, were the cropped heads of the United Irishmen.

Cotemporary with Lysacht and the other "Monks of the Screw," of whom "Pleasant Ned" was the laureate, flourished Counsellor Norcott, author of the "Metropolis," the "Seven Thieves," and the "Attorney's Guide," all very pungent and clever. These satires were published by Barlow, of Bolton-street, about 1804. Barlow was also the publisher of John Wilson Croker's "Familiar Epistles to Frederic Jones," patentee of Crow-street Theatre. Shiel and Barrington have left some records of the melancholy career of Norcott.

In 1821 was published a thin 12mo, called the "Dublin Mail," and composed in a spirit the reverse of friendly to his Majesty George IV. who had then hardly quitted our shores. The authorship is not certain; but some persons of judgment are of opinion that Thomas Moore and Thomas Furlong could have thrown light on the matter if they had been so disposed. A scholar of T.C.D. is supposed to give to a student of the Middle Temple a description of

KING GEORGE'S VISIT TO TRINITY COLLEGE.

"DEAR BOB—Like old Anacreon,
That jolly, toping dog,
I always write much better
When I take a glass of grog.

"Then here goes, for I've taken one,
Or two, or three, or four,
And drunk our jolly Irish King,
Till we could drink no more.

"With us to-day he dined—that is,
With all the wiggèd elves,
For we, poor scholars, proggèd upon
Short commons by ourselves.

"Yet Bob, we had our part, and so
We did it well and frisky;
For every glass of wine they drank,
We drank a glass of whiskey;

"Which, tho' not's good as wine, is very
Far before October,
For if we drank of that all night,
I'd still be beastly sober.

"Of course you know old Jacky Barrett,
Hat and wig also,
The snuff upon his chin and cravat,
Cuff and breeches too.

"He's four feet and a little bit,
His head as pumpkin big,
And in the height, most folks allow
Eight inches for his wig.

"Such was the man, all fixed upon
The Monarch to address;
Oh, would that thou wert bigger, Jack!
Or that thy wig was less.

"For such a queer Vice-Chancellor
Before a Royal eye,
Ne'er stood in this or any other
University.

"But what he wanted in his height,
He well made up in knowledge;
For all that know him, know his head
Is in itself a college.

"The man of all for weighty lore,
In nothing is he caret;
The learned Dominie Sampson was
A fool to Jacky Barrett.

"The day of glorious days arrives,
Spreads wide the bustling hum,
Barrett is ready: Hark, behold!
The mighty Monarch's come.

"His gait is grave, his look profound;
The Monarch turns aside
As if to sneeze, but oh! it was
A tittering laugh to hide.

"This soon passed off, and Jack commenced
His fine address to speak;
Some thought it would have been in Latin,
Others thought in Greek.

"However as the worthy speaker
Spoke it, so I send it;
And for the sake of Barrett, Bob,
I hope you'll comprehend it."

Here the speech intervenes.

agad arm, agus da m-beidh —
 "I owe you no rent, and if I did——!"

Thanistry, or succession to the two offices of king and his thanist or successor elect, was the institution most productive of domestic war; but as an explanation of the workings of this faction-fraught law would demand a treatise, we must be content with an occasional reference. As has been shown, one point in this code of succession, the instance of a son deposing his superannuated father, was carried in a peaceable manner: but this royal house was continually torn by the fiercest of all feuds, a family one, in contest for supremacy. The theory of thanistry has been much found fault with by English writers, in forgetfulness that the practice of its principles, which are suitable to a warlike age, was rife in their country in the times under view, when, as also in this country, there was no absolute law of succession to the throne: the claim of a daughter being uncertain, and that of a son, if a minor, yielding, as in the case of Edward V. to a vigorous uncle; and as when, previously, the aged and imbecile Henry VI. was deposed, and the Earl of Warwick made and unmade monarchs as he listed.

Whatever the Irish laws and customs were, the Irish clans preferred them to English usage, were slow in turning from thanistry to either primogeniture male or female succession, and very tardy in exchanging their special hold of the land for foreign feudal tenure, which, in their minds, was full of peril. By their code, they were heirs in common of the usufruct of their clan-country, and indefeasibly so, save by the sword of a conqueror, since, knowing no lord of the fee, their property was not liable to forfeiture for treason. On the other hand, should their king become subject to the crown of England, he would obtain a patent grant of hereditary estate in their lands, and turn them into mere tenants at will, compelled to work for their subsistence, and to pay rent. Should the verdict of a Saxon jury find him guilty of treason, his estate would be forfeited, and probably granted to a stranger. Again, if escaping this danger, he had no issue but a daughter, her hand, as that of a ward of the crown, would be either given or sold to

some Sassenach courtier, and then all the ills of absenteeism would fall upon them. Arguing thus, they acted on their proverb, that "stronger than the chief are the vassals," by very reasonably resisting their governor whenever he proposed to become converted from an elected deposable office-holder over a tribe into a feudal owner of an hereditary estate.

A vast deal of mistaken sentimentality has been expended on the supposed fact that the Irish people could not obtain an extension of English law to them, which they are supposed to have ardently desired. The very contrary is the case, for the great grievance of the Anglo-Irish was, that their neighbours, the chiefs of clans and their subjects, would not answer the King of England's writ, nor obey his laws. It was useless to naturalize a chieftain by act of Parliament, if he could not force his vassals to act otherwise than as aliens to Dublin law. By considering a legal case in point, we shall perceive where the rub lay between this law and our Tyrone Gael. In peaceable days, a Dundalk wine-merchant would freely barter a butt of wine with a mountain *dhuine-vassal*, on promise of being paid in fat cows: yet when the kine became due, how was he to recover the debt? If war had broken out, the bailiff, who boldly visited the debtor, was jeeringly told to take the cows if he could find them, and if not made to eat the King's writ, saw that the people of those parts had no fear of His Majesty before their eyes.

As there was no hope that the Irish would become obedient to any English laws until they were rendered subject to the entire code, the abolition of their titles to rank, power, and land, and the substitution of feudal deduction of title from the crown of England, became the prime political object of Henry VIII. and his successors as regarded the Irish chieftains.

In estimating the causes that retarded progress towards civilization among the Ulster Gael, while giving prominence to the operation of the law by which succession to power and property was regulated, we must recollect that it was part of their policy to possess little which could either tempt or maintain an invading army, and that they, therefore, in

and the wit not broad or coarse enough."

PRAISE AND DISPRAISE OF KINSALE.

PRO.—"As shepherds and ploughmen in
verses so clever,
Have sung of their heath-cover-
ed mountain or vale,
Why not a poor fisherman try his
endeavour,
To sing of his own native town
of Kinsale.

"For bathers of all sorts, we've hot
baths and cold ones,
And boxes for ladies, their
charms to conceal:
At all seasons, a skate you can
have, where no ice is,
Or a sinecure plaice you may
get at Kinsale.

"We've a Royal Hotel fit for kings
to repose in,
Built and furnished in style by
a brewer of ale,
Where are soft arm-chairs after
dinner to doze in,
While lulled by the zephyrs that
breathe o'er Kinsale.

COX.—"Dear Paddy, I got your poetic
epistle,
Along with the hake that you
sent by the mail.

"In all baits you're well skilled, you
cod-dragging curmudgeon,
To hook every fish from a sprat
to a whale;
But your lines shan't catch me—
by my sole I'm no gudgeon,
To flounder or starve in the
streets of Kinsale.

"I know your design is as usual—
sell fish,
For catch what you will, my
old boy (I'll be bail),
You'll jolt off to Cork your best
hake and best shell fish,
And leave barely a claw for the
town of Kinsale.

"Your bathers! och bathershin!—
Paddy, no boasting;
'Tis in Mallow our fair ones are
hearty and hale;
Those that drink of our spa, need
no boiling or roasting,
Like the coddled old dabs that
play cards in Kinsale."

Mallow, thus advantageously con-
trasted with the seaport, was a fa-
shionable place of resort during the
summer months, for a good part of

last century. A moderately warm
spring, approaching in quality the
hot-well waters of Bristol, gushing
from the bottom of a limestone rock,
a long assembly room, nicely laid out
walks, grottoes, cascades, and canals,
and above all, fashion, drew a numer-
ous assemblage thither annually in
search of health or amusement.

In the "Ulster Miscellany," 1753,
appeared some humorous verses in
praise of the institution, three of
which are subjoined. The metre is
that of the famous *Ballyspellin Spa*
of Drs. Swift and Sheridan.

A NEW BALLAD ON THE HOT WELLS AT
MALLOW.

"All you that are both lean and bare,
With scarce an ounce of tallow,
To make your flesh look plump and fresh,
Come, drink the springs at Mallow!

"For all that you are bound to do,
Is just to gape and swallow;
You'll find by that you'll rowl in fat,
Most gloriously at Mallow!

"Or if love's pain disturbs your brain,
And makes your reason shallow,
To shake it off, gulp down enough
Of our hot springs at Mallow!"

Human nature, especially Irish
human nature, seldom endures heat
as well as cold. However the hot
springs affected the ladies (we are
bound to believe that the result was
of the most satisfactory character),
they started the gentlemen on the
most abandoned and vicious courses,
as the laureate of the spa was obliged
to acknowledge in his sprightly lay
of the "Rakes of Mallow."

The little town of Kenmare, on the
bay of that name, once took it into
its head that Lord Lansdowne did
not so cherish it in his heart of hearts
as he should. Hearing that he was
coming down with Thomas Moore in
his company in 1823, it endeavoured
to excite his curiosity by a few extra-
ordinary verses, some lines of which
are subjoined:—

THE PRAISES OF NEDDEEN.

"Och! its there you will see both the
hedgehog and whale,
And the latter continually flapping his
tail,
Just to raise up a breeze for the fowls of
the air,
As the eagle, the jackass, or gosling so
fair,
While they sing round the cabins of
darling Neddeen!

" Their stone houses all are weather-slatted
with mud,
And the praties, and women, and whiskey
is good,
And the latter small hardware they
call it—poteen.
Small blame to them keeping no lamps
there at night,
Because of the girls whose eyes shows
them light.
You may talk of your lamps that is all
lit with gas,
Give me the black eye of a sweet colleen
dhas,
Such as light up the cabins of dar-
ling Neddeen !

" There the geese run about through the
midst of the street,
Ready-roasted, inviting the people they
meet
To eat, lord an' squire, cobbogue and
spalpeen ;
From the cows they get whiskey, the
ganders give milk,
An' their best woollen blankets is all
made of silk.
Their purty young girls they never grow
old,
And the sun never set there, last winter,
I'm told,
But stay'd lighting the pipes of the
boys of Neddeen."

The City of the Treaty Stone long smarted under the correction administered by Dr. MacDonnel, till at last a worthy son determined to rouse her from her sense of suffering by some stirring lay that should redound to her honour. A certain "Owen Something or Other," who kept a garden of pleasure in the suburbs, and by his spirits and good humour, and the crowds of his visitors, contrived to banish all care for the moment from the hearts of his patrons, furnished the occasion. Gerald Griffin gave a good picture in the "Collegians" (with whose name some impudent folks have taken an unallowed liberty) of the doings of these heroes ; and the poet, nameless, to our sorrow, celebrated the glories of Owen's garden, in other words, "Garryowen."

The specimens that follow can hardly be said to be either satirical or humorous, except from exhibiting the absurd in more or less quantity. They were the productions of schoolmasters, whose chief object was to exhibit their knowledge of the Pantheon. Many of them were probably well acquainted with Irish, but im-

perfectly with correct English. As the peasantry have been always distinguished by a thirst for knowledge and a great aptitude for listening to and retaining the wild products of the imagination, the heathen gods and goddesses were long popular embellishments to their songs and stories. Sitting comfortably round winter fires, one merit of a song was that it should be pretty long, in order that the trouble of getting a fresh one sung might not occur too frequently in the course of the evening. Then the airs being generally good, the lonely labourer in the field, or the young girl spinning or carding, beguiled the long hours and the monotonous labour with the soothing melody, paying little attention to the words, and probably admiring the language the more for not being very intelligible. The poet from whom the following verse is borrowed had no more simple mode of mentioning that two people met in a path than

" It being the limitation of slow approximation."

Space can be afforded only to the first verse of one of his *chefs d'œuvre* :—

" Ye Macedonian muses, ye bards of elocution,
With cheerfulness I hope you will attend ;
Ye sub-celestial deities, ye nymphs of Mount Parnassus,
Conjointly sympathise with a friend.
Your noncupative eloquence incessantly resound,
To praise a blooming seraphim whose equal can't be found,
Were I to circumnavigate this earthly globe all round,
And she dwells in yon valley so green."

It not being possible to find space for the "Colleen Rua" in full, the reader must be satisfied with a single verse—more's the pity !—

" Are you Aurora, or the goddess Flora,
Euterpe, Thalia, or Vanus bright,
Or Helen fair beyond compare,
Whom Paris stole from the Grecian sight ?
" You lovely fair one you've me enslaved ;
I'm inextricated by Cupid's clue,
Whose Gordian knots and insinuations
Have deranged my ideas for you, Colleen Rua."

In the "Buachal na Gruaga Downa" search is made through Europe, Asia, Rotterdam, the Holy Land, and the

burning desert of Arabia; and the hero is crowned with laurels, like *Ciligi* before *O'Mara*. It is not easy to ascertain where the learned author found these two worthies.

THE BUNCHEEN OF LUCHERO.

"As I roved for recreation down by a verdant river clear,
Where pure transparent water included by sylvans, steer,
The fields were spread with daisies, the fruit spontaneous seemed to grow,
And the banks were decorated with violets and green Luchero.

"I there perambulated, speculating through each verdant grove,
Being quite felicitated where anglers do alternate rove:
I spied a comely creature far fairer than the falling snow,
As she co-operated her violets and green Luchero.

"I gazed with admiration, contemplating the works of Jove:
I thought she was Pandora, fair Helen, or the Queen of Love.
Her notes when elevated, extirpated all my grief and woe,
As she was regulating her violets and green Luchero.

"The radiance of her beauty so well suited her majestic air,
I thought it too audacious or precarious to approach the fair.
Her hair it being long and rare, which doth profusely seem to grow,
And her frame full in proportion to her violets and green Luchero."

Luchero is a corruption of *Luachra*, "rushes." This seems a bad imitation of some Irish ballad. In Irish quatrains the first and third lines seem to have no relation, but the second and fourth lines rhyme, either by the consonantal or vowel sounds. The alliteration in Irish poetry is imitated in such ballads as the above, and is always made the most of by the singers.

THE BIRD ALONE.

"All you that are in pain now complain here along with me,
For I am quite uneasy and crazy, as you may see.
There's not the least occasion or reason for to make known,
But if my darling leaves me, for ever I will live alone.

"God be with old times, when I used to rove out at night,
Down by yon shady grove for to gaze on my heart's delight.
Her clear and sparkling eyes do outshine both the stars and moon,
Her cheeks are like the roses that blows in the month of June.

"Sly Cupid, the enslaver, wounded ladies of high degree;
When he heard of this fair maid, he went to gaze on her privately.
The glances of this fair one soon wounded him to the heart;
'Ah!' then said cunning Cupid, 'severely I feel the smart.'

"My love's a virgin pure, I'm sure from her infancy;
Her modesty secures all caresses of chastity.
She is a darling maid, and her equal scarce to be seen;
If I can't gain her favour for ever I'll live in pain.

"Now I will take my pen, and pen down my true love's praise,
Like copperplate I'll write what belongs to the charming maid.
There's none can comprehend the heart of a dying swain:
And if my love don't mend, my end is the silent grave."

Notwithstanding the absurdity of this ballad in construction and sentiment, there were few so popular in country assemblies in consequence of the fine air and the assonant syllables so frequent through the lines. The "Colleen Rua" (red-haired girl), "Bouchal na Gruaga Downa" (boy with the brown hair), and "Sheela na Guira" far surpass these specimens in heathen lore, long words and long-winded speeches, but are better known.

A few examples of domestic satire now to be given will show more ability than the high-flown attempts at profane literature, and the abuse of long words distinguishing those just quoted. They are chiefly translations from the Irish, the original poets having in view certain objects, and not calling on heathen god, goddess, or word of nine syllables, to help out their design.

THE SHANDUINE.*

"O, pretty young girls, my ways never follow;
Don't take an old rogue with jaws toothless and hollow,
Who in bed by your side, than hard iron is colder,
And rough as the oak root, and tougher, and older.

Oh ro, my shandaine! little I care for you;

Oh ro, my shandaine! black's my despair for you!

You bitter old thief, I'm as mad as a hare for you,

So crusty, so jealous, a miser, and scold!

"The match-making sogarth† met me on the *high* way,
Advised me to marry, and said it was *my* way;
He cared not a thraneen when paid for his labours;
He made me the jest of the boys and the naybours.

Oh ro, &c.

"I ne'er can walk out but he's stuck close behind me;
I'm ne'er out of sight but he's anxious to find me.
At the dance he's afraid of whoever be-speak me;
He's afraid that the crows or the foxes will take me.

Oh ro, &c.

"If I had a stout coppaleen under my idol,
A stirrup of straw and a good hempen bridle,
I'd gallop him into a bog-hole so cozy,
I'd not crooken a finger to rescue my Mosey.

Oh ro, &c.

"And when he was drowned, from the bog-hole I'd take him,
And with a sad face, faith it's joyful I'd wake him;
With tobacco and whiskey, to make the boys funny,
Oh wouldn't I put the wind under his money!

Oh ro, &c.

It's then I'd be single and wed a young man.

"But oh, in the dead of the night! did you watch there
His thin ashy hair, and his head on the natch‡ there?

The blaze of the rush lighting up every wrinkle

In his old withered cheeks, while his ferret eyes twinkle,

And he sucking the pipe; well I'll do my endeavour,

But girls machree! he'll be living for ever.

Oh ro, &c.

The following is a fair contrast to the preceding:—

THE POOR MAN'S LABOUR'S NEVER DONE

"I married a wife for to sit by me, which makes me sorely to repent;

Matches they say are made in Heaven, but mine was for a penance sent.

I soon became a servant to her, to milk her kine and black her shoes;

For women's ways they must have pleasure, and the poor man's labour's never done.

"The very first year that we were married, she gave to me a pretty babe;

She sat me down to rock its cradle, and give it cordial when it waked;

Oh! if it cried, it's she would scold, and if it bawled, I'd run away;

For women's ways they must have pleasure, and the poor man's labour's never done.

"So all young men about to marry, be sure to choose a loving wife,

And do not marry my wife's sister, or she will plague you all your life;

Do not marry her mother's daughter, or she will plague your heart full sore;

Take from me my wife and welcome, and then my care and trouble's o'er."

Another contains the subjoined reference to the Knights of the Needle:—

"Do not slight the tailors; they're of an ancient trade:

Adam was the first man, in Paradise was made;

A green fig apron he put on, and that was very fine,

And ever since the tailors most beautiful do shine.

"If you were to see the tailor, love, and that the longest day,

You'd think he was some foreigner whose limbs were shot away.

* Old man.

† Priest.

‡ Side of the bed farther from the wall.

Like a frog on a beetling stone he sits
the longest day,
While the weaver he goes spruce and fine
among the ladies gay.
Like a frog on a beetling stone he sits
the longest day,
And he'll give you an iron goose to eat
instead of drinking tay."

The following instance of individual satire arose from its composer, a very lazy tailor of the Duffrey, being refused permission by a great man's bailiff to carry home turf from a bog under his charge without paying the usual fee, a very trifling one. The poet, Peter by name, was more conversant with Irish than English, hence the latitude in the rhymes. He took the opportunity, while venting his spleen on the gentleman, called "Jones," to laud the Colclough of Duffrey Hall, the popular representative at the time, of a very popular Wexford family.

SQUIRE JONES AND SQUIRE COLCLOUGH.

"Good people, and you Nine Muses, give
me your attention,
While I sing of a Nagur that keeps us in
subjection.
Tho' he dresses like a paycock, the quality
of the county
Looks down on him with scorn, for they're
gentle folks of bounty.

"Let him compare his bogs and heaths to
the woods of Moghúrry,
Where the bugles wor a soundin' an' the
hunter a runnin'.
He thinks himself quite grand when he
kills a black-nosed sheep,
While three ox-beefs are slaughtered in
Moghúrry every week.

"No, but when he'll go to Dublin to finish
the ould law shuit,
He'll put into his budget, his ends and
his awls;
He'll lay 'em on his back, an' carry 'em
very sausty,
He'll step into his bulk, an' folly his ould
callin'.

"This Jones of Derrysalach is a monkey-
faced rascal;
He's swarthy in the face, an admirable
yalla.
Not so by Adam Colclough, he's both
white and red,
He's handsome in his clothes, and much
handsomer in bed.

"If you go to *Derrysalach*, an' stay but
half a day,
You'll surely have a belly-ache before
you come away;

But go to Moghúrry in the beginning o'
the week,
You'll get beer, ale, and brandy, till Sa-
turday night.

"Now let our Duffrey heroes and *yellow
bellies* all,
For ever bate the Wicklow boys at hurly
an' foot-ball!
May Jones of *Derrysalach* be banished over
say,
And Colclough reign at Duffrey Hall, for
ever an' a day!"

The Wexford men are all "yellow bellies" since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In a hurling match, which they played and won in her presence, they wore sashes of yellow silk; and the queen is said to have rapped out an oath, that these "yellow bellies" were the finest fellows that ever played before her. Their descendants would not resign the nickname for a trifle. Wexford emigrants to St. John's, Newfoundland, have given to their "local habitation" in that city, the "name" of "Yellow-belly Corner."

It would be easy to find a pleasanter literary occupation than the collection of satirical effusions. A continuance of the exercise would conduce as little to a healthy frame of mind, as draughts of vinegar to the health of the body. However, in most of the pieces here brought forward, the annoyance given to the parties attacked resembled more the bizarre effects of a violent tickling, or the sharp but passing pain of a needle prick, than the anguish caused by striving to free the flesh from a rusty barb.

Pleasant or not, it is our province to preserve the memory of the past literary monuments of the country, even though some of them are not of a pleasing or ennobling character. To those who show up the superiority of the ballads and songs of Scotland, we recommend inspection of our fine collections made of late years, by Duffy, MacCarthy, Barry, Lover and Ken-
edally (Edward Hayes). If they choose to dwell on the unsound spots in our ballad literature, exhibited in such productions as the "Cottage Maid" and others of that worthless class, of which one or two specimens have been here given, let them explore among the old books of ballads, and the current minstrelsy of Scotland for the last century, and remark the amount of rubbish they will discover. These dread-

ful lyrics, so popular from fifty to eighty years since, in which *Vanus* and *Diania*, and nine-syllabled words figured to such extent, are no longer remembered, and the old books of ballads, each sheet consisting of eight pages, 12mo, can seldom be met with. Rarely can an Irish *Jonathan Oldbuck* regale himself with their coarse

paper, bad spelling, abuse of capitals, dreadful wood-cuts, and occasional indecency. Those who take an interest in the subject will find abundant sources from which to obtain supplies. The specimens here exhibited are mere indices of the wealth left by our predecessors in the field of social, local, and national satire and humour.

THE STORY OF THE FIRST EARL OF TYRONE, FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES.

SITUATED at the western extremity of Europe, isolated from the rest of the world, unconquered, almost unmixed, and unaffected by the concussions of the fall of the Roman empire, the Irish clans preserved several primeval institutions,—among which were the elected officers, who, as patriarchal chiefs of tribes, were invested with the titles of seniors and kings. One of the most remarkable of this antique class of rulers is the hero of this historic memoir, Sir Conan O'Neill, knight, styled *Backagh*, or the *Lame*, and entitled *O'Neillmore*, or the Great O'Neill—a distinguished personage, who governed the greatest of our Gaelic clans from 1519 to 1559, a space of forty years, extending from near the beginning of Henry the Eighth's reign till Elizabeth's accession. For practical purposes, *Lame Con*, as some called him, was as much sovereign of Ulster as bluff Harry was monarch of England. Politically considered, he was a potentate, being so deemed in Dublin, London, Edinburgh, Paris, Madrid, and Rome; yet "*Con the Halting*," as his native name and soubriquet are translated by Lord Burghley, was little remarkable for any qualities, mental or personal, and is only noticeable because during those forty years he was the political Moses of the Tyrone Irish, having led them, with a mind as lame and unstable as his body, through their actual and moral wildernesses. As their Head, and such is the literal meaning of the Celtic *ceinn*, French *chef*, and Oriental *khan*,—or under the loved name of *O'Neillmore*, their grand signior, this king of nomadic herdsmen took their lead in peace and war; and his durable achievement is, that he accomplished somewhat in inducing

them to depart from their barbarous customs, and pass into adoption of civilized laws. He himself was gladly transformed from an independent prince into a vassal earl; and though the regal authority that created him a peer failed to make a new loyal lord out of an old rebel king, the fault probably lay less in himself than in circumstances he could not control. If, as is acknowledged, the claim of an individual to historic or biographic notice depends on the degree to which he influenced his times and country, the man whose story we are about to give is entitled to have it told.

We shall, in telling it, draw mostly from manuscript sources, and hope to increase whatever interest may attach to this simple narrative by describing the curious state of the country in his time.

Of the European extraction of the northern Irish, whose earlier origin is indubitably Asiatic, we venture to propound that it seems to have generally been British or Pictish, by at least the maternal side; and indeed the names of their chiefs, Art, Con, and Muriertagh, remind us of the half-fabulous Arthur, King of Cornwall, and of Conan Meriodoc, the famed sovereign of Armorican Gaul. The ruling race, however, appears to have received a strong infusion of Gothic or Scandinavian blood.

Some old families have, like most nations, their mythical beginnings grounded on marvellous, and therefore memorable traditions. A singular fable of this sort accounts both for the coming of the O'Neills into Ireland and for their heraldic badge, the Bloody Hand. According to the legend, as the galley, bearing the adventurous sea-king who founded the line of O'Neill, neared the shore of

Ulster, he exclaimed that he would be the first to take possession, and, suiting the action to the word, severed his right hand from his arm, and cast it on the shore! There were few, probably, either among his comrades at sea, or among the aborigines on land, hardy enough and ready to contest whatever share of the soil was claimed by an invader of this determined spirit. Whether the tradition be true or false, his descendants seem to have considered *se non è vero, è bene trovato*, for they ever assembled faithfully to their slogan of *Lauv deargh abo*, that is to say, or shout, "For the Red Hand!" They thus retained in memory his title-deed of entry into possession of their country, an act sealed with so unique a sign-manual—a strange planting, not of a foot or of a flag, but of a bloody, grasping human palm. Certainly this fierce clan assumed the red right hand as the emblem of their race and rights; and some imaginative bard may have invented that mythic legend in explanation of this symbol's origin. Ages afterwards, by an extraordinary revolution, this well-known cognizance was adopted as the badge of the hereditary order of knights-baronets, which was created for the purpose of wresting Ulster from the O'Neills.

Nial of the Nine Hostages is the first of the line who can stand the test of historic truth. He flourished in the fifth century, and is believed to be the Scotie king of whom the poet Claudian speaks as having led incursions of sea-borne galleys from the Irish coast to British shores. In the tenth century, his royal representative resided in the cyclopean fort of Aileach, a wonderful stone structure on a hill in Ennishowen.

From the stone fort in Ennishowen, in the year 946, Muriertagh, King of the North, led forth, in mid-winter, a chosen band of one thousand warriors, to make the military circuit of Ireland, which is truthfully and curiously described in verse by an attendant bard.* In this trustworthy poem, narrating the exploit of "Muriertagh of the Mantles of Hides"—for so he was named from having provided untanned leather cloaks for

his men on their winter excursion—we read of the tears shed by "the fair-haired women of Aileach" when their young king and his troop left them for the perilous expedition; then how a Danish damsel, in the foreign town of Dublin, which he besieged, became enamoured of him; and how, on the return of the band in triumph, bringing hostages and plunder, the floor of the fort was strewn with rushes, and an immense feast of pork, beef, curds, and cheering mead was set before the hungry warriors.

At the epoch of Strongbow's invasion, the race of Eoghan were able to bring thrice one thousand men into the field, since this is the number stated in the contemporary Norman poem as having joined an attack on the newly-erected fortress of Trim:—

"De Kinelogin, O'Nei le reis,
Od sei menad trei mil Yrrela."

In translation:—

"Of Kinel-Eoghan, O'Neill, the king,
With him led three thousand Irish."

About the close of the thirteenth century, this numerous horde separated into two tribes; the main stem remaining in Tyr-Eoghan, while the minor sept, a weak branch which had sprung from *Aodh Buidhe*, i.e., Hugh Buoy, or the Yellow, established itself to the east of the great lake called Lough Neagh, in the country subsequently named Clanaboy, or of the children of Yellow Hugh. The entire tribe had, in 1260, sustained a severe defeat, with the loss of their king, Brian, and three hundred and fifty-two men, in the street of Down, at the hands of the viceroy, De Longespée. The fall of that famed leader is sung in mournful verse by one of his bards, who thus contrasts the civilized advantages of the victors over his simple swordsmen:—

"The foreigners from London,
The hosts from Waterford,
Came in a bright green body thither,
In gold and iron armour.
Unequal they engaged in the battle
The foreigners and the Gael;
Mere linen shirts on the race of Conn,
But the foreigners one mass of iron."

Such, indeed, was only part of the disadvantages under which, until after the era of this memoir, the Irish defended themselves against the English, opposing their bodies, covered only with the light fabric made from flax, to the sharp spears and mail panoply of the invaders. But this material deficiency was the least of their weakness, which lay morally in the fact that the clan system did not permit of a national combination strong enough to cope with the phalanx of a feudal force.

Even without external aid, the Anglo-Normans of the colony, planted in Eastern Ulster by Sir John de Courcy, long held their ground against the undisciplined clansmen who sometimes assailed them under the banner of the bloody hand, and were well able to keep such mountaineers and woodsmen in check so long as Richard Burgh, commonly called the Red Earl of Ulster, the most powerful of the king's peers, dwelt in the earldom whence he took his title. According to an old manuscript,* this great nobleman "was lord in demesne and service, for the more part, from Slienaghtin to Ballyshannon, *which*," says this old authority, "*is the Neills' land*; and from Norbruck, by the seasyde, to Balmaskanlan, by Dundalk." Here we see not only the extent of the region inhabited by the Kinel-Eoghan, but the fact that the Red Hand rendered service to the Red Earl. So long, indeed, as those colonists, the Mandevilles, Logans, Savages, Russells, Bysetts, and the rest, possessed a feudal head, the English interest was in the ascendant in the North.

Donnell O'Neill, son of the slain hero, Brian, was prevented from succeeding to the chieftaincy by the Earl of Ulster, who nominated the leader of the semi-loyal clan, Hugh Buoy, to be O'Neill. However, the nominee was soon slain, and then Donnell's title was acknowledged by Edward II., who invited him to join the wars in Scotland as "*dux Hibernicorum de Tyrowen*," a designation showing his actual rank as duke or leader of his people. There is no evidence that he

accepted the invitation; but, on the contrary, he emulated his father's patriotism, being the first of his race who, scorning to render a yearly tribute of eight hundred cows, which his predecessors had paid the Earls of Ulster, successfully resisted the yoke of conquest.† He took the lead among the native chiefs in inviting the Bruces to come over and attempt the expulsion of the English, and in addressing the historic, forcible appeal of 1318, to Pope John XXII., which sets forth the cruel wrongs his countrymen sustained. This memorable remonstrance represents the English invaders as having gradually usurped the fairest portion of the island, while the rightful proprietors were driven to the bogs and mountains, and, even there, were compelled to fight for some dreary spot upon which to exist, but which the arrogance of the stranger would not allow them to call their own.

In this remarkable document he styles himself "*Rex Ultoniæ, ac totius Hiberniæ hereditario jure verus hæres*," assuming to be king of the land of Ulster (whereas he was no more than seigneur of a sept), arrogating a claim to be monarch of the whole island; thus revealing his ambition, though unable to enforce his pretended rights by an adequate remedy. After the fall of Edward Bruce in battle, near Dundalk, a contest for supremacy raged between this Donnell and the head of the rival sept, and ended in both chiefs being given the coveted, authoritative title of O'Neill with all the solemnities of the inaugural ceremony; but in the course of time, the Tyrone chief was styled *O'Neillmore*, while the ruler of the other sept was merely called Mac-I-Neill-Buoy (the son of Yellow Hugh O'Neill), and had to pay a rent of £100 a-year to the Earl of Ulster for the wood of Kilultagh, in which he and his outlaws dwelt.‡

The colonist power had received a mortal blow by the invasion of Edward Bruce and his royal brother, who had hoped to aid the Irish in fighting a battle of Bannockburn in this country, and whose incursions

* Lansdowne MS. 229, p. 78a.

† "*Ulster Journal of Archaeology*," III., 15 c.

‡ "*Book of Howth*," Carew MS. 623, p. 174.

a savage fiendish business, done for the bare life as it were. He who is in the little round house, illuminated, seen through cross-barred grating, as it were in a furnace, has a fearful express time of it, all to himself. A crash of steel upon steel, a grinding and thumping of heavy chests, a fierce shout, and weighing is done. The swathed shadows—their minds now at rest—flit away downwards, and are swallowed in remote clouds of Erebus.

There is not much weighing in that small corded trunk of mine, with the Folkstone labels still adhering, upon which a fiercely-bearded pard, all in blue, has flung himself savagely, and has flung down again as savagely, when he finds it has no fellows. Not even a sous to pay. An eye-glassed Englishman, of a prying disposition, has taken up the label in his fingers, and is spelling out, "*Miss Summertrees, Marseilles.*" That was my destination; and when the eye-glassed Englishman looked from the label, and took me in from head to foot, I have no doubt, setting down the small corded trunk, and my deep black dress under that, and my singleness under that again, and drawing a line, and totting all up together, must have brought out the total, "Governess!"—he was very right in his figures.

By-and-by we are seated in one of the heavy gamboge-coloured carriages, lined with loose, flabby cushions, which have an ancient and fish-like mail-coach flavour, and seem only to travel on these southerly lines downwards. We are very full, as we always are in these French coaches, there being a jealous economy in the matter of space.

In the chamber in which we sit, there is one other lady, and many bearded men, in broad felt hats, who somehow, yet without any reasonable foundation, suggest the notion of going out ashooting. But by their talk, and the fierce way they do battle on the price of silks, I know they are in trade, trading travellers flying by night. As a matter of course, they produce their cigars, and going through an empty sham of asking permission, striking a light before they hear the answer, proceed to corrupt the air.

There was one face nearly opposite, quite smooth, and beardless, upon

whose shining convexities the yellow lamp overhead played in dull patches; a fresh youngish face, bespectacled, fitted to a round heavy head, which in its turn belonged to a strong burly chest. The whole somehow suggested to me the late Count Cavour, whom I had never seen, but whose glossy prominences were familiar from the traditional portraits. He, I noted, was smoking no cigar, but was busy with a swollen, heavy pocket-book, from which he took letters, and read diligently. Neither was he an oldish Cavour, nor could he have travelled more than five-and-thirty of those long miles of life we call years.

First hour gone by. The cigars have been smoked away, and some of the bearded heads lie back helpless in corners of their stuffed chairs. Some droop over on their chests, and swing in slow beats, in time to the motion of the carriage. Cavour is still awake, restless, biting his nails, busy with his letters, and looking uneasily from side to side. Gradually I begin to feel the influence of the night, my head swings slowly with the rest; the eternal burr at the windows, of saw mills, as it were, drones ceaselessly in the ear. I begin to doze.

A cold blast of air. The mill is at rest temporarily, and we are stopping at a station. Three of the bearded pards are gathering up their rugs, and bundles of umbrellas strapped together, and are descending. Remains only Cavour, the lady, and a drowsy pard, who has not waked for a second even, and is slumbering under a silk handkerchief. There—the check has been taken off the gearing of the saw mills, and the wheels are at their work again, grinding and spinning furiously. Again are all the pendulums swinging; from below the handkerchief come strange sounds. The lady is no more than a heap of silk and lace; she has never moved from the beginning. But Cavour absolutely bristles with vitality; he seems to freshen as the night wears on. He is on eternal outpost duty, looking nervously first to the right window, then to the left. He can surely expect no one to make entrance by those channels. His eyes are as bright as when we started. His spectacles glisten like miniature mirrors. For some time back he has noted me

agad arm, agus da m-beidh —
 "I owe you no rent, and if I did——!"

Thanistry, or succession to the two offices of king and his thanist or successor elect, was the institution most productive of domestic war; but as an explanation of the workings of this faction-fraught law would demand a treatise, we must be content with an occasional reference. As has been shown, one point in this code of succession, the instance of a son deposing his superannuated father, was carried in a peaceable manner: but this royal house was continually torn by the fiercest of all feuds, a family one, in contest for supremacy. The theory of thanistry has been much found fault with by English writers, in forgetfulness that the practice of its principles, which are suitable to a warlike age, was rife in their country in the times under view, when, as also in this country, there was no absolute law of succession to the throne: the claim of a daughter being uncertain, and that of a son, if a minor, yielding, as in the case of Edward V. to a vigorous uncle; and as when, previously, the aged and imbecile Henry VI. was deposed, and the Earl of Warwick made and unmade monarchs as he listed.

Whatever the Irish laws and customs were, the Irish clans preferred them to English usage, were slow in turning from thanistry to either primogeniture male or female succession, and very tardy in exchanging their special hold of the land for foreign feudal tenure, which, in their minds, was full of peril. By their code, they were heirs in common of the usufruct of their clan-country, and indefeasibly so, save by the sword of a conqueror, since, knowing no lord of the fee, their property was not liable to forfeiture for treason. On the other hand, should their king become subject to the crown of England, he would obtain a patent grant of hereditary estate in their lands, and turn them into mere tenants at will, compelled to work for their subsistence, and to pay rent. Should the verdict of a Saxon jury find him guilty of treason, his estate would be forfeited, and probably granted to a stranger. Again, if escaping this danger, he had no issue but a daughter, her hand, as that of a ward of the crown, would be either given or sold to

some Sassenach courtier, and then all the ills of absenteeism would fall upon them. Arguing thus, they acted on their proverb, that "stronger than the chief are the vassals," by very reasonably resisting their governor whenever he proposed to become converted from an elected deposable office-holder over a tribe into a feudal owner of an hereditary estate.

A vast deal of mistaken sentimentality has been expended on the supposed fact that the Irish people could not obtain an extension of English law to them, which they are supposed to have ardently desired. The very contrary is the case, for the great grievance of the Anglo-Irish was, that their neighbours, the chiefs of clans and their subjects, would not answer the King of England's writ, nor obey his laws. It was useless to naturalize a chieftain by act of Parliament, if he could not force his vassals to act otherwise than as aliens to Dublin law. By considering a legal case in point, we shall perceive where the rub lay between this law and our Tyrone Gael. In peaceable days, a Dundalk wine-merchant would freely barter a butt of wine with a mountain *dhuine-vassal*, on promise of being paid in fat cows: yet when the kine became due, how was he to recover the debt? If war had broken out, the bailiff, who boldly visited the debtor, was jeeringly told to take the cows if he could find them, and if not made to eat the King's writ, saw that the people of those parts had no fear of His Majesty before their eyes.

As there was no hope that the Irish would become obedient to any English laws until they were rendered subject to the entire code, the abolition of their titles to rank, power, and land, and the substitution of feudal deduction of title from the crown of England, became the prime political object of Henry VIII. and his successors as regarded the Irish chieftains.

In estimating the causes that retarded progress towards civilization among the Ulster Gael, while giving prominence to the operation of the law by which succession to power and property was regulated, we must recollect that it was part of their policy to possess little which could either tempt or maintain an invading army, and that they, therefore, in

youth—to bind yourself to an elegant Helotry. I know your whole story, mademoiselle, at this moment.”

I did not smile at this familiar reading of my history, which, after all, was no such difficult task, considering it was written in large characters in my dress and solitary position.

“I am going to Marseilles,” I said, coldly.

“Mademoiselle will pardon me,” he said, humbly. “I sometimes speak out the very first thought that comes uppermost. Ah !” he added, abruptly, “we spoke but a moment ago, of a yet undiscovered instrument—a barometer for measuring what cold might be in the grave. Has any one yet discovered scales for weighing that secret heaviness of the heart? You have felt, before now, such a thing as a weight on your heart.”

“Really, sir, these speculations are so strange and singular”——

“That you are half inclined to set me down as a little odd, queer, flighty—or, say boldly and at once, insane. No,” he added, “such a weight I have at this moment hanging round *my* heart; how many hundred pounds avoirdupois, or kilogrammes, I can not even approximate to. Yet it has no business to be there. I should, properly, be gay, boisterous, running over with spirits. I should, in all duty, be inclined to dance and sing, and yet, all the while, I have a load of presentiment on me. *You* are going to be a governess (forgive this rough way of putting the thing, too simple for the laws of courtesy); I am going to be married. You are sitting in presence of a *possible* bridegroom.”

A very curious and Mephistopheles sort of bridegroom he did look, peering out of that peaked hood, with a pair of shining glasses for eyes. After his plain speaking with me, I felt there was no undue inquisitiveness in my asking him a question or two.

“And this is some young and fair girl, it is to be supposed,” I said, the words unconsciously taking a sarcastic shape.

“Strange as it may appear, unsuitable as mademoiselle will think, the fact is so. There is waiting for me beyond Marseilles, a beautiful creature, twenty-one years old, with some sacks of golden sequins for dowry. You are amused at the notion. It is comical ;

yet the beautiful do not always wed with the beautiful, and as there are some who marry for face and figure, and some who marry for lands and the precious metals, so there are a few, happily, who marry for pure soul and spirit. Not all, I can assure, look no further than the shell.

“You misunderstand me,” I said.

And as he spoke I found a more persuasive argument for his theory, in the soft tones of his voice, which fell into a strangely insinuating and even tender key.

“I am no believer in that sordid gospel of the nineteenth century.”

“I did not suppose so,” he said. “Still is it not wonderful—the fair and the wealthy waiting the last scene of beatitude in a good novel, ready set ; and yet you see me downcast, drooping, and with a load of say five hundred kilogrammes pressing on my heart. I would we were at the altar before the bishop.”

He stopped, looked uneasily from window to window in his old manner, and thrummed on the arms of his seat. The express was flying full speed, screaming through the night. I looked out, too. There were scattered dots of light far away, sprinkled over a black prairie, beginning to twinkle by us.

“Lyons!” said he, “in fifteen minutes.”

I was still drowsy ; my eyes were weighed down with sleep—the sleep of night-travelling. I felt my head dropping to one side, seeking the support of the projecting arm that divided the seats. Fifteen minutes was a long span. There would be ample time ; some one would be sure to wake me at Lyons. It was sweet, very sweet, this bathing in weary slumber with bedewed eyelids, and so, no resistance ; but covering my head decently, sink back into repose.

How or when that second figure, who was seated directly opposite—sunk in slumber, too—got in, seemed to me an inscrutable mystery. A foraging cap over the eyes—not so much as a glimpse of his face (for a handkerchief was laid over his cheek)—a slight figure, as of a young man, wrapped in a cloak. When *could* he have entered? We should be at Lyons shortly ; and yet, strange, we were now at full speed—again flying through the night. The double of

sheer force, as we read in the ensuing words of the same document, which explain that he who would obtain one of these kingships could not succeed "unless he be the strongest of his nation, for there shall be none chief captain in any of the said regions by lawful succession, but by *forte main* and election; and he that hath the strongest army and the hardest sword among them hath best right and title; and," concludes the commentator on this custom, "by reason thereof, there be but few of the said nations that be at peace within themselves, but commonly rebelleth alway against their chief capytaine."

Above all lands, Ireland was the country where a man's worst foes were those of his own household, and where the proverb that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and the truism that a crowned head is an uneasy one, were most fulfilled. And it was the land where, more than elsewhere, when its kings were delirious the people suffered.

Every circumstance, whether natural or artificial, conspired to keep the country poor. The humid atmosphere and clouded sky almost forbade the growth of corn, and the laws and wars of the inhabitants combined to ratify the decree. Where tenure of the soil was only for twelve months, and that of life was even less secure, few would build, and many would not till. And when intestine contests racked the land, its desolation was almost complete. In the vast desert around Coleraine, as we see depicted in a map of 1552, the red deer, wolf, and wild cat enjoyed undisturbed possession. Of the testimonies as to the effect of thanistry and male-gavel in preventing clans from becoming a civilized nation, the most conclusive is the fact that the population of the region under consideration did not increase, taking the numerical strength of its military force as the criterion, from the era when its ard-righ brought 3,000 men, as aforesaid, to besiege Trim Castle, until the end of the sixteenth century, a term of four hundred years. It is true that when extraordinary exertions were made to procure foreign auxiliaries, double

that number was brought into the field; but in ordinary years, as in 1586, the standing armament was 300 horse and 1,500 foot, composed of the O'Neills, who were all cavaliers, the Quins, Hogans, Donnellys, and the native galloglachs. These were the indigenous regulars, in aid of whom, in case of need, whole clans of Scots, sometimes to the number of 3,000, were brought over. On these mercenaries, whom sub-chiefs paid and victualled, the strength and greatness of O'Neillmore always stood.

Let us see what was the size of his country, which, while it remained in such hands, did not support the hundredth part of the number of human beings it was capable of maintaining. Tyrone proper—*Tir-eoghan*, i.e., the land of the Eoghanachs, or men descended from Owen O'Neill—had no precise and permanent limits. But their kings laid claim to a territory described as marked by great and unmistakable natural boundaries, always declaring that their dominion extended "from the Boyne to the Fynne at Loughfoyle," and included political sovereignty over their *oir-righa*, or sub-kings, such as the chiefs of Oriel and Fermanagh. During our hero's reign, his power reached from Newry to Loughfoyle, and from Lough Erne to the Bann. Sometimes, indeed, he made the blood-red hand felt (and he had *la main longue*) as far as the gates of Carrickfergus, for only in Ulster within the walls of this foreign seaport town were his laws disregarded. The size of Tyrone was unknown to the Dublin government, to whom it was *terra incognita*, and not until after two or three incursions could the lord lieutenant form even a guess at its extent. In 1541* it was conjectured to be forty miles in length and breadth, though in reality it was much larger, viz., about seventy statute miles long by fifty broad, of oblong form, as including the present shires of Derry and Armagh. In this instance, the saying, "*omne ignotum pro magnifico habetur*" was not verified, for subsequently this extensive district was thought† to be about the size of Kent, whereas the present county of Tyrone is nearly as large

* State Papers, vol. III., p. 356.

† State Papers, vol. III., p. 342.

success, even in love. Might he not have left this walk at least, which brings no profit, to younger and less lucky relatives? Listen, mademoiselle, I was to have been married to a young and beautiful Italian girl—engaged for years, brought up together—made for each other, as the older people, admiring us together, said, often and often”——

“I repeat, Louis,” struck in the Count, with remonstrance, “these details are scarcely”——

“I say,” continued the young man, “she was to have been my wife, promised under most solemn obligation, when *this* man—you can see already what manner of cold nature his is, from his smooth speeches—*this* man steps in, when I am away serving with the army, and taking a base advantage of his powers of mind, and some better schooling, in which, I confess it, he is superior to me, winds himself round the heart of my destined wife, and meanly supplants me. He tempted her with his ambition. He will be great at the court, great in diplomacy, one of those days; and so deluded that child.”

I saw the Count smiling complacently at these compliments. Unfortunately the young man saw it, and started up: “He is mocking me!” he cried. “Take care what you do. At this moment you are on the brink of your grave, and you dare to trifle with me!”

“Again, I repeat,” said the other, in a tone of reproof, “you forget that a lady is by. This unseemly bravado, as you should well know, being brought up with gentlemen, is ungentlemanly, and unworthy of a Frenchman and a soldier; at least,” he added, sarcastically, “of one who was, till lately, a soldier.”

Captain Louis coloured up, his eyes seemed starting from his head, and he set his teeth firmly, as if about to spring. But, with an effort, he became calm again.

“You are right, quite right—I am corrected. I have forgotten myself for a moment, and mademoiselle will accept my apologies. You see,” he said, turning to me, “I have not that sweet control, that perfect command over myself which *he* has. But he is right, quite right. Time is flying by, we are losing precious minutes; now to business.”

With that he became quite calm again, and, stooping forward, began to talk in a low voice to the other. What was said, was indistinct, and did not reach me; but there was a hum of energetic mutterings, emphasized with violent gesticulation; and I could see, now and again, scornful smiles on the face of the Count, with a savage showing of teeth in reply from the other. Which interchange of protest, and savage expostulation, now rising high, now running low in an undercurrent, seemed at last to die. It would be strange if they reasoned each other into harmony, and yet no such great surprise after all, for that sugary smile and persuasive tongue would prevail against much.

“NEVER!”

“Give your solemn oath—if you don’t”——

“NEVER! I say again”—words savagely spoken, the young man glaring at him with eyes, and with shining teeth, even. They did not care to disguise their thoughts in mutterings now.

“No, sir,” the Count said, loudly, “you shall not scare me with your vulgar terrorism.”

Again the young man glared at him from opposite, as if now, indeed, about to spring. But the other folded his arms across his broad chest, and with an indescribable smile of fat scorn, seemed so utterly fearless, so triumphant, that the young man ground his teeth again, and beat the cushions in a sort of fury.

By-and-by they had fallen into the old battle of whisper, the wily Cavour trying something of that diplomatist’s art, which I was sure was in him; and before very long, borne down by a sense of utter exhaustion and the excitement of this curious scene, I was dropping again into a doze. An hour must have gone by.

“YOU SHALL!”

“No!”

“I will have it from you before you leave this carriage.”

A scoffing laugh from Cavour.

“SWEAR! I am dangerous, I tell you.”

Another scoffing laugh from Cavour.

The next moment there was hollow stamping upon the floor of the car-

principal were the M'Cahels. The institution of seignioral land was common to all great chiefs, such as the Lord of the Isles, the O'Reilly, and the M'Mahon, whose mensal lands had and retain the same name. Of whom our hero's household consisted it would be difficult to define: his most expensive domestics were his guard, called *kerne-tighe*, or caterans of the house, armed with either darts or bow and arrows, and always with sword and target. These are the soldiery who—being styled by Stanihurst a parcel of "rake-hells, the devil's blackguard, keeping an odious stir wherever they be"—are believed to be the first blackguards on record. They were the original police of the country, and were aided in keeping order, and particularly in collecting tribute, by a new institution, the *galloglachs*, i.e., foreign warriors. The district called Clancarney (viz., *Clannaceitherne*, i.e., the children of the catherans), was appropriated to the officers of O'Neill's galloglasses, in fee for their military service; and besides this country, there was the land called Everbuy, which belonged to the men who were known as "the M'Donnell galloglachs." This mediæval constabulary carried halberts or pole-axes, and are described as tall of stature, grim of countenance, big of limb, burly of body, chiefly feeding on beef, pork, and butter. In battle they did not give way lightly, but "bided the brunt to the death."

As grand senior of his tribe, O'Neillmore was entitled to a tax on the animals each sept under him owned, such as a cow, a sheep, and a hog, out of every herd, as a seignior or duty, in consideration of the protection he gave while the cattle were depasturing the country. To support his troops in war time, he used to compel his subordinate sliochts to drive their herds wherever he and his men went, to supply them with meat and milk; but directly the English army came in sight, the cattle were hurried away into the woods out of sight.

Con's own *creaght*, or herd, which supplied his household with animal food, was probably as numerous as the stocks of other chiefs of which there is any account, some of them

numbering from 30,000 to 50,000 cows. In this magnificent dairy and in other cattle (for he doubtless had good store of sheep and swine), his chattels, or movables, his wealth principally consisted. His stud of horses and mares was fully able to supply the chargers he customarily presented to his own horsemen and to any dismounted cavalier he wished to take into pay. Whatever the number of his pastoral animals, there was abundance of grass for them in the waste lands of the clan country; and it would seem that, by antique usage, a Celtic king had the usufruct of any land within his dominion which bore neither horn nor corn, and which, therefore, he might depasture with his horses and cattle, so long as grass grew and water flowed. The fishery of the Bann was a natural resource, from which, in its then highly productive state, he drew quantities of salmon: and to guard his rightful share in this bounty of nature, which came up every year in vast shoals, he was accustomed, during the fishing season, to reside in Castle-Roe, a fort on the beautiful river of this name, called "the Salmon Castle" in old maps.

Within view of his seat at Dunganannon was the place where he and his regal forefathers had received that rite of inauguration of which the antique observances carried his mind back to the traditional Phœnician origin of his race, being on some points similar to the ceremonies used in Canaan, as when Abimelech was made king by installation on a stone. The rude throne on which the O'Neillmores had been crowned during, as was firmly believed, a period of no less than two thousand years, was formed of four large stones set in the shape of a chair;* and this primitive seat of monarchy was environed by circular mounds, on which the nobles, priests, and warriors of the tribe sat to witness the solemn ceremony. Songs, as well as symbols, were continually instilling the sense of his grandeur, and of the antiquity and nobility of his race, into his willing mind—the clan bards, with every poet and singer who visited his court, extolling his ancestors as the most illustrious of the Irish race; and so

* Map of Southern Ulster, in State Paper Office.

There was no resistance. They are used to these matters in France, which, like some other things, they order better. Gendarmes, in the peculiar cocked hat of their race, as soon as the train came rolling into halls of

light, emerged from mysterious lurking places, and took him away quietly. By another train in the morning, I went forward, and was soon with that family with whom I have remained now many years.

CEYLON AND THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

Few books of its class, published in recent times, have attracted a larger share of public attention than Sir J. Emerson Tennent's *Ceylon*. It is now in its fifth edition, and has a recognised and important place on the shelves of all good libraries devoted to natural history and antiquities. One of the secrets of its success is the fact that the author, besides communicating such new and curious information respecting an island with which, hitherto, we were but imperfectly acquainted, as enlarges the bounds of science, mixes this up with passages of adventure, introduced in the best taste, and not carried too far. Of the greater work, which is so well known, no more need be said. It has added to the reputation of an able administrator, an accurate and painstaking observer, and a lucid and pleasing writer.

We mean to make little more than a passing reference to the second and smaller work by the same author, published during the month.* From the title and subject the reader might fall into the error of supposing that this one-volume book is merely an abridgment of the larger work. That would be decidedly unjust to Sir James, and he protests, on the best grounds, against such a construction, in his preface. Though a considerable portion of this book had a place in the zoological section of the bulkier one, the department of natural history is, more naturally, treated at length here in the place proper to it, and has been revised, fresh materials being introduced, and almost every paragraph re-written. If the part of the volume, however, which appeared in some shape before, were wholly abstracted, there would still remain suf-

ficient to constitute "*Sketches of the Natural History of Ceylon*" an important, valuable, and interesting publication. It is a sequel to the former work, in fact, and as such must stand beside it in every good collection.

The numerous curious things Sir James states of the social characteristics of the Singhalese, their folk lore, so much of which has originated in the beauty and peculiarities of structure of their animals, their superstitions, and impressions as to the former condition of their island, must, we regret to say, be passed over here. One of the most singular of their beliefs is thought by the author to have been derived from India. The Singhalese have an idea that the remains of a monkey are never to be found in the forest, and they wrap this up in a proverb, to the effect that "he who has seen a white crow, the nest of a paddy bird, a straight coco-nut tree, or a dead monkey, is certain to live for ever." But in India this animal is one of ill omen. It is believed that persons residing on the spot where a hanumân monkey has been killed, *will die*; that even its bones are unlucky, and that no house erected where they are hid under ground, can prosper. When a dwelling is to be built, the Jyotish philosophers are sent forth to determine by their scientific skill whether any such bones are concealed; and Sir James quotes the observation of Buchanan, that "it is perhaps owing to this fear of ill-luck that no native will acknowledge his having seen a dead hanumân."

Here the superstitions of the two peoples may be quite distinct, and not springing in any way the one from the other, which would add another slight element of probability

* "*Sketches of the Natural History of Ceylon, with Narratives and Anecdotes, illustrative of the Habits and Instincts of the Mammalia, Birds, Reptiles, Fishes, Insects, &c., including a Monograph of the Elephant, and a description of the Modes of Capturing and Training it.*" By Sir J. Emerson Tennent. London: Longmans.

foreigners, at the mouth of the Bann, where it enters the great lake. Far north of this water fastness lay his great land stronghold, the vast woody vale called Glenconcein. This rocky valley, extending nearly from Dungannon to Dungiven, formed the centre of a waste tract twenty miles in length and ten in breadth, and had a wilderness of oak and alder in the ravines between its crags and mountains. The peasantry hereabouts still speak of the immense trees that filled up the valleys, which, being unpenetrated by roads, were almost inaccessible in times when, like Douglas on the skirts of Cairntable, the lord of this desert declared:—"Henry of England little knows these woods and wilds: here I can maintain myself against all his Saxon host!"

It was, indeed, this mountain hold that had enabled the Gael to defy, for four centuries, the English power; and consequently, scenery now admired as romantic, was detestable in the eyes of the soldiery who had to contend against natural as well as human obstacles when warring in rugged places, as we read in Derricke's description of the face of the country as, in 1581, he saw, and satirized it in doggrel rhyme:—

"With hills, and woods, and champain ground,
Moste artificiall laide.
The hills directly running forth,
And turning in again;
Much like a sort of crooked mates,
And overthwarting men.
The woodes above and neath those hills,
Some twentie miles in length,
Round compass'd with a shaking bogge,
A fort of passing strength,
Wherein Boh Morishe hides himself,
As in a fenced hold."

The individual who secreted himself was the "Paddy" of the day, when Maurice was a common name, and when it was usual for a robber to cry boh! as he rushed out upon a traveller. So, similarly, O'Neill, the robber-king, lurked in his woods, until it suited him to cry *Lauv dergh abo!* and make a descent on the Saxony. Robbery on a small scale, and sometimes by wholesale, was indispensable to the Irish; and, therefore, to conquer them was indispensable, for when they wanted food, no one could live unmolested in their vicinity. Frequently on the verge

of famine, their cattle being very liable to murrain, and their stock of corn being small, they were often thrown on their talent for thieving. As Christmas came on, the chieftains, whose scanty store of grain had been consumed in wasteful hospitality, grew worse and worse neighbours, making it a practice to send their cattle-lifters abroad foraging. During the long nights from Michaelmas to Candlemas, artful fellows crept down among the Anglo-Irishry, and stole both corn and horn, preferring the latter, because a stack of wheat has no legs, whereas an ox carries itself. This custom continued till about the middle of James the First's reign: the principal kings maintaining regular Rob Roys, selected for cunning in their art, and humorously called caterers, because they went about as graziers and drovers on pretence of buying and selling. With the chiefs, it was a point of honour not to commit a depredation on either a friend, a neighbour, or a vassal; and, therefore, as Stanihurst says, whenever a lord "sends his purveyor to purloin from any such," the brehons take cognizance of the unwarrantable theft. Stolen flesh seems to have been sweet to many of the native monarchs, and the best praise bestowed by the Englishry upon a neighbouring chieftain was, "he keepeth no thieves." The pleasure of keeping a few of this class may have been higher than the gratification of being master of hounds at this day, because large emoluments accrued from that source—there was choice beef at the cheapest rate, and considerable additions to the rent-roll, which appeared in the unique shape of coin; for besides O'Neill's sources of income which have been enumerated, and which may be called domestic and unobjectionable, he was in receipt of some foreign duties, which, under the name of *cios-dubh*, black rent, paid in hard cash, were most acceptable to him, but were much objected to by the payers. Their tributes from Anglo-Irish districts were, £40 per annum from the county of Louth; the same sum from the fertile barony of Lecale, in Downshire; an unspecified levy from the rich plains of Meath; and £60 a-year from the seaport town of Dundalk. In addition to these regular remit-

severed by the Straits of Malacca. The proofs of physical affinity between those scattered localities are exceedingly curious."

Even the insects of Ceylon have a less affinity to the entomology of India than that of Australia. The most commanding characteristic of Ceylon distinctiveness, however, is the elephant. The *Elephas Sumatranus* of Temminck, called by the natives *gadjah*, is of an obviously different species from either that of Africa or Bengal. Temminck describes the points of difference with minuteness, and they are such as to establish this want of identity beyond dispute. "The number of pairs of false ribs (which alone vary, the true ones being always six) is fourteen (in the Ceylon elephant), one less than in the *Africanus*, one more than in the *Indicus*; and so it is with the dorsal vertebræ, which are twenty in the *Sumatranus* (twenty-one and nineteen in the others), whilst the new species agrees with *Africanus* in the number of sacral vertebræ (four), and with *Indicus* in that of the caudal ones, which are thirty-four."

Professor Schlegel, writing to Sir James, and admitting the extraordin-

ary nature of this apparent distinctiveness of species, suggests that naturalists should exert themselves to discover whether any traces of the Ceylon elephant are to be found in the Dekkan, or that of Sumatra in Cochin China or Siam, whether, in fact, there is any one species to which the African, the Indian, and Sumatran all belong.

The theory of our author, however, though vastly strengthened by the osteological peculiarities of the *gad-jah*, does not depend upon these alone. It appears to be written upon every feature of the natural history of the island, and no one can read Sir James's book without coming to the conclusion which he has deliberately formed. At all events, naturalists have now this interesting question before them, and what further light they can throw upon it, the public will be glad to possess.

The "Sketches" constitute a delightful volume, written in an excellent spirit, and are profusely illustrated with beautifully executed plates, which add greatly to the value of the book, both to the professed natural historian and the general reader.

AUSTRIA AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It has been said, whether rightly or wrongly, that the Treaty of Vienna secured Europe forty years of peace, and the politicians who say so back up their opinion with the sentence from the Latin Delectus :

Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero.

I prefer the most unjust peace to the justest war.

But is it so? The Treaty of Vienna answered the one end for which it was designed. It kept France within bounds for a time, but it could not turn wrong into right. One of the labours of Hercules was to turn the Achelous out of its course to cleanse the Augean stable; but we are not told how Hercules turned the river back into its bed when it had done its work, and washed out the litter of ages.

This was the task which diplomacy set itself down to at a council table

in Vienna. France was the river bed of democracy. To keep the torrent within its course, and to protect surrounding nations against the danger of periodical inundations, was the avowed object of all the diplomatists assembled at Vienna in March, 1815. The foreign policy of Europe was reduced to a single problem, and for the sake of that every other question left out of view. Poland was handed over unconditionally to Russia, and Italy to Austria; Germany was consigned to the tender mercies of the Diet of Frankfort; Norway was severed from Denmark and united to Sweden; Holland and Belgium were forced into an unnatural alliance, all because the politicians of Europe were panic-stricken, and could see no way of banking out French aggression but by erecting a dyke of despotic states around her. The object of the Treaty of Vienna was declared to be

nothing but such pure *mental* material to work with, and the mere frayings and dust of mind, ground against mind, dramatist or storyteller is pretty well put to his mettle to make what he can of the business. With what success, in the present instance, he or she, who will take the trouble to read, may judge, hiss, or applaud, according to the issue.

WHEN of one weary night—I think the sorest and weariest night of all our life—our dear father died, and left six of us on a provision that could barely keep one decently, it was resolved, as a matter of course, that two of the girls should go out into genteel slavery, and earn their bread as governesses. I believe this is always the course thought of under such dismal circumstances, where there is a surplus of daughters; and I recollect, after the proposal had been gravely debated in full family congress, and it had been determined by a narrow majority—for there were some who thought it an indignity that clergymen's daughters should go out into this polite servitude—that I, and my sister Mary, should adopt this profession, we all became a little cheerful and even elated, as though a decent competence had been permanently settled on the two selected sisters. What gradations of hope deferred, what sickness of the heart, what wearing and costly repetition of newspaper advertisement, protracted through many weeks and months, followed between that resolve and final success, which came not through such idle channels, but by pure accident, is known in the melancholy chronicles of governess-hunting repeat themselves with a sure and fatal iteration. The advertising columns and the signature XYZ. would never have helped me to a situation. It was an old friend of our father's, living abroad, who heard of our troubles and our views, and wrote to us of a noble French family living in the south, near Marseilles, and in want of an English governess. I was soon provided with a modest governess' equipment, and within a fortnight was standing in the great hall of the Paris and Lyons Railway, on the Boulevard Mazas, at eight o'clock of a

November night, waiting for the express to depart.

For a true pandemonium of flurry and business-like chaos, which yet reaches to a certain dignity and solemnity overlaying those meaner associations of ticket-taking, money-changing, baggage-weighing, and such like, there is nothing reaches to that departing of the night mail from Paris. A clear stroke right down the very spine of France; the bold cut of an express carving knife along the best bits of country, down to Marseilles—a swoop of twenty hours. In our own land the thing has more of the vulgarities incident to such progresses. We lack the awful Pandemonium hall, where the roof is away in the clouds, vast and spacious, where clay of first, and second, and third class, may wander without distinction, and without check from the vile laws of railway caste. There is not that cramping and oozing of humanity down a thin channel of platform, to be grazed and skimmed by competing two-wheeled cars of baggage, racing noisily past. Into the grandéer French Hall of Eblis, gush from the arrival entrances, clouds of dusky figures—muffled, indistinct—who drift about, and flit by other shades, and get lost down in the gloomy mists. It is a very railway orcus, dimly lighted, gloomy, awe-striking.

But the whole poetry of the thing is centred in the luggage. Nothing grander, more confusing to the weak mind of a traveller than the long mound of accumulating luggage, ever growing, stretching away far down into space, grand as Mr. Ruskin's dragon, and spreading in huge sinuosities, like that famous monster. What fierce haulings by the hands of blue-clad gnomes. What swingings of monster chests, flung on the counter to bide their turn; what a melting away towards the head of the dragon, and constant growing towards the tail! It is a concrete mass of polychromatic leathers, shining French black, yellow English, brass nails, iron bands, straps, and a light froth of smaller hat cases, little boxes, that bound and roll upon the back of the monster. At the edges hover uneasily the dusky figures, vaguely outlined, enwrapped and swathed out of shape. That weighing seems

long keep up the bureaucracy of Vienna that has ruled over the south-east of Europe under the name of Austria. But Francis Joseph wants those qualities which would fit him to become the Atlas of a falling globe. At the accession of the young Emperor Commodus it was said that some augured great good from it, others great evil, and some cared nothing at all about it. The last came to the right conclusion. Young emperors, be they ever so brave and accomplished, cannot turn back the course of time. The empire does not grow young again with its new chief. His self-will and his courage may only shake the empire to pieces the sooner. To go softly all their days had been the choice of the last of his two feeble predecessors, and they found in Prince Metternich a minister after their heart. By a succession of shifts and expedients Metternich held the revolution at bay for forty years; but at the first spring of the monster he lost all presence of mind and fled away from Vienna to London. There, in exile, he met M. Guizot, and told him, with a self-satisfied air, that he had not made a single mistake, and had nothing to regret in his administration of nearly half a century. Prince Metternich gave us the measure of his own incapacity by that self-confident assertion. It is only a proof that a man may live all his life in the thick of diplomacy without once understanding the wants of a country. There is an upper story of sublime indifference far above the street-cries and the cart-wheels of common life in which a statesman may live and die in profound ignorance of the wants of the age. Parliamentary life is the life of a statesman. A cabinet minister is no minister at all till he has aired his projects on the floor of the House of Commons, and learned to rough it under the abuse and scrutiny of a vigilant opposition. In want of all this, Metternich grew mouldy with age and traditions of the *status quo* of the treaty of Vienna, and the empire went mouldering on with him. He either knew not or heeded not the signs of the times. Italy fermenting on one side of him and Hungary on the other. At last the pent up fires burst forth in 1848. As it might have been predicted, repression was of use until the volcano was

ready to boil over, and then Enceladus and his brass slipper might leap in; but it was too late; he had only to bear the penalty of approaching too near the burning mountain.

Metternich disappeared in 1848, and Austria died with him. The old men of last generation, the public men who remember 1815, and the Treaty of Vienna, still believe in Austria, and our House of Lords still clings to the opinion that Austria exists. It is too much to expect of statesmen of the old school to give up the notions of geography and history which were whipped into them when Austria owned the Netherlands, and the German empire had not yet vanished to limbo. The Cæsarism superstition is over them still, and they cannot shake it off. *A E I O U, Austria est Imperatrix Orbis Universæ*, was a boast which exercised some influence even on those who laughed at the boast. It had become a fixed notion of our foreign policy that Austria is the centre of gravity which must not be touched if we would not bring down the balance of power. Like the rocking stones of Cornwall, Europe may reel ever so much provided Austria remains as she always was, a dead weight on Europe, the keeper of the Marches on the borders of Turkey and Russia. This would be very good if Austria, did really uphold the balance of power. But if, instead of this, by her internal weakness she has become another Turkey, a mark for Russian aggression, or a prize for a vigorous incendiary like Mazzini or Kossuth, it is strange that statesmen should go on repeating the same platitudes about our ancient ally, that great conservative power of the Continent, the barrier against Russian and French ambition. This is the opinion of old men only, of the school of Sir Archibald Alison, who go on saying the same thing, from the senile habit of iteration which grows on men, when having ceased to think, they come by what are called "fixed opinions" on foreign questions.

The view is a favourite one in the House of Lords, and that, too, on both sides of the House. In this Lord Brougham and Lord Derby, the Marquis of Normanby and the Earl of Clarendon, much as they differ on every other question, would agree. Younger men, like the Marquis of

Bath, have caught the diplomatic tone about Austria in a different school. Nursed at Oxford on Laudism and Legitimacy, and taught a certain high-bred theory of Anglican communion and absolutist sympathies. Young noblemen of this school come to repeat the common-place of their elders about the necessity for Austria in the European system. Their arguments are too flimsy to stand one brush of plain common sense. They do not reach down to the middle classes, or at all express the opinion of the real governing minds of England. It is the single special point on which the House of Lords falls behind public opinion in the most marked manner. Not a single first-class newspaper or magazine supports this opinion; on the contrary, the writers of the Press are unanimous in pronouncing the recovery of Austria hopeless. Yet the House of Lords still listens approvingly to the well-wishers of Austria, and the Conservative party have weakened their hold on the country by appearing to side with the Upper House, and against the Lower, on this turning point of foreign policy.

Bread and cheese was the shibboleth by which the Lombards were detected and hunted down through Lombard-street, in the reign of one of our Plantagenet kings. The House of Lords' shibboleth is the necessity for a strong Austria. No one can pronounce it but one of the true blue blood with a coronet and supporters. One must be, in a manner, to the custom born, to feel a proper awe for the balance of power, an awe which we suppose our hereditary lawgivers put on with their peers' robes. He would be a bold man who would stand up in the Upper House and say out his mind on the Treaty of Vienna. The *genius loci* would frown down the presumptuous speaker, and before he had stammered out a few sentences, he would find such unmistakable signs of disapproval coming in on him from all sides of the House, that he would be glad to beat a retreat, and never to venture again before such an audience with such an unwelcome topic.

There may be a use in all this—it is well not only for Austria but for Europe that there is a council of elders who are ready to receive any

plea which can be put in on her behalf—a body which is so slow to part with the traditions of the past, that it is ready to extend indulgence to the worst despotism, if it will only repent and mend its ways even at the eleventh hour. The House of Lords is a measure of the endurance of a constitutional country like ours. The repentant despot who sees the folly of his ways has one branch of our legislation to welcome him back to popular government. When the door of the House of Lords is shut, then indeed, but not till then, it is too late. King Francis II. of Naples had disgusted even the House of Lords, and therefore when he fell, he fell unpitied by any man in England who had not sold his intellect and common sense to the Pope for the sake of saving his soul. But the House of Lords have not yet despaired of Austria as they had despaired of Naples ever since Mr. Gladstone had made the name of Ferdinand execrated in England. Even still Austria has her supporters, and whatever little grace she may still find in the eyes of Englishmen, she will find among our hereditary legislators, and the old men who cling by the settlement of Europe at the Treaty of Vienna.

A brief survey of the past history of Austria will convince every unprejudiced mind that her course is run, as well as her dynasty effete, and that she cannot survive much longer in the composite form known as the Austrian empire.

“*Marte alii crescent tu felix Austria nibe.*”

In this epigram is expressed the history of the rise of Austria. Three fortunate marriages brought together five crowns into the house of Hapsburg within less than fifty years. The marriage of Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy, in 1477, brought the splendid duchy of Burgundy, with all the Low countries; next, the marriage of Philip the Handsome, only son of Maximilian and Mary, in 1496, to Jane, Infanta of Spain, and heiress of the united crowns of Castile and Arragon, brought the kingdom of Spain; and lastly, the marriage of Ferdinand I., son of Philip and Jane, and brother of Charles V., to Anne Jagellon, in 1521, brought in the two Jagellon crowns of Hungary and

Bohemia. Thus the Austrian monarchy dates from no farther back than 1521. It arose with the Reformation, and it appears destined to last only so long as the counter reformation is able to stem the tide of light and knowledge in southern Europe. To read the lives of the sixteen Hapsburg Emperors who have ruled at Vienna during the last three centuries, reads more like the tale of the Atreidae or fated Pelops line. It has the air of a Greek tragedy, to read of a race handing down from father to son a hereditary hate against free thought. Doomed to carry on a vain struggle against a power mightier than their own, and doing all this under a kind of blind necessity, prompted by a spirit more wicked than itself, the instrument in the hands of the Jesuits, who have fought Protestantism from behind the throne of the Austrian Kaiser.

Take these descendants of the melancholy mad Jane, Infanta of Spain, and their lives all tell the same tale of a struggle handed down from father to son. Ferdinand I., the brother of Charles V., was the first of his line. The Venetian ambassador described him in 1547 as, "very religious; he attends mass every day, and on great holidays hears one or two sermons; he receives the sacrament two or three or four times in the year." In his last will he conjured his son and successor, Maximilian, not to desert the old paths, but to remember that as unity was a sign of truth, and division of error, the divisions of Protestants proclaimed their error. "I would rather see you dead than join the new sects," he wrote in his codicil of 1555. He first introduced the Jesuits then known as the Spanish priests into Vienna, and selected Bobadilla, one of the founders of the order, as his confessor.

What Ferdinand I. began, his grandson, Ferdinand II. carried out to a bloody conclusion. The first Ferdinand projected the extirpation of free thought, and the second Ferdinand consummated the cruel project. About the middle of the sixteenth century, according to the statements of the Venetian ambassador, nine-tenths of Germany professed the new creed. Bohemia was more Hussite than ever. The Hussite goose, as the popular saying was, had

laid an egg which Luther hatched, and the whole land was swarming with heresy. Hungary, too, was full of the new doctrine: it had penetrated everywhere. The new learning was welcomed in hall, and cloister, and cottage. To all appearance these countries were lost to the Church of Rome; and so, in all probability, it would have been if that church had not found rulers who had no qualms of conscience about persecuting heretics. It is now generally understood that persecution must be thorough to effect its object. The inquisitor must be able not to wince as he watches his victim on the rack, or his victim will triumph in the end. For if there is a soft point in the heart of the tormentor, the tortured man will surely spy it out, and then it becomes a struggle of endurance between the pain of mind of the one, and the pain of body of the other. Generally the mind gives in before the body; the inquisitor relents, or wearies first; the man is taken down from the rack, and the reprieved heretic becomes more obstinate than ever. But if, as the exception sometimes happens, the tormentor is more hard-hearted than the tormented man, then persecution triumphs for the time, and truth has nothing for it but to fly, as the woman in the Apocalypse, into the wilderness, to a place prepared for her for a time, times, and a half time. So it was in Japan, when the Roman Catholic missionaries were tortured, and the religion of the Cross exterminated out of the island. Not a vestige of Christianity remains to this day in Japan, proving that persecution will, if persisted in, put down any religion, true or false. The persecution of Protestantism in Bohemia was quite as thorough as that of Romanism in Japan.

After the battle of Prague, fought on the 8th November, 1620, Bohemia lay at the feet of Ferdinand, who took the same bloody revenge on his Bohemian subjects that our James II. on the followers of Monmouth. On one day twenty-four of the principal nobles of Bohemia were beheaded. Between the hours of five and six of the clock on the 21st June, 1621, the executioner laboured on at his bloody work, while a rainbow spanned the sky during part of the time, reminding us of a similar coincidence

Count Cavour, still fresh, bright, and superior—wonderful being—to the necessities of sleep, sees, I suppose, some wonder in my drowsy eyes, and stoops over to say—

“Lyons is twenty miles behind; it would have been cruel to have disturbed you.”

For the first moment it came like a shock upon me, for I had a dreamy idea that Lyons was my destination, and that I was now hopelessly undone, and carried away beyond recall. I started up, thoroughly wakened.

“Marseilles,” said the Count, quietly; “think a moment; you told me you were going to Marseilles.”

I sank back again, confused by this strange being's power of reading every thing in my mind. I did not stand in such awe of him now, for I was glad of the arrival of this new comer, even though still invisible as to face, and sleeping profoundly. That sudden start has made me wide-staring awake, and I take out a green French novel, and begin to read by the dim light.

It must be now a good hour since we passed Lyons—at least so the Count Cavour announces to me, adding that it will be three good hours before we reach another station.

“It is unfortunate, for mademoiselle will be getting exhausted. She should have had something to eat at Lyons.”

“Three hours!” I repeated. “It is a long time.”

Suddenly, at this moment, the young man opposite to me took down his handkerchief, and threw back his cloak. I saw his face now—a swarthy, olive-coloured skin, with black shiny hair, trimmed in the fashion peculiar to Frenchmen of the army. He was broad-shouldered, and had stern piercing eyes. He stood up suddenly, and passing me, sat down exactly opposite him whom I have christened Count Cavour.

“Now,” he said, leaning his arms on his knees, and speaking in a low voice, yet perfectly distinct, “I have caught you! Yes, hunted and caught you! We shall have the inestimable advantage of three hours in this cage, undisturbed!—ample time to settle all matters.”

When Cavour heard him striding across, he had looked up; the dull light of the lamp fell upon the sol-

dier's cheeks; then starting up, he uttered something between a cry and an oath. This would seem to have been almost involuntary, for he sank down again hastily in his seat with a kind of smile of indifference upon his face.

“You are caged,” said the younger man, stooping forward, and still looking into his face; “caged, caged, hopelessly caged! You see Fortune was not to go with you in every thing.”

“I have had more blessings than I deserve, certainly,” the Count answered, now quite calm again. “But what is it you wish for, Louis? What is this talk about caging and being caught?”

“Simply, that I have tracked you, hunted you, and, I repeat it, caged you,” the younger man said savagely. “You thought you had effectively disposed of me; getting me ordered away to Algeria; taken from my own regiment. Artful old fox! your scheme broke down. I have three days more of grace; though, thank heaven, three good hours is long enough, amply long, for the work I have before me.”

These ominous words made me feel strangely ill at ease. Was I to be imprisoned for three hours with these excited men, and with no prospect of deliverance?

“You forget, my dear Louis,” said the Count, with an engaging smile, “that we are in public here, so to speak. We are in presence of mademoiselle, to whom this discussion, upon purely private affairs, cannot be very interesting. The laundry work of a family should not be done in the market-place. You remember the maxim Napoleon was so fond of?”

“This way of taking it will not do,” said the young man, excitedly. “You will not dispose of me so readily with your cold sneers. I have staked and lost too much for this meeting. It is not, every day, mademoiselle,” he said, turning to me, with a bitter smile, “a man deserts his regiment, disgraces his honour, and perils his life for the pleasure of a three hour's conversation with his relative!”

Thus appealed to, I could not answer. Every moment I felt an increasing sense of some terrible scene impending.

“Yes,” he went on, “my *fortunate* relative. Fortunate in all the ways of

was the first of his race who dared to break with the Jesuits, and even went so far as to expel a Jesuit preacher from Vienna for observations from the pulpit levelled at him. During the reign of his successor, Charles VI., the work of ecclesiastical reform went on; useless monasteries were suppressed, the convents were inspected, and many abuses restrained or abolished altogether. The age called for these things, and Charles VI., who was a mere trifler with kingcraft, went with his age without well knowing whither things were tending.

Maria Theresa, and her more celebrated son, Joseph II., were the two who brought Austria fairly abreast of the age. Up to the accession of Maria Theresa, in 1740, Austria was as dull and bigoted as Spain. But French ideas now became the fashion in Germany. While the Spanish Bourbons left their country behind them at the foot of the Pyrenees, and became more Spanish than the Spaniards, the Austrian line of Hapsburg fell in with the prevailing French philosophy, and under Kaunitz, Prime Minister of Austria, whom Pope Pius VI. called *il ministro eretico*, Vienna vied with Berlin in ringing out the reign of religious absolutism, and ringing in the reign of religious free-thinking. Joseph II. even went so far as to threaten a religious schism. In 1772 the Jesuits were expelled from Vienna. The celebrated bull—*In Coena Domini*—was ordered to be expunged from all rituals; the oath which Ferdinand II. had ordered all doctors of divinity to take, of belief in the Immaculate Conception, was abolished; the people were not required to kneel in the streets as the procession of the Host passed. The importation of images and relics from Italy was put a stop to. Agnus Dei waxen amulets, scapulars, and all such holy trumpery, were forbidden to be sold—images in churches were stripped of their tawdry dresses, their periwigs, their hooped petticoats, their coral bracelets, and glass diamonds. *Bijouterie fausse et articles de devotion* is a well-known sign over certain shops which betrays the origin of the word trumpery in the form *tromperie*. With all this Joseph II. waged an unsparing war. The Church of Rome was never so near being reformed in spite of itself as at the close of the

last century, when the incapacity of Louis XVI., and the demoralization of a starving Paris mob, hurried the French Revolution into such excesses, as has thrown back the cause of progress a century or more in Southern Germany.

Into the reaction against French Jacobinism Austria threw herself, with a spirit which has been twice fatal to her under the First and Third Napoleon. Contrary to the advice of old Kaunitz, Leopold of Tuscany, the brother of Joseph, who succeeded him in 1789, declared war against France. Pitt has been blamed even by Lord Macaulay, for not proclaiming a holy war against the French Revolution when he declared war against France in 1793. Either no war at all, or a crusade such as Burke preached in his war pamphlet, the "Thoughts on the French Revolution," should have been the policy of Pitt, according to our great historian. The fate of Austria convinces us that Pitt was right and Burke wrong. It is no use affecting faith. Of all shams, the sham of importing the superstitious feelings of one age into the political quarrels of another is the worst. The crusades must stand or fall with the age which produced them. We can say with Burke, that the age of chivalry is passed, without falling into a rage with our own times, in the sad Quixotic way which Burke did. For Burke, the right excuse is, that he was in declining health, and that passion had got the better of reason. Had he been as young as Pitt he would have been as cool as Pitt; and as Burke appealed from the new school of Whigs to the old, so in judging his thoughts on the French Revolution, we appeal from the Burke of 1793 to the Burke of 1773. The holy war of Austria against France in 1792 ended in making the French Revolution more implacable than ever. It elevated the party of the Mountain into power, and made Robespierre, Danton, and Murat the dictators of France and the terror of Europe for two or three years. Even when they fell, they left the dragon's teeth sowed of the wars of Napoleon in Italy and Germany. Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, are the fruits of that fatal obstinacy which would make no terms of peace with the Revolution. Nor did the evil stop here. When France fell

riage, and the younger man was at the other's throat. The two were together in one undistinguishable mass. They seemed to be flung from side to side, to be rolled from one seat on to the other. There was an under-current of gasps and choking utterances, and the young man seemed to have wound himself about the massive figure of the other with the grip and coil of a boa-constrictor.

For me, I lay there motionless, voiceless, benumbed with terror. Once, indeed, I forced out a shriek for help, but there was that roaring as of a great mill at the window, which swallowed up every sound. For a moment, with my own feeble fingers, I strove to put them asunder, but was flung off in an instant in the swaying and lurching of this terrible struggle. I wrung my hands, prayed, even flung myself on my knees, imploring them to have done with this frightful contest. But at that moment they had no sense for any thing beyond themselves. The mass now swung over with a crash against the door—now against the corner—now toppled on the sharp edges of the seat. I could see a hand burrowing deeply in another's throat, and another hand, to which that throat belonged, was twisted tightly in the hair of another's head. Eyeballs protruded, eyelids strained round to the corner, blackening cheeks, purple skins, bursting veins, came up in succession under the sickly light of the lamp. Now they have rolled with a loud scuffling thud on to the floor, as it were, into a well of darkness; and there I can hear them grinding and tearing each other to death. I know not what to do. Again I let down the glass; and putting my face out to the wind roaring by at fifty miles an hour, shriek for aid. My cry is borne backwards with the gale. I can see the engine far in front a-flying, and the glowing coal shedding a trail of sparks. There are whole chambers full of muffled men and women between me and it, comfortably disposed, unconscious what foul work is being done. I may shriek and shriek again, but my cry is stifled ere it quit my lips by the heavy hand of the breeze. If only one of those skilful gymnasts, those light-footed guards, who skip along outside, hanging on by the rail from end to end of the train, should ap-

pear suddenly, as deliverer. And yet, such a one must have passed by many times, and peered into our lighted chamber through the glass—himself invisible.

When I draw in my head, I look with a shudder down upon that dark well between the seats; all is still again—I can distinguish nothing—and there sitting opposite, wrapped in a cloak, is **A SINGLE FIGURE!** the black-haired soldier! As to what was below, or what mystery lay in that deep black well, I did not dare to question. A sense of something terrible seemed to rise upon me in darker waves; my head swam round; I did not know where I was; I would have fainted, as I recollect fainting once before in life, but I felt a desperate purpose in me to do battle with this weakness, and fought it away; still it was gaining on me; my eyes kept drooping, my heart faltering.

A dark cloaked figure was standing over me, shiny jetty eyes were peering into mine. "Not a word, on your life," said he, "a step, a motion, and you die." Little faint lights were sprinkled like spray far and wide over the blackness. With an inexpressible relief, I saw that we were not flying with such speed as before. "In twenty minutes we shall be at a station; in five more, the conductor will visit us for tickets. A word, and you die." He struck something under his cloak, as he gave this threat, and flung himself into the seat opposite. I was so filled with rage and grief, that my English blood came rising up within me, and I was tempted to defy this wretch and all his terrors, but something like woman's craft whispered to me that he had *shown* me no weapon, no pistol, such as his gesture would have made me believe he had under his cloak. Whatever deadly work had been worked had been accomplished by other means. As for his assassin's stiletto, I did not fear *that*.

So the appointed ten minutes dragged by slowly, and when the door was flung open, and the guard stood in the opening, I looked on him as a deputed minister of justice, and said out boldly, "**THAT MAN THERE HAS MURDERED HIS FELLOW TRAVELLER!**"

There was no resistance. They are used to these matters in France, which, like some other things, they order better. Gendarmes, in the peculiar cocked hat of their race, as soon as the train came rolling into halls of

light, emerged from mysterious lurking places, and took him away quietly. By another train in the morning, I went forward, and was soon with that family with whom I have remained now many years.

CEYLON AND THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

Few books of its class, published in recent times, have attracted a larger share of public attention than Sir J. Emerson Tennent's *Ceylon*. It is now in its fifth edition, and has a recognised and important place on the shelves of all good libraries devoted to natural history and antiquities. One of the secrets of its success is the fact that the author, besides communicating such new and curious information respecting an island with which, hitherto, we were but imperfectly acquainted, as enlarges the bounds of science, mixes this up with passages of adventure, introduced in the best taste, and not carried too far. Of the greater work, which is so well known, no more need be said. It has added to the reputation of an able administrator, an accurate and painstaking observer, and a lucid and pleasing writer.

We mean to make little more than a passing reference to the second and smaller work by the same author, published during the month.* From the title and subject the reader might fall into the error of supposing that this one-volume book is merely an abridgment of the larger work. That would be decidedly unjust to Sir James, and he protests, on the best grounds, against such a construction, in his preface. Though a considerable portion of this book had a place in the zoological section of the bulkier one, the department of natural history is, more naturally, treated at length here in the place proper to it, and has been revised, fresh materials being introduced, and almost every paragraph re-written. If the part of the volume, however, which appeared in some shape before, were wholly abstracted, there would still remain suf-

ficient to constitute "*Sketches of the Natural History of Ceylon*" an important, valuable, and interesting publication. It is a sequel to the former work, in fact, and as such must stand beside it in every good collection.

The numerous curious things Sir James states of the social characteristics of the Singhalese, their folk lore, so much of which has originated in the beauty and peculiarities of structure of their animals, their superstitions, and impressions as to the former condition of their island, must, we regret to say, be passed over here. One of the most singular of their beliefs is thought by the author to have been derived from India. The Singhalese have an idea that the remains of a monkey are never to be found in the forest, and they wrap this up in a proverb, to the effect that "he who has seen a white crow, the nest of a paddi bird, a straight coco-nut tree, or a dead monkey, is certain to live for ever." But in India this animal is one of ill omen. It is believed that persons residing on the spot where a hanumân monkey has been killed, *will die*; that even its bones are unlucky, and that no house erected where they are hid under ground, can prosper. When a dwelling is to be built, the Jyotish philosophers are sent forth to determine by their scientific skill whether any such bones are concealed; and Sir James quotes the observation of Buchanan, that "it is perhaps owing to this fear of ill-luck that no native will acknowledge his having seen a dead hanumân."

Here the superstitions of the two peoples may be quite distinct, and not springing in any way the one from the other, which would add another slight element of probability

* "*Sketches of the Natural History of Ceylon, with Narratives and Anecdotes, illustrative of the Habits and Instincts of the Mammalia, Birds, Reptiles, Fishes, Insects, &c., including a Monograph of the Elephant, and a description of the Modes of Capturing and Training it.*" By Sir J. Emerson Tennent. London: Longmans.

to the considerations which the author has so remarkably advanced respecting the original connexion of the island with the Eastern Archipelago rather than with the adjacent mainland.

The identity of the Singhalese with the race living in the Malayan countries, is suggested, in the first place, by their legends. They hold that at an infinitely remote period Ceylon formed an integral portion of a vast continent, so immense that its southern extremity fell below the equator, whilst in breadth it extended almost from the shores of Africa to those of China. This tradition it has been the lot of Sir James to verify by a succession of discoveries, establishing the identity of the animal structures of Ceylon with those of the Eastern Archipelago, and their dissimilarity in numerous striking points, to those of the Dekkan. In his larger work, this isolation of Ceylon, and its distinctness from India, was put forward as a conjecture. Sir James Emerson Tennent uses this word regarding it himself. Now, however, his view is strengthened by new circumstances, and he propounds it with a boldness which the reader of the work will not consider unwarranted.

Every geographer and traveller by whom the island has been previously visited—and some were eminent and distinguished persons—were content to describe it according to the impression one gets from looking at it upon a map, as a fragment rent from the great continent in its immediate neighbourhood. Its vegetation has been assumed to be identical with that of Hindustan. Among the races of animals inhabiting island and mainland no distinctions were expected, and none were sought. This was very natural, but sufficient allowance was not made for the caprice of nature—say rather for the infinite variety and beauty of the works of the Creator. It now appears that when we cross into Ceylon, we get into a new world, where there are animals altogether unknown to India, such as deer, shrews, squirrels, and many minor quadrupeds; but where also the marks of design in the organization of the smaller animals, and their physical fitness for the life and the locality destined for them, are so multiplied, admirable, and

curious, as to afford the highest delight to the contemplative and pious mind. Sir James goes over these features of the lower life in Ceylon with the zeal and accuracy of a true inquirer, having verified his statements by personal observation.

He finds dissimilarity in the birds of Ceylon and those of India. In reptiles and insects also the same distinctiveness appears. What seems to have satisfied his mind most, however, as he puts it forward in this volume to complete his justification of the theory of a Malayan affinity for the island, is the peculiarity of the Ceylon elephant. Ceylon is the special habitat of the largest description of this animal, and naturalists have hitherto hastily assumed it to be identical with the elephant of India. Sir James proves this not to be the case. It belongs to an entirely distinct species, found only in Sumatra and Ceylon.

The author says, generally, of his theory:—

“Dim as is this ancient tradition (the legends of the Singhalese before referred to), it is in consistency with the conclusions of modern geology, that at the commencement of the tertiary period northern Asia and a considerable part of India were in all probability covered by the sea—but that, south of India, land extended eastward and westward, connecting Malacca with Arabia. Professor Ansted has propounded this view. His opinion is, that the Himalayas then existed only as a chain of islands, and did not, till a much later age, become elevated into mountain ranges—a change which took place during the same revolution that raised the great plains of Siberia and Tartary, and many parts of north-western Europe. At the same time the great continent whose position between the tropics has been alluded to, and whose previous existence is still indicated by the Coral islands, the Laccadives, the Maldives, and the Chagos group, underwent simultaneous depression by a counteracting movement.—*The Ancient World*, by D. T. Ansted, M.A.”

Sir J. Emerson Tennent adds:—

“But divested of Oriental mystery and geologic conjecture, and brought to the test of ‘geographical distribution,’ this once prodigious continent ~~as~~ appears to have connected the distant islands of Ceylon and Sumatra, and possibly to have united both to the Malay peninsula, from which the latter is now

severed by the Straits of Malacca. The proofs of physical affinity between those scattered localities are exceedingly curious."

Even the insects of Ceylon have a less affinity to the entomology of India than that of Australia. The most commanding characteristic of Ceylon distinctiveness, however, is the elephant. The *Elephas Sumatranus* of Temminck, called by the natives *gadjah*, is of an obviously different species from either that of Africa or Bengal. Temminck describes the points of difference with minuteness, and they are such as to establish this want of identity beyond dispute. "The number of pairs of false ribs (which alone vary, the true ones being always six) is fourteen (in the Ceylon elephant), one less than in the *Africanus*, one more than in the *Indicus*; and so it is with the dorsal vertebræ, which are twenty in the *Sumatranus* (twenty-one and nineteen in the others), whilst the new species agrees with *Africanus* in the number of sacral vertebræ (four), and with *Indicus* in that of the caudal ones, which are thirty-four."

Professor Schlegel, writing to Sir James, and admitting the extraordin-

ary nature of this apparent distinctiveness of species, suggests that naturalists should exert themselves to discover whether any traces of the Ceylon elephant are to be found in the Dekkan, or that of Sumatra in Cochin China or Siam, whether, in fact, there is any one species to which the African, the Indian, and Sumatran all belong.

The theory of our author, however, though vastly strengthened by the osteological peculiarities of the *gadjah*, does not depend upon these alone. It appears to be written upon every feature of the natural history of the island, and no one can read Sir James's book without coming to the conclusion which he has deliberately formed. At all events, naturalists have now this interesting question before them, and what further light they can throw upon it, the public will be glad to possess.

The "Sketches" constitute a delightful volume, written in an excellent spirit, and are profusely illustrated with beautifully executed plates, which add greatly to the value of the book, both to the professed natural historian and the general reader.

AUSTRIA AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It has been said, whether rightly or wrongly, that the Treaty of Vienna secured Europe forty years of peace, and the politicians who say so back up their opinion with the sentence from the Latin Delectus :

Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero.

I prefer the most unjust peace to the justest war.

But is it so? The Treaty of Vienna answered the one end for which it was designed. It kept France within bounds for a time, but it could not turn wrong into right. One of the labours of Hercules was to turn the Achelous out of its course to cleanse the Augean stable; but we are not told how Hercules turned the river back into its bed when it had done its work, and washed out the litter of ages.

This was the task which diplomacy set itself down to at a council table

in Vienna. France was the river bed of democracy. To keep the torrent within its course, and to protect surrounding nations against the danger of periodical inundations, was the avowed object of all the diplomatists assembled at Vienna in March, 1815. The foreign policy of Europe was reduced to a single problem, and for the sake of that every other question left out of view. Poland was handed over unconditionally to Russia, and Italy to Austria; Germany was consigned to the tender mercies of the Diet of Frankfort; Norway was severed from Denmark and united to Sweden; Holland and Belgium were forced into an unnatural alliance, all because the politicians of Europe were panic-stricken, and could see no way of banking out French aggression but by erecting a dyke of despotic states around her. The object of the Treaty of Vienna was declared to be

that "of restoring between France and her neighbours those relations of reciprocal confidence and good-will which the fatal effects of the Revolution and the system of conquest had for so long a time disturbed."

Yet at the moment of signing this pledge of peace, the Duke of Richelieu described it as a fatal treaty. "More dead than alive," he writes on the 21st November, "I yesterday put my name to this fatal treaty." It was fatal of course from the point of view of a French minister. But at the end of a forty years' peace, we can see how it crippled Europe as well as France. It was a treaty under the shadow of which the holy alliance stole like a nightmare on Europe. For ten long years England lay under the trance, till Canning had the courage to look the ghost in the face, and bid it depart.

But on the Continent the ghost of absolutism was not so easily laid. The Revolution of July did a little, but only a little, for the cause of liberty. Louis Philippe's government was soon ascertained to be revolutionary only in name. The younger branch of the Bourbons and the holy alliance soon came to an understanding with each other, and all things went on as they were before.

The history of Europe, between 1815 and 1848, may be described in this way, that Metternich was Austria, and Austria was Europe. The policy that governed Austria, governed Europe through Austria, the policy of leaving Camarina alone. It was only a policy of expedients and compromises. *Noli quiescere movere* was the motto of Metternich's life. Leave well and ill alone: all change is a change for the worse. This was the kind of conservatism which reigned in Vienna, and from Vienna reacted on most of the cabinets of Europe. If Lord Eldon had been Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as well as Lord Chancellor, he could not have dictated a more timid and halting policy than the great minister who governed Austria for forty-five years. Metternich was Austria, and to understand why Austria is dying of atrophy, we have only to consider the character of the man by whom her policy has been guided during the greater part of the present century.

Since Austria became an empire in

1806, on the decease of the old Holy Roman Empire of the German nation, three emperors have sat on the throne, Francis I., Ferdinand I., and Francis Joseph I., the reigning emperor. Of two of the three, the best that can be said is, that they were respectable nonentities; of the third, we can only say at present, as Solon of Croesus, that he cannot be called happy till he has died. The Emperor Francis, the good, the paternal, who stroked the heads of children in the streets, died a harmless old man in 1838. His was a despotism tempered by dullness; and if his empire had been only a suburb of Vienna, with no Spielberg, no *piombi* of Venice, the world would have never cared to ask who was prime minister during the forty-three years that Francis sat on the throne. At last the torpid existence of the Emperor Francis was rounded by a sleep, and Ferdinand I. reigned in his stead.

In September, 1838, the iron crown of Lombardy was placed on the head of Ferdinand, in Milan, and never, perhaps, had the crown of Agilulf, wrought, as tradition says, out of a nail of the cross, sat on a more imbecile and vacant brow than on that of Ferdinand. It was the same crown that the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz had crowned himself with, and in his case the fillet of iron became him of the iron will, the Charlemagne of modern Europe. As for poor Ferdinand, he dragged on a miserable existence for ten years, as the puppet Emperor of Austria, and then was deposed in a family council in 1848, when the troubles at Milan, Pesth, and Vienna, coming trooping together, caused the House of Hapsburg to tremble for its very existence.

Ferdinand was set aside, and his young nephew Francis Joseph set up in his stead. Francis Joseph has every thing in his favour but this, that he is obliged to govern a patched-up empire under a centralizing despotism which has brought it to the verge of ruin. Austria is used up: every dog has his day, and Austria has lived out her time. No personal qualities, however brilliant, can any longer hold together an empire that is falling asunder, as a glacier when it has got down to the bottom of the valley. Even if he had the qualities, which Francis Joseph has not, he could not

long keep up the bureaucracy of Vienna that has ruled over the south-east of Europe under the name of Austria. But Francis Joseph wants those qualities which would fit him to become the Atlas of a falling globe. At the accession of the young Emperor Commodus it was said that some augured great good from it, others great evil, and some cared nothing at all about it. The last came to the right conclusion. Young emperors, be they ever so brave and accomplished, cannot turn back the course of time. The empire does not grow young again with its new chief. His self-will and his courage may only shake the empire to pieces the sooner. To go softly all their days had been the choice of the last of his two feeble predecessors, and they found in Prince Metternich a minister after their heart. By a succession of shifts and expedients Metternich held the revolution at bay for forty years; but at the first spring of the monster he lost all presence of mind and fled away from Vienna to London. There, in exile, he met M. Guizot, and told him, with a self-satisfied air, that he had not made a single mistake, and had nothing to regret in his administration of nearly half a century. Prince Metternich gave us the measure of his own incapacity by that self-confident assertion. It is only a proof that a man may live all his life in the thick of diplomacy without once understanding the wants of a country. There is an upper story of sublime indifference far above the street-cries and the cart-wheels of common life in which a statesman may live and die in profound ignorance of the wants of the age. Parliamentary life is the life of a statesman. A cabinet minister is no minister at all till he has aired his projects on the floor of the House of Commons, and learned to rough it under the abuse and scrutiny of a vigilant opposition. In want of all this, Metternich grew mouldy with age and traditions of the *status quo* of the treaty of Vienna, and the empire went mouldering on with him. He either knew not or heeded not the signs of the times. Italy fermenting on one side of him and Hungary on the other. At last the pent up fires burst forth in 1848. As it might have been predicted, repression was of use until the volcano was

ready to boil over, and then Enceladus and his brass slipper might leap in; but it was too late; he had only to bear the penalty of approaching too near the burning mountain.

Metternich disappeared in 1848, and Austria died with him. The old men of last generation, the public men who remember 1815, and the Treaty of Vienna, still believe in Austria, and our House of Lords still clings to the opinion that Austria exists. It is too much to expect of statesmen of the old school to give up the notions of geography and history which were whipped into them when Austria owned the Netherlands, and the German empire had not yet vanished to limbo. The Cæsarian superstition is over them still, and they cannot shake it off. *A E I O U, Austria est Imperatrix Orbis Universæ*, was a boast which exercised some influence even on those who laughed at the boast. It had become a fixed notion of our foreign policy that Austria is the centre of gravity which must not be touched if we would not bring down the balance of power. Like the rocking stones of Cornwall, Europe may reel ever so much provided Austria remains as she always was, a dead weight on Europe, the keeper of the Marches on the borders of Turkey and Russia. This would be very good if Austria, did really uphold the balance of power. But if, instead of this, by her internal weakness she has become another Turkey, a mark for Russian aggression, or a prize for a vigorous incendiary like Mazzini or Kossuth, it is strange that statesmen should go on repeating the same platitudes about our ancient ally, that great conservative power of the Continent, the barrier against Russian and French ambition. This is the opinion of old men only, of the school of Sir Archibald Alison, who go on saying the same thing, from the senile habit of iteration which grows on men, when having ceased to think, they come by what are called "fixed opinions" on foreign questions.

The view is a favourite one in the House of Lords, and that, too, on both sides of the House. In this Lord Brougham and Lord Derby, the Marquis of Normanby and the Earl of Clarendon, much as they differ on every other question, would agree. Younger men, like the Marquis of

Bath, have caught the diplomatic tone about Austria in a different school. Nursed at Oxford on Laudism and Legitimacy, and taught a certain high-bred theory of Anglican communion and absolutist sympathies. Young noblemen of this school come to repeat the common-place of their elders about the necessity for Austria in the European system. Their arguments are too flimsy to stand one brush of plain common sense. They do not reach down to the middle classes, or at all express the opinion of the real governing minds of England. It is the single special point on which the House of Lords falls behind public opinion in the most marked manner. Not a single first-class newspaper or magazine supports this opinion; on the contrary, the writers of the Press are unanimous in pronouncing the recovery of Austria hopeless. Yet the House of Lords still listens approvingly to the well-wishers of Austria, and the Conservative party have weakened their hold on the country by appearing to side with the Upper House, and against the Lower, on this turning point of foreign policy.

Bread and cheese was the shibboleth by which the Lombards were detected and hunted down through Lombard-street, in the reign of one of our Plantagenet kings. The House of Lords' shibboleth is the necessity for a strong Austria. No one can pronounce it but one of the true blue blood with a coronet and supporters. One must be, in a manner, to the custom born, to feel a proper awe for the balance of power, an awe which we suppose our hereditary lawgivers put on with their peers' robes. He would be a bold man who would stand up in the Upper House and say out his mind on the Treaty of Vienna. The *genius loci* would frown down the presumptuous speaker, and before he had stammered out a few sentences, he would find such unmistakable signs of disapproval coming in on him from all sides of the House, that he would be glad to beat a retreat, and never to venture again before such an audience with such an unwelcome topic.

There may be a use in all this—it is well not only for Austria but for Europe that there is a council of elders who are ready to receive any

plea which can be put in on her behalf—a body which is so slow to part with the traditions of the past, that it is ready to extend indulgence to the worst despotism, if it will only repent and mend its ways even at the eleventh hour. The House of Lords is a measure of the endurance of a constitutional country like ours. The repentant despot who sees the folly of his ways has one branch of our legislation to welcome him back to popular government. When the door of the House of Lords is shut, then indeed, but not till then, it is too late. King Francis II. of Naples had disgusted even the House of Lords, and therefore when he fell, he fell unpitied by any man in England who had not sold his intellect and common sense to the Pope for the sake of saving his soul. But the House of Lords have not yet despaired of Austria as they had despaired of Naples ever since Mr. Gladstone had made the name of Ferdinand execrated in England. Even still Austria has her supporters, and whatever little grace she may still find in the eyes of Englishmen, she will find among our hereditary legislators, and the old men who cling by the settlement of Europe at the Treaty of Vienna.

A brief survey of the past history of Austria will convince every unprejudiced mind that her course is run, as well as her dynasty effete, and that she cannot survive much longer in the composite form known as the Austrian empire.

“*Marte alii crescunt tu felix Austria nube.*”

In this epigram is expressed the history of the rise of Austria. Three fortunate marriages brought together five crowns into the house of Hapsburg within less than fifty years. The marriage of Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy, in 1477, brought the splendid duchy of Burgundy, with all the Low countries; next, the marriage of Philip the Handsome, only son of Maximilian and Mary, in 1496, to Jane, Infanta of Spain, and heiress of the united crowns of Castile and Arragon, brought the kingdom of Spain; and lastly, the marriage of Ferdinand I., son of Philip and Jane, and brother of Charles V., to Anne Jagellon, in 1521, brought in the two Jagellon crowns of Hungary and

Bohemia. Thus the Austrian monarchy dates from no farther back than 1521. It arose with the Reformation, and it appears destined to last only so long as the counter reformation is able to stem the tide of light and knowledge in southern Europe. To read the lives of the sixteen Hapsburg Emperors who have ruled at Vienna during the last three centuries, reads more like the tale of the Atreidae or fated Pelops line. It has the air of a Greek tragedy, to read of a race handing down from father to son a hereditary hate against free thought. Doomed to carry on a vain struggle against a power mightier than their own, and doing all this under a kind of blind necessity, prompted by a spirit more wicked than itself, the instrument in the hands of the Jesuits, who have fought Protestantism from behind the throne of the Austrian Kaiser.

Take these descendants of the melancholy mad Jane, Infanta of Spain, and their lives all tell the same tale of a struggle handed down from father to son. Ferdinand I., the brother of Charles V., was the first of his line. The Venetian ambassador described him in 1547 as, "very religious; he attends mass every day, and on great holidays hears one or two sermons; he receives the sacrament two or three or four times in the year." In his last will he conjured his son and successor, Maximilian, not to desert the old paths, but to remember that as unity was a sign of truth, and division of error, the divisions of Protestants proclaimed their error. "I would rather see you dead than join the new sects," he wrote in his codicil of 1555. He first introduced the Jesuits then known as the Spanish priests into Vienna, and selected Bobadilla, one of the founders of the order, as his confessor.

What Ferdinand I. began, his grandson, Ferdinand II. carried out to a bloody conclusion. The first Ferdinand projected the extirpation of free thought, and the second Ferdinand consummated the cruel project. About the middle of the sixteenth century, according to the statements of the Venetian ambassador, nine-tenths of Germany professed the new creed. Bohemia was more Hussite than ever. The Hussite goose, as the popular saying was, had

laid an egg which Luther hatched, and the whole land was swarming with heresy. Hungary, too, was full of the new doctrine: it had penetrated everywhere. The new learning was welcomed in hall, and cloister, and cottage. To all appearance these countries were lost to the Church of Rome; and so, in all probability, it would have been if that church had not found rulers who had no qualms of conscience about persecuting heretics. It is now generally understood that persecution must be thorough to effect its object. The inquisitor must be able not to wince as he watches his victim on the rack, or his victim will triumph in the end. For if there is a soft point in the heart of the tormentor, the tortured man will surely spy it out, and then it becomes a struggle of endurance between the pain of mind of the one, and the pain of body of the other. Generally the mind gives in before the body; the inquisitor relents, or wearies first; the man is taken down from the rack, and the reprieved heretic becomes more obstinate than ever. But if, as the exception sometimes happens, the tormentor is more hard-hearted than the tormented man, then persecution triumphs for the time, and truth has nothing for it but to fly, as the woman in the Apocalypse, into the wilderness, to a place prepared for her for a time, times, and a half time. So it was in Japan, when the Roman Catholic missionaries were tortured, and the religion of the Cross exterminated out of the island. Not a vestige of Christianity remains to this day in Japan, proving that persecution will, if persisted in, put down any religion, true or false. The persecution of Protestantism in Bohemia was quite as thorough as that of Romanism in Japan.

After the battle of Prague, fought on the 8th November, 1620, Bohemia lay at the feet of Ferdinand, who took the same bloody revenge on his Bohemian subjects that our James II. on the followers of Monmouth. On one day twenty-four of the principal nobles of Bohemia were beheaded. Between the hours of five and six of the clock on the 21st June, 1621, the executioner laboured on at his bloody work, while a rainbow spanned the sky during part of the time, reminding us of a similar coincidence

under a scene of similar barbarity at the impaling of the martyrs of Madagascar a few years ago.

The confiscation of estates which followed was enormous. The Emperor levied the sum of forty-three millions of florins by the sale of these confiscated estates, and to this day the Clam Gallas and Clam Martinitz, and other Bohemian families, trace their descent from the fortunate soldiers—the Claverhouses and Kirks of Ferdinand, who got a part of the forfeited estates of Lutherans. The greater part of Bohemia was thus regranted. No less than 185 noble houses, of twelve, twenty, and even fifty persons each, besides many thousand families of commoners and citizens, left their country for ever. The Bohemian language and literature, as well as their charters and liberties, were extinguished at a blow. The kingdom was thoroughly Austrianised, and has never made an effort for independence since.

The turn of Hungary was to come next. Leopold I. was the grandson of Ferdinand II., and incapable as he was in every other respect, he showed quite a hereditary aptitude for quenching popular rights in blood. The Hungarians, up to the year 1670, retained a strange privilege, a relic of feudalism, known as the right of insurrection. It was that sturdy kind of remonstrance that the old feudal nobility, such as Archibald Bell-the-Cat, or the Warwick king-maker, in our own history, have distinguished themselves by asserting. It had been solemnly reserved to the Hungarian magnates by the Golden Bull of 1222 and had never, before 1670, been questioned by any King of Hungary. But in that year, Leopold, incited by the Jesuits, resolved to be master of Hungary, and having beaten down the resistance of the nobles who appealed to their right of insurrection he treated Hungary as a conquered country, and parcelled it out as his grandfather had done with Bohemia. All Protestant worship was interdicted; preachers and schoolmasters were banished or put to death. Ten hundred and fifty Lutheran ministers were carried off into Bohemia, and there thrown into dungeons without even a form of trial, and thirty-eight of these pastors were sold at five crowns per head as galley slaves.

Naples. Hungary, now reduced to extremities, found relief in an unexpected quarter. The Turks invaded Austria and invested Vienna.

This was that celebrated siege of Vienna, the last recoil of the wave of Mahometan aggression which had broke against the eastern and western extremities of Europe during eight centuries. John Sobieski, King of Poland, saved Austria from a dismemberment, and Austria repaid the service by sharing in the dismemberment of Poland a century after. But this diversion of Turkey only brought a short reprieve to Hungary. As soon as the danger was over, Leopold renewed his attempts against the liberties of Hungary, and this time with only too fatal effect. The bloody sacking of Eperies, in which a Caraffa of Naples presided, followed soon after the deliverance of Vienna. Caraffa once said: "If I were conscious of having within my body one drop of blood that was friendly to the Hungarians, I would at once bleed myself to death." Nor was this a ferocious threat only. Tortures followed too horrible to relate—the rack, the boot, the dropping of heated wax on delicate and sensitive parts of the body, were common punishments. Caraffa boasted that he would be the Attila, or scourge of God, to the Hungarians, and the boast was no empty one. Exhausted, at last, with suffering, Hungary submitted to Leopold's demands—they gave up the right of

was the first of his race who dared to break with the Jesuits, and even went so far as to expel a Jesuit preacher from Vienna for observations from the pulpit levelled at him. During the reign of his successor, Charles VI., the work of ecclesiastical reform went on; useless monasteries were suppressed, the convents were inspected, and many abuses restrained or abolished altogether. The age called for these things, and Charles VI., who was a mere trifler with kingcraft, went with his age without well knowing whither things were tending.

Maria Theresa, and her more celebrated son, Joseph II., were the two who brought Austria fairly abreast of the age. Up to the accession of Maria Theresa, in 1740, Austria was as dull and bigoted as Spain. But French ideas now became the fashion in Germany. While the Spanish Bourbons left their country behind them at the foot of the Pyrenees, and became more Spanish than the Spaniards, the Austrian line of Hapsburg fell in with the prevailing French philosophy, and under Kaunitz, Prime Minister of Austria, whom Pope Pius VI. called *il ministro eretico*, Vienna vied with Berlin in ringing out the reign of religious absolutism, and ringing in the reign of religious free-thinking. Joseph II. even went so far as to threaten a religious schism. In 1772 the Jesuits were expelled from Vienna. The celebrated bull—*In Coenâ Domini*—was ordered to be expunged from all rituals; the oath which Ferdinand II. had ordered all doctors of divinity to take, of belief in the Immaculate Conception, was abolished; the people were not required to kneel in the streets as the procession of the Host passed. The importation of images and relics from Italy was put a stop to. Agnus Dei, waxen amulets, scapulars, and all such holy trumpery, were forbidden to be sold—images in churches were stripped of their tawdry dresses, their periwigs, their hooped petticoats, their coral bracelets, and glass diamonds. *Bijouterie fausse et articles de devotion* is a well-known sign over certain shops which betrays the origin of the word trumpery in the form *tromperie*. With all this Joseph II. waged an unsparing war. The Church of Rome was never so near being reformed in spite of itself as at the close of the

last century, when the incapacity of Louis XVI., and the demoralization of a starving Paris mob, hurried the French Revolution into such excesses, as has thrown back the cause of progress a century or more in Southern Germany.

Into the reaction against French Jacobinism Austria threw herself, with a spirit which has been twice fatal to her under the First and Third Napoleon. Contrary to the advice of old Kaunitz, Leopold of Tuscany, the brother of Joseph, who succeeded him in 1789, declared war against France. Pitt has been blamed even by Lord Macaulay, for not proclaiming a holy war against the French Revolution when he declared war against France in 1793. Either no war at all, or a crusade such as Burke preached in his war pamphlet, the "Thoughts on the French Revolution," should have been the policy of Pitt, according to our great historian. The fate of Austria convinces us that Pitt was right and Burke wrong. It is no use affecting faith. Of all shams, the sham of importing the superstitious feelings of one age into the political quarrels of another is the worst. The crusades must stand or fall with the age which produced them. We can say with Burke, that the age of chivalry is passed, without falling into a rage with our own times, in the sad Quixotic way which Burke did. For Burke, the right excuse is, that he was in declining health, and that passion had got the better of reason. Had he been as young as Pitt he would have been as cool as Pitt; and as Burke appealed from the new school of Whigs to the old, so in judging his thoughts on the French Revolution, we appeal from the Burke of 1793 to the Burke of 1773. The holy war of Austria against France in 1792 ended in making the French Revolution more implacable than ever. It elevated the party of the Mountain into power, and made Robespierre, Danton, and Murat the dictators of France and the terror of Europe for two or three years. Even when they fell, they left the dragon's teeth sowed of the wars of Napoleon in Italy and Germany. Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, are the fruits of that fatal obstinacy which would make no terms of peace with the Revolution. Nor did the evil stop here. When France fell

beneath the weight of her own conquests, defeated more by her own pride and selfishness than the arms of Austria, Prussia, and Russia united, the reaction threw Austria back into the arms of the Jesuits, who have brought her down lower every day, till she stands now on the brink of dissolution and ruin.

It is the fate of that order to be always digging its own grave. It is never so near its downfall as when it has succeeded in all its intrigues, and is squat beside the ear of the monarch like the tempter beside the ear of Eve. Under Metternich's rule, and up to 1848, the reaction was more political than religious. Absolutism had not leagued with Ultramontanism as yet. But when, in 1848, the Revolution broke out, and reaction fled in the person of Metternich, the last remaining hope for Austria died out, and it entered on its second career of reaction, both religious and political, which has hastened its downfall so that nothing can probably now avert it. Young Francis Joseph recovered, in 1849, all that Ferdinand had lost in 1848: the deluge had disappeared, and the landmarks had not disappeared with it, or Austria lost a single foot of territory. But the opportunity was allowed to pass by. Trained by the Jesuits, Francis Joseph has acted up to the instructions of his youth. By the Concordat of 1856 he signed away the religious liberties of his people; and by his bad faith, both with Russia and the Western Powers, during the Crimean war, he left himself so completely without an ally in Europe that France was able to march to the Mincio, in 1859, before even Germany put a regiment in motion to defend Austria on the Rhine.

Since 1859 the disintegration of Austria has gone on as rapidly during peace as in war. Austria's weakness was Hungary's opportunity, and she has not allowed it to pass by without making a stand for her ancient liberties. Hungary has followed the example of Italy in putting aside visionary for political reform. M. Buol is the Count Cavour of Hungary. He has struck the right note which finds an echo in the hearts of true-born Englishmen, be they Whig or Tory—*nolumus leges Anglice mutare*. He has shown that Austria is the innova-

tor, and not Hungary—that Hungary stands by her ancient constitutional rights, which the centralized despotism of Vienna has tried to supersede. Austria has made a last attempt to recover her ground in the provinces by calling a Reichsrath or Parliament to Vienna to save the falling monarchy. But the popular element refuses to be represented there. It is like King Charles' Parliament of Oxford—a house of notables, in which the people's representatives were conspicuous only from their absence. Such a mock Parliament as this is worse than none at all, for it shuts the door against any desire for reconciliation on either side. So long as the King's party and the Parliament party are ranged on opposite sides, the evils of a kingdom divided against itself is felt and deplored; but when one branch of the legislation goes the length of excommunicating the other, and creating another in its room, there is no room then for compromise. It is a declaration of war to the knife, and one of the two must give way in the end.

Austria is now nothing else than a name for the army and the aristocracy of Vienna. So long as the army can live at free quarters without pay, and the bureaucracy can support life on paper money, Hungary will not attempt a rising, and Austria will live in the eyes of diplomatists as powerful as ever. But this sap at the foundation must bring the stronghold down at last. Austria cannot live for ever on credit and the conscription. When she has eaten up Hungary, the locusts must die because there is nothing left to devour. It is a happy circumstance that just at the present, when Austria is falling to pieces, neither France nor Russia are ready to spring on her. The wolves have followed the exhausted horse all day, but at the moment when he is ready to drop, they are obliged to fall off themselves from exhaustion.

Were it not for the emancipation of the serfs and the troubles in Poland, Russia would be ready to revenge herself on Austria for her ingratitude during the Crimean war. And were it not for the short harvest and the financial difficulties of France, Napoleon would probably march across the Mincio, and perhaps dictate terms

of peace to Austria at Schoenbrunn, as his uncle did in 1809. It has been happily ordered otherwise, and so, in all probability, the peace of Europe for 1862 is secured. But if diplomacy is to learn a lesson from the events passing before it, it should see that Austria is not a cause of strength but of weakness to Europe. So far from our conservative and peace-loving instincts fastening on the preservation of Austria, we should see in her a disturbing element to the peace of Europe. We can have no security for peace so long as Austria exists as she is, an army commanded by Germans in occupation of four or five non-German provinces. Martial law, or the will of the commander-in-chief, is now the only law in Hungary. It is the same in Venetia, and very nearly the same in Croatia, Bohemia, and Gallicia. Poles, Italians, Magyars, Slaves, are all up in arms against her, and they have discovered at last the secret of her former *divide et impera* policy. The Hungarians in Venetia are not to be relied on, and so they are replaced by German regiments; but the Germans cannot be ubiquitous. As soon as an Austrian soldier opens his mouth, his speech betrays him. The white coat and the blue trousers may tell their tale of successful centralization, but the word of command points out where centralization has broken down. Where the machine wants the help of the man, it cannot be called self-acting. This the Hungarians, Poles, and Italians now see well, and having beheld the point of Austria's weakness, are awaiting till the machine breaks down to escape from the hated despotism of Vienna. Diplomats, and the old school of statesmen, will go on probably repeating the stale commonplaces about the necessity for Austria as a makeweight in Europe, till the collapse comes, and they will then find out that Europe balances itself without any contrivance on their part. There is undoubtedly a balance of power, just as there is a balance in nature between animal and vegetable life. But as the balance in one case is not of man's devising, so in the other. We may wantonly destroy it by our pride or folly, but the balance asserts itself under a new form. It is a safeguard set up by the Ruler of nations against universal empire. If one

state fails to do its part in checking the encroachments of its more ambitious neighbours, it falls out of its rank in the European system, and is replaced by another. Sweden, Poland, Spain, were once important elements in the composition of forces between East and West. They have all three dropped out of count; two into a second or third rank, while the third has disappeared altogether. In their room has sprung up Prussia, Russia, and now Italy. Austria all through has been steadily declining, and is likely to subside into a rank not above that of Spain or Sweden. Saxony and Prussia changed places during the wars of last century, and now Prussia is bidding for the leadership of Germany, which she is better entitled to than Austria, for every reason. Not only is she more powerful and more progressive than Austria, but also the whole or nineteen-twentieths of her population are German-speaking, while not more than one-sixth of the Austrian empire is German. The petty courts of Munich, Hanover, and Dresden had their own reasons for wishing this change of leadership put off. It is safer to live under King Log than King Stork. Austria has troubles enough of her own without attempting to annex them, as Prussia will be called to do by the voice of public opinion in Germany not many years hence. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who, as he is too small to count for an item in the resistance of the native princes of Germany to annexation by Prussia, has led the way by offering to merge his independent sovereignty for the good of Germany. It is an offer more patriotic than politic, and which is bringing down on him the displeasure of all the kings and states who only exist because Germany is divided. It is the instinct of self-preservation which keeps up a pro-Austrian and an anti-Prussian party in Germany. Rather than submit to Prussia, they would throw themselves into the arms of France, and revive the confederation of the Rhine, in hopes of getting a reprieve for their petty dynasties. Thus the existence of Austria in her present form is as much a cause of weakness to Germany as to the rest of Europe. When the life is out of a body, we should bury it; but as kings lie in state

longer than other people, in order, perhaps, that their subjects may make sure they are dead, so Austria is laid out by diplomacy, with the regalia of a state of the first rank on her, while her successor is getting himself sworn in at the council chamber, and trying on his coronation robes. It is the interregnum at present between Austrian and Prussian supremacy in Germany; and there are two parties, as there ever will be, those of the rising and the setting sun, those who are weeping for the old, and those who are shouting for the new reign.

The interests of this country are so evidently bound up with Prussian supremacy that we ought to have no hesitation in encouraging it. There is a party, of course, in our commonwealth who have no interest with the common weal—whose heart is with the dead dynasty of Naples and with the dying dynasty of Vienna. But what of them? The same party would have kept James II. on his throne, and went to fight his battles at the Boyne, in Flanders, and at Fontenoy. A free country like ours can bear such a party as this, and wish it no worse than to take itself off to those countries where the principles it loves are consistently carried out. That party, so insignificant in its own numbers and influence, is recruited, indeed, from deserters and runaways, just as the regiments of the Duke of Modena, beyond the Mincio, are kept up by those poltroons who run from the Italian conscription. We pity the poor peasants who are such fools as to listen to the lures of the Austrian drill-sergeant: they are the flies who get into the spider's web, from which there is no escape with life. But when the Marquis of Normanby so far forgets his English birth and breeding as to sink into the partisan of Austria, our pity is mixed with contempt. We, by this act, judge of the liberal professions of his early

life; we see that they were only gold leaf on copper, and the baseness of the original metal is coming out after some years' use. The Marquis has gone over, of course, into the Austrian camp *solus*—he leads no party after him. He is listened to in the House of Lords until something is said to call him to order; but he makes no more impression there by his speeches than on the public by his pamphlet, which none but the reviewers have taken the trouble to read. His last pamphlet has dragged up the misdeeds of the ex-Duke of Modena into greater prominence than ever. We might have thought the last of the D'Estes unfortunate, now we think him only contemptible. He should retire to Vienna as soon as possible with the plunder which he carried off from Italy, and disband his army, which have not become brigands as the disbanded soldiers of the King of Naples have, only because they have been enrolled in the ranks of the Austrian army.

In any case, the end cannot be very far off now. Austria is playing her last stake in Hungary by suspending the constitution as well as the Diet, and letting her armies loose on the country. She is wearing out the little stock of respect left for her in the country party, who still cling to the Treaty of Vienna and believe in the existing balance of power. When she falls at last—as she evidently soon must—she will fall without a voice of regret on her behalf, even from the Nestor of the House of Lords. The most long-sighted statesman may not be able to see who will take Austria's place as the keeper of the balance of power between France and Russia; but even the most inveterate follower of Conservative traditions must allow that Austria can no longer be trusted for keeping Europe quiet by keeping her own population contented.

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